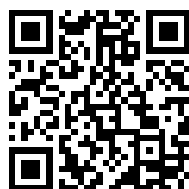

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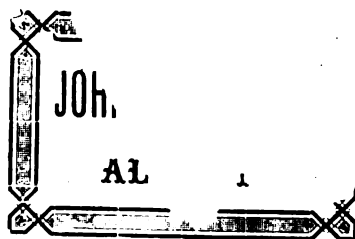
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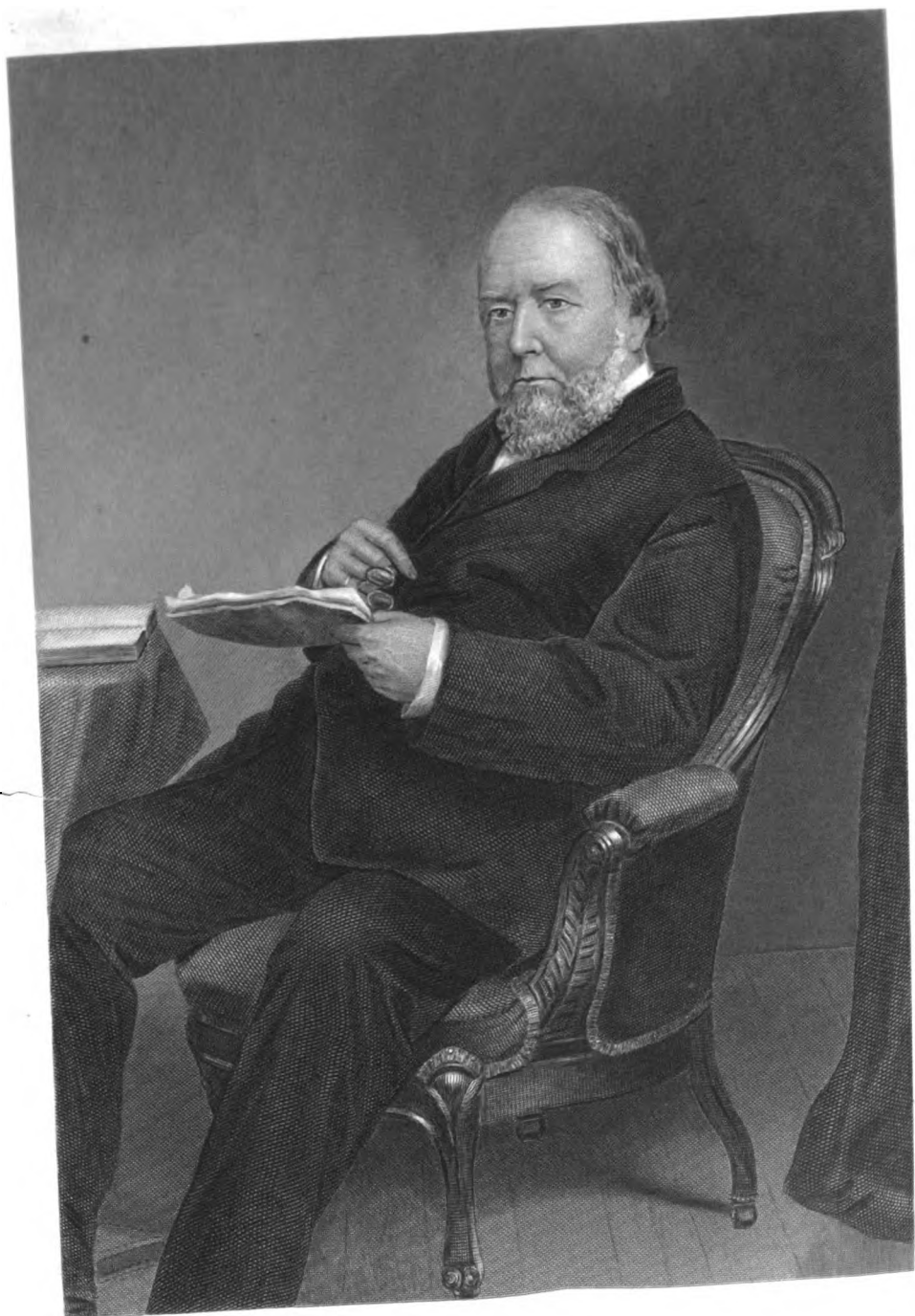
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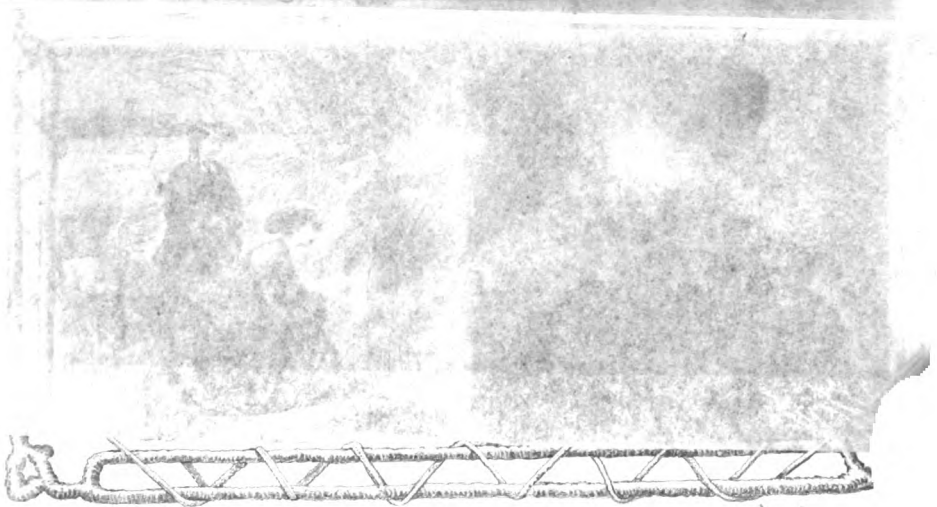
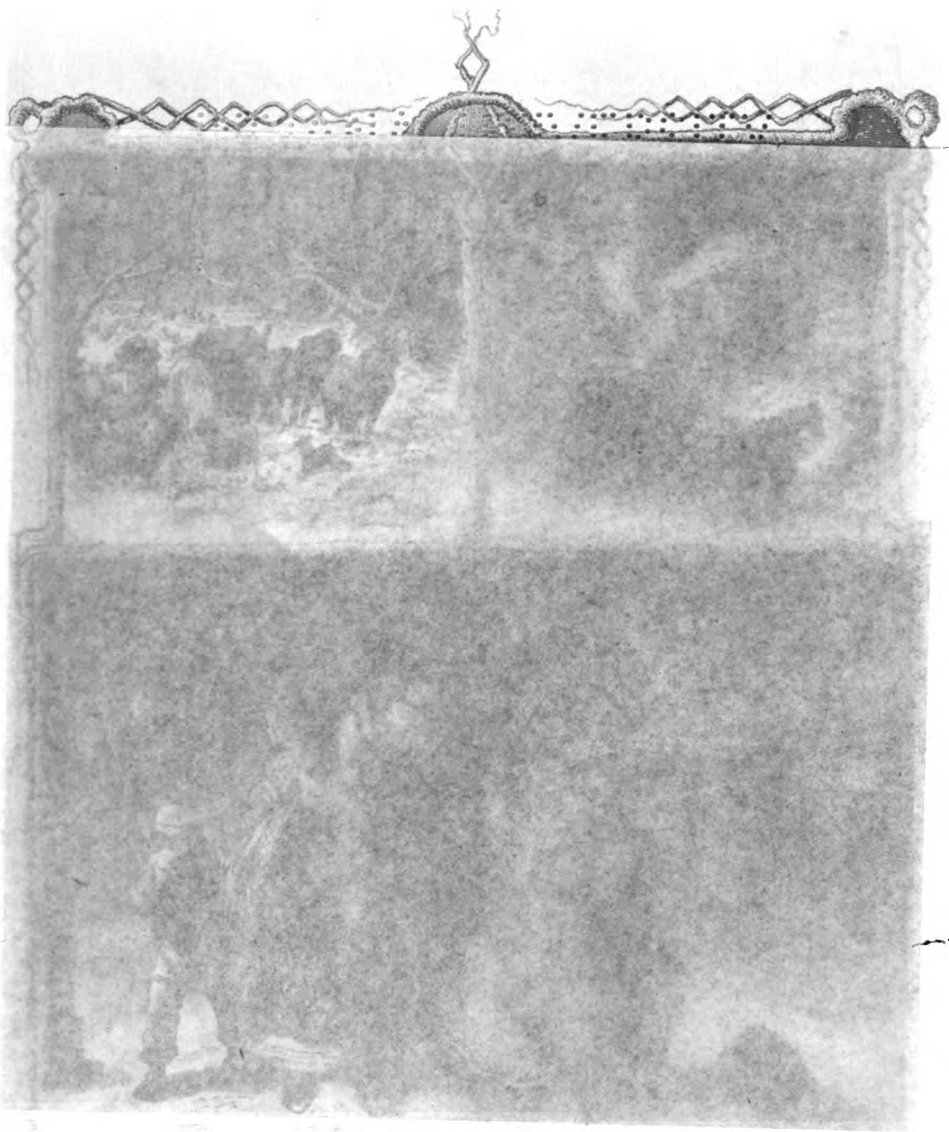
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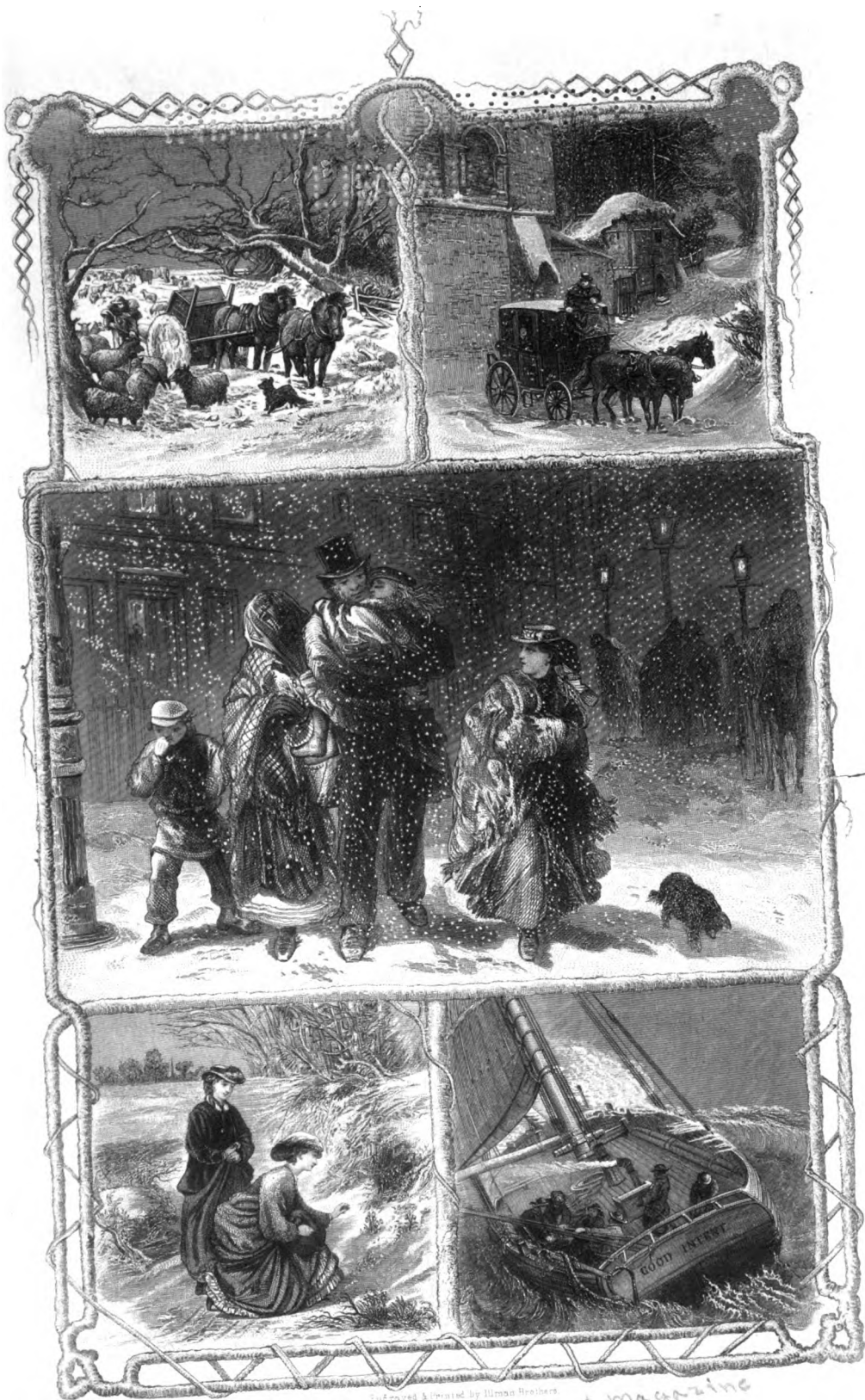


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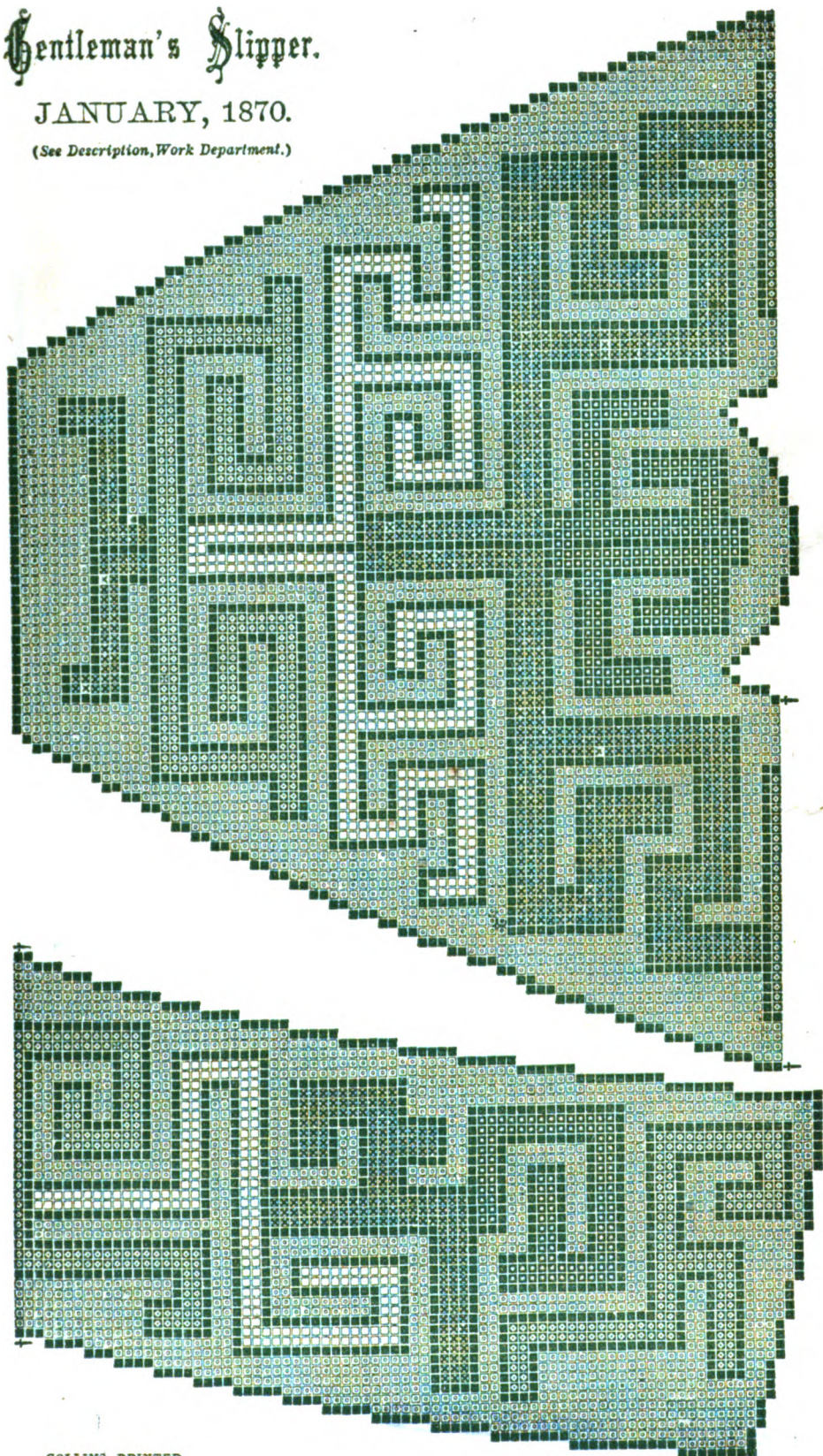


THE FIRST LESSON.

Gentleman's Slipper.

JANUARY, 1870.

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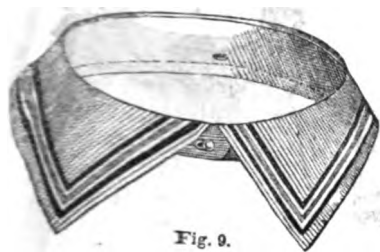


Fig. 9.

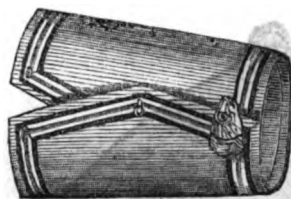


Fig. 10.

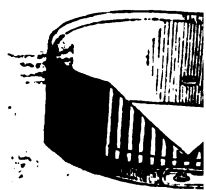


Fig. 11.



FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

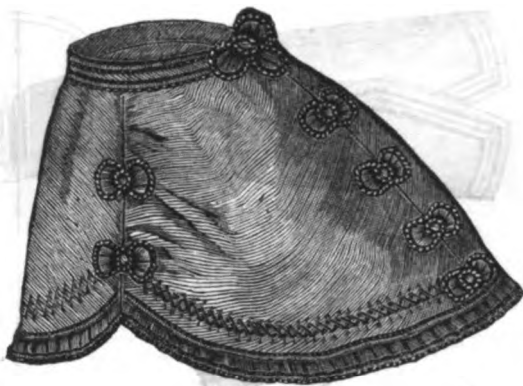


Fig. 18.



Fig. 17.



Fig. 21.



Fig. 19.



Fig. 22.



Fig. 20.



Fig. 23.



Fig. 24.

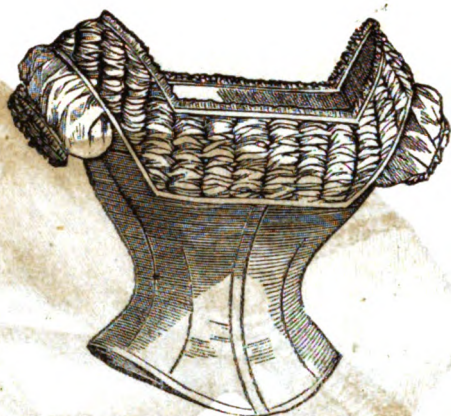


Fig. 25.



Fig. 26.



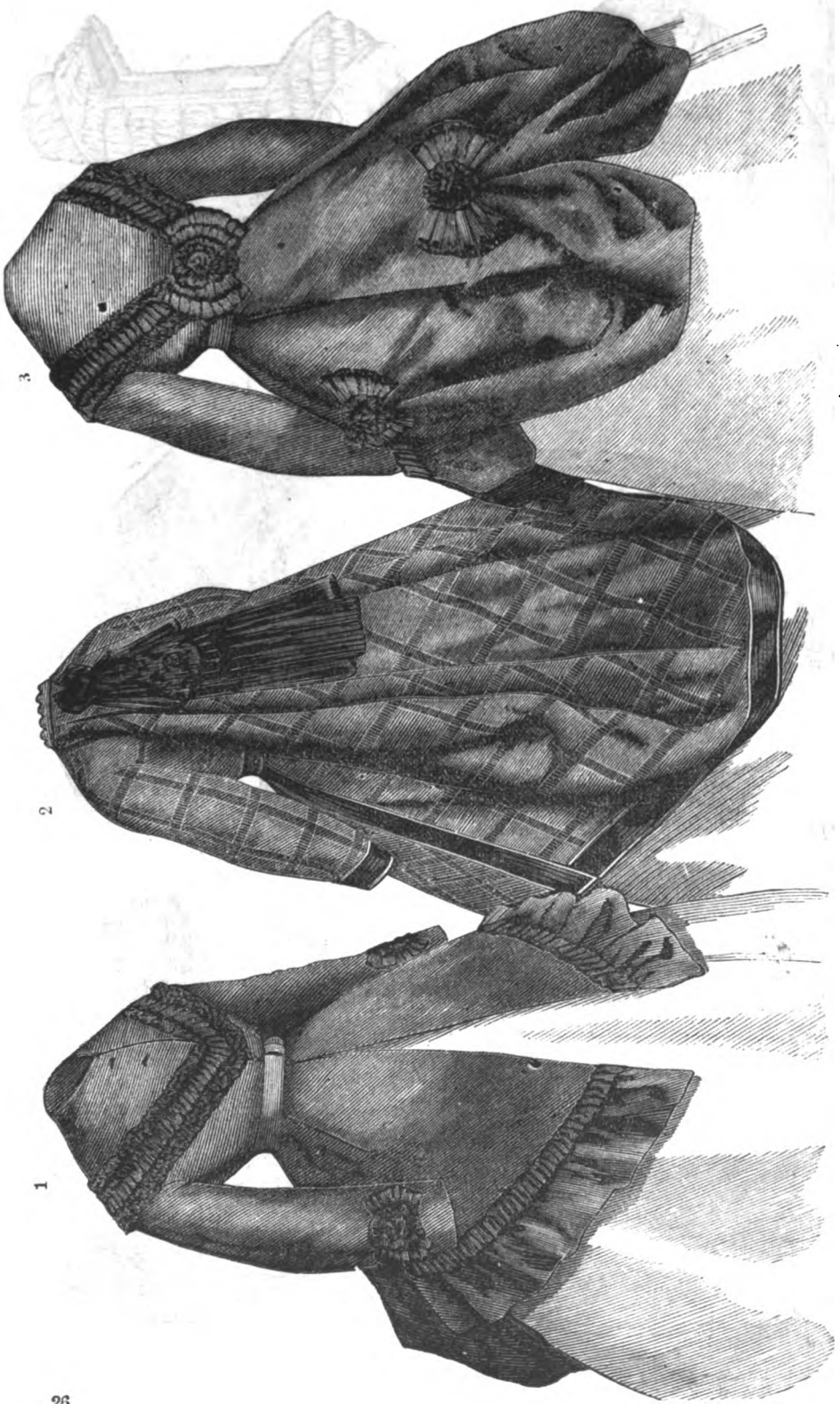
Fig. 27.



Fig. 28.

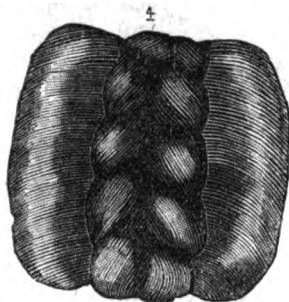
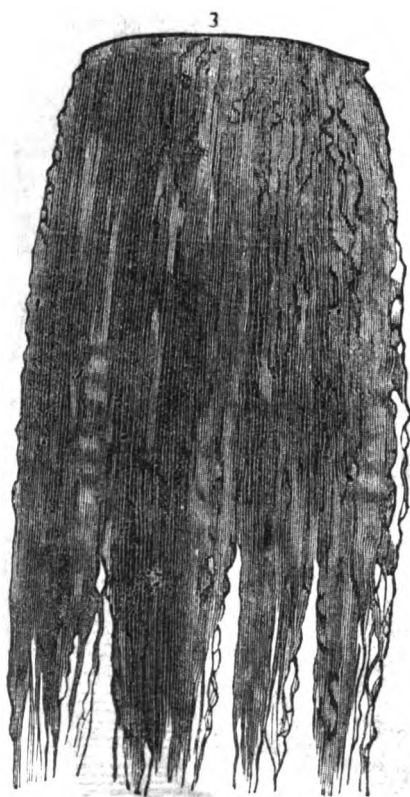
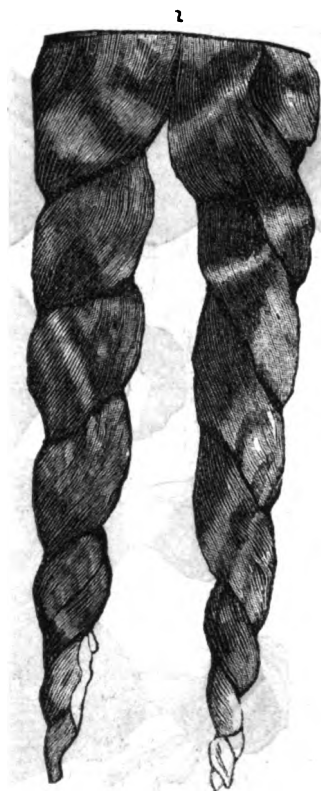


Fig. 29.



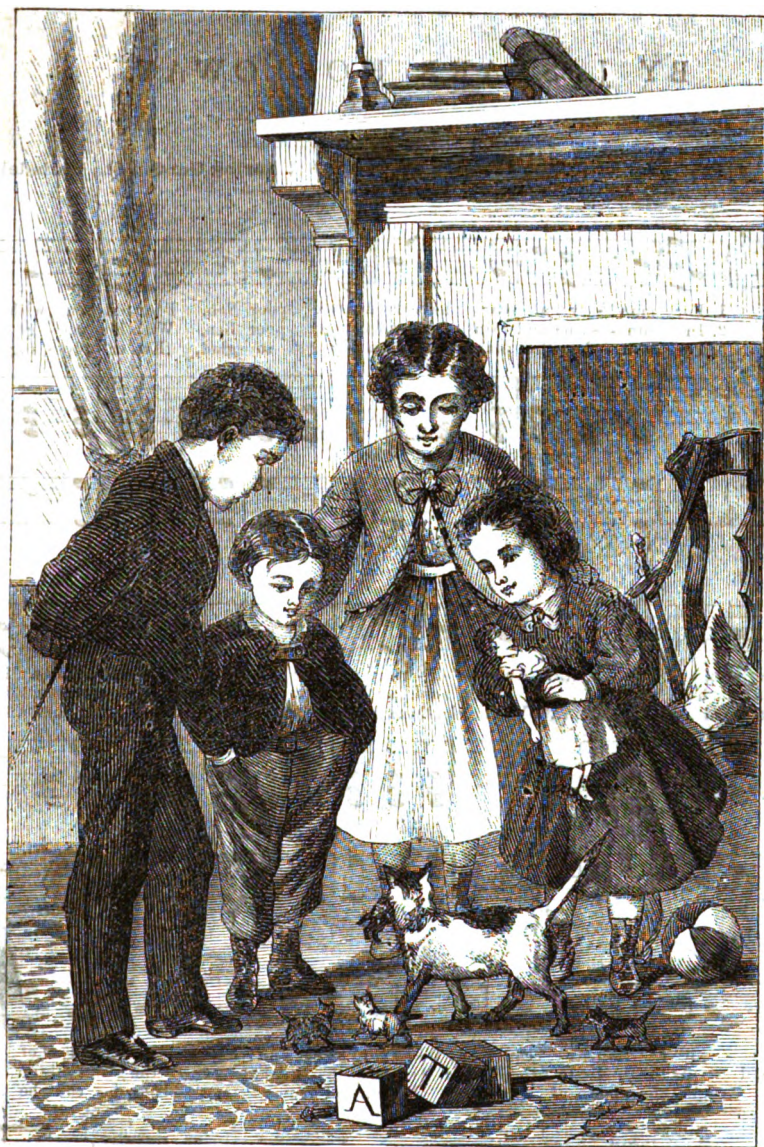
CASAQUE AND BASQUINE. — (*See Description, Fashion Department.*)

CHIGNONS.—(*See Description, Fashion Department.*)



CHILDREN'S DRESSES.
(See Description, Fashion Department.)





PUSSIE'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

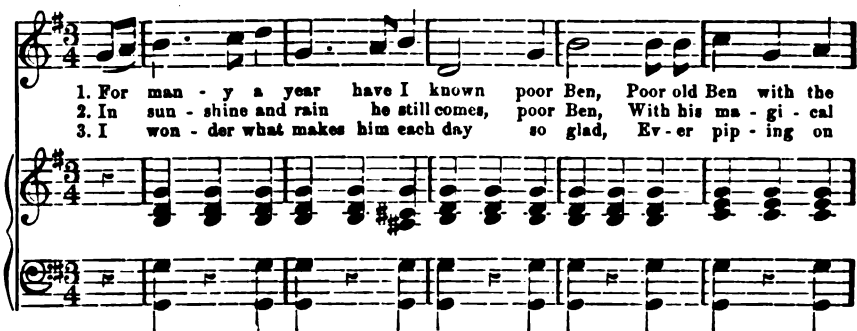
POOR BEN THE PIPER.

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

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VOICE.

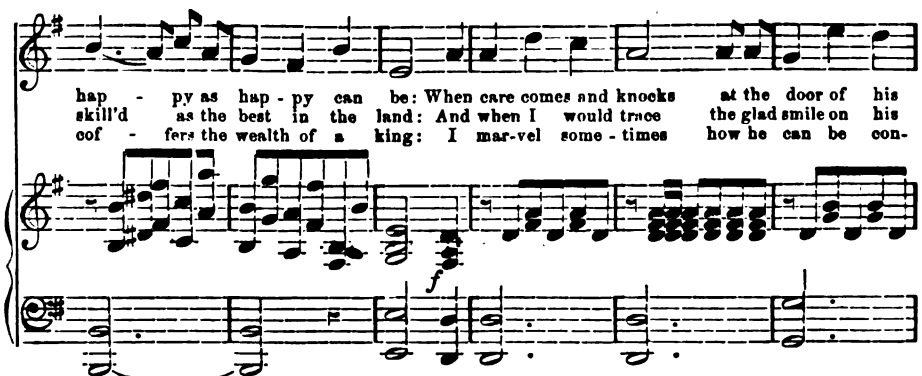


1. For man - y a year have I known poor Ben, Poor old Ben with the
2. In sun - shine and rain he still comes, poor Ben, With his ma - gi - cal
3. I won - der what makes him each day so glad, Ev - er pip - ing on

PIANO.



light heart and free,..... And tho' al - ways as poor as this mo - ment, still Ben Is as
pipe in his hand;..... I am sure, as he plays 'neath my win - dow, poor Ben Is as
that wooden thing,..... You might, think, from the smiles on his face, that he had In his



hap - py as hap - py can be: When care comes and knocks at the door of his
skill'd as the best in the land: And when I would trace the glad smile on his
coo - fers the wealth of a king: I mar - vel some - times how he can be con -

POOR BEN THE PIPER.

heart— But the ras - cal don't oft trouble Ben— He makes the un-
face Breaking o - ver each fea - ture, why then I just drop a
tent, And once, as he piped in the rain, I ask'd if he'd

wel - come in - tru - der de - part In haste and dis - may, does Ben, poor
pic - a - yune in - to his hat, Ah! then you should see poor Ben, poor
like to change pla - ces with me, "Not I!" replied he, poor Ben, poor

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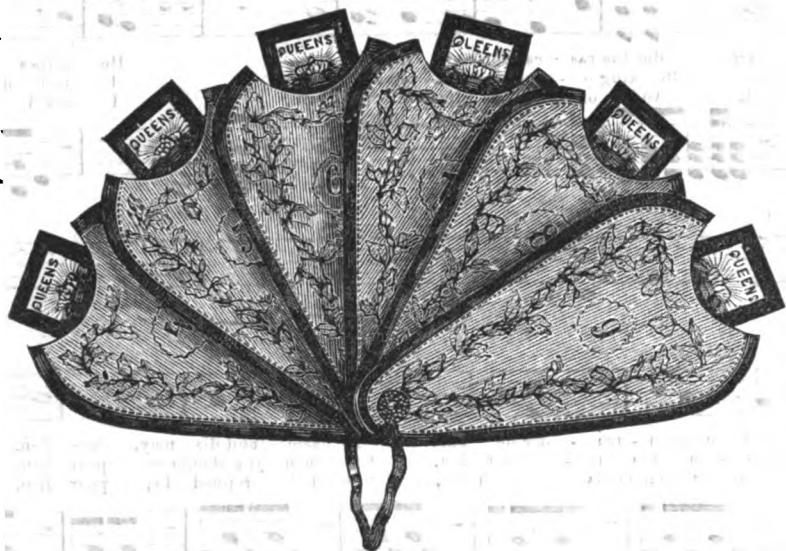
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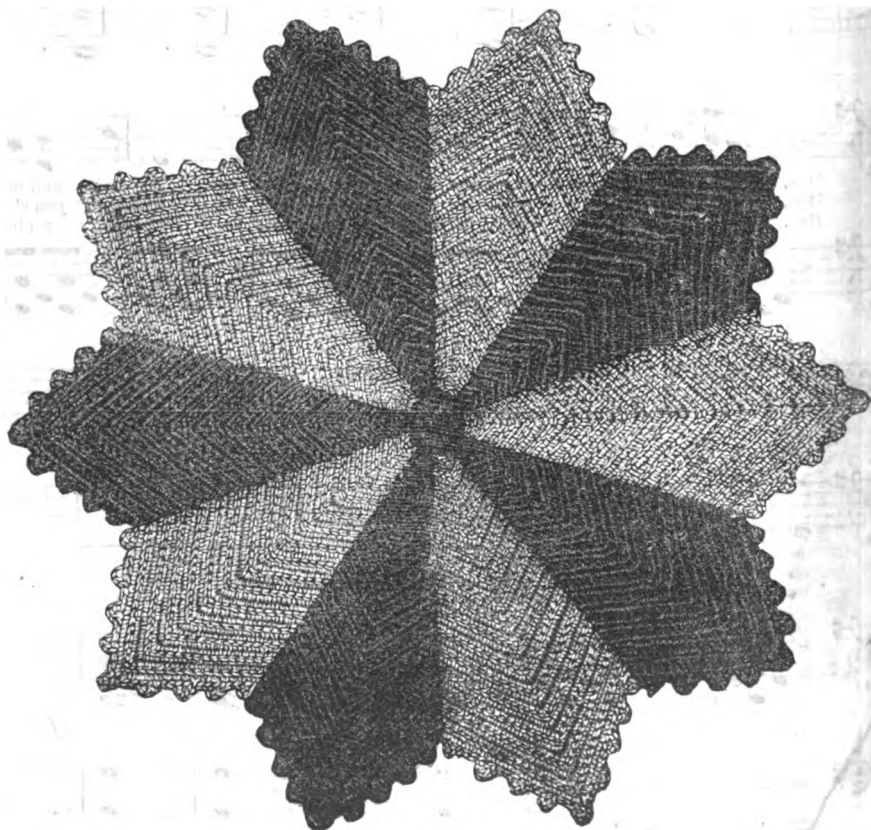
NEEDLECASE IN THE SHAPE OF A FAN.

(See Description, Work Department.)



CROCHET MAT.

(See Description, Work Department.)



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RICH OR POOR?

BY MARION HARLAND.

"YOUR papa is not as rich as your Uncle Elbert."

"Why isn't he, mamma?"

"Don't ask absurd questions, Carrie. I wish you children would take your books and games into the dining-room for awhile. My head aches, and I am tired to death. I *should* like to have a nap of ten minutes before it is time to get supper. Your papa will not be in until late, I know."

But when the room was cleared of the talkative flock, Mrs. Lollard did not lie down, or even close her eyes. She leaned forward, resting her elbows upon her knees, her chin in her hands—the ungraceful, but restful attitude over-tired women are prone to adopt when removed from critical observation. "Taking one's comfort," I once heard a much-enduring housewife and mother call it. Mentally, Mrs. Lollard was taking discomfort instead.

It was the evening of New Year's Day. Bleak twilight was barely kept without the windows by the sleepy glow of the anthracite in the grate, which was only half full. Coal was high, and they could not afford to keep up a larger fire, the mother had said, shortly, to Carrie, the eldest daughter, when she would have replenished the sinking heap.

"It is so dark in here, mamma. It is enough to give one the blues," the girl had remonstrated. "We can't see to read, or talk either, for that matter. Mayn't I light the gas?"

"Not while there is a light in the dining-room. Annie is setting the table in there. Our gas bills last quarter were enormous."

"It is doleful," complained Carrie, who was usually easily satisfied with whatever her parents decreed. "I think there is not another family in town that has such dismal, *poky* ways as ours. At Uncle Elbert's they are as gay as larks all the while. And here we sit moping

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in the dark, with nothing to amuse us—on New Year's Eve, too!"

The mother had answered crossly at that with the sentence at the head of this sketch. The more pettishly because the child's repining seemed the echo of her own discontent.

Her eldest brother, Elbert Craig, had begun his business career, as had her husband, at the foot of the ladder, had mounted the lower rungs so slowly, that, when she married John Lollard, sixteen years ago, Elbert was—notwithstanding his marriage with his employer's daughter—still only head book-keeper in the establishment he had entered as clerk, eight years earlier. John had just set up a store of his own with a fair prospect of success, which was speedily overcast with the hopes of thousands of other mercantile men by a tornado panic sweeping over the country with a force and suddenness few were strong enough to withstand. Carrie, the Lollards' first-born, could just sit alone when her father gave up everything he could call his own into the hands of his creditors. He had nothing to reproach himself with. He had worked hard, invested prudently, as he believed, and lived, if comfortably, economically. His assets exactly balanced his liabilities, and there was nothing left except an unblemished name, sound health, a stout heart, and firm trust in GOD as capital for beginning the world anew. He found a place without much trouble as salesman in a wholesale dry-goods store, the proprietor of which was a personal friend who had been his chief creditor. John Lollard esteemed himself a fortunate man in securing it so soon after his failure, while hundreds were thrown out of employment for months, and many ruined beyond redemption. It was a snug berth during the storm, and would serve his purpose well enough, bring in bread and meat to his little family until he could look around him for something better.

In the fourteen years that had elapsed since then, the something better had assumed no more promising shape than a trifling rise of salary, and this he had solicited under the pressure of his increasing expenses. There were five children at home, now, three girls and two boys, and the non-elastic property of his income was more clearly and painfully appreciated each day. He often said to himself and to others that he could never have pulled through a single one of the toilsome years had not his wife been such a good manager. He ever bore about with him, although she did not know this, the recollection of her cheerful courage, her patience, her self-denial, and her encouraging counsel in the hour when their fortunes were at the lowest ebb. He could not refer, even now, without emotion to the heroic integrity that seconded his resolution to pay his honest debts if the act stripped him of the very bed he slept upon, and the tenderness that assuaged the pangs of disappointed ambition. She believed secretly, and sometimes very sadly, that he undervalued her submission to the trials that had visited them since that first great struggle as much as he had exaggerated her fortitude at that date. It was far easier to fight that battle than to endure without irritation and complaint the pinching, rubbing, and pricking of everyday life. True, he was steady in his assertion that she was a wise economist, and he never growled, as some richer men she could mention were apt to do, when she asked him for money, but, study times and seasons as she would, the application for funds would occasionally fall upon a day when there was nothing in his pocket to meet it, and she mistook his reluctance to tell her the truth for disappointment that the last supply had not lasted longer.

It is a wearisome, hateful, inexpressibly dispiriting task—the endeavor to make one dollar do the work of a dollar and a half—the futile attempt to hold the slippery representations of clothing, food, fuel, and house rent until the bills for these are all met, and there are no coming accounts to affright one into a cold sweat of agonized expectation. “Take no thought for the morrow” is a text which a vast army of anxious workers have had more difficulty in obeying than they would have known in replying to the call to persecution and death for the truth’s sake. Mrs. Lollard was conscious that she disregarded it habitually, and the knowledge that her faith was weak, herself a doubting disciple, tended to depress her still further. She ought to remember that the Father knew she had need of these things, that they who wait upon him shall want for no real good; but, in the face of these comfortable assurances, there would arise, even while she was pleading His promise upon her knees in her closet, the naked fact of present and actual necessity. There were many nights in

which she could not sleep for hours together, while those for whom she planned were locked in slumber; when she thought herself into a headache and heartache, contriving how this and that garment could be turned and altered to save the expense of a new one, or how the grocer’s or butcher’s account for the ensuing month could be cut down to match the capabilities of her housekeeping purse, or wondering how they were to get along when all the girls were grown, and the boys both old enough to go to school. Her husband and children were tempted to think her unreasonably peevish or unkind in her taciturnity on the mornings succeeding these vigils; but her heart was too heavy, her soul too sick, for the affectation of liveliness. The burden was grievous upon John’s shoulders also, as she could not but acknowledge, but he had the distraction of work with other men, and amid scenes that did not remind him incessantly of the need of more money than he possessed or was ever likely to earn.

“And there are scores of things men never see, and wouldn’t care if they did,” she said, inwardly, gloomily staring the low-spirited fire further out of countenance. “John would not have understood, for instance, how Margaret gloried in talking to me day before yesterday about her preparations for New Year’s, her girls’ dresses, and the calls she expected to receive, and all that. He would not have detected the complacent smirk with which she asked me to get out of the carriage with her at the confectioner’s, and rattled off her final orders to him; nor the patronizing tone in which she directed him to put up a package of *bondons* for me to take home to my children. She is forever asking my advice about purchasing some article of furniture or ornament, and inquiring why I do not treat myself to the like; pushing me in the hearing of others with questions as to why I don’t send my children to dancing-school, and allow them to attend gay parties; why Carrie doesn’t take singing lessons from an Italian master, and why I never attend *matinées* and concerts. I overheard her tell John the other night that I was making an old woman of myself, staying so closely at home, and dressing so ‘demurely.’ She meant shabbily, as I knew, but he only laughed, and said he rarely noticed a lady’s dress, unless it were extremely fantastic or very slovenly, and that his wife was a model of neatness and taste in his eyes. I do dress meanly in comparison with most of my associates; never feel more dowdiness than when I am with her; she has such exquisite taste, and the means of gratifying it. Yet I like handsome clothes and a plenty of them as much as she does. It provokes me to see her rolling by in her carriage, decked out like a queen, when I have to count the cost before getting into an omnibus, and have not had a new hat or cloak in three years. It is mean and wicked, I sup-

pose, to be envious, but I wish, at least, since she is so much better off than I, that I were not obliged to see it all." She could not help despising herself heartily for the admission, but self-contempt did not make the reality of her situation more tolerable.

Margaret Craig was the only daughter of a wealthy merchant, who had condescended to allow her to ally his family with the poorer but not less respectable one represented in his establishment by his handsome and clever book-keeper. The fortune of the heiress had gone far toward raising Elbert to his present position. His wife was very fond of him, in her way, and assumed no airs of superiority on account of the assistance she had given him in his upward march. She never suspected that her sister-in-law almost hated her for the difference in their circumstances, and for what Mrs. Lollard conceived to be an ostentatious display of wealth and the advantages it bestowed upon the possessor. Mrs. Craig pitied her poor relations very sincerely. After the manner of most prosperous people she had a spice of contempt for them for not being as well-to-do as herself, but she liked and took much notice of them, nevertheless. At stated seasons—Christmas, New Year's, and birthdays, she made valuable presents to them, with good-natured liberality, if not judiciously. Mrs. Lollard did not resent her gifts of books, toys, and jewelry, but her soul arose in violent revolt against the acceptance of certain parcels of cast-off clothing, always fine in material and never much worn, which it was Mrs. Craig's pleasure to send around to the unfashionable street wherein the Lollards lived, when her own spring and fall dressmaking was done.

"I have no use for them, and where there is a house full of children such things can be worked up to advantage," she would say, carelessly, when her husband's sister tried to decline the bounty.

She had an easy, patronizing way of dealing with the dwellers in the out-of-the-way quarter that drove Mrs. Lollard to the extreme verge of decent forbearance, when she considered that the suave Lady Bountiful was, after all, only the wife of her brother. The plain truth that the Craigs were up in the world, and she and hers down, and likely to remain so, was gall and wormwood when illustrated by Margaret's "insufferable ways." It made matters no better, but rather worse that the semi-annual beneficence was so often useful.

"How well Carrie looks in that gray silk!" Mrs. Craig had said during the ride to the confectioner's that had furnished Mrs. Lollard with a pregnant text for her fireside musing. "I was so glad she happened to wear it, Wednesday evening, when we had her to dinner. You showed good taste in trimming it with russet velvet. The contrast is very fashionable just now, as I suppose you know. We

had three or four visitors in the course of the evening, and she really appeared very well—was quite the little lady. I remarked it to her uncle afterward. I should not have thrown aside the dress—I only bought it last spring—if I could have matched it. Somebody spilled a glass of wine over the front breadth the second time I ever wore it. It was too bad, for I liked it very much."

"It is a good silk," rejoined Mrs. Lollard, repressing her wounded pride by the thought that but for this gift, Carrie must have gone without any better evening dress than the purple Empress cloth her aunt had sent her at the same time.

"I never buy anything but the best fabrics, my dear!" Mrs. Craig drew her sable cloak about her with a shrug of satisfaction. "The most expensive things are invariably the cheapest in the end."

An excellent motto for those who can command money to purchase the best of everything. The poor are proverbially short-sighted. How often this defect is compulsory; how often a fault in judgment is not a question for the rich to decide. Mrs. Lollard knew as well as did her mentor that cloth at twelve dollars a yard would wear twice as long and look three times as well as a fabric that cost but six; but she had not the money for the first outlay. That settled the matter. The cheaper cloth must be bought and used all the more carefully because it would soon show signs of shabbiness.

There was no apartment in the Craig's mansion—unless it were a servant's dormitory—so plainly fitted up as was that in which Mrs. Lollard now sat. It was the living-room of the house, shut off by folding-doors from the better-furnished front parlor where a fire was seldom kindled. The carpet was faded, especially about the door and fireplace, and darned in divers spots, besides having been turned twice and made over, that the freshest breadths might be shifted to the middle of the room, and the less reputable be hidden under the lounge and in dark corners. A sewing-machine stood between the windows, with a wide-mouthed work-basket upon the top. This was never empty. One of the items in Mrs. Lollard's good management was that she always kept some piece of sewing ready to her hand—"to catch up at odd times," as she said, although where she found leisure moments, odd or even, in her round of labor and care, nobody could have guessed. The convenient bit of work was never ornamental. An apron for Emmie, a sack for Baby, a set of collars for Carrie or herself, was slipped in between the heavier tasks assigned by necessity. She had no respite from needle-work except Sundays. She had laid aside her weekly mending that afternoon only when the cloudy twilight hindered her from threading her needle. She had not a lazy bone in her body, her husband and neighbors had a

habit of affirming. She wondered, to-night, in recalling the compliment to her usefulness and energy, if the same might not be said of any galley-slave, over whose shoulders the lash continually hung. Rest was a forbidden indulgence to the poor.

Her head ached, and so did her back, and there was a dull pain in her side that would have driven a rich woman to a medical consultation. She was the physician of the family, nursing her offspring through all the maladies incident to childhood, and the milder forms of fever and catarrh which overtook them, now and then, despite their frugal fare and their mother's watchfulness. A regular practitioner had not crossed the threshold since Baby Rob's birth, two years ago. Doctors were expensive, and she was too poor to humor her uncomfortable symptoms. They would develop or disappear with time.

Poor! she always came back to that! And such unromantic, ignoble poverty as implies a constant struggle to keep one's head above water. It seemed to her, sometimes, it would be a positive relief to stop swimming and go down into actual and undeniable pauperism. She enjoyed nothing aright while incessant solicitude and activity were needful to maintain a show of respectability. And people looked down upon them. It was no secret that her husband's salary was inadequate to the demands of his growing household. When intimate friends praised her for "getting along so nicely, considering," she fancied she read pitying contempt in their eyes. Her children did not dress so well as did a majority of their playfellows, strive and strain as she might to make them appear creditably. As for herself, she was losing the taste for higher things than domestic drudgery, even while she loathed her fetters. She had no leisure for reading or music. She never saw a good picture except in a shop window, and as for attending a lecture, on art, science, biography, or travel in other lands, she put by the temptation to expend a quarter or half dollar in appeasing her intellectual craving with the reflection that it would bring greater good to the greater number if passed over to the butcher, baker, or grocer. It was a mean, unsatisfactory mode of thought and existence. Nobody could enlighten her on that point or show her the matter in a more defensible aspect than she beheld it—but whose fault was it?

She had silenced Carrie peremptorily when she had inquired why her father was not as rich as her uncle, but the question, foolish or wise, was too often uppermost in her mind nowadays. It was the Lord's will, of course. How easy it was for her lips and those of others to pronounce the formula. But why had He willed that this disparity of worldly ease should exist? Her husband—she kept herself in the background while she argued—was diligent in

business, upright in all his transactions with his fellow men; a GOD-fearing man, moreover, who ordered his household aright; who visited the widow and the fatherless in their affliction and kept himself unspotted from the world. If godliness were "profitable unto all things," where was its promise of good for "the life that now is?"

The children were making so much noise in the dining-room near by as to drown the tinkle of the door-bell, but the maid-of-all-work heard it in the kitchen, and admitted the visitor. He spoke before Mrs. Lollard knew he was in the house.

"Good-evening, Edith! Are you all alone?"

It was her brother Elbert, and she blushed with mortification at being discovered hovering over a smouldering fire in a dark room. Muttering something about "liking to sit in the twilight," she would have struck a match, but he stayed her hand.

"Brighten the fire a little if you like, but don't light the gas. I am sick of glare and bustle. I have been out paying New Year's calls since twelve o'clock. A tiresome, hollow sham it is, but I must keep it up until near midnight. Margaret made out my list, and I am not nearly through. Let me rest myself by a few minutes talk with you over the hearth. It looks so cosy and home-like. I wish there were as quiet a nook in my house for me to-night. Depend upon it, Edith, what we have gained in luxury we have lost in domestic comfort."

The fire, enlivened by a stick of wood and a few lumps of coal, showed her his care-lined face and the broad streaks of silver in his hair, as he sat down by her, and laid his hand upon her lap. He was not a demonstrative man by nature or habit, and the gesture touched her heart.

"Stay and spend the evening with us," she said, cheerfully. "You will not be troubled by pomps and vanities here."

"I wish I could. Pomps and vanities! That is the whole of it. The only pleasure in riches is the excitement of gathering them. When a man tires of that, he has sucked the last drop of juice out of the orange. Do you know what was the happiest moment of my life? When, at the close of my first year as sub-bookkeeper in Mr. Wallace's store, I found that I had two hundred dollars in the Savings Bank and not a debt in the world. I began forthwith to think of setting up for myself in business and offering myself to pretty Margaret Wallace, I felt so rich. I have never been half so well off since."

"But you are well off, whether you feel it or not," returned his sister. "Your poverty is only imaginary. When you have a contrary opinion, you know it is a fancy, the trick of diseased nerves or imperfect digestion. You need rest, not wealth."

"I have dollars and cents enough to keep

house and business going, if that is what you mean by riches. But let me relax my vigilance for a day, turn my thoughts and energies in another direction long enough to seek such recreation as my German porter enjoys during his midsummer vacation, and all may be wrecked. He takes his ease with his wife and little ones to-day; eats the Turkey I gave him yesterday with a merry heart; washes it down with a glass of lager, bought with the money I handed him as a New Year's gift; smokes a pipe to aid digestion; goes to bed at nine o'clock, and slumbers until morning, unscared by visions of insolvent debtors, falling stocks, and other dubious investments. 'The sleep of the laboring man is sweet,' we are told in Holy Writ. That means bodily, not mental labor, I am sure."

"We all have our trials and temptations, brother," interposed Mrs. Lollard, humbly, remembering her late meditations. "The lowly are not exempt from anxieties, nor, according to your showing, can money buy peace of mind."

"If it could, I should be a happier man, at home as abroad. I ought not to speak of family matters outside my own doors, I suppose, but you have been a dear, faithful sister to me always, and I have great confidence in your judgment, as in that of your husband. I want to talk with you about Wallace. I am sadly perplexed what to do with him."

"Isn't he well?"

"Well physically. In every other respect he could hardly be worse."

"Brother, you shock me! Why, he is but eighteen—a mere boy!"

"He has been gambling ever since he was fifteen," rejoined the father, in a hard tone, contradicted by the deeper lines about his mouth and eyes. "He drinks, too, I have discovered lately. I would have dealt summarily and severely with him when his iniquities first came to my knowledge, but his mother interfered. He is his grandfather's namesake, and the old gentleman unfortunately left him a fortune in his own right, of which he is to be master at twenty-one years of age. I tried to keep it a secret from him. There is no more certain way of ruining a young man than to let him know that he will not have to work for a living. But Wallace is his mother's darling, and when some inconsiderate meddler gave him a hint as to what his prospects were, he coaxed the whole story out of her. Then, she has concealed his pranks and follies; sat up for him when he was out late, and told me nothing of his debts, preferring to discharge them from her private purse; petted and nursed him when he came home half-drunk from billiard-saloon, oyster-supper, and gambling-hell. At last, his embarrassments became so heavy and complicated that they could no longer be covered from me. His bills were brought to me, his mother's store of ready money being exhausted, and his credi-

tors importunate. A family tumult was the consequence. You don't understand what that means. God forbid that you ever should! John and you are a unit in the government of your children, as in all things else. The boy's associates are some of the most wily and dangerous rascals in town. There is no use appealing to their sense of honor or humanity."

"Where could he have picked them up?" queried Mrs. Lollard, naïvely. "I should think your social position would have kept him above the danger of such companionship."

"A poor boy would not have attracted their cupidity. The eldest son of a man who is reputed to be wealthy, the prospective owner of a handsome fortune, is too valuable a mine to be overlooked or abandoned, now that they have hold of it. As for him, he is infatuated by them and their mode of life. My hope is that if I send him to sea on a three years' cruise, they may forget him while he is away, and the severe discipline of a sailor's life teach him something like self-mastery."

"But it is a terrible remedy." Mrs. Lollard shuddered and grew sick as she thought of her own bright, brave Johnny, whose laugh sounded from the dining-room at that instant. Could she, were he in his cousin's place, banish him from home, her guarding love, his father's companionship and example? "It is an awful experiment," she repeated, earnestly.

"So is the need of cure a fearful fact." Mr. Craig's tone was yet harder, his eyes more wreathed. "Where is your husband?"

"Mr. Blakeman is sick, and he sent a note down this afternoon asking John to come to see him. He wishes to give him some directions about to-morrow's business, and there are some important letters to be answered to-day. I was a little ungracious about his going, even to oblige a sick man," coloring and stammering as she stated thus mildly the opposition she had felt and expressed to her husband's action. "John so seldom has a holiday."

"He knows what to do with it when he gets it, which is more than Blakeman does, or than I do. And he has a home in which to spend it. How merry those children are."

"They are playing rather a noisy game," said the mother, offering to rise.

"Don't stop them. It does me good to hear them. It reminds me of the days when there were children in nearly every house. My elder daughters have been in the parlor all day receiving company. Isabella and Clarence are shut up in the nursery with unlimited rations of pastry and candies to keep them quiet. By the way, that boy of yours is a manly fellow. When he and you decide what profession he is to adopt, let me know. Maybe I can give him a lift. If he should choose a mercantile life, you must let me have him. His early training has taught him the practice of such old-fashioned virtues as economy, temperance, and

honesty. He will never give you the heartache I have now."

"Things may turn out better than you expect," said Mrs. Lollard, soothingly. "You have been a kind, indulgent father, and you cannot fail of your reward."

"Reward!" He laughed slightly and scornfully. "I am only the goose that lays the golden eggs. So long as the supply lasts, I shall be treated with a reasonable show of respect. But my children do not love and cling to me as John's do to him. Your household is a joint stock company. You work together for the common good. If you have privations, they are borne for one another, and the thought is a consolation. I know how it used to be in our father's house; how we worshipped our parents, whose daily toil and sacrifices in our behalf we saw and to some extent appreciated. There was proud satisfaction in the thought that we were helping them by learning to help ourselves. My wife and I do not need our children's assistance. They live for their own pleasure, nothing else. When John was sick last winter, he was nursed as I could never hope to be, were I to be laid aside from work. There was an affectionate strife going on all the while as to who should wait upon him, and all the resources of the household were racked to furnish him with comfort and amusement. Don't talk about poverty, Edith. You do not know the meaning of the word. You are a rich woman; rich in the best of earthly blessings, rich in your faith in and hope of heaven. Good-night! Tell your husband why I wanted to see him, and say nothing about our conversation to anybody else, least of all to poor Margaret. She will have it that I am unnecessarily alarmed about our boy. The mother's heart is always ready to make excuses, you know. Good-bye, again!"

Mrs. Lollard went with him to the hall door, and stood there a minute, looking after him as he walked up the street. A hale, handsome gentleman, a casual observer would have said, with the unmistakable air of being on excellent terms with fortune. His sister thought him more to be pitied than the lamplighter in his shabby dreadnaught, who ran nimbly from one lamp-post to another whistling "Champagne Charley." She gave one glance at the clouded heavens, felt the fine, sharp mist they began to spit upon her face, and shut the door with a prayer for the sorrowing father, and a thanksgiving for the safety of her own fold.

"Children!" They were busy over a box of dissected pictures, but looked up in pleased expectancy at their mother's voice. "Papa will not be in for some time yet. Suppose we get up a little welcome for him, something to amuse us and please him. Such a good father ought to be treated with as much consideration and honor as if he were the president. And he has worked very hard for us all this year. The

Christmas tree is down in the cellar yet. John, you can cut off a quantity of small boughs, with which Carrie can make an arch for the back of papa's chair. Emmie may help her. Edie, get his dressing-gown and new slippers ready, and put a clean cover upon the footstool. I will leave the arrangement of this and the sitting-room to you while Robby and I go into the kitchen. I told Annie she could go out this evening, so we must get up our feast ourselves."

Papa was chill, weary, and damp when he put the key into the door on his return. The talk with his employer had detained him longer than he had anticipated, and he could not but feel that the sick man was inconsiderate in claiming so large a portion of his one rest day. It was past the hour for supper, and he was well enough acquainted with his wife's methodical habits to feel sure that the smallest children had eaten theirs, and were snug in bed by this time. He was sorry. He rarely saw them in the evening during the busy season except on Sundays, and he had promised himself a romp with Rob and engaged to tell Edie "lots of stories" that night, "because it was New Year's." The streets were very lively, in spite of the gathering storm. Brisk, well-dressed men brushed past him on the sidewalk, ran up and down the marble steps of stately dwellings in the eligible neighborhood, made more desirable by Mr. Blakeman's habitation. He had, through the illuminated windows of the tall blocks lining both sides of the street, glimpses of superbly-appointed parlors, and groups of elegantly-attired women receiving the compliments of the season from men as aristocratic in appearance and courteous in manner. It was a gay, pleasant scene, and nowhere fairer and more animated than in his brother-in-law's house, before which he paused for a moment. Lillian Craig, who was but a year older than his Carrie, stood in full view, dressed in pale blue silk, pearls upon her beautiful neck and arms, and white lilies in her floating hair, talking in a lively strain with a moustached youth he knew by sight as the son of a merchant prince. How lovely she looked! And yet, until now, he had thought Carrie the prettier of the two. Anita, the second daughter, was plainer than her sister or her cousin, but Mr. Lollard scarcely recognized her, would not have known her in any other house, in the amber robe that set off her dark skin, and the heavy ornaments of dead gold that reminded him of the tinkling collar and armlets of a Persian princess. She stood beside her mother, who was magnificent in garnet velvet and diamonds. His wife had not so much as a diamond ring, and her best dress was a two-year old black silk. She was a fresh beauty when he married her, and to this day a better talker and more intelligent woman than Margaret Craig, in every respect the truer lady of the

two. But nobody believed this excepting himself. The world passed the one coldly by, and bowed obsequiously to the other. He was a sensible man, not given to coveting his neighbor's goods, or questioning the dealings of his Heavenly Parent, but he sighed deeply and moved on with a heavier heart than he liked to take home.

Robby ran up to him as he opened the hall-door. Carrie had rigged him out in his best frock, a crimson merino that made him look like a bold, handsome gypsy with his great dark eyes and glowing cheeks. "Papa, we're doing to make a ting of oo."

"A king, papa," corrected Edie, also in gala-attire, while Carrie and Emmie drew off with loving violence his wet greatcoat, brought boot-jack, slippers, and warmed dressing-gown; then marshalled the procession into the dining-room, where mamma met him on the threshold with a kiss and word of welcome. The triumphal arch fastened to the back of his chair was a success, although the materials were nothing better than cedar-twigs, strings of popped-corn, and stars cut out of gilt paper stuck plentifully among the evergreens, and encircling the white medallion at the top. "DEAR PAPA" was inscribed upon this in Greek text in red and blue chalks, and this was Johnny's *chef d'œuvre*.

Mrs. Craig would have smiled indulgent disdain, her daughters giggled outright behind their hot-house bouquets at the repast, which seemed so sumptuous a banquet to the healthy, happy young Lollards—Carrie included. Hot coffee for papa and mamma—the children drank nothing but water; a plate of chipped beef flanked by another of home-made doughnuts; a glass dish of raspberry jam, balanced by a salver on which mamma constructed a marvelous pine-apple of butter, with curled parsley for the leaves at the base and apex, and in front of papa's plate smoked a gigantic plateau of buttered waffles, also of mamma's manufacture. This was the whole bill of fare with the exception of a plate of light, sweetbread. Very homely diet, you see, but a more fervent thanksgiving was not said over another meal in the land, nor did a happier party surround another board. How they ate, and talked, and laughed! praising mamma's cookery and papa's distribution of the dainties. What funny stories papa told, and how bright were the roses in mamma's dear cheeks at some things he said about New Year's days they had passed together in their youth; and what a beautiful speech Johnny made, all out of his own head, in proposing the health of the "Lord and Lady of the feast," and how cunning it was in Robby to pound the table with his fat fists and cry, "Hear!" just as Carrie had privately instructed him to do, at the conclusion of his brother's oration.

"I think we have the most goodest times of any children I know in the whole world!" pronounced Edie, climbing upon papa's left knee, Robby having usurped the right, while mamma, aided by the three elder children, made a frolic of clearing away the dishes. "It is so nice to have papa all to ourselves!"

"I am glad my darling is happy!" replied the father, kissing the curly pate nestling against his cheeks. "God is very good to us all, I think. Don't you, mamma?"

"Very good!"

He saw the quick moisture that arose to her eyes before she turned aside to conceal it, and he would not have exchanged the token of sympathy with his grateful tribute to the Giver of their mercies for the finest of Mrs. Craig's diamonds.

The wee ones had their story and a grand game of "Blind Man's Buff," to "jolt their suppers down," said Edie. Then she and her younger brother were put to bed by mamma's own hands, and tucked in as only mothers can bestow the coverings about plump shoulders and necks. They were not too sleepy to say their prayers, but their eyelids closed under her good-night kiss, and were not again lifted. The five left below stairs had a long, quiet, family talk. The children were not kept without the pale of their parent's confidence, and as a reward for the trouble it cost the latter to explain their reasons for denying them certain things, and enjoining upon them the duty of taking care of what they had, Carrie, John, and Emmie already began to spare them the pain of repeated refusals; grew daily more discreet and helpful.

"We cannot afford it just now, my dear," was a phrase that was always believed and respected, and the response was usually a brave "Never mind, mamma! I do not really need it," or a playful "Ah, well! we will wait until our ship comes in!"

"Our ship has not been telegraphed as yet," said Mr. Lollard, by and by, in allusion to the family proverb. "But I have news that a little canoe is likely to touch at our landing. Mr. Blakeman has raised my salary four hundred dollars. A hundred dollars a quarter will make things rather easier, won't it, mamma?"

"You may well say so!" she returned, and in the pure pleasure of the hour she failed to remember that Mrs. Craig had mentioned this very sum as the cost of the garnet velvet and trimmings.

"Why, we shall be rich people at this rate, after a while!" cried Carrie, to whom the amount sounded very grand.

It was the mother who answered, her head upon her husband's shoulder, and his arm around her waist, while the three children were grouped closely about them. "We are rich already, my daughter!"

THE LOVE OF PHILIP ASH.

BY MRS. DENISON.

"If a man's brought up right," said Deacon Rafe, "under the prayers of a good pious mother, I tell ye he's got to wrestle like all nater, afore he takes evil ways on him. What's done, has got to be ondid, and at the beginnin' it's mighty hard work to go wrong, though it's like goin' down a hill—after the fust few steps you have got to run. It don't take so long a pullin' down as it does a buildin' up."

Old Deacon Rafe, or Uncle Rafe, as everybody called him, stood on the broad hearthstone, as he delivered himself of this speech, holding his hat in his hand. A candle burned on the shelf, which Susan, the daughter of Deacon Pelt, had lighted to show her Uncle Rafe the way through the long, dark entry. It was early October, but the day had been cold, and the ruddy firelight flickered, and flashed, and leaped out ruddily, now revealing the full smooth brow of the girl, anon the gleam of a soft gray eye, dark with thought, and again the fine curve of the red lips that were lightly pressed together, as she stood looking straight before her, seeming to see through the thin, angular frame of the deacon—through the square of darkness caused by the open door.

Not far from the old fireplace stood a table, square and solid, shining in the warmth and honesty of real mahogany, a piece of furniture that the good deacon was wont to boast was nearly a hundred years old, and had been in the family for three generations. The kerosene lamp upon it, a very small one, sent a luminous circle of light from under the painted shade; the light fell upon a thick, old-fashioned volume, with clasps, but the face that bent above it, a man's face, bronzed and handsome, wore an expression that was almost heart-breaking to look upon, when as now his eyes sought the lettered page; but his soul seemed to be far, far away, intent upon some memory, perhaps, that the old man's speech had awakened in his mind.

This speech had reference to some matter of discipline in the church over which these two men held the rod of authority, for Deacon Rafe and Deacon Pelt were the two strong pillars of the spiritual Zion on Milton Hill. Both were powerful men in their way, both were old and tried citizens and Christians, and both had more than a sufficiency of this world's goods. The case about which they had been talking was a sad one—a woman—a wife and a mother had gone astray, and she was to be sent out of the fold that had saved and sheltered her, lest she bring disgrace upon the church.

"Well, good-evenin', brother!" said Uncle Rafe, holding out a wrinkled hand all covered with thick blue-gray veins. "I'm very sorry this thing has happened, but as matters stand we must act upon 't immediately, and not give

the world a chance to talk. Good-night, Susy, my dear; oh, you're goin' to light me out; that is very kind of you. I s'pose I ought to know the way, but my sight is growing poor, I believe, and I ain't as steady on my feet as I used to be."

Susy went with the old man as far as the outside door, stood there a moment holding the candle back and gazing out into the bright moonlight. How beautiful, how saintly still the scene was! The green before the door seemed bleached to a silver whiteness, the trees were tipped with a clear radiance, that glorified the night; the great vault above hung like a pale curtain, faintly studded with stars, outshone by the greater luminary. Through the branches the mysterious voices of night whispered, and underneath, at gnarled roots, and below tufted moss and odorous grasses, the happy insect world held its musical carnival. Susy looked over all this with a yearning glance that yet wore the pensive shades of some recent sorrow. The girl's nature had apparently been roused by some sudden shock from the apathy of careless youth. Far and near Susy had always been quoted as "that thoughtless creature," and the old adage, "a deacon's daughter," had been again and again applied to her, but within the past six months, I might as well add since Philip Ash had come to live with them, she had changed so perceptibly that more than one gossip wagged her tongue over the fact.

At last some noise within recalled the girl from her dream. With a deep sigh she closed the door, lingeringly, as if loth even in her abstraction to shut out the beautiful picture, and with slow steps she wended her way back into the old-fashioned kitchen.

Since she had left not a leaf had been turned by the student; the yellow light streamed over the same page, on his hand, white and well-shaped; and the face, still wrapped in shadow, held the same gloom. He did not look up as the girl brushed past him, breathing quick, but kept his eyelids straight and still.

Susy went to the fire, snuffed out her candle, and, with a mute woe in her face, sank down heavily. Mrs. Pelt, just putting the finishing touches to a stocking of coarse blue yarn, gave her girl a side look under half-shut lids, and pursed up her mouth a little as she drew the last needle out.

"John's bought that colt, Susy," said the gray-haired, pink-cheeked little woman, who, though nearing sixty, still retained the bloom of her youth.

"Has he?" and the voice was very unlike the cheerful tones of the girl.

"Yes, and 'twasn't for Dorcas, neither, I'm a thinking. Dorcas has been at him for a long time, but I heard him say that if he got her, he shouldn't give her to anybody in the family. He came out of meetin' last Sunday with Jared

Pinkham's cousin. She's from the city, and is full of fashionable ways and notions. I guess John might do better than that; I don't know. He's smart, anyway, and owns one of the best farms in the country." Then, after a little pause and one or two stealthy side glances at the girl's face, she added, "Belindy says he took you home from the quiltin', t'other night."

Susy's face grew flame red. "He did! I did not want him; but he did," she said, in low, half-smothered tones. "I don't care about it; I don't want to talk about it," she added, nervously, and touched the heavy burning log with her foot.

"Shoes cost something, Susy," said her careful mother, startled out of her previous train of thought by the thousands of stars that snapped and shot up and out like the scintillations of spent rockets. "It's time for honest folks to be a-bed, I reckon," she went on, putting her needles away. "Biah'll come in and see to covering the coals."

"Yes, mother, I'll go in a little while," said Susan, lifting herself wearily; "there—there's something I want to do; it won't take me but a minute, and then I'll go."

"Well, good-night, dear;" and the woman bent forward and kissed the cheek of her woman daughter—the only child left to her of seven. Very tender was the touch of hand and lip, and the mother turned away with a moan in her heart. The child of her old age was in trouble, and she knew not how to comfort her.

The silence grew oppressive when the door had closed, and the lingering echo of footsteps quietly died away. Susy sat motionless, her hands dropping at her side, one over the other, her head drooping, her eyelids shut close to keep back scalding tears: All the evening a struggle had been going on within her. It was a struggle that a year ago would have culminated in an obstinate and prideful silence, and her heart, like a caged bird, might have beat itself to death against the cruel bars of her determination, for pride and stubbornness had been her besetting sins. Susy had been the darling of two old hearts, and had come very near being ruined through their constant indulgence. But, though the child of an almost idolatrous love, she was also the child of prayer. Old Deacon Pelt, to use his own words, had "wrestled mortally for his one ewe lamb, that she might be brought into the kingdom." His prayer had been answered, for Susy had bowed that fair head in sincere penitence, had been admitted into the visible fold of the Good Shepherd. So, though it was a hard matter for her to overcome her natural worldliness, other motives underlaid her purposes—a supreme power guided her thoughts into right channels, and where once she would have died sooner than confess herself in the wrong, she now, though it almost tore soul from body, put self out of sight, and

elevated her moral nature by penitence and confession.

After awhile she lifted her head slowly, and stole a glance at Philip Ash. Would he never move? She felt instinctively that he was not reading, that if there were burning thoughts beneath the pressure of his hand, under the cold, unmoving glare of his eyes, they kindled no answering fire in his bosom. Should she go to him and confess? She shivered at the thought, and he sitting so still and passionless. If he would but move, but turn and look at her, though the look might chide. Her heart beat with such fierce, strong strokes that it seemed to her they must be audible to him. Could she stifle the terror with which his silent presence filled her heart, and go to him, and say forgive?

Just then the great log broke with a sound like an explosion. Philip Ash did turn at that, but Susy was busy doing battle with the flaming coals that had fallen out upon the hearth to the very verge, where the new rag carpet enlivened the sombre red of the well-worn flag stones. When she lifted herself breathless and flushed, Philip still sat in the same statue-like attitude.

Whizzing and whirring the old corner clock struck eleven. Startled at the sound, Susy decided to retire, but first she would put her resolve in execution. With a trembling hand, a crimson face, and glittering eyes, she moved unsteadily to the table. He might have felt her approach; but if he did, he gave no sign.

"There must be something cruel in his nature," Susy thought, bitterly, and then she stopped beside him. "Philip!"

At the sound of her voice he looked up at her, oh! so cold and stern.

"I wounded your feelings last night, Philip. It was thoughtlessly done, and—I am sorry." She gave a little gasp, but bravely kept the tears down.

"So am I;" voice and manner were alike cold.

"O Philip! I want you to forgive me." There was another gasp more like a sob.

"I dare not deny your forgiveness."

And still through the calm voice ran a thread of condemnation that fell lead-like on the sensitive young heart beside him. She stood there for a moment in the shadow; pressing her dry lips together, wringing her slender hands, moaning in her inmost soul that all was over, this precious love life was over. She should bury it, and go mourning all through the dreary days of her existence. "O Philip! is that all?" at last burst like a heavy sob from her overburdened bosom.

"What more would you have?" he asked, coldly.

"One word that would give me assurance that I was pleading to a human being," she said, passionately; "one look that has at least

the gentleness of friendship. You cannot know how hard it has been for me to conquer myself—and—I hoped at least you would show—a little pity”—her voice choked, her cheeks became crimson, and her hands trembled, though they were locked like iron.

Philip never looked up; he dared not. One glance might have overcome his stern resolve, and softened the anguish at his heart. He gloried in his own martyrdom, perhaps, for he had suffered more than this proud girl at his side. She could not know how much nor how long. “I said I had forgiven you, Susy. I can say nothing more. Years ago I made a vow that if the woman I had loved should trifle with me in the most ordinary acceptance of that term, I might forgive, but never should consider her as holding any more intimate relation thereafter than that of an ordinary friend. This decision was forced upon me by circumstances of the most painful character. I cannot speak of them now—I”—he paused, looked up at the empty space beside him. The girl had vanished like a spirit; an angry light in her eye, her lip curved nevertheless to the grieved outlines of bitter agony, her heart aching as in her young, pleasant life it had never ached before.

“Oh, why did he come here—why?” she cried, in a voice of anguish, as she threw herself down upon her bed when she had reached her own room. “Did God send him here to make me suffer because I had resolved to live a truer and better life? Is this the cross that I must bear? Are these the thorns that are to bruise and wound me, because I choose the narrow road? Is this what I receive for trying to live the life of a Christian? I cannot bear it, I cannot! What shall I do? Who will help me? If I could only have told him what led me to do as I did—if he had not been so cold, so cruel, so wicked! He never loved me, he has tired of my devotion; he never loved me if he can give me up for that. And yet he bore with me that night. Three times he suffered himself to be slighted, almost insulted, and even at the last, if I had let him come home with me, as was his right, all might have been well. Now I have lost him forever, oh! forever.”

She lifted herself and moved for a moment hurriedly to and fro. The words “forever and forever” seemed to sound in her brain. She raised the window sash higher, and leaned out with a yearning that the calm and silence of the soft summer night might infuse itself into her weary life, for, being young and ardent, and a very novice in sorrow, she felt some way as if her years had been many and full of trouble. The world receded; the gleam of white grave-stones in the little churchyard, now lying all alight under the moonbeams, was a grateful sight to her, and she felt that it would be pleasant to lie down under the green turf, and know

no more of this cruel world and the hearts that were so cold and untrue. As she looked with dry, burning eyes upon the lovely night, she saw some one coming slowly past the window—the figure of a man. It stopped at the gate, leaned wearily upon it, and looked long and wistfully towards the house. Susy could see the slouched hat; she even fancied that under somewhat seedy habiliments the stranger carried the look and manner of a gentleman. The moonlight fell full upon him, and, but for the peculiar head-gear, she could have seen his features distinctly. She had drawn back from the window as he stopped, and surprise and curiosity overcame for the moment her deeper emotions. Presently the man lifted the latch cautiously, and came up the path that led to the front door. Susy’s window was directly over it. She heard three or four quick raps, and then a moment after old Biah’s shuffling steps across the hall. The man spoke low, but audibly. His voice thrilled her, she could not have told why. He was a stranger, and had lost his way, very weary, willing to pay for a night’s lodging, and he seemed very grateful when, after a somewhat tedious cross-questioning, Biah consented to let him share his own bed.

Meantime Philip Ash had closed his book, and, as the stranger’s knock sounded at the door, he had opened a window that led to a small side porch, and quietly stepped out. For a moment he stood gazing straight before him on the glory of sky and forest; then he moved down the garden till he came to the banks of a little stream that ran through the farm, terminating some half a mile away in the wider river and pretty falls that made the village picturesque. Campsie mill, for which he was the agent, stood in full view; its many windows illuminated, as with silver tapers, by the mild lustre of the moonlight. Beneath the water glittered a stream which he might have leaped with safety, but deep and rapid at times for all that. Philip paused here with folded arms, and mused half-aloud.

“Another dream,” he murmured, bitterly. “Another temple fallen at my feet in ruins. God help me, for I love the girl as I never loved any woman before. And I built my hopes upon her because I thought a Christian would be tender, and loving, and true. More fool I! They are all alike—worldly or religious, saints or sinners—they must play cat-like with the very sinews of men’s hearts, and wreck them utterly for the pleasuring of their vanity. And I had hoped so much from a union with her; she seemed so to fill my heart, that has been hungering and thirsting for an honest love for years. Life has shut down before me in cruel darkness; its light has gone utterly and forever. I shall never love again.”

Did nothing whisper to him that there was something noble in this woman’s nature, since

she had brought herself to ask for forgiveness, humbled a heart that was naturally proud, and stubborn, and unrelenting? Did not the fair young face, all flushed as he felt it was, and more beautiful for its clouding, plead with him? Yes, these had their influence, but the poison-point of an arrow that had lodged in his soul years before, rankled there still, and fevered his blood and steeled his heart.

"One woman has deceived me, no other shall," he muttered, bitterly, and wended his way back to the house, gaining entrance by his night-key; for "Blah" had locked the window and the door, and the stranger was long ago sound asleep, under the protecting wing of the good old man-servant.

Morning broke in all the glory of autumn, and found Susy in a better frame of mind, though still quite unhappy. "If religion is good for anything," she said, like a philosopher, or rather like a Christian, "it will carry me through this sorrow. At all events, I shall not beg for his love;" and then, shining through the clouds of her darkness for a moment, all manner of golden visions of possible relentings and unforeseen chances brightened the shadows, and set the bow of hope over the small world of her regrets and longings, and for a brief time she was almost cheered again. So she went down stairs and quietly assisted in getting breakfast, looking so busy and pretty in her neat dress of gingham, protected by the apron of spotless white, that her mother, and even old Blah gazed at her with admiring eyes.

"Blah had a man sleep with him last night," said Mrs. Pelt, turning the delicate rice-cakes she had prepared. "Seems quite the gentleman, too, Blah says. Of course we wouldn't let him go away without breakfast."

He was there when Susy carried in the tea (Philip Ash had not come down yet; he seldom came down till the family were well seated at table). Susy was startled when she saw him; he was older than Philip, but there was an unmistakable likeness between the two; who could he be? He looked haggard and worn, and like a man whose shoulders had long been wearily bent under some crushing affliction.

Presently they drew up to the well-spread table; the deacon's sonorous voice sounded in thanksgiving, the pleasant clinking of cups and saucers succeeded, when the door opened, and Philip Ash entered, stood there like a man struck into stone, his eyes dilated, his lips parted. The strange guest, startled by the silence that followed, turned; the eyes of the two met. Never was consternation more strongly painted on a human countenance than on that of the man who had chanced among them. An expression of deadly terror succeeded; he turned pale to the roots of his hair, and stammered out, in a hoarse voice, "You—Philip?"

Philip Ash said nothing. If his look conveyed a menace, his lips had not the power to

utter it. He turned slowly, closed the door, and they could hear him afterward, pacing the floor overhead.

"Nothing, thanks; I can eat no breakfast, now. That man, God help me, is my brother! How can I find his room? I *must* see him. I have done him deadly wrong."

The words seemed to be forced from him; he arose from the table, went over to the nail on which his hat hung, and turned to the door through which Philip had disappeared. The deacon had also arisen. "Young man, let there be no violence," he said, in his firm, even tones.

"God forbid!" was the answer; "there will be none, assuredly on *my* part;" and he was gone.

"Deacon, hadn't Blah better stand on the stairs? I'm mortally afraid they'll come to blows. Philip's face has almost given me a chill, it was so awful. What can be the matter between them? Dear me, to think of brothers being enemies." Susy was a little frightened. Instinctively she took sides with Philip; whatever it was, that man with the fierce eyes and fiercer moustache was the wrong; she settled that in her mind.

At first there was silence overhead, when the man seemed to have entered, and then burst forth a storm of language, surging above all other sounds. Then there was a lull again, and presently the stranger came down, still white and terror-stricken, looking about him, as if he saw for the first time the faces that were gathered there.

"I—must go," he said. "Many thanks for your kindness, though if I had known," he added, in a lower voice, "whom this house contained, I would have walked a thousand miles rather than meet him."

"Well, if that isn't curious!" exclaimed Mrs. Pelt, watching the stranger as he went with rapid strides away from the house, "what can it mean? Gracious mercy!"

The exclamation (such were seldom heard in Deacon Pelt's house) was called forth by the sudden noise overhead—the fall of a heavy body. Susy turned white; Blah and the deacon hurried up the stairs; Susy and her mother stood trembling below, when the deacon called out:—

"Wife, there's trouble here; this youngster has fainted, or maybe"—

Susy and her mother flew to the deacon's side. Philip lay stretched upon the floor like one quite dead, and the deacon was pouring water over his face.

"Blah, you'd better go for the doctor," he said, as all remedies seemed to fail. "Susy, do not cry, child; the wheels of life ain't stopped forever, I reckon, though it looks mighty like it."

Together the deacon and his wife placed the helpless body on the bed. Susy went below,

wringing her hands in helpless agony, and (she could do nothing now) stood at the gate to watch for the approach of the doctor. She had never known before the strength of her love. Without recompense or hope of reward, it seemed to her that she could give her life for him; and oh! how fervently she prayed that God would not punish her by taking him away.

Three long weeks of fever succeeded. The life they watched, under the roof of the deacon's farm-house, hung for days upon a thread. Susy shared with her mother in nursing him. If they forbade her, and hinted at her pallor, she wept, implored, and insisted, until they could not refuse. The old deacon shook his head at the change in his hitherto dutiful child, and for the first time seeing how matters stood, looked forward with new anxiety to the result. The doctor came and went without speaking, until, one day, he took Susy's hand, as he said, "My young friend, your good nursing has saved his life;" and, as a matter of course, Susy went by herself and wept as if her heart would break—but they were happy tears.

Very faint, wan, and weak he was, as he lay there past the verge of danger, and Susy sat watching him, with a new light in her beautiful eyes. It seemed to her that now that God had spared him, she had nothing more to ask. One morning he called her to him.

"Susy, it has preyed upon me—the memory of my cruel coldness that night. Now, lying here, helpless, brought up from death's door, as the doctor assures me, by your unwearying care, I ask you to forgive me. Will you, Susy?"

"Oh, no, no; don't ask me that," sobbed Susy. "I was in the wrong; oh, God is so good to give you back!"

"To you, Susy? Say it, for I feel that heart and soul I am yours, my darling." His voice lingered over the love-word, and both were silent for some moments. "And now, dear, I will tell you about *him*—the brother whom I so strangely met and parted from. You will know, then, what has darkened my life, and made it for nearly ten years, a burden and a bitterness to me. My brother possessed a strange and jealous nature. He was older than myself, and I being ambitious and fond of study, outstripped him at school, and gained the warmer approbation of my father. He never forgave me for that. As we grew older, I tried to conciliate him, but he never behaved towards me as a brother should. When I was twenty I was engaged to be married to a ward of my father's, a lovely girl, seemingly innocent and singularly fascinating. I need not tell you that I thought I loved her, purely and fervently; that I felt, in all the world there was nothing so dear and beautiful. It was my first hallucination; I know now that it could not have been such love as manhood, matured and purified through trial, experiences. The wedding-night drew

near. On the eventful morning of the day, whose close was to make me the happiest of mortals, I drove over to the house of my bride-elect. Even then she met me, all smiles and graciousness. That night there was no bride. A note, hurriedly written, given to me in the presence of a hundred expectant guests—in the midst of perfumes, and flowers, and beauty, informed me that the "woman at whose feet I had poured all the treasures of my heart, had gone away with my brother."

A half-articulate cry escaped the pale lips of the listener. To her this story seemed almost too horrible for belief.

"I was very calm. I believed nobody saw that I suffered. Unforeseen circumstances, I said, had prevented the wedding, but the guests must nevertheless enjoy themselves. The people with whom this girl had been stopping were furious, but I was calm. I felt as if my heart had turned to stone, and would never love again. Nor did it, darling, till your sweet face stirred its pulses. I will say nothing of all my life between that time and this. I put no faith in woman; for years I scarcely spoke to one. My brother had gone abroad. From that night till the morning I met him, I had not seen him or heard from him. Well, God's wheels grind slowly, but surely the retribution comes. My brother married her, but she has served him worse than she treated me; ignored the sacred ties that bound her, forgetting her babes, gone off with one dead to all morality, and God alone knows in what part of the world, abused and forsaken, she suffers to-day. And now you know why I seemed so unkind that night. The old trouble was revived by the conversation between your father and Deacon Rafe—the old wound torn open afresh. I feared that you, so young, pure, and good as you seemed, had still that strange leaven of deception in your nature; that you, too, could taunt, and madden, and"—

A soft hand was on his lips. "Alice Hunt told me that you were trifling with me, that you had trifled with her, that she had heard you were already a husband, and my mind was poisoned, Philip. But, after a little reflection, I believed she had told me nothing that was true. I hated myself for what I said, for what I did. O Philip! you shall never think, never have cause to think unworthily of me again. I have been only half-hearted in everything, and yet God has been so good to me."

She broke down, crying again, and Philip, putting his arm about her, drew her wet cheek closer to his lips.

There was a slight rustling at the door.

"Well, deacon," said Mrs. Pelt, a moment after, taking up her knitting, "I see now what's been the matter with our Susy. I guess after this you and I must be contented with each other."

There was a smile on her lips, but under her

glasses the tears could be seen welling up. The deacon made no reply, but he understood her, and said softly to himself, as the sweet face of his child came before him :—

"God bless her!" While the mother's heart echoed :—

"God bless them both!"

TO THE ABSENT ONE.

BY BEAUFORT LE ROY.

Oh! tell me, what is earth without
The genial influence of the sun?
The skies are dull, and dark, and lowering,
The fields do show no signs of gladness,
The mountain wears grim shadows on its brow,
The bosom of the sea is black and treacherous.
But see what living joy its coming brings!
All nature bursts to open bloom. Night's tears,
Now jewels, deck the blossom's morning garb,
And opening buds disclose their bosoms to the bee;
Bright silvery clouds fly chasing each other
Through the azure vault; the glittering rill
Leaps laughing down the mountain side;
The rainbow's varying arch with outspread arms
Embraces each joyous landscape, where insects gay
Flit on from flower to flower, and warblers
Of sweetest notes sing of their heightening joys
'Mid the soft sighing of the wind among the leaves.

Oh! what is night without the resplendent glory
Of the moon? A sacred stillness reigns supreme,
Yet all around is murky gloom, for still delays
The coming of the vestal queen.

But, lo! she rises o'er yon placid lake.
A pavement of gold spreads from its brightening
orb,

Night winds now breathe upon the bosom of the
sea,

And crown its rippling waves with sparkling gems.
What mellow light pervades yon leafy grove,
Where music mysterious and melting lures to rest
The warblers who chanted there the livelong day!
How soft and dewy now thy balmy breath, O night!
What looks of joy and sweet contentment all thy
satellites

Do wear beneath her hallowed light,
Whom now thou hailest as thy deity.

Thus, what to me are all the baubles of the earth
Without the sunny light of thy sweet smile
To illumine the darkest avenues of life, and banish
clouds,

Which else would ever shroud my sky?
By day thou wert my sun. By night
The glories of the moon were all thine own.
No cloudy days, no murky nights were mine
When thou, sweet one, wert by my side.
When melancholy's pall fell o'er my mind,
And sad forebodings came of future fate,
Then thou didst steal upon me as some angel spirit,
And all was peace and speechless joy within.
The songs of birds, or whispering winds at noontide
'Mid the soft fringes of dark pines,
Was not such music to mine ear as thy low voice
In trembling tones telling thy early hopes and fears.
The zephyr, bearing on its unseen wings the fragrance

Of sweetest flowers, brought not my heart such thrill
of joy

As when I felt thy breath of purity upon my cheek.
What was the sunlight to the opening flower,
Or mellow moonlight to night's votaries,

Compared with that fond look, which thou
Didst beam upon me from those tell-tale eyes,
Unbidden interpreters of all the dearest
And most hidden secrets of the soul,
And promises of joys to come, alas! now past,
Too heavenly pure, too purely sweet to last!

Fair vision of life's brightest dream, alas!
Thou'rt gone, and I am all alone in gloom,
Even as the dreaming mariner, whose barque
At dead of night is shivered on some rock,
And he alone is left of all that joyous crew
Upon the barren and deserted shore,
A battered, shivering, and half-breathless form,
With life a weariness, and death a welcomed boon.

TOO LATE.

BY NELLIE C. HASTINGS.

He came at sunset to the darkened room;
"It was too late," they said; and so I lay,
Cold, quiet dust, and pulseless, breathless clay,
That could not greet him, silent in the gloom.
I heard his light hand tremble at the door,
And his soft footstep cross the echoing floor,
Quiet and light, as when—so long ago!
I heard it last—and heard it pass away
For the last time down the stairs—so slow, so slow!
I could not see him then, for tears that came
Between my sight and him—a foolish rain!
But now the quiet step came back again,
And paused beside me, through all years the same;
And I would fain have looked up in his face,
But a cold seal was on mine eyelids laid;
I only *felt* him. Then some words once said,
Came back to me across the gulf of Death;
That death, he said, "would make me love him more,
And know him better than all Life before."
Now, he was silent—and I had no breath
To tell him how I loved him—not one word!
But through the hush, one quivering sigh I heard;
And like a spark of fire, one hot tear—
My darling! fell upon my forehead here;
And though I saw not, yet I knew he leant
Near and more near above me; and he bent
His dear head to the pillow where mine lay,
Until his breath stole o'er my lips' cold clay,
And straight his warm mouth kissed the tear away.

"Poor little one!" he said, "poor little one!"
So slow and sadly! and that pitying tone,
So tender, oh, so tender! seemed to say
More than he uttered, to the silent clay.
He said "it would not matter if I died
Before he came—my soul would feel and know."
And now he told me—standing there beside
The poor dead heart that loved him long ago;
How much he knew of all its secret strife,
All that had lasted longer than my life.
He knew it all, and pitied; and it seemed
A far, far better ending than I dreamed
In all the foolish past. Death's bitter sting
Was softened, since he pitied, O my King!
And knew no stronger love, like mine, to make
The whole earth lonely for one small grave's sake.
He *only* pitied; he had been my friend,
And I had loved him; Life could never lend
A better ending to so sad a tale;
And this was all, as Death drew down the veil—
One tear—one kiss, and, with a softened tone,
The tender, sweet old words—"Poor little one!"

As threshing separates the corn from the
chaff, so does affliction purify virtue.—Burton.

JEROME RAYMOND'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"A WOMAN to see me, Jane? Do you know who she was?"

"No, ma'am, she was never here before. She looked very much disappointed when I told her you were out, and said she would call again to-morrow at the same hour."

"No message?"

"No, ma'am. She said her business was very important, but she must see you, and could not leave any message."

"Take my cloak and hat to my room, Jane. I will lie down awhile on the lounge here; I am tired, and my head aches." But when the servant left the room, Helen Raymond did not lie down. The spirit of restlessness seemed to possess her, for she paced up and down the floor, pressing her hand upon her burning, aching forehead, and trying in vain to still her unquiet thoughts.

Two days ago, had you asked this young wife where perfect happiness could be found, she would have answered that it rested upon her own heart. One year before she had married the man she loved, believing her deep, pure affection was fully returned. Jerome Raymond was older than his gentle, beautiful wife by some fifteen years, but he was a man whose love might crown any woman's life with blessing. He was a merchant of high standing and ample means, and he had made it the study of this first year of wedded life to add by every means within his power to Helen's happiness. They had been abroad, and the girlish enthusiasm of the beautiful bride had stimulated the husband to many a ramble after the picturesque, many an hour spent in historical research, and many a long drive or ride over grounds filled with historic or artistic associations. Only one little week had they been in their own home, where taste and affection had dictated the expenditure of wealth, and where there seemed nothing wanting to make a true home of elegance, comfort, and happiness.

To say that Helen Raymond loved her husband with her whole heart gives no exaggerated idea of her affection. She had just been emancipated from school life when she met him, so noble, so true, and so good, respected in society, and standing high amongst merchants. Her father was his lawyer, and a troublesome lawsuit was in progress, requiring the client to call often upon his professional adviser. So the grave man of business met the fresh young girl with her unformed mind and untried heart, and he grew to love her, to look upon her sweet, innocent face with the feeling of delight one feels in contemplating some fresh mountain flower in a hot house. Jerome Raymond was no novice in the world's ways. More than one fair daughter of the full parapher-

nal of fashionable frippery had let him see that she would be willing to accept his name and wealth in exchange for as much of her heart as two or three seasons of flirting had left her. He had passed by so many of these, that the voice of society prophesied a life of celibacy for him.

But sweet Helen crept into his heart by no such portal as these had tried to force. She gave him at first the respect due to a man older than herself, and whom she believed far superior to all her other gentleman friends in intellect and moral worth, and he gave her the protecting fondness he would have accorded to a pretty child. How these emotions grew fuller and more perfect, till they stood upon the equal ground of strong, mutual love, it were too long a tale to record. It was an instance of true love whose course ran perfectly smooth. Relatives and friends on both sides were delighted, all agreeing as to the merits of bride and groom. Birth, social standing, wealth, all things in keeping, and love being added, there seemed nothing to cloud the sky matrimonial.

One year of married life had but united the two more closely; for, while Helen's character developed, her mind expanded, and her intellect fed upon stronger food than it had ever before received, she lost nothing of her sweetness of disposition or that gentleness and frankness that had first won her husband's heart.

And now, pacing up and down the little sitting-room fitted up for her especial use, what is the bitter grief that clouds all the felicity of her life? Only a few words spoken in sleep. When Jerome Raymond, two mornings before, had kissed his wife's lips, and remarked upon their pallor, he had no idea what his own lips had betrayed in the still hours of the night. Only one sentence had escaped them, as he turned uneasily in his sleep, but that sentence had been like a dagger thrust to the heart of the wife who loved him so fervently. It was—

"Rosetta, my poor, deserted darling!"

Over and over again, in the two miserable days that followed, did Helen Raymond repeat the phrase. Who was Rosetta? Was she deserted for her sake? It was some one Jerome loved; the tender inflexions of his voice proved that. No relative of whom Helen had ever heard bore the singular name. Somewhere, she knew not where, there was a deserted Rosetta for whom her husband mourned. And, now, with this fact before her, Helen began to recall other facts of equal significance. She remembered hours of sadness passed by her husband, even in their honeymoon; there were letters, too, sent from abroad, whose address she was not allowed to see, and some received whose contents were not imparted to her. All had seemed right when she was happy and trustful, believing in her husband's love, but how dark it all looked now. And, while her heart was so torn and troubled, here was a

mysterious woman, who would not leave her name or errand, wishing to see her.

No wonder that her face was pale and haggard when she arose the next morning after a sleepless night, and her smile wan and feeble when her husband commented upon it.

"Indeed, I am quite well, Jerome," she said, as he pressed a loving kiss upon her face, and in her heart she wondered how he could be false to her, and feign such tender devotion.

And he, with clouded brow, was hurrying to his counting-house with his heart full of sorrow. "What ails Helen? Can she suspect anything? In three days to change like that. I will tell her all. But she is so jealous; she has told me often she hated a flower if I admired it too warmly. How would she bear to have me tell her of Rosetta? No, no, not yet. Later, perhaps, I will tell her all, but not now, not yet."

Yet it was evident that the secret oppressed him, deepening the furrows on his brow, and casting a shadow into the depths of his large black eyes. The day passed busily, for it was the last week of the year, and merchants all know there is little time to waste in that week.

While Jerome thrust back his sad thoughts to give his whole mind to business, Helen was striving to banish all unworthy suspicion from her own mind, trying to remember nothing but the love lavished upon herself, and the year of unalloyed happiness she had passed. She was in her little sitting-room with a dainty piece of embroidery in her hands, trying to interest herself in the intricate pattern, when Jane announced:—

"The woman, Mrs. Raymond, who was here yesterday."

Looking up, she saw standing in the doorway a tall, rather pleasant-faced Irishwoman, who held by the hand a little girl of about seven years of age. Looking at the child, Helen saw large black eyes, a pale complexion, delicate features, and a mouth of great sweetness, and sensitive almost to a fault. It was a lightning glance that took all this in, and the woman was invited to take a seat. She seemed terribly embarrassed, playing with the fringe of her shawl, adjusting the child's hat, and getting so red in the face that Helen really feared she would burst a bloodvessel.

"You wished to see me," she said, at last. "Can I be of any service to you?"

"Well, ma'am, if you will, you can serve me and do a good turn for your husband at the same time; but it's a queer errand I'm on, and I am afraid you won't hear me out."

"I do not understand you," Helen forced herself to say.

"I am afraid you will not listen to all I want to say. If you will promise, ma'am, to let me finish my story, I'll tell you how you can do a good turn for a husband who loves you."

"You have said that twice. Tell your story. I will hear you tell it all."

"Well, ma'am, and thank you, too; it's a long one, to be sure. It's little more than twelve years ago, ma'am, that I was cook in Mrs. Raymond's family—that's your husband's mother, ma'am—and she wanted a girl to run errands and tend the dog. I had a little slip of a sister, ma'am, only sixteen, and Mrs. Raymond took her for the work. She had been there about three months when Mr. Jerome came home from across the water, where he had been to finish his studies, they said. An only son he was, and his parents that proud of him that they nearly worshipped him, yet holding him in good control, too, and telling him sometimes of the great marriage he would make. Well, ma'am, we were all blind, his father and mother, and myself, her sister. I must tell you, she was very beautiful, my sister Rosetta."

Helen turned so white, that the woman paused, but she signed to her to go on.

"Well, ma'am, it was a good year before any one suspected what was going on, and then Rosetta ran away in the night. Nobody knew where she had gone, and I was turned away without any reason given for it. It was four years, and not a word came to me from my sister, when one day Mr. Jerome himself came to the service place where I was, and said to me:—

"Maria, come to Rosetta. She is very ill, and she wants you."

"So I left all and went to her. She was living in a pretty cottage just outside of the town, and I found her in bed, with a wee baby nestled up to her breast. She told me that she knew Jerome had made a mistake in taking her away; that he had tried to teach her and make a lady of her, but she could not learn. She was very happy, she said, and he had given her every kindness, but she was glad to die and leave him free to marry again."

"She was his wife?" said Helen, hoarsely.

The woman flushed angrily, and drew a paper from her bosom.

"There's the certificate, ma'am. I took it, and I took the child, when she died the next day. Mr. Raymond was good to her, and he has been good to the child; but she was not a fit wife for him. It was a very young man's love for a beautiful face, and when that died out there was nothing left. Still he was good to her. But now, ma'am, I'm wanting to go away. I've been married four years, and I've two children of my own, and my husband's got a good offer to go to California, only here's the child."

"Nobody living but me knows of my sister's marriage; and Mr. Raymond, I can see, cannot make up his mind to tell you. The little girl is old enough now to be put to school, but he shrinks from that, too, because he must own her in some way. Now, ma'am, you know the story."

"Is this the child?" asked Helen.

"Yes, ma'am. Rosetta, speak to the lady."

But the child only looked shyly at her, while Helen scanned her face and dress. In the latter there was every evidence of the generosity of her father, and no less of the vulgar taste of her aunt. Rich material, ill-assorted colors, and gaudy trimmings, marred the beautiful face, and took away from it the refinement Nature had placed there.

"Wait here!" She must be alone; she must think.

"She's dazed like," the woman said to herself, as Helen rose and left the room; and dazed like she felt as she shut herself in her bed-room and tried to compose her mind.

If he had only trusted her! If he had only told her why the shadow rested so often on his brow! She would gladly have given the child a place in her home and heart if her husband had asked her to do so. But it was so hard to have such a story told her by stranger lips, to have the closed secrets of his life opened by such rude hands.

The woman and child were very weary of waiting, when Helen came to them again.

"Leave the little girl with me until afternoon," she said, "and come again for her."

Maria looked earnestly into the pale, sweet face, and then rose, satisfied. "I will come at four o'clock, ma'am. Rosetta, stay with the lady."

The child obeyed, and was soon talking freely. She told of her dear papa, who had been away so long, but was at home again now; of the pretty presents he had given her, and of the beautiful lady she was to see some day if she was very good, and who would perhaps be her new mamma, if she was very, very good. As she prattled the bitterness was charmed away from the listener's heart, and a great pity for the father and child arose there. The old year was dying, and she resolved to bury away all jealousy and bitterness, and prove her love as unselfish as it was strong and deep. So when Maria came, she told her that soon there would be no obstacle to the California voyage.

It was New Year's morning, and a heavy storm was raging. The wind blew and the snow whirled through the streets, while even the most ardent followers of fashion shrugged their shoulders at the idea of New Year's calls.

The morning was somewhat advanced, and Jerome Raymond sat in his library alone. Helen, he supposed, was receiving any callers who might venture out in the storm. He had been almost provoked with Helen, she was so bright and gay. All the pallor of the past few days was gone from her face, and when she challenged his admiration for her rich new dress, and wished him a Happy New Year, there was an animation in her manner, and sparkle in her eyes, as if she was anxious to welcome her guests and begin the festivities of the day. And now, she was probably the cen-

tre of an admiring group of callers, whilst he sat alone in the midst of his perplexities. Twenty times he resolved to tell Helen of Rosetta, and as often shrank back from the task. No, he would keep his secret still, and put the child in a good boarding-school, for he fully realized that she was getting too old for her aunt's house to be any longer a suitable residence for her.

The hardest part of the business was that he really loved his little daughter. Even in the happy year spent abroad with Helen, he had missed the child, and his heart had gone out to her on his return, with a yearning, fatherly love. With a heavy sigh, he pushed away the book which he had been trying to read, and rested his head upon his hands, thinking, ever thinking, but resolving upon nothing.

There was a soft tap upon the door, but he did not heed it. Then it opened, and a little figure came in softly. Glossy curls of dark hair clustered round a pure white forehead, and a dress of soft white cashmere, trimmed with pure swan's-down draped the little figure; the little feet were cased in white kid boots, and the only ornament was a slender gold chain encircling the throat, and from which depended a golden heart. With footfall as noiseless as the falling of a snowflake, the little figure crossed the room, and two tiny hands fell upon Jerome's bowed head. "Papa!"

He started as if a shot had whizzed past him, and gazed wonderingly at the child.

"My new mamma sent me here to say that I am a New Year's gift to you with Helen's love."

"Who sent you here?" he asked, hoarsely.

"My new mamma. The beautiful lady with the blue silk dress. See, here she comes!"

He could only open his arms to her. Words would not come to thank her, but he held her fast in a close embrace, while tears, his manliness would not disown, filled his eyes. The child, too, crept into the embrace, and Helen drew her in between them.

So the New Year opened with no secret to close the loving hearts, and Rosetta found a true home and parents.

DEFER not charities till death. He who does so is rather liberal of another man's substance than his own.—*Stretch*.

GREAT vices are the proper objects of our detestation, smaller faults of our pity, but affection appears to be the only true source of the ridiculous.—*Fielding*.

SPIRIT is now a very fashionable word. To act with spirit, to speak with spirit, means only to act rashly, and to talk indiscreetly. An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.—*Chesterfield*.

DR. MAITLAND'S GRANDSON.

BY LOUISE S. DORR.

THE frosts of autumn were just coming on, and I was looking forward to a lonely winter. Elizabeth Prout, who had been both servant and companion to me for the last ten years, was going to leave me. It was a very foolish thing for one of her age to do, and I was greatly vexed with her. Elizabeth was going to be married. I had said my say about it pretty plainly, thinking she would come to see the matter as I did. She had always "set great store," as she termed it, by my opinion, but in this case she preferred her own, giggling like a girl when I told her what a ridiculous thing I thought it was, and acting, for aught I could see, as foolishly headstrong as if she had been sixteen instead of fifty-six. So I had now no hope of dissuading her, and, as I have said, I was looking forward to a lonely winter.

The house in which I lived was the old Maitland homestead. It belonged to Doctor Maitland, and I was Doctor Maitland's maiden sister. He was the oldest of our family, I the youngest, and there had been five between us. But the others had inherited consumption from my mother, and only John and I were now left of the seven. I had not seen him since I was a girl of fifteen, and now I was forty-five. I knew from his letters that it had been many years since Doctor Maitland's only son died, and that his wife's death had quickly followed that of his boy. Beyond these bare facts John never wrote me much about his family affairs, and I had forborne to question him. I think I had always stood somewhat in awe of my oldest brother, perhaps because he was richer than any of the rest, and quite famous. Some of his property came by way of his wife, but he had been unusually successful in his profession, and had also written valuable medical treatises, which gave him influence and reputation. For many years he had lived abroad, sometimes in Paris, sometimes in Germany, though I believe he had visited all the most famous medical institutions in Europe. The great aim of Doctor Maitland's life seemed to be to extend his knowledge of all things pertaining to his profession.

Just before going abroad, John came home for a visit, bringing his wife and boy. Mrs. John—her name, like mine, was Rachel, so we all called her Mrs. John—was a pretty, soft-hearted creature, very much in love with her husband, though they had been married a dozen years at that time, and fond to idolatry of her boy. Alick was a merry, active little fellow about eleven years of age, and as full of mischief as a clear night's sky is of stars. His father had great hopes of him then, I know, but the boy died before he had quite reached his majority, and the hopes which had once

burned brightly for Alick Maitland went out in his grave.

I am conscious of going about my story in a rambling way, but I was not bred to authorship, so, if I set things down just as they come into my mind, I hope it will not be taken amiss. In consequence of my lonely way of living since the last of my sisters died, I had got a habit of thinking that my life had settled down into a stirless dead-level, and that I could look straight through it to the end. My income was amply sufficient for my wants. Consequently I had no need to worry about property. Year after year I lived on in the same place, with the same servant, visiting the same people, attending to the same little round of charities, and thought I should continue to do so until I died. If I had been younger, this might have seemed a dreary prospect. As it was, I accepted it with tranquil resignation.

Elizabeth's foolish start about getting married was the first thing to shake my belief, and then came John's letter. John was on the point of returning to America. After thirty years of absence, he was coming back to live in B——, the city where he had first begun the practice of his profession. His agent had bought him a house in Springvale Square, and John wrote that he wanted me to live with him, and matronize the new establishment. He expected to reach home about the 20th of November, and desired me to rent the house in which I was living, and get settled in the new residence before his arrival. I can hardly tell whether I was glad or sorry to go, but I had no thought of refusing John. It would be a great change for me, however, and I feared my simple country life had illy fitted me for being at the head of a grand house in a fashionable square in town. I mentioned something of this to Elizabeth, at which she flamed up directly.

"A lady's a lady the world over, and 'tisn't anyways likely you are going to begin to be unladylike for living in Springvale Square, which you never was before," said Elizabeth Prout.

This reassured me a little, though I feared Elizabeth's judgment was not much to be counted upon in such a matter, whatever it might be in questions of pickling and preserving, for on these points she was authority for all the country people around us. If Mr. Barnes was going to marry for a housekeeper, and men of his age as often marry for that as for anything, I suppose, he had made a judicious choice. Elizabeth Prout certainly *was* a good housekeeper.

It happened fortunately enough that Mr. Barnes was also in want of a house. So I rented the one I was living in to him, and, after seeing the ridiculous fond couple married, I went away regretfully at the last. I had written to my brother's agent, Mr. Craig, and he had a carriage at the depot for me when I

arrived in B——. Mr. Craig was a tallish, thin-faced man, with stumpy, gray hair, and eyes that seemed to look straight through you, as Scrooge did through old Marley's ghost to the buttons on the back of his coat. He was very polite—I am speaking now of Mr. Craig, and not of Scrooge nor the ghost—and made free use of compliments in talking with ladies. He seemed quite anxious that I should approve of the house and its appointments, since everything, he assured me, had been left to him. In taking a survey of the rooms, I was considerably bewildered by the magnificence everywhere surrounding me, and noticed a variety of elegant articles either for ornament or convenience to which I could not possibly have given a name, but I did not consider it necessary to mention this to Mr. Craig.

"Everything seems to be in perfect order, and in as good taste as possible," I remarked, when we had returned to the drawing-room.

"You cannot think what a weight your approval has taken off my mind," replied the agent. "I must confess that I had some misgivings about the height of the terra-cotta vases and one or two other matters. I am greatly relieved by your commendation, feeling sure that what you have praised must be beyond criticism. But I forgot the other young ladies. You will want to see them, of course."

"I did not know there were to be young ladies here," I said, surprised.

"Except yourself you mean. Yes, there are two others."

"I am forty-five. If the others have reached that mature age, it is best to let the fiction of our youth go by."

"You must be jesting about your age. But for the girls. I am surprised the doctor did not mention them. He forgets everything except what concerns his profession. There are Miss Cranstoun and Miss Appleton, nieces of the doctor's late wife. They have but lately left school, and arrived here last night."

Speaking thus, Mr. Craig rang, and desired a servant to inform the young ladies that Miss Maitland had come. They entered the room presently, and Mr. Craig introduced them to me—Miss Cranstoun first. I said I was happy to see her.

"Oh! nobody minds me. You mean that it is my cousin that you are happy to see," replied Miss Cranstoun, kissing me nevertheless with what the French call *empressement*.

I wondered at her speaking in this way, but simply affirmed that I was happy to see them both, and that I hoped we should be friends. I felt a presentiment, however, that I should like Miss Cranstoun's cousin better than herself, not, I think, because she was more beautiful, though I do not profess to be above admiring beauty when I see it in a girl's face. And Hilary Appleton was beautiful. It was like looking at a picture to study her bright face,

only a picture never changes expressions and color under your glance, as Hilary was always doing. Besides being beautiful, she was very spirited and lively, with a pretty dignity, too, which was capable of expanding into haughtiness when she was displeased.

Miss Cranstoun was not nearly so pretty as her cousin, though Selma was not really plain, as she had a habit of calling herself, some might have thought for the sake of being contradicted, but I do not want to judge her.

"What matter about a plain little body like me?" she would say. "Nobody notices me. I may see as much as I like; but it is Hilary who must prepare to run the gauntlet of all eyes, to endure the terrible ordeal—though I doubt if she finds it so—of being seen."

Such sayings were always punctuated like a sentence in a book, only caresses were used instead of punctuation marks. A tender touch of her cousin's hair or cheek, a kiss, or an embrace, standing in place of commas, semicolons, etc. It cannot be denied that Selma Cranstoun was very affectionate, being ready on the smallest provocation to hug or kiss Hilary, myself, and even Doctor Maitland, when at last my brother had come home. If I were speaking in a witness box, and obliged to tell the whole truth, I should have to admit that the girl's caresses were not entirely indispensable to my happiness. The Maitlands are not a demonstrative race. I had grown an old woman after my fashion, and my fashion was not that of the present generation. Hence it is not strange, I suppose, that some of Selma Cranstoun's ways were not altogether agreeable to me.

That wonderfully vigilant agent, Mr. Craig, had left little to be done in preparation for my brother, and it was rather dull waiting for him. It seemed impossible to begin anything, even getting acquainted with his wards until John had come. You will think it foolish, I dare say, but I missed Elizabeth Prout sadly in those days. Mrs. Binks, the new housekeeper, was a very good sort of woman for her place, but we could never have got along together at the homestead as Elizabeth and I had done.

There was bad weather at sea about the 20th, and the vessel in which Doctor Maitland had sailed was delayed several days beyond the time when it was due. It was a period of great suspense to me, but it ended at last, and John came home. I cried out my joy on his neck, forgetting the Maitland undemonstrativeness for once, and the doctor seemed almost equally moved. Then Selma and Hilary came in, and they clung to him too, and John asked, laughing, "What a man was to do with such an armful of women?"

"My dear uncle," cried Selma, "I am so glad you have come. You will prefer Hilary to me, of course. Everybody does, and do you wonder at that? See how radiantly beautiful

she is." The punctuation used at this point was a soft touch of Hilary's cheek. "But I hope you will have some crumbs of affection left for plain, uninteresting Selma."

"Self-depreciation is my cousin's substitute for self-assertion," said Hilary, quickly.

It was not a pleasant glance she got from Selma for this little speech, but the latter kissed her cousin immediately afterwards, to show that she had no ill-feeling about it, I suppose.

My brother gave up two or three days to talking with us of the many things we wished to hear about, and then withdrew to his study, feeling more at home among his books, I suppose, than among us women. He was hale and vigorous, more like a man of fifty than sixty-five, though his white hair and beard gave him a venerable appearance. His coming home was much talked of in B——, and it was arranged to give him a public dinner in consideration of the distinction he had gained. I think he would rather people would let him alone, not that he was indifferent to the fact that he stood high among his fellows, but because he was naturally retiring in disposition, and did not like having a fuss made over him. But I was going to speak of something that happened on the day of the dinner.

Somebody had just made a complimentary speech, and Doctor Maitland had risen to respond, when Mr. Craig came in, and whispered a few words in his ear, upon which the doctor was observed to grow suddenly pale, though, after a moment, he went on with his speech. It was spoken of in the next day's papers as epigrammatic, witty, and effective. When he had done, he begged the gentlemen to excuse him, as an affair of importance called his attention elsewhere. This I heard from an acquaintance, and had an unquiet evening on account of it, though I did not mention my uneasiness to any one. It was late when the doctor got home, and, instead of coming into the parlor, he went straight on to his study.

"Why don't he come in here?" asked Selma, impatiently. "I am dying to hear about the dinner."

Miss Cranstoun was much given to the use of hyperbole in speaking. If she simply wanted a glass of water, she was very likely to be "dying" for it.

"Uncle Maitland has probably had enough of talk for one day," said Hilary. "If you are really anxious to know about the dinner, I advise you to put off dying until after the more convenient season for hearing about it has arrived."

"Now, Hilary, I have a presentiment that there will never be a more convenient season than the present. Procrastination is the thief of time. Put not off until to-morrow what you wish to do to-day. I am going to invade the doctor's sanctuary. He will never mind me, you know."

"Selma!" Hilary remonstrated; and I said, "Don't go," but she was already gone. She came back after a few minutes, looking slightly vexed.

"I can't get a word out of him about the dinner," she said, "and I guess something has happened, for he speaks as if his vocal organs had got the rheumatism, and were stiffened at their joints. He wants to see Aunt Rachel."

The girl's flippancy of speech sounded gratifyingly to me, and I could have found it in my heart to reprimand her severely, but I restrained myself, obeying the call to the study instead. My brother was sitting back in a lounging-chair, leaning his head upon one hand. He had a troubled look, and his brow was knitted, as I had seen it when he was thinking deeply.

"Did you want me, John?" I asked, threading to disturb him when he had on that thoughtful brow, but feeling that I ought to let him know I had come, for he seemed not to have noticed my entrance.

"Sit down, Rachel," he said, without changing his position, "I want to talk with you presently."

I did as he desired, and sat so long that I began to think he had forgotten about my being there. I had a strange, uneasy feeling, and dreaded quite as much as I desired to hear his communication. At last he spoke.

"Rachel," he said, "I have never told you about Alick."

"Only that he died a long time ago," I replied.

"Yes. He died a long time ago. It was a great blow to us, and I think the shock hastened his mother's death. Perhaps I was hard with Alick. I almost think now that I was. He had a superabundance of animal spirits, and was led into wild courses, but, if he had lived, he might have tamed down into a respectable man. I had great hopes of him once. It was a sad disappointment to have him turn out as he did."

I murmured that I was very sorry.

"He fell in with a lot of idle, dissolute companions, and grew defiant of all restraint. I was always in terror lest he should bring disgrace upon my name. Sometimes I think I was too proud of the honor in which I was held, of the respect my exertions had won for me."

"You had reason to be proud, John."

"I should have remembered that 'When pride cometh, then cometh shame,' and that 'Every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord.' I had reason to remember it afterward. Alick grew more and more unmanageable. He spent a great deal of money. A young English lord, who had been sent abroad to escape punishment at home, was his constant companion, and their revels touched the extreme of recklessness. At last I lost all patience, and reproved Alick very roughly, telling

him I would rather see him dead than disgraced. He did not come back that night. The next, he was brought home dead. A disgraceful quarrel had arisen between him and the young English nobleman, and Alick was killed in the affray."

"Why do you give yourself the pain of telling me about it?" I asked, for his limping speech, and the dampness gathering on his forehead, showed that he was suffering grievously.

"I should never have spoken of it, I think, but for what has happened to-day. Rachel, I have seen Alick Maitland to-day."

"John!"

"It is a strange story. Alick left a wife and child at his death, though I never knew it until a few hours ago. The woman was not a person I could have acknowledged as a daughter; but I would have provided for the child. She, foreseeing that I would insist upon separating them, never claimed my protection. She died a few weeks ago, and to-day I have seen Alick Maitland."

"Your grandson?"

"Yes. He is a wild, rowdyish youth, much such as his father was twenty years ago; and to-day he has been wounded in a street brawl. Not dangerously. He will not die of his wound. Rachel, what shall I do with him?"

There was something exceedingly pathetic in my brother's abrupt way of putting that question. He was not a man that was used to ask advice, his own clear head being ordinarily a sufficient counsellor; now, however, I could see that he distrusted himself. How much I wished for the ability to speak the right word in the right place then, but I was never very ready of speech when my mind was disturbed, and I could think of nothing to the purpose.

"I want to do what is right," John went on presently. "If it is true that I was too strict with this boy's father, and that if I had been less harsh at our last interview, my son might have lived to be a different man, I should not wish to repeat the fault in the case of my grandson. It is said that in every human heart there are some germs of good. Redemption may yet be possible for Alick Maitland. Shall we take him home, Rachel, and try to save him?"

"Is it for me to decide?" I asked.

"Yes. If the boy comes here, I shall trust more to your influence than my own to reclaim him. There is an atmosphere of quiet goodness about you, Rachel, which must affect him beneficially, if anything can."

My brother's praise moved me so much that I was unable to speak for a moment on account of a "lump" in my throat. When that difficulty was partially overcome, I said, "If you are going to leave it to me, I must see this youth before I decide."

"I will take you to see him in the morning."

"I am not sure that that will be best. He may think it necessary to appear reckless and

defiant if a man be present. I was about to propose that Hilary should accompany me."

"Hilary?" said Doctor Maitland, doubtfully. "What good could she do by going?"

"I think I have discovered that she has great skill in reading character, and she is never at a loss for the right thing to say."

"You say you have great faith in Hilary. Could you say as much for Selma?"

"Selma's character is more hidden. I hope that when I know her better, I shall be able to say as much and more for her."

"Selma's character hidden? I thought she was frankness itself."

"Have you not observed that the frankness is only on the surface, and that one really knows very little of her true self from being associated with her?"

"Perhaps you are right."

Then, after thinking a little, John told me I might take Hilary with me to-morrow if I thought best, and said the boy was at Mr. Craig's rooms, giving me the number and street.

There was little sleep for me that night. Like Martha of old, I was troubled about many things. The tranquil perspective by which I had once thought my future to be represented, was quite broken up, and I could see only a little way before me. So, because the prospect was cut off, I kept straining my mental vision to look through the anxieties that disquieted me, not so much for my sake as for my brother's. The effort was just as fruitless as if, standing at the base of a hill, I had tried to look through it to objects on the other side; but I did not give up trying on that account, which made the night one of great weariness to me.

The next morning, when I asked Hilary to go out with me, Selma started up at once as if she thought herself included in the invitation; but Doctor Maitland desired her to be good enough to read to him a little while, and she went off to the library with great seeming happiness. After we had started, I told Hilary where we were going, and why.

"I am glad you took me with you," she said, simply.

Then the press of people became so great, for we were getting down into the business streets now, that there was no chance for connected conversation. When we reached the place Mr. Craig opened the door for us, and was immediately affected with a rush of compliments to the lips.

"I looked down into the street just now, and fancied myself gazing into a flower-garden in mid June; but the roses were all in your cheeks, Miss Hilary. The sight of you, Miss Maitland, is like a draught of generous wine. It exhilarates; I shall live two minutes in one, so long as you consent to glorify my rooms with your presence."

And so on, until Hilary stopped him by saying that we had come to see Alick Maitland; upon which Mr. Craig led us to an inner room, saying that we should find the young man in there, and he only wished the rogue was more worthy of such distinction as our visit conferred upon him.

The young man was dressed and sitting up, having one arm in a sling. He had on a brightly-flowered dressing-gown, whose sleeves were too long for him, and kept falling down over his hands; and embroidered slippers that were worthy of the name, since at every movement they slipped nearly off his feet, they were so large for him. Evidently these articles were borrowed from Mr. Craig. The youth was rather pale, and had a fair, boyish face, in which, at the first glance, I recognized the Maitland eyes and forehead. His hair, which was neatly cut, was light brown in color, and looked soft and glossy. There was a strong smell of tobacco smoke in the room, and I saw him fling a cigar into the grate when he perceived that his visitors were ladies. He took a step or two forward, then stopped, and looked at us inquiringly.

"Are you Alick Maitland?" I asked.

"Yes, I suppose so," he returned, stooping to pull up the heel of one slipper.

"I am sorry to see you here, or at least sorry for the cause of your being here."

"What is it to you?" he inquired, with a show of recklessness, though his face reddened quickly.

"I am Doctor Maitland's sister. This young lady is Hilary Appleton, and your cousin, though not in the first degree. We have come to see whether we can give you any help in your trouble."

"It's a bad egg, isn't it? But I'd have kept out of this mess if I could. I meant to behave myself after coming here. I suppose it was the wine. I heard that Doctor Maitland was celebrating with the nobles at the St. Stephen's House, and I thought I could not deny myself the pleasure of drinking just one glass to my respected grandsire; but the wine went straight to my head, and then the fellow was bent upon a quarrel with me. I tried to keep my temper down, but it got the upper hand in spite of me, and I struck him. I suppose it's all up with me now at the Maitland head-quarters. My grandfather will cut me outright, won't he? and think he is doing God's service in washing his hands of such a sinner?"

"What did you expect your grandfather to do for you?" asked Hilary.

"I thought likely he might give me some money, and set me up as a gentleman."

"How does it happen that you never applied to him before?"

"I never knew I was blessed with such a relative until my mother was on her deathbed, about three months ago. Her game was to

keep dark till the old man died, and then bring me in for the heir. It was a pretty good trump card which she held, but she did not live to see the game played out."

"Have you always gone by the name of Maitland?"

"No; my mother gave me her own name. Until I came here, I always went by the name of Savage."

"If I had been you, then, having borne the name of Savage so long, I would have borne it yet longer, rather than take that of a man whom all good men love and revere, only to"—

"Why don't you speak it out? You mean only to disgrace it."

"I do mean only to disgrace it, and I will speak it out. Do you know with what honor your grandfather has covered the name of Maitland? Do you know that when a young man of your own age he had neither money nor influence, nor yet a liberal education? He has gained all these by his own tireless endeavors—by the indomitable exercise of such powers as God gave him as a man. If I had been you I would have died before coming to him, unless I could have come without bringing him dishonor."

"You are hard on a fellow," said the young man, again stooping to pull up one of those troublesome slippers.

"It is you who are hard on yourself," Hilary returned, speaking without hurry or heat, but in a grave, steadfast tone, as she had done from the first, "because, being endowed with reason, manhood, and physical strength, you are yet content to let your life go by without attempting anything worthy of such endowments. What is the career which, by your own confession, you had marked out for yourself? To get money from your grandfather and be set up as a gentleman; that is, to live in idleness and spend the money which some one else has earned in dissolute practices. Are there then no stones to break, no furrows to turn, no shoes to peg, nor anvils to smite, that you make deliberate choice of so useless an existence?"

"But, Hilary," I interposed, "you know that Alick had resolved to reform." I pitied the boy so sorely that I was glad to be able to say even this in his favor, though on the balance-sheet of a man's life broken resolutions may not count for much perhaps.

"Let him make that resolve good; let him add to it the resolution that his life shall be redeemed from the worthlessness as well as from wrong doing; let him adhere to both purposes for the accomplishment of something worth living for, and I will guarantee that Doctor Maitland will then acknowledge his grandson with proud affection rather than with heart-aching and forebodings of renewed disgrace. There, Alick! my lecture is ended. If it seems unkind, forgive me. I have spoken more in

sorrow than in anger. Aunt Rachel, are you ready to go now?"

I rose, though a little unwillingly, for I wanted to say something kind to Alick, something to soften the asperity of Hilary's rebuke, which I thought unnecessarily severe; but I had not the right words at command. While I hesitated, the boy stepped quickly before Hilary, dropping off both slippers on the way, and leaving them to mark his path in approaching her.

"Hilary," he said, as gravely as she had spoken, and without a morsel of the reckless flippancy which had marked his speech hitherto. "Your scolding stirs something within me that might have made a man of me if it had been sooner roused. If it is not yet too late, if I succeed in redeeming myself, what will you be to me then? What shall we be to each other?"

"Cousins—as we are now; but I will consent to be lectured by you then, if you find me at fault," answered Hilary, smiling. Then, to me, "Come, Aunt Rachel. This young man is not in need of the sedative you are anxious to administer. He will do very well without it."

I slipped my purse into Alick's hand. "It is for your present needs," I said. "I shall report hopefully of you to your grandfather, and you may expect to see him soon. Good-by!"

"You are very good, Aunt Rachel. Aren't you going to give me your blessing before you go?"

This was spoken laughingly, but I think with more feeling than he would have cared should become visible.

"To be sure I will," I said, and down upon his knees he went, uplifting his bright, boyish face toward mine, and laughing still, but not in mockery, I am sure. I touched his head with my hands, murmuring, "God bless you, Alick," and then hurried out of the room, followed by Hilary.

"How do you find our patient?" asked Mr. Craig, jumping up to open the door for us.

"Much better than I expected. I have great hopes of him," I replied.

"Oh, yes. He'll be about in a day or two. The wound is much slighter than was at first supposed."

It was unnecessary to explain that I had not spoken with any reference to the boy's wound. So I merely bade the polite agent "Good-day," to which he replied, as was to be expected from him, by a compliment.

"Shall we take a car?" asked Hilary, when we were once more in the street.

I replied that I would rather walk, being conscious of inner restlessness, and feeling that a street car would be much too slow for me in that state of mind. The distance was a good mile, perhaps more; yet it was a surprise to me when we entered the square where we lived, for I had been thinking busily to take any note of our progress.

Doctor Maitland called me into the study as soon as we reached home, and when I had told him about our visit, he started up all in a tremor, and began putting on his overcoat. "My poor Alick," he said, and I knew, by the tender pity in his tone, and by the eagerness of his whole manner, that his heart was toward his grandson, even as of old David's heart was toward Absalom.

John would have gone out immediately, but was prevented by a visitor—a Reverend Doctor of some repute, and a great gift at conversation—who stayed to dinner, so that it was evening before John could leave the house.

"I shall not come back alone," he assured me, when at last he was left at liberty to go.

But, as if it had not been proved over and over again until one would think the fact quite clearly established, that human intentions are not infallible, we were furnished with a new demonstration of the axiom that night. The doctor was quite distressed about it, and wore a very sober face when he entered the parlor, alone, in spite of his expressed intentions.

"Why did you not bring Alick?" I asked.

"I did not find him. Read this."

It was a little note in which Alick left his love for Aunt Rachel, hoped Hilary would repent of her unkindness toward himself, and assured his grandfather that he did not intend just now to enlarge the blot which his worthlessness had made on the Maitland name, since he was going to renounce the name. If sought, he should not be found, though his precautions in that respect would be unnecessary, he presumed, since he had no doubt his disappearance would give satisfaction to all concerned. This note was simply signed "Alick," and directed to Doctor Maitland. Mr. Craig had been obliged to leave town for a few hours, and had found his rooms deserted on returning. The note was left on his desk, and he had picked up a lady's veil on the stairs, which he sent to Hilary, believing it to be the same he had seen her wear sometimes. It was a gauzy fabric of a pale lavender color. Hilary had been obliged to send to New York for it, since it was impossible to find one to match her suit in B——.

"But," said Selma, "you did not wear your lavender suit this morning, and you had on your brown veil when you went out."

"Yes," assented Hilary; "but this is just like mine, and, strangely enough, I could not find mine anywhere, when I looked for it after dinner."

I could see that his grandson's disappearance was a great disappointment to Doctor Maitland, and I seemed to miss Alick's boyish face as if it had always belonged to our household. Hilary seemed quite loth to speak of Alick, at which I wondered somewhat, and one day I mentioned it to Selma. She laughed outright.

"Singular that Hilary should not fancy talking about our dear, lost Alick? Not at all to

my thinking. Has it never occurred to you that somebody is to blame for his sudden disappearance?"

"No. I have never thought of it."

"Now, how strange! I don't pretend to be very sharp-sighted nor very anything myself. I'm of no particular account, as I'm sure nobody can know better than I; but I do wish that you and that precious old knowledge-bin, your brother, could just look through my mental spectacles for one minute."

"Why, Selma?"

"Because you are such a precious, darling goose, and not a lineal descendant from the one whose cackling saved Rome, neither, or else you would see that Hilary has been making use of sharp practice in this affair. Don't you know that Alick was in a beautiful frame of mind when you left him, and that his note breathes a vastly different spirit, being sarcastic and bitter in the extreme? Then doesn't it follow that somebody is responsible for the change, and it's a little singular, isn't it? that Mr. Craig should have found Hilary's veil on his stairs. Oh, it's as plain as day to me, that Hilary was determined there should be no reconciliation between Alick and his grandfather."

"What motive could she have for wishing to prevent their reconciliation?"

"Sure enough! what motive? I don't see, unless she wishes to manage the thing so that Doctor Maitland shall disown his grandson, and give his property to her. She being the doctor's favorite niece, it is quite likely that if Alick don't get it, Hilary will; or, at the very least, so much of it as belonged to Aunt Maitland, since the doctor, with his fine sense of justice, would be sure to think it ought to go to some one of our family, and I don't know anybody that would be more glorified, in her own estimation, by being made an heiress than my well-beloved cousin—Hilary Appleton."

Though I assured Selma that she must be mistaken, I was greatly disturbed by what she had said. I did not mean to give the evil suspicion an inch in my heart; but it was not long in taking to itself an ell. I began to look distrustfully upon all that Hilary said or did. It is easy to fancy some ungenerous purpose lurking under the simplest actions when once you have learned to doubt one's sincerity. It was not long before I discovered that John also was displeased with Hilary, and this knowledge added strength to my own doubts of her. So just as

"The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see,"

in the tristful little poem of "Mary of Dee," a creeping mistrust of Hilary came into my mind, and my old faith in her was quite lost sight of,

buried as it was in the strong flood-tide of suspicion.

I had no wish to treat the girl less kindly than I had always done, but I am not good at disguises, and I suppose she must have detected some change in my manner. Sometimes I would feel her eyes fixed upon my face, and when I had looked up, unwillingly, but compelled as it seemed by some subtle magnetism, I was met by a look at once steadfast and yet so grieved, that if I had not accused her in my heart of being mercenary and unscrupulous, I must have softened toward her, as wax is softened in the sun's heat.

"How have I offended you, Aunt Rachel?" she asked me once.

"I am not offended. Why should you think I am?"

"Because neither you nor Uncle Maitland seem pleased with anything I do or say now. I thought you liked me at first, and I am sure you are disappointed in me. If I only knew in what particular, perhaps I might retrieve my fault."

"I have heard no complaint of you from my brother, nor have I any to make myself. You must not expect two elderly people who have lived alone so much as Doctor Maitland and I have, to be very entertaining company for gay young ladies. You have your young friends, your drives, parties, and such other amusements as the town affords. What do you complain of?"

She turned toward me her beautiful eyes, with the grieved look in them which I saw so often now, and the next moment left the room without a word. From that time she began to live almost wholly in her own room, except when company was present. If ever she came into the family sitting-room, and attempted to converse in her old animated way, I found it impossible to seem quite cordial, and it was a relief when she was gone again.

In society she was very gay, and had many admirers. Selma called her cousin a sad flirt; but I could never see that Hilary exerted herself to attract admiration, nor that she encouraged gentlemen to show her other than friendly attentions. Among her admirers, she seemed to favor none so much as Amasa Champlin.

"My cousin shows her usual prudence, you see," said Selma, commenting upon this preference. "If Amasa Champlin counted his dollars by hundreds instead of hundreds of thousands, you would see how much favor he would get from Hilary; about as much as she bestows upon poor Tom Truworthly, who they do say is dying about her."

"I suppose a woman may like a wealthy man for himself and not for his riches," I observed.

"Oh, yes, if he be honest; but you know what one of those sharp old divines—Swift or somebody, I don't remember which one it was—

says, 'It is easy to see what God thinks of riches, by the sort of men he gives them to,' and I've no doubt the keen old satirist had known some just such fellows in his day as Amasa Champlin. Does that hairpin pull?"

For Selma was dressing my hair, which she often volunteered to do now, having a great fondness for so occupying herself, as she professed. I was getting used to Selma, and liked her much better than at first I had believed I would.

Doctor Maitland was very much engaged at this time in compiling a medical treatise, embodying, in a compendious form, a great deal of valuable knowledge with which his experience and extensive research had furnished him; and, except at dinner, we hardly saw him at all. So I had no opportunity to ask him about Amasa Champlin; but I spoke of the young man one day to Mr. Craig, who told me that "Champ was a first-rate fellow; had been a little wild, perhaps—all these swell chaps are—but that was thought nothing of in these days."

It might be thought nothing of in these days, but I was old-fashioned enough to think a great deal of it, and, remembering how hard Hilary had been with Alick Maitland, whose early training surely afforded some excuse for his wildness, I blamed her for allowing Amasa Champlin to be about her so much.

"A blinding mist came down and hid the land,"

Ah, poor "Mary of Dee!"

When we had been about a year in Springvale Square, there came a letter to my brother, informing him that his grandson was dead. It appeared from the letter that Alick had continued his dissolute courses, and he wished his cousin—Hilary Appleton—to be thanked for that, since when he had resolved to reform, it was she who had deprived him of the restraining influence of home friends. He had died of smallpox; and the letter, which was coarsely expressed, badly written, and worse spelled; was signed by Rhoda Mussey, who claimed to have been engaged to Alick, and to have spent money in taking care of him, besides having herself taken the disease of which he died, and been brought near to death in consequence of her devotion to her betrothed. With the letter a card photograph of Alick was sent, which, at his request was to be given to Aunt Rachel, whose kindness he had remembered until the last moment. The likeness was a very good one, and it was a comfort to me, in my grief, that he had thought of me.

Doctor Maitland was greatly shaken by this intelligence, but not so much as Hilary, whose grief seemed to me to be augmented by remorse. She grew quite pale and thin, and, though she indulged in spasmodic fits of mirth when with young people, it was easy to see that she was struggling in dark waters.

"It is no more than she deserves," observed

Selma, "though I wonder if she knows how much her beauty is set off by the contrast between her pretty, pensive airs and the wild gayety into which she breaks out now and then. To the beautiful all things are becoming, you know, Aunt Rachel; and how nice that is! because the infinite variety which it allows is one of beauty's strongest attractions."

My brother sent a check for a thousand dollars to Rhoda Mussey, and desired her to consider that as atonement in full for all the sacrifices she had made for his grandson. It was by Mr. Craig's advice that a clause expressing something of this sort was appended to the doctor's letter. The agent judged that she might become troublesome otherwise. Indeed, from the tone of her reply, I think Rhoda Mussey was disappointed, and had counted upon drawing money at will from Doctor Maitland; but we did not hear from her afterward.

The winter passed without bringing us any important changes; but toward spring John began to show signs of debility. Then followed a severe cold, ending in congestion of the lungs, and, for a time, we were seriously alarmed about him. Selma was all devotion, and Hilary shyly proposed to bear her share in nursing our beloved patient, though seeming to expect a repulse. John, however, in whose hearing the request was made, desired us to give her her wish. The tears sprang into her eyes, and her quick "Thank you, Uncle Maitland!" gave me an uncomfortable feeling, though I could not have told why.

"Hilary is behaving very handsomely for her," said Selma, a few days after. "I had begun to believe that nothing but an invasion of the fashionables would draw her from her den. If only we could believe now that her devotion is purely disinterested, we might have hopes of her, might we not, dear Aunt Rachel?"

"Why may not her devotion be as disinterested as your own?" I asked, for I was beginning to tire of Selma's persistent attacks upon her cousin.

"Mine! Oh, I have nothing to expect from anybody, you know. I am not the favorite"—Selma had always kept up the fiction of Hilary's being our favorite—"and somehow I cannot help thinking it a blessing that I am not. It is so apt to make one selfish. I have had a chance to see *that* for myself."

"Whom has it made selfish?" asked John, raising his head from his pillow, though I had supposed him to be asleep.

"Whom, indeed? I shouldn't wonder if it were Aunt Rachel, here," replied Selma, laughing, and fondling me affectionately.

"Selma was speaking of her cousin," I interposed, quietly.

"I have never found that Hilary was selfish," said Doctor Maitland. "I'm afraid, Rachel, that we have misjudged Hilary. I was disappointed because Alick went away, and, at first,

I blamed her as the probable cause of his sudden disappearance. But I see things differently now. Alick would have been no comfort to us, I fear, if he had come here. I should have pampered and indulged him. The temptations which assailed him elsewhere he would not have been free from here. I think the boy had good impulses, but he lacked stability, or he might have taken Hilary's advice, and redeemed himself. I confess I had hoped that he would, until we heard that he had died without reforming. Much as I regret this, I do not think Hilary is the one to be blamed for it. I am sure she did what she thought was best for the good of all. Even if she made a mistake, and I am not at all certain that she did, I believe her error to have been of judgment and not of the heart. I have so considered it for a long time, but I was too busily occupied to speak of it. Until I became sick I was not aware, indeed, of Hilary's position among us. It has given me surprise and pain to see that she is still distrusted—that she is virtually undergoing ostracism here where I could have wished her to find a pleasant home."

"What a pity!" cried Selma, spitefully, "that the long-suffering and much-abused Hilary is off riding with Amasa Champlin, or else we might have her in here to take part in a grand tableau of—The Reconciliation."

But just at that moment there was a light rap at the door, and we heard Hilary asking, "May I come in?"

"Come," said Doctor Maitland, and when she had entered, he reached out his hand to her. "Your cousin was just wishing that you were here to take part in a grand tableau of The Reconciliation. Now, Selma, how will you arrange your tableau?"

"Don't call it mine, if you please," Selma retorted, curtly, and immediately left the room, slamming the door as she went out.

"I am afraid to think what this means," said Hilary; "but if it is that I am about to be reinstated in your favor, I am happy indeed."

"Have you missed our affection?" asked John, tenderly.

"I have walked in darkness for the want of it."

"How if I assure you that affection is all you need expect from me, that my property is already disposed of, and I do not intend to make any change?"

"Then," replied Hilary, gayly, "I may at last love you as much as I please, may I not? without being suspected of wishing to barter happiness for money?"

I could no longer hold my peace, for my heart smote me repentingly. "My dear Hilary," I cried, "John has done you justice at heart all the time. It is I that have cruelly misjudged you."

Then came the tableau, as Selma would have

called it. I will not try to describe it, affirming only that our reconciliation was complete.

"Did you have a pleasant ride?" asked Doctor Maitland, by and by.

"I have not been riding," returned Hilary, surprised.

"What! not with Amasa Champlin?"

"No, indeed. He called for me, but I did not wish to go."

"Shall I be prepared to give you two my blessing one of these days?" asked the doctor, playfully.

"Amasa Champlin will never come to you for a blessing on my account. He has been engaged to my friend Margaret Jayne more than a year."

"And you have known it all this while?" I asked.

"Yes, certainly. There were reasons why the engagement could not be made public at first; but they will be married very soon now."

After the reconciliation of that morning, Hilary became dearer to me than ever before. The engulging tide of suspicion was at last rolled back, and the blinding mist of misrepresentation swept away, leaving my faith a clear space to find its way back again.

About a month afterward Selma was married. It was a very hasty match. We knew but little about Pelton Bursage, and what we did know was not to his advantage. I believed that Selma accepted him only to get away from us. She had never appeared the same since our reconciliation with Hilary. We did not accuse her of wilfully misrepresenting her cousin, but I thought her conscience must prick her, for she chose to adopt a resentful, sneering manner, making herself so unpleasant that if we had been at all easy about her future, it would have been a relief to get her out of the house. We remonstrated against her marriage, however, but it was all of no use. It seemed to me that there was something singular in her way of receiving our remonstrances—something more than the mere wilfulness of a girl whose lover is assailed. I cannot express what I mean better than by saying that while resenting our interference, she appeared to be indulging in hidden laughter that we should think it worth our while to offer such interference.

When she was married, Selma received valuable presents of silver and jewelry, and Doctor Maitland gave her a handsome house in New York, where she was going to live, for his wedding gift. Perhaps I misjudged her, but I fancied that she was dissatisfied with her uncle's present, and thought it not enough.

Hilary grew wonderfully buoyant in spirit when she was left alone with us. She never spoke against her cousin, but it was quite plain that Selma's influence upon her had been depressing. She now disclosed so many endearing qualities that we were in daily fear lest some one should win her away from us, though

Hilary gayly declared that we need not look to be rid of her so easily, that for her part she wanted no better example than Aunt Rachel, in whose footsteps she meant to follow. And when two years more had gone by without bringing a lover whom she was willing to accept, I began to think she might really mean what she said.

When two years more, as I said, had gone by, we, the doctor, Hilary, and I, arranged to spend the summer at the homestead with Elizabeth Prout, or rather with Mrs. Barnes. One thing and another hindered our starting, however, so that we did not get away until early in August. The summer was dry and hot. The wind was like a breath from a furnace. There were frequent signs of showers, but they all "went round," and the air, instead of being cleared by the mutterings of distant thunder, grew more and more oppressive. People said it would be sickly, and their forebodings proved correct. A malignant fever began to prevail. As is common at such times, the majority of the villagers were panic-struck, and few were found to take care of the sick. Doctor Wright, who was old and asthmatic, did what he could, and was valiantly assisted in his labors by a young man who was studying with him. But what were they among so many sufferers? Then Doctor Maitland entered the field. He had given up practice since his return to B——, being wholly engaged in his literary labors, but he took it up again now, working as untiringly as if he were a young physician eager to win laurels in his chosen profession. Wherever he went, John heard sounded the praises of Doctor Wright's student, whom, singularly enough, he never met. Nor did I, though I was giving my brother such support as I could.

"That young man's course is suicidal," said John, one day. "For five successive nights I have heard of his being with the sick all night, and it is certain that he gives himself no rest by day. I must put a stop to this. The only trouble is that I can never cross his track. Hilary, do you ever meet him?" For Hilary was also much among the sick.

"No," replied Hilary. "It really seems as if he avoids us on purpose."

"I will bring him to bay yet," said the doctor. "He is doing a noble work, but his life is too precious to be sacrificed."

"Elizabeth, who is Doctor Wright's student?" I asked, when John and Hilary had gone out again. I was getting a little worn out, and had been forbidden to leave the house that day.

"His name is John Alexander, I believe, but if he'd ha' called himself John Maitland, I wouldn't a been the one to dispute but what he come honest by his name. I never saw a plainer Maitland forehead than his is, and I've seen a good many of the family first and last."

"He can't be a Maitland. There are none of the family left but John and me," I said, quite decidedly. Nevertheless, I could not get Elizabeth's words out of my mind. I began to feel a strange interest in this young man, who *might* be a Maitland, but who *was* John Alexander, and who avoided us all so cleverly.

"Elizabeth," I said, at last, "I can't stay in the house. I am going out again, but I shall not be gone long."

Elizabeth remonstrated, but I was quite decided. In the first house into which I entered, I met John Alexander. He was sitting by a delirious patient, resting his head upon one hand, and his eyes had a wild, feverish lustre. Elizabeth was not mistaken. He had a right to the name of Maitland, for it was Alick.

The fever was just upon him, and the sight of me appeared to make him worse. He seemed to regard me as a creation of delirium, and I was by no means certain that I was not a fever patient, and he a visionary Alick. My recollections of that time are too confused to tell how I got him home, or how a knowledge of my discovery was conveyed to Doctor Maitland and to Hilary. The fever dealt mercifully by our poor boy, and he was spared to us. About this time a fresh, strong wind from the northwest sprung up, clearing the air, and giving renewed vigor to the villagers. Some of those who had held aloof hitherto, through fear or lassitude, now came forward to aid in taking care of the sick, so that we were left at liberty to attend to our own patient; and a more docile, grateful, considerate patient was never seen than Alick, when he began to be convalescent.

We got his story afterward. It was Selma who had visited him when he was left alone in Mr. Craig's rooms, and not in the capacity of a comforter. She declared that he had nothing to hope from his grandfather, that Hilary had represented him as utterly and hopelessly bad, and that Hilary ruled them all as with a rod of iron. There could be no gainsaying what she had asserted.

"They are all in a commotion," so Selma assured him, "about the disgrace you have brought upon the family, or, at least, all but Aunt Rachel, and she is too soft to have any influence. I have said what I could in your favor, but, dear me! I'm of no account. No body minds anything I say."

So Alick resolved to trouble his relatives no more. Hilary's counsel, however, he did not choose to set aside. She might be his enemy, but he had the sense to see that she had placed the right course before him. He would place himself yet in a position where his haughty kindred need not be ashamed of him. He kept to his purpose manfully. For two years he worked hard, studying in his leisure moments, and laying up his money. Then he went to Doctor Wright. He was unable to conjecture

who Rhoda Mussey could be, or why he was reported dead. When the card picture of himself was shown him, he at once declared it to be one that, by her request, he had given his cousin Selma when she visited him at Mr. Craig's rooms.

This we thought very strange, and could make nothing out of it. When we had gone back to town, Alick accompanying us, for he was to finish his professional studies with Doctor Maitland, we told Mr. Craig about the photograph, and asked him what he thought of it. He declined giving an opinion then. A few days afterward, happening to be present when a letter from Selma was brought in, he picked up the envelope bearing my address, and examined it carefully.

"It strikes me, Miss Maitland," he said, then, "that this writing is at least second cousin to that of Rhoda Mussey."

"What! This elegant hand like the scrawling penmanship of those Mussey letters? You must be mistaken."

It was I who was mistaken, however. Mr. Craig went into the matter at once, and with those penetrating eyes of his succeeded at length in looking through the whole mystery. He learned first of all that the check sent by Doctor Maitland to Rhoda Mussey had been presented, and the money received by Pelton Burrage. Hilary acknowledged that Selma had known Burrage while at school, and had narrowly escaped being expelled on account of the acquaintance. She had promised, however, to give up meeting him, and Hilary heard no more about him afterwards until he appeared in B—— as a suitor for Selma's hand. Mr. Craig, wishing to learn something further about this man Burrage, went to Stanley, the town where the girls had attended school. He there met a clergyman, living in an adjoining town, who certified to having married Pelton Burrage and Rhoda Mussey. Further investigation proved beyond question that Selma Cranstoun was Rhoda Mussey, or rather that the two were identical. Selma's marriage was contracted thus clandestinely because Burrage was not then in a position to support a wife, and she did not choose to give up the generous allowance of her uncle, whose principal heiress she also hoped some day to become.

Finding that she could not supply in the regular way the demands for money made upon her by her husband, the story of Alick Maitland's death, and of Rhoda Mussey's sacrifices for her betrothed, was devised by Selma, and the money sent to that devoted bereaved one passed into the hands of Pelton Burrage, as we have seen. That of which she had accused Hilary, the endeavor to get Alick out of the way in order herself to have a chance at his grandfather's property, Selma had actually attempted, combining with it an effort to destroy our faith in Hilary.

When this last scheme was found to have fallen hopelessly flat, Selma abandoned the hope of succeeding to the Maitland property, and, finding the restraints of her uncle's home irksome, she wished to join her husband. If she were to confess her marriage, however, she feared that revelation might lead to other unpleasant discoveries. Besides, she could hope nothing more from Doctor Maitland's generosity if he were made aware of the deception she had practised. She therefore decided upon the farce of a new marriage with the man who was already her husband, trusting to her own cleverness to keep the irregularity of her proceedings hidden in the future as she had done in the past. There! I have not patience to write another word about Mrs. Burrage. Let her rest in peace, if she can. I wish her no harm, but I should be sorry ever to have to look upon her false face again.

Alick endears himself to us more and more every day. John has great pride in him. I am foolishly tender of the boy, I fear, and Hilary—but at the outset I resolved that I would not make a love story of this, so I think I had better say no more about Alick and Hilary.

THE PARTING.

BY LEWIS MORRISON.

I've pressed my last kiss on thy brow,
I've breathed my last farewell,
And hushed within my swelling heart,
The love I dare not tell.
I sought to win thee for my own,
To wear thee in my heart,
That dream is o'er, I leave thee now,
And bless thee as we part.

The cherished hopes of other days
Time never may restore,
But, dear one lost, I love thee still,
As fondly as of yore.
Thy low sweet tones are in my ears
Where'er my footsteps roam,
And pleasant memories of thee
Will make my heart their home.

And when my barque, now passion-tossed
Upon life's wintry sea,
Shall sink beneath the stormy wave,
Wilt thou not weep for me?
Farewell, I dare not pause to gaze
Into those eyes of thine;
Heaven spare thy heart the agony
That now is breaking mine.

HE who goes roundabout in his requests wants commonly more than he chooses to appear to want.—*Lavater*.

BAD company is like a nail driven into a post, which, after the first or second blow, may be drawn out with little difficulty; but, being once driven up to the head, the pincers cannot take hold to draw it out, but which can only be done by the destruction of the wood.—*Augustine*.

BESIDE THE STILE.

BY LOUISE BARTON.

It was the fairest spot in all the country side, that stile, overtopped by wild rose boughs, and standing as it did in a green nook between the dusky wood and the broad rounded stretch of upland meadow which, in front and to the left, appeared to overhang the sea. To the right a gorge stooped suddenly far down to a mill stream and a purple moor beyond. There gloomed the gray walls of a castle, and farther seaward rose the spire and roofs of a prosperous fishing village. Where the stream fell down toward the sea in foaming falls, a mill-tower started up among rocks of which it seemed a part. To the left, at the wood's verge, a peeked and gabled red-roofed farm-house clustered, with full fields and cackling, bustling barn-yard, among branching oaks.

Over the sea the sunset flush of dusky red slanted across the upland, and lit up a lingering group of haymakers, still raking up in stacks the new-mown hay. The evening breeze came laden with the balmy scent here to the stile, where leaned a man still young, though passed beyond the first years of his manhood. There was a weariness in the gray eyes that roved from moor to gorge and upland, a restless dissatisfaction, though the whole fair country side, far as his glance could reach, was his. Mill and farm-house, field and wood, belonged to yonder castle, and he was looking on them all for the first time since boyhood passed among them. The memories that dwelt here were all peaceful as this gloaming nook, where only the breeze fluttered, and the nestling birds were twittering, while distant waves washed nearer in the hush. Now and again a laugh rang from the hay field, or the black kine lowed, and a bell tinkled in the woodland pasture to which this stile led. But these sounds did not break on the serenity. That which troubled it was in Kenneth Macgregor's self, as he thought of the boyish hopes with which he had leaned there last, and how their brightness had withered in his hold like fairy gold, which in the light of day fades to a heap of yellow leaves.

Macgregor was no misanthrope who falls to idle hatred of the world because he is worsted in the first brush with it. He had stood up manfully in his place, but had been worsted, nevertheless. He began the battle with fair-seeming weapons of hope, rank, money, friends, and an untarnished name. The last a brother had flung down and trodden in the mire, and the first had slipped from his own grasp. Rank, money, friends; the first two might have kept the last, but he scorned to hold them so, and recklessly threw them aside, when perhaps they might have proved trusty and true. And then he had retreated here, at bay, though

disdaining to keep the field with such ignoble weapons as remained to him.

Slander had whispered that he was a treacherous friend, a coward, murderer. Slander could not prove that whisper, but Macgregor could not disprove it, save by pointing to his only brother, "thou art the man." And so he bore the calumny in silence, after the first vehement denial. That silence was hard when the guilty one sneaked cowardly away in the crowd that turned the cold shoulder to him. But, having once closed his lips, Macgregor was not to be bullied nor exasperated into speaking. For a time he stood his ground in his London world, and then came seeking rest, not flight, to his hereditary home.

Here were at least no eyes to meet him on a level, taunting him with the dark story. The old tacksman, or hereditary tenant, in the farm-house yonder, the villagers and peasants round—although they doubtless knew that story, and believed it, yet remembered their allegiance to the laird, and, when he met them, greeted him respectfully. And there was certainly some sense of rest in the calm gloaming—some soft soothing in the breeze to which he bared his brow. Yet his lips parted with a heavy sigh, when just at that moment he heard a rustic close behind him in the grassy path that wound out from the pasture.

He turned quickly. They were the blue folds of a kirtle that had brushed against him, and a young girl paused there waiting to cross the stile. One dimpled arm steadied the full milking-pail upon her head, and with the other she had parted the rose boughs, and so came suddenly upon him. The red sun flushed the white kerchief crossed upon her bosom and her throat as white, and glanced and glittered in her braided, snooded hair, as if it left the darkening skies to shine in golden glory there. Macgregor gazed, forgetting to move, and then he stood aside to let her pass.

He had made a motion as if to help her over the stile, but his arm fell as he remembered there were few women of his own rank to whom he would venture to offer it. The lassie had her foot still upon the lower step, and saw and understood his motion. She stopped, half turned, and blushing held out her hand, raising her eyes as she did so full to his. Their frank blue glance told him as plainly as words could have done that he was recognized, and, as he helped her over in silence, her hand rested on his with that unshrinking touch which he felt could never have been had she believed his stained with crime.

It was but a second, and she had passed from him, tripping lightly over the brown stubble and the scented clover with a smile for this gleaner, and a merry word for that. Macgregor watched her until she disappeared among the oaks that skirted the farm-yard. So, then, she

could be no other than the tacksman's granddaughter, his little foster-sister, whom he had left a plaything of four years old. He turned away when she was lost to sight, and went down to his lonely castle with a lighter heart than he had borne for many months. It was something to be believed in by one innocent soul.

Macgregor pushed away his book, where the sunbeams, dancing in and out through shadows of the shifting leaves overhead, were making strange blurs of the closely-printed text. He flung his arm above his head, and stretched himself at length upon the mossy crag which overhung the mill stream, and was shut in by the low sweeping alders and the silvery stems of a birken copse. A snowy heifer was browsing in the sedges yonder sleepily. The hum of the mill-wheel at a distance died away hardly louder than that of the bee burrowing in the yellow primrose, which leaned here against the brimming wave. The balmy noontide was a time to dream, not read. So Macgregor lounged there idly, watching through half-shut lids the sparkles flashing in and out among the ripples. Strangely enough, as he watched, ripples and sparkles wove a braid of sunny hair, from the contemplation of which he was hardly roused by a low distant singing. It came from a hazel copse that hid the path down from the upland, but presently the singer emerged. Who but Annot—not this time with her milking-pail, but carrying perched on her shoulder a little rosy child, clinging and crowing gleefully as she sang to it, and filled its chubby hands with flowers. Down the crag among the wild roses she sprang, until the gray birks closed around and snatched her away like a dream.

Macgregor had been dreaming too deeply. He rose up with an impatient gesture, as if to shake himself awake. It was very pastoral and pretty, perhaps, this idyl of maids and milking-pails, but the shorter the idyl the wiser for him who was no pastor fidus. Annot had passed up the glen, and he would take the path which led down where the bridge crossed the floss above the mill. But first he turned for a last glance. She had passed out from the birks, and stood where her pet heifer moved to meet her through the sedges. She had lowered the child to the tame creature's shoulder, and the shrinking boy, growing bolder, reached over to feed the strange steed with his handful of blossoms. A bright little picture it was, as the heifer trampled through the tufted grass, the child clinging to its shaggy neck with one dimpled arm, while the other hand was fast in the young girl's hold. Macgregor found it difficult to turn away, and yet he did so. But hardly had he taken the first step, hardly had he lost that picture of joyousness, when a shriek pierced the tranquil air. Another—one stride brought him round the intercepting crag.

There stood Annot on the bank where the milk-white heifer lazily stooped her fringed brow to the stream. There stood Annot, but the child? A plunge, a few strong strokes, and Macgregor had grasped a limp, white burden floating on the floss.

But how the current strove for it, then grappled with him, while its gurgling round about him mocked his utmost efforts. And the wheel, the great white wheel, that revolved weirdly as that of fate before his dimmed eyes, seemed with every laboring, groaning turn to draw two life threads nearer to itself. Those seconds drew out to long hours, while the struggle was uncertain. But, at last, at last, the bank was gained; two girlish arms reached out to the spent swimmer, and, in the gladdest sunshine that ever fell on him, he laid his burden on her bosom.

She knelt there in the quivering rushes, trembling more than they. She pressed her warm cheek to the cold one laid so still against her, and from which she stroked away the washed-out curls. She looked in wild despair into the blue eyes, glassed as if life's tide stood still in them. But, while she looked, they brightened to her gaze, a faint flush stole across the baby cheek, and presently a tiny hand stole up and nestled on her neck. With that, she rose from her knee, and stood before Macgregor. Blue as April skies, her eyes shone through fast-dropping tears, while radiant smiles lit up her face.

"I canna thank you," she said, softly, "but God kens. He thanks his creatures best."

And she lifted the child in her arms up toward him. Macgregor glanced at her, then touched the soft closed baby mouth her lips had pressed but now.

"Surely the laird will come hame wi' us," she said; "the gude-sire wad be blithe and fain!"

But Macgregor would enter no door, not even his tenant's, on any footing save that of an innocent man. He said gayly that he must forthwith convey his dripping self back to the castle. So, smiling on him through her happy tears, she hastened on the path that mounted to the upland.

Through the twilight which closed that day he paced the castle terrace, where at every turn the upland met his gaze. Lights glinted through the trees on which the farm-house hid; and then one tiny lattice highest of all flashed out like an unattainable star. He watched till it went out, and then he passed on slowly, and entered to the gloom of his lonely hall.

Many a twilight had gone by, when one night Macgregor rode along the upland verge beside the stile. In that other gloaming, hill and valley were a-leaf—now, shrouded snow enwrapped them all. Toward the bared wood hung clouds which, though they hid the moon, did

not prevent its light from defining so much of the landscape as the fallen snow had not smoothed away in a waved surface. Above the ice-bound stream the mute mill-wheel hung, one glitter of icicles, when now and again the moon broke through its prison. Gray and bleak the sea stretched out, and black the pine wood on the moor's outer verge. All else was one cold white expanse.

But there was no cold for Macgregor. Color came to his bronzed cheek, light to his grave eyes, as he checked his horse beside the stile involuntarily, stopping as he looked back on the year, the sands of which had not an hour to run. It was a checkered way to look back on. The blackness of despair was uniform across its earlier parts; but since the summer, light and shadow alternated. The light—yes, it had come to this—the light was of the days when he had been with Annot; the shadows, those passed apart from her. Not a word of love had he yet spoken, hoping time might teach her what he feared to try to do too soon. Had it so taught? He could not tell—only her welcome was ever the most cordial of all the cordial welcomes at the hill-farm, where he was an honored guest. For slanders from the city had died away in "the Macgregor's ain kintin," like a whiff of noisome vapor in the fresh pure air. As for Annot—last week, when he walked with her from the kirk, recounting some narrow escape of his by sea, she paled and trembled, and her little hand touched his arm, moved by a quick impulse. Just there, however, the daft old gudesire had trudged up with his duty to the laird.

To-night, according to good Scottish custom, all the offshoots of the family from far and wide assembled in the farm-house to hail in the New Year. And when the clock should strike the knell of the Old Year, whoever set his foot first on the threshold, might claim a kiss from the lassie within, as her "First Foot," or Valentine. Macgregor had chosen this time to decide his fate yet further. He would lay it in Annot's hands, to do with it according to her will.

Gay Glamis sped across the snow, until the rane upon the byre glinted near, and beckoned, veering in the veering wind. Beneath a transient moonbeam, all the icy-armored oak-twigs twinkled in a flash of gold and red. But from the huge deep casement of the gabled house, a blaze of firelight was beckoning yet more brightly; and at its bidding Macgregor flung himself from his horse.

But he could not pass round to the entrance-porch at once. He had caught a glimpse within, and paused, hidden by curtaining ivy.

Well might he pause, for a brighter glimpse one could not have. The flames in the vast alcoved chimney leaped from wainscoted walls to polished oak beams overhead, and down again to the sanded floor. They just touched

in their way the towering clock upon the stroke of twelve, the brass-linked chest of drawers, white curtains looped back from the lattice, and the shining centre-table heaped with brown nuts and bannocks, and the ruddiest of apples. There, too, gathered faces just as rosy, or as brown and wrinkled, as the homely cheer before them—met together to bind the tie of kindred close again with every renewed year. In the chimney-corner sat the grandame, with gray hair banded under snowy curch, her withered hand upon the curls of the prattling little one upon her knee. Opposite, the gudesire, his face like a frosted winter apple under his hoary pow, beat time with his stick to the chorus. But all this Macgregor hardly saw. For Annot knelt upon the hearth, the bairns about her, peeping while she frothed the wassail-bowl upon the embers, ready for the last stroke of the clock.

How fair she was—how graceful the lily-droop of the golden head—how sweet the smiling red lips which presently must pay the "First Foot's toll." Macgregor glanced at the clock opposite. One moment more—

A quick rap at the inner door. "Open, lassie, it maun be auld neighbor Miller," said the grandfather. But the children danced about in glee, clapping their hands, and shouting, "Annot's First Foot! Annot's First Foot tirling at the door-pin!"

Annot passed close by the casement. Macgregor saw how at the children's shout she flushed, then paled, and drew a deep though voiceless sigh. She lifted the latch slowly. And then the sighing lips parted in a thrilling cry:—

"Rob! Rob! come hame at last across the sea!"

Macgregor dropped the ivy boughs against the pane. For there upon the threshold Annot clung in the arms of a stripling sailor, her gold hair against his breast, her glowing face uplifted as his stooped to her. He staggered blindly from the lattice, the glad tones within taking away his very breath.

Only moments passed while he stood without beneath the oaks. But they were moments wherein gathered all the blackness of the bitter past—the blackness of the empty future. Yet he was calm when he entered the ben, and stood among the guests. "The Macgregor is pale wi' the frost-wind's skirling," they said, as they welcomed him.

He mingled with them, hailing in the New Year as if all the while he was not thinking of that dead year which had brought him—

"A friend and a true, true love,

And the New Year will take them away."

Bonnie Annot held the wassail-bowl for him to pledge, and, as he bent his head, she murmured, bashfully, with downcast glance:—

"Macgregor maun pledge joy to Annot, for the New Year fills her cup to overflowing."

He grasped her hand, and drained the bowl

without a word. And then he drew her to the door apart, and there with down-dropped eyes she told her story.

"How well you listened, little Annot," he jested, shading his face from the light, "when all my talk was of the sea."

Her trilling laughter taunted him. "Eh, sirs, sic fearsome tales!" she cried. "You mind the day, laird, when you walked wi' me hame from the kirk? I tried to tell you all then; but it was no' that easy while Rob was still awa'. You maun ken it was at the stile where you and I first met, that we had parted—Rob and I—before you came back to the castle. We plighted troth mony a day ere that, but he—awee!, I had danced wi' the miller's Tam—and when Rob chid I flouted him. That night a ship sailed from the village, and Rob sailed in her."

"And yet all this while she was so gay, so blithe," he said, very low, rather to himself than to her.

She looked up quickly. "Eh, would ye hae folk say I was breaking my heart for one who left me? 'Sae blithe!' Muckle men ken! Though what for suld I greet, when I never doubted of his coming back to me? For Rob loves me," and she lifted her head proudly.

Aye, Rob loves me! but no more than Annot loves, Macgregor saw, as the young sailor came up at that moment. Unobserved, Macgregor passed out from the doorway, and flung himself upon his horse.

The gathering storm had burst at last. The moon had set; the sky was hopelessly overclouded; fast and fast the flakes fell through the pressing dark. The blast drove from the sea, howling and rending the desolate wood like a crazed thing. Bravely and steadily Glamis dashed on, and his master fiercely welcomed the strife with the elements, as some relief from the dull pain that numbed his heart. But the winds swept about, flinging snow-wreaths against blinded eyes, mocking and baffling the floundering steed with treacherous drifts and shifting walls.

The path down to the moor was gone. Woods, gorge, and field, all blent together undefinedly. Once and again Macgregor turned, crossed and recrossed the upland, still uncertain of his course. The farm-house light went out among the trees; no ray fell through the low-hung clouds; no glimmer rose up from the moor.

Benumbed, bewildered, drowsy, with a heaviness from which he could not rouse, Macgregor's head sank on his breast. And now when Glamis plunged, and rose to take the wild-rose hedge, now but a ragged thorn-brake half buried in the snow, his master swerved in the saddle, dizzily caught at empty air, and fell prone to the ground against the heaped-up stile.

The night went on, and heaped the snow yet higher as it passed. The storm blew over, and the stars came forth in the gray dawn. And

when the New Year sun arose in skies of steely blue, it glinted on a drifted grave beside the stile.

UNSEEN REALITIES.

BY LIZZIE YORK CASE.

THE moon with her gay troop of stars
Drove the great sun away,
Night's gate put up its misty bars,
And so closed out the day.
A heavy cloudlet rolled between
Earth and the stars I love;
I knew not how, but yet I knew
They still shone bright above.

I know not how the far off sun
Can pierce the frozen earth,
And call the flowerets one by one
A-laughing into birth;
But yet I know the swelling seed
Will push the clods away,
Come forth with crowned and perfumed head,
A very "queen of May."

But shall I doubt the starlight's glow
In heaven's fields divine,
Because awhile through clouds that roll
I may not see them shine?
And shall I crush the flowerets all
From out fair nature's hand,
Because their wondrous coming forth
I may not understand?

How very poor in beauties bright
Our lovely earth would be,
If robbed of all we could not grasp,
Or our dull visions see;
How comfortless our stricken hearts
In time of grief had been,
But for some strong, yet shadowy hand,
Some faith or hope unseen.

We may not see the angel feet,
That tread our pathway fair,
But when we find it smooth and bright,
We know they have been there.
We may not hear the fluttering of
The wings that just have flown,
Yet we walk among the roses
That the unseen hands have strown.

And so we're kept and guided by
What *here* we call "Ideal,"
But when our sight is clearer made,
The shadows will be real;
True and immortal principles
That will not fade away,
Though all things seen and loved of earth
May sink into decay.

And so by unseen agencies
Our earth-life is made fair,
And led by dear, down-reaching hands,
We climb the golden stair;
When the watchword of admittance
At heaven's gate will be
FAITH in those veiled realities
That this side none may see.

SOLITUDE is one of the highest enjoyments of which our nature is susceptible. Solitude is also, when too long continued, capable of being made the most severe, indescribable, unendurable source of anguish.—*Deloraine*.

NETTIE'S SACRIFICE.

BY INO CHURCHILL.

THE gorgeous tintings of the summer sunrise flamed up the east like banners heralding a king and all his loyal subjects; tree and flower, half-raised expectant eyes in joy, half-bowed themselves in homage, as the grand old monarch beamed his smile of benediction o'er hill, and dale, and wood, and lawn, and coppice. The birds took up the flowers' tremulous breath of heart-song, and made it audible with joy, and the old waving pines cast now and then a note that softened all to a sweet psalm of praise.

But it was not the reflection merely of nature's happiness that brightened Nettie Arnold's face as she hung over the garden gate, and nodded "good-morning" to her flowers, and I am almost afraid to tell that something more sordid than sunshine lent its gilding to her brow, and something more transferable to comfort than the lily's perfume deepened the dimples that played about her mouth. She was very happy, she acknowledged that in every gleeful laugh and graceful movement, and she felt benignant toward every one and particularly complacent toward herself, as she cast a thought back to the treasured box tucked away in her secret drawer.

She was peculiarly situated, this young girl of eighteen short, and not all happy years. Her mother had died long ago, and her father had after a time married a widow. Then her father died, leaving what little property he owned to his wife and infant son, giving his only daughter a life-rent in the house as her only portion. But the change in her circumstances was not apparent, until her stepmother, still a comely woman, contracted another alliance, and grew as absorbed in the interest of her third husband as she had been in that of her first. Mr. Stanhope, the present master of the house, was of very irascible disposition, and very difficult to please, and Nettie found, for her own peace of mind and her stepmother's comfort, she must withdraw herself to her own portion of the house, and seldom mingle in the family groupings, and she finally removed all her belongings to her own apartments.

Mr. Stanhope felt himself particularly aggrieved that she had any right in the house at all, most of all that the pleasantest part of it should have been assigned to her use. But there was no help for it, and he contented himself by growling at her, or overlooking her altogether. After the first surprise and regret, she found she respected him too little to make herself unhappy over the matter, and enjoyed herself in her quiet way, oftenest alone at her meals, though sometimes her prattling half-brother would come in with his hands full of cakes "to keep house with sister Nettie."

She had a remarkable talent for music and a ready power of imparting her knowledge of this

agreeable science, but one of Mr. Stanhope's first acts was to sell the piano her father had purchased for her use, declaring it was lumber-some and useless. In vain his wife pleaded and remonstrated, and Nettie urged alike without avail that it could be removed to her own rooms if in the way; but he was determined, and it was sold under the auctioneer's hammer. That was nearly three years before, but by daily music lessons given at the homes of her pupils, she had laid by enough beyond her ordinary expenses to procure another instrument, and this it was that gave such a glow to her face this summer morning.

She was not going to spend the money that day, or the next, or the next after, perhaps; it was such a satisfaction to know that she possessed it, and had honestly and honorably gained it, and no millionaire could have felt more proud that his hands dropped gold coins than did she, who had only to will now for what she had so laboriously toiled. She had not seen her stepmother or her little brother for some days. She did not dare enter the rooms, for Mr. Stanhope kept himself at home, yet she felt there was some sort of a cloud hanging over them, though it had not enveloped her. She knew that a few nights before there had been a fearful storm, for she had heard the thunder of angry tones and passionate sobs in pleading, and a youth's voice in proud vindication; but she did not catch the words, and after awhile it was still, except low mutterings and now and then a wail, as though the storm had spent itself, but the murky atmosphere had not cleared, she understood, and anything electric like herself might call forth the lightning shaft again, and she wisely kept away.

She went in and ate her lonely breakfast, lonely in point of visible companionship, but merry with fairy visitors of hope and good feeling. She made her room tidy, and went out to her daily duties so cheerily that one who met her asked "if her thoughts were set to music?"

And she laughed as she told him "they were flowing out in rhythm."

"Well, child," he replied, "may their echo be always sweet when they lose the power thus to flow."

She thanked him, but he had saddened her a little. Yet, you know, after the most glorious sunshine, there is oftentimes a semblance of a shadow, that is not a cloud, nor yet a mist, but as it were a concentration of light itself, so intense that the effect has in it just the faintest premonition of what it might be to dwell for aye in darkness. And yet, I think, the fair morning seldom dreameth of the cloud that at night may settle blackly toward the west, any more than the star of Hope once risen on youth's horizon expects to wane away without some recognized fruition. We call things by their names reversely, and backwards spell the

alphabet of blessings, till bad seems good, and good our greatest bane and peril.

It was quite evening when Nettie returned to her home for the fourth time that day; so busy and ambitious was she, that when there was work to do she could find time to do it, and her late tea was all the more refreshing that she had waited for it. She was all ready for her evening recreation, having swept her room, and glanced at her little possessions to assure herself of their safety, when she noticed that the curtain of her back window was disarranged. She stepped forward to adjust it, and a note fell from its folds to her feet. She looked out hastily, but no one was in sight, and rather nervously she opened the missive, and grew pale as she comprehended its contents.

"Oh! how can I?" she exclaimed, "how can I? It is wrong and selfish of him to require it of me. It is *not* my duty, and I cannot make the sacrifice. Oh! why did I keep it thus long? If it were but impossible to grant his wish! But it is in my power," she pondered, after awhile. "It may, as he says, save him from ruin. Now, if I had a rope, would I refuse it to a drowning man? Or a crust, would I begrudge it of hunger?"

She rocked back and forth uneasily, then took up the note again. "To-morrow night, the seventh, I am to meet him, he says, at the beechwood tree. But I cannot, I will not." And she closed her room, and sought her couch, not to sleep, indeed, save fitfully, to wake and find her treasure vanished, and herself defrauded. Then she put the information in the note and the storm in the adjoining household together, and could understand in some manner how the youth who had appealed to her benevolence was situated. How his character was being subjected to its severest test, and how her friendly face turned away might confront him with the wily tempter. How her selfishly closed hand might be the sealing up to him of honorable escape.

She tossed about dissatisfied but undecided, till dawn again chased away Nature's doubts; then she rose and prepared herself for the new day's duties. She did not seek to bask her form in the new-born light; the rays of warmth and kindness were struggling in her soul for being. How thickly incrustated with ice one dark night had left her heart. If one, or two, or more succeeded, could any kindly beam find entrance there? The day's duties were not as yesterday, but pleasures with a business name. Her pupils were dull, instruments out of tune, music itself bereft of melody, and early at eve she went home, listless and dissatisfied with the world and all things in it.

She drew her curtain, took out her treasured store, and counted it. Four hundred dollars, no more, no less, laid carefully away for the instrument she must and *would* have. Why should she not? If she could give him half,

but the other half would be of no use to her, but to call for an accession she felt she could not make. It had been hard for its sake already, *too* hard, but for the pleasure it would bring, to deny herself an unpretending jewel or bright ribbon, while the other girls blushed at their enhanced beauty under such an ornament. She could not even afford gloves for the last party, though she longed to go, and she despised herself now that she had then playfully caressed the hand that had so nearly accomplished its task. She put back her bills, clean and fresh every one of them with pure and honest purpose. Not filthy lucre, with taint of sin upon them, or clank of chain, or stain of blood, or soil of unholy contract or unrighteous bargaining.

What if they were withheld? Would links of vice entammel a young heart? Or signs of shame grow quickly visible, as rust corrodes the soonest what healthy use and action have hitherto kept untarnished? But she would not answer; she stifled her conscience, and sat with her eyes closed till the stroke of the clock aroused her. She had yet fifteen minutes to the appointed time of meeting. She lifted the curtain; the twilight had nearly faded, and the faint gleam of the young moon was asserting its power over the departing day. The great joy-giving sun had gone away. The lesser orb was sweet and peaceful in its ministrations. A tender light it shed, like that evolved from quiet, secondary duty, calmly and well performed. There is a happiness that scorches and withers, even while it holds triumphant sway; and there is quieter pleasure that enriches while it gives joy, and subsoils most deeply while it blooms forth its beauty, and spreadeth its fragrance abroad.

Nettie started suddenly and looked at the clock; five minutes more, and he no doubt was waiting, trusting; should she fail any one in such a strait? No! Shame on the heart that held itself back from accomplishing what good it might. She opened the drawer, and took out the box without looking at it, threw a light shawl over her shoulders, and was off like a fawn down the path to the beechwood tree.

A youth with his hat pushed over his face, with a disconsolate air had just struck into the opposite path; a moment more, and he would be concealed from her view. Should she let him go? Was it not his fault if he had failed to wait for her? And would not her intention to help be recognized by a higher power?

"George," she called, faintly, half-hoping he would not hear. But he did, for his ear was strained by long listening for her footstep, and he turned.

"Heaven bless you, Nettie! I thought you would not come. I was turning away from all good, I fear, for I was losing my trust in my kind."

"O George!" Nettie could only gasp, "here it is, all of it, four hundred dollars; it will help you, I am sure," and she thrust it into his half reluctant hand.

"I am ashamed to take it, Nettie, I can feel the blood flame up in my veins; but what could I do? I am not used to the world. Oh! you do not know how terribly even now I have combated with temptation. If you had not come, Nettie! if you had not come! I had even turned to walk recklessly over the brink of destruction. But, my dear girl, one-quarter of this sum will do till I can get employment, then I will cancel my money obligation to you, though I never can all that by this act you do for me."

"Keep it all, George; nay, you *must*," as he insisted on returning part; "I shall not be content unless you do. You said you should go to the city; with a whole city full, you may not succeed at first; I shall not need it."

"Is that true, Nettie? Do you in no way make a sacrifice in relieving me?"

She hesitated. "No, George, none but what I now most cheerfully offer. O George, be a noble man for the sake of this hour, that has revealed to us so much to be hoped for, so much to be shunned."

"Heaven be my witness, Nettie, I *will*," said the youth, folding the girl in his arms, and kissing her tenderly, almost tearfully. "I have not offended?" he asked, as Nettie hastily withdrew herself from his embrace. "I knew not how else to express my gratitude."

"No, it is not that; good-by, I must not remain longer," and she turned into the homeward path, while he watched to see that no harm befell her.

She had been out of her room scarce half an hour, but its aspect was changed. The deep recess beside the mantel whose broad vacancy her imagination had many a time filled, looked barren and drear, and the easy chair she hastily pushed into the corner, left another place without furniture, and she hardly knew whether she were glad or sorry when she sat down and viewed her surroundings from a hitherto unoccupied quarter. But then, may be, there was something added to some secret passage of her soul where adornment had been thought of so little moment, that even now the new presence was unheeded, like the gossamer drapery of the window of some long unused room, scarce noted, because so delicate, that softens the glare of the searching light, and casts artistic figures where only the floating bar of dust were else revealed.

Nettie's sleep that night was sweet and unbroken, and the cheerful morning sun dispersed her gloom, and with a heart scarce understanding its own experience, she went about her usual avocations.

After a week or two Nettie seemed to be conscious of a change in the atmosphere

around her; not anything very distinct, but noticeable, as is the cool autumn breath sweeping the summer air, though one's heart is a little more susceptible to chill than one's cheek. Then after a while the wind seemed to grow frosty, and ice to form in shallow places, for some avenues were closed against her. Whenever her music term had expired she was notified distinctly, but pleasantly, that her services would be no longer required. She could not understand the matter at all, but kept up a show of cheerfulness, and a brave heart, and even inquired of Sarah Maria Green, who had superseded her, "how she liked her pupils."

Miss Green, with a boarding-school air, replied: "That where the foundation was so unstable, one could not expect much of the superstructure."

Nettie laughed in spite of her uneasiness, at this thrust at her armor.

Nettie's most beloved pupil was Carrie Davis, a young girl near her own age, so petite in figure and childish in manner, that she seemed much younger. Carrie was in Nettie's confidence about the piano, and was almost as anxious to see it in the place reserved for it as was Nettie herself. Carrie usually took her lesson after school hours, and one night, about a month after Nettie had given her money into other hands, while she was at Carrie's house giving her instructions, there came up a shower, so severe that it was inexpedient for her to return home; indeed, Mrs. Davis would not permit her to go, and she was nothing loth to stay, as she had often done before. And this night she felt a double security in this house of wealth, and with this family of influence as her friends; so many of late having looked coldly upon her.

The storm lingered late into the evening, and the two girls, after the lesson, linked their arms lovingly together, and walked softly up and down the room in slow march, as though subdued by the terror of the storm, starting timidly as now and then a flash of lightning more vivid than the rest lighted up the room, while Mrs. Davis sat quietly with shaded eyes apparently absorbed in deep thought. There had been another occupant of the room in the earlier part of the evening, Mrs. Davis' brother, Frederick Carrol, a man of some twenty-eight years, whom Carrie called her "bachelor uncle." While the girls were engaged, he had stepped unobserved into the embrasure of the bay-window, and dropped the heavy curtains to exclude the blaze of artificial light, the more distinctly to witness the play of heaven's artillery. He possessed a strong, brave nature, and loved the storm, as the war-horse loves the excitement of the fray.

He had paid no attention to what was going on in the room, and it was some moments after Mrs. Davis had dismissed Carrie that he was startled by hearing his sister repeating to Nettie a story in circulation about her. It was too

late to make his presence known without giving additional pain to Miss Arnold, and he could not escape through the window without the noise of opening it. He tried not to listen, but, after all, his ear was painfully alert, for he could not but feel an interest in the young girl he had met almost daily, although he looked upon her as somewhat of a child, with a character hardly formed.

"Well, my dear?" said Mrs. Davis, inquiringly, as Nettie, too shocked and indignant to reply, kept silent, the eloquent blood flashing forth its protest. "I do not believe the story, my child," continued the lady, "but I deemed it friendly to tell you; and now I want authority to refute it. I am almost ashamed to ask you the question, but did there a young man enter your room privately late at evening?"

"No," said Nettie, in so strained a voice, that for the first time Mrs. Davis believed there was some foundation for the report.

"Excuse me, but did you meet one by appointment, one evening, at the old tree in your orchard?"

"I did," replied the girl, flushing at the construction placed upon the act.

"Did you put something into his hands, at which he embraced and kissed you?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, spare me, Mrs. Davis!" gasped the tortured girl.

"One question more," said the lady, growing very grave, "is this young man a relative, and has he a claim on you?"

"No, no! Heaven help me, no! But believe me, dear friend, I am innocent of an evil thought in this matter."

"Tell me, my child, how it all came about, that I may clear your character from suspicion," urged the lady, laying her hand on Nettie's arm.

"I cannot; oh, I cannot!" faltered Nettie, feeling that she must not reveal the secret of another.

"Then, my child, if you will not vindicate yourself, I cannot allow you to associate with my Carrie. Already your name is spoken as though your virtue were held in light esteem. Your services as my daughter's teacher will not be longer required. Good-night; if in the morning you see fit to confide in me, I will do all I can for you," still hesitating, as if she hoped for some word of explanation. "I will send a servant to show you to your room, then, Nettie, if you have nothing to say."

But Nettie sat white and mute as a statue, and Mrs. Davis went out and closed the door. Then Mr. Carrol heard a quick, stifled sob, a piteous call on God for help; then the outside door open and close hastily, and saw the white face of the young girl revealed by the lightning's flash, as she darted by the window, her head and form unshielded from the dripping rain. His first impulse was to spring through

the window and offer her protection, but a second thought deterred him; it would be better for her sake, and kinder to remain. He believed her innocent of guile, though circumstances seemed against her, and he could not interfere with his sister's desire to keep her young daughter from questionable companionship.

Nettie reached home breathless and almost stupefied, and threw herself on her couch too wretched to pray; even doubting if there were any God at all, or anything but the bare round world that had turned to rock, and rolled itself upon her heart. But the morning came, and the rock had shaped itself into a smooth glittering sword, cutting keen and sharp into the throbbing flesh and shrinking heart, and painful nerve. This, then, was her reward! But then she had not looked for reward, excepting so far as the one she had helped would be influenced toward the right; and if she had acted rightly, the deed itself would some time bring compensation, if the motive power were pure. Her thoughts stopped here; she was not sure the motive was single. She wished the past were a blank, and she could begin the volume of her life anew; how very fair the characters should be; how full of truth and all things good the under thought become. But who could tell how soon again a careless or a wilful hand should mar the unsullied record, or overset the ink of slander on the well-lettered page? But this day's leaf, at any rate, was fresh, and crowding down the bitterness that kept welling up in her heart; she again went forth to duty, to return discouraged, and almost disheartened. So many met her coldly; and some brushed by without a recognizing glance whom she had called her friends; and others whispered meaningly together as she passed. Only one glint of kindness in all that dreary day; that summer day, aglow to other hearts, drearier and more barren than the icy plain to her. Mr. Carrol's frank "good-morning" and respectful lifting of the hat as he passed her on the street, was treasured more than all the kind words he had said to her in their frequent intercourse. But then, alas! perhaps he did not know, she thought. So jealous we become of any's grace, if some behave unfriendly.

Two weeks had passed away, and she had received her dismissal from every family who had employed her. She made no remonstrance and asked no questions, and as the weeks went by she shrank within herself, and away from others, as though she were the guilty thing they thought her; growing distrustful of mankind, and thankless toward her God; breathing because she could not help it; sleeping from dull weariness, and waking to vague pain; existing merely as things exist that have no aim or purpose, no seed to germinate, no bud to flower, no fruit to ripen and mature. At last she woke to find that even such a life must be sustained;

her means of livelihood had been cut off, and every cent expended, diminished the treasury whose store she could not augment.

Mr. Stanhope, having heard the circulating stories, and quickly divining who it was that sought clandestine interviews with her, with characteristic meanness forbade his wife to have any communication with the girl, and she dared not disobey him.

Friendless and forlorn, approaching with steady steps extreme poverty, Nettie found she must shake off the incubus, and exert herself to supply her daily needs. It was useless for her to apply for a situation anywhere in her native place, and were it not, she was too proud to sue. So she went to a neighboring village round and round in fruitless search of honorable employment, and returned with scarce a dollar left. There was one way open to her, *only* one at all accessible; she might find work in a factory where many of the girls bore doubtful reputations. She shrank from this with a dread that only the pure and innocent can understand.

She took a seat by the window, and leaned her head on her hand, disheartened. Had it come to *this*? She with her independent spirit, proud nature, and innocent life, forced in her native town to a choice between dishonor and starvation. In two days more it would come to that. Or, if by a pitiful crust thrown at her, she did not starve when the winter came, that autumn even now forewarned her of, could she live through the darkness and cold of the fearful nights, though she might cuddle at day where the sun's slant rays gave niggard cheer? How strange it seemed. She had heard that people sometimes starved, but that was far off in great cities, and she deemed their own improvidence and mismanagement brought them thus low, and held that as half excuse for not growing sick with pity. Were there too many in the world, that God sometimes was cramped in his resources, and hungry lips and glazing eyes petitioned Him in vain? Oh, thoughtless world! Oh, cruel denizens thereof! that one for need of sustenance or sympathy should perish from thy midst. Oh, gracious God and pitiful! that *one* should weary grow of life, yet live, and dyingly *live* on.

Alone, among a city full, almost more desolate than though living a hermit life apart from men, a youth wandered at night where the blaze of light cast a glamour over all visible things, and fluttered brightly and temptingly about the passages to unseen resorts. Pleasant and alluring they must be, for there was something mysterious and beckoning in every motion of the noiseless door; in every wave of fluttering light that wafted out like summoning hands; and many went in, but none seemed to come out. He had noticed that, and wondered where these avenues might lead to, and whether

he best enter. He was not entirely ignorant of the folly and sin that might hold sway behind those smoothly-gliding doors. He had thought never to enter them; he had hoped to be a man, but the opportunity seemed lost. He had come to the city with the noble hope of a young, manly heart, to make his mark in the world, and repay with interest the debt he had necessarily put himself under. He was without friends, where all were hurrying and scrambling for themselves. He could strike no current that would flow upwards; he held himself from that, gliding swiftly downward, though it strove to encircle and bear him on, till the opposing forces twirled him round and round with bewildering power. But his strength was giving way. All the weary two months he had unwaveringly adhered to his purpose. No one anywhere needed help or wished a clerk. Every niche seemed full, every store had its complement of salesmen, every shop its full number of workmen, every express package its forwarder, every load of dirt, or stone, or coal its special trundler, every bundle and box its specific motive power. Where could he seek for work?

He would not heed the voice that bid him turn from the city. He was not willing to give up anything he had undertaken; besides, there was a spell of witchery about him such as city scenes extend over the youthful heart and unwary mind. It was a moment of indecision with the youth whether or not he should seek society in one of those enchanted places, when he was accosted by a young man with:—

"On the lookout for fun, stranger? If so, come in, and I will introduce you to something rich," placing a hand on his shoulder as he spoke, and partly forcing him toward the door.

The countenance of the stranger was pleasing, and his tones winning, and the youth yielded, as much perhaps to his own wishes for companionship as to the other's persuasions.

It was the first time he had ever stepped his foot over the threshold of such a place, but he felt the charm of the surroundings almost instantly. There were light, and music, and good cheer. Convivial glasses touched each other, and the clear wine sparkled pleasantly. Young men, whose carefully arranged dress, and easy grace of manners, and familiarity with the elegant appointments of the room, betokened the fact that in all things that go to make up the show and glitter, if not the solid happiness of this life, they had daily part; and our stranger felt a little glow of pride at being received as one of their number, and almost forgot his own anxiety in his desire to be considered an acquisition to the party. It is true he had glanced a little uneasily at the baize-covered table, and a vague thought of shame once or twice shot through his mind, and, but for the dazzle and fascination about him, he

would have been shocked when he was asked to join the game where large sums of money must be lost or won.

He was sorely tempted; he was in such desperate need. He held a debt that *must* be paid; honor, and right, and all things good insisted that it must. If in playing he should win? He put his hand into his pocket almost ready to stake what he had left. But if he lost? Ah, well! It would be loss of money, character, reputation, and all. Something, he did not know what, held him back from the act. A backward thought over a space that memory constantly, and conscience tauntingly, bridged for him. Did the two spirits, so weak in themselves, and yearning so for help they could not grasp, each almost in the last surge of despair, meet that night, and in the contact grow strong, as counter waves rolling on toward each other with equal force and volume meet and mingle into perfect calm? Or, did the good angel who attends our steps lay on the arm one moment a detaining hand?

"Not now," he said to those who urged him. "I am unused to this; let me look on." And he sat down, seemingly absorbed in the progress of the game.

But it was not the game before his eyes that held his gaze. A deeper one was going on in his heart, the issues of which were less manifest. There was a wily mover there. The well-arranged board was disordered; the least prominent pieces took the foreground, and those to which he trusted most dropped out. From whence? To what? the question came. From truth and honor; to evil, maybe, and perhaps remorse. He looked around the room. Just as these young men were dropping, fair-faced and fresh most of them, and promising. *Dropping out of homes and hearts from all over the city, leaving vacuums that could not be filled, hollows, agasp and sickening, where pain's strococo blew hot and fierce, and yet as empty as the wind.* But he? The only hand he had a right to look to, and that should have held him, had opened purposely and dropped him out. Yes, he could fall and leave no unclosed wound.

The game progressed. The chances were desperate now; two pieces now disputant—right and wrong, good and evil. The game at the table was closing; should he play the next? Should he drop like the rest? He leaned his head on his hand in the struggle. Once in dire necessity a girl's fair hand had helped him. Were those *her* fingers now, almost phantom-like and shadowy in their beckoning? Were they losing the eagerness with which they had pressed the succor on him, and now half-listlessly motioned him toward the right, little recking if he took the wrong? He wavered. The subtle mover held his skilful hand upon the piece, kept his wary eye on the place he meant to occupy. One moment more!

"O George," the echo came, "for the sake of this hour, in which we have seen how much there is to be hoped for, how much to be shunned, be a brave, true man."

"I will, so help me, Heaven!" the answer came again, so loud it startled those around; and with one determined stride the youth reached the door, the outlet from his great temptation, and in the fresh, pure evening air, that swept Nettie Arnold's cheek with such dread premonition, he brushed his eyes free of the glamour that shaded them, and threw back the brown hair from his clear, broad brow, that yet held the signet of purity upon it.

Frederick Carrol, Carrie Davis' "bachelor uncle," was a man of wealth, and some of his superabundance was invested in the large business firm of Maxwell, Hanford, & Co. in the city. Mr. Carrol was the silent partner, and the day after the one in which the youth we have mentioned had so nearly fallen, he sat with Mr. Maxwell in the large and pleasant office. The day had well passed noon, and the conference of the gentlemen was over. Mr. Maxwell had turned to his memoranda, and Mr. Carrol had taken up a newspaper to read a paragraph that had caught his eye, when a clerk sought admittance for a stranger. It was granted, and he proved to be one of the numberless applicants that daily throng our stores and offices in search of employment.

"There is no vacancy, young man," replied the senior partner, rather impatiently, as the great need was urged.

The youth flushed and hesitated. All day long he had been the rounds, to be greeted by the same uncompromising answer. *He must succeed*, and he turned an appealing glance on the wealthy merchant; but he, used to such expressions, waved the applicant aside.

The beseeching eyes grew almost tearful, as he murmured, "Will no one save me from destruction?" and then the frank face clouded, and the hands clenched, as opening the door, he turned to say: "If I go down these stairs with my present feelings, I walk directly to perdition."

The two gentlemen were startled with the dreadful meaning of his words, and Mr. Carrol suggested that he should be called back and questioned.

"How is it you are seeking employment?" asked Mr. Maxwell, as the youth returned; "have you no home and no money?"

"I have a father in the country, and two hundred dollars in my pocket."

"Ha! ha! then your needs are not so desperate after all, and I advise you to go back to your father; the city is no place for young men out of work."

"I cannot go back; my father has thrown me on my own resources."

"For what reason?"

The young man flushed, and did not speak.

"Out with it, sir!" said the blunt old man; "anything you are ashamed of?"

"No, sir," throwing his head back a little proudly. "I was at school some distance from home; father had allowed me a small amount of spending money, that was to be furnished by the professor, and included in the bill for tuition. An exigency arose which called for some fifty dollars more. I wrote to father, but not receiving a reply in time, my preceptor willingly advanced the money, then wrote to my father in explanation. Father was very angry, refused to repay the loan or the year's bill, and recalled me. He says he did not get my letter. I acknowledged I was wrong in not waiting a reply, but he would not hear. I am his only child, but he turned me off without a cent;" and the youth covered his face a moment.

"How came you by the two hundred dollars you mentioned?" asked Mr. Maxwell, rather sternly.

"It was four hundred when I received it, sir. I am ashamed to say that I borrowed it of—of my sister."

"Ha!" said the old gentleman, frowning, "I thought you were the only child; your stories do not support themselves."

"She is worthy the name of sister, though she is not related to me; she is the step-daughter of my father's second wife, and only in the two short vacations I have been home since father married again, have I seen Nettie. I had no claim on her; she is a year older than I, and I know her help and counsel have at least delayed my ruin, and made me wish to be a man."

"Is this young lady rich?" pursued Mr. Maxwell, determined to get to the bottom of the matter.

"No, sir, she is a music teacher, and no doubt carefully saved the money she loaned me."

"She has a piano, then?"

"No, sir; she had one, but father sold it," said the youth, flushing again.

"Humph!" said Mr. Maxwell, glancing at Mr. Carrol, who was listening so intently that he had leaned forward, with an excited color playing over his face.

"Oh, sir, give me employment!" urged the youth; "the debt I hold to my tutor I must pay, and to my sister I shall return the money I have left, if with it I relinquish my last hope." Then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he started up, and gasped: "Tell me, sir; would four hundred dollars buy a piano?"

"Yes, certainly, a very good one; do you wish to purchase?"

"Good Heaven! what a shameful brute I am," he exclaimed, the blood dyeing his fair face to crimson, as he paced excitedly up and down the room, shaking his head as if held by a hand he could not throw

"What is your name, young man?" asked Mr. Carrol, speaking for the first time.

"George Stanhope, sir, of R——, though I have scarcely spent a month there."

"How long have you been in the city?"

"A little over two months, sir."

"Tell me how you have spent your time."

And with a pathos and eloquence fired by his overwrought feelings, young Stanhope gave him a history of his hopes and failures. Of the temptations that had assailed him, and would have overcome him but for the thought of the girlish hand that seemed to hold him back, and he groaned aloud, as the truth forced itself upon him, that to supply a need his father had made obligatory she had toiled to save, what she afterward kindly sacrificed to that unmanly father's son.

Mr. Carrol could see the torture he was enduring as he forced himself through the recital; but he skillfully drew the thoughts to the surface while Mr. Maxwell silently looked on. When the questioning was over, he brought his fist heavily down on the desk:—

"Mr. Carrol," said he, "I'll make a place for this young man for that girl's sake; what say you?"

But Mr. Carrol did not say much, his thoughts were too deeply occupied in thinking of that young girl, and what he knew of the result of her sacrifice. But it was arranged, and the papers signed that should give young Stanhope a liberal salary as second bookkeeper for the firm.

"Now," said Mr. Carrol, after the young man had recovered his voice enough to express his thanks, "I am acquainted with Miss Arnold, whom you call your sister, and I know what you have said is true. I am going to R—— in an hour. If you wish to send a line to her, I will carry it. You will find pen and paper at the desk."

Stanhope bowed; he could not speak, and the two men watched him, as his pen flew over the paper. They could guess at the characters it formed, and by what it was prompted; and they smiled at each other as his face lighted up with noble beauty, and they divined that their names were receiving grateful mention.

Mr. Maxwell drew his hand across his eyes, and Carrol shaded his face a little, as the two hundred dollars were carefully folded and inclosed, and a boyish tear, half of shame, half of irrepressible feeling, fell upon it.

Nettie Arnold had cleared her scant table again; she had not the wherewithal to procure another meal. Her face had grown hard; she had decided. The next morning would find her at the factory. She could be as innocent there as anywhere; her fair fame was already tarnished; this overt act might corroborate the evil thoughts of her, but she was pure, and some time God would set the matter right. She scarcely heeded the knock that sounded at the

door, she was locked within herself. But at last she arose and admitted the caller. It was Mr. Carrol, who, seeing the look of settled anguish on her face, immediately made his business known as the bearer of a letter from George Stanhope.

"Read it now, in my presence, if you please; I think I know its contents."

She obeyed, holding the paper near the window to catch the fading twilight, and the surges of joy that welled up into her heart, and spread over her face as she read on, nearly took away her breath, and, faint with joy and thankfulness, she slipped down upon her knees, and forgetful of all else, uttered her thanksgiving in words so trembling with emotion and fraught with tenderness, they were inaudible save to Him who bent His gracious ear to listen.

"I beg you will excuse me, sir," she said to her visitor, as she recovered a consciousness of her surroundings. "You cannot know what I have suffered."

"But I can conjecture in some slight degree," he said, bending his dark eyes upon her. "I overheard my sister that dark night, when she repeated those dreadful words to you, and I have seen how bravely you have borne up under the ungenerous suspicions that have hung over you. I did not believe you other than the pure angel I now find you to be, though I had no power to stay the current of public sentiment in regard to the matter, save by always treating you with that respect and esteem which every woman should inspire."

"O Mr. Carrol," said Nettie, extending a hand, which he clasped warmly, "yours was the only kind face I met. If it had not been for your hopeful smile and word, I should have died. Oh, how I have thanked you! how I thank you now;" her beautiful face upturned to him in its quiver of feeling and happiness.

"I am going to Mr. Stanhope now, Miss Nettie, and, if shame has a blush, his cheeks shall grow red as his heart is black. Your brave character, your noble self-denial, and stainless purity shall stand out in their fair proportions, and all who sought to malign, shall delight to praise you. I envy you this fair white hand, that it did not fear to reach into the miry clay and draw forth the victim that was in danger of sinking there; that did not shrink from thrusting itself into the flame to pluck from the burning, one brand the untoward world had heedlessly cast there."

Mr. Carrol fulfilled his promise, and many a tearful, repentant face was held for Nettie's forgiving kiss, and rough lips begged pardon for slighting words that had been allowed to pass them.

Nettie did not get her piano until after she became a bride, and Carrie Davis was nearly wild with delight when her "bachelor uncle" woke up to find that girls were sometimes something more than playthings, and sued for

and obtained the gentle heart that had borne itself so bravely against the storm that had beat upon, and nearly overcome it.

Mr. and Mrs. Carrol now count among the number that go to make up the city full. No petitioning hand of friendless girl, or beseeching eye of homeless boy appeals to them in vain. Their sympathies are free and large, their hands are closed to none.

George Stanhope, having steadily risen in the favor of his employers, is now the junior partner of the great firm. His step is elastic and proud, his head erect, his eye clear with the light of a happy heart and an unstained life. Never a day passes that he does not seek Mrs. Carrol's home, and somehow he never can leave her without taking her hand, and though he seldom utters his thanks, there is something in his lingering touch that reminds her of the day when her slender fingers proved stronger than the cords of vice to him.

Nettie Carrol is happy in her home, and in the adoration of her husband, yet there lingers something in her face that speaks of days not always bright. I think we never entirely lose the shade heart-suffering has cast athwart our features. Yet, as in the material world, there are pleasant shadows; such as fall through the amber cloud, that for a time obscures the sun. ~~On that life~~ nestled eastward of the great rock over which the king of day has travelled; and yet, methinks, those that follow up the sun, and go creeping down the rock's western slope, and sweep toward the horizon, have in them a warmer tinge, like the subdued light, may be, that softly radiates from the star just rising, bearing likeness to the star of eternal hope.

Fathers! mothers! sisters! there are dropping, out of our homes, out of our lives, out of our hearts—*young men*—into the soil, and slime, and filth of this evil world! Hedge up the way; stretch out the hand; haste to the rescue; for there are shadows that envelop the sunlight and swallow up hope, going gloomily, greedily on till lost in the darkness that knows no morning. If there were no sunlight there could be no shadow; better that the home-shield should prove the shadow to stunt the growth, than that the young plant should shoot quickly above and from the roof-tree, to a premature ripeness and enforced decay.

Every morning hath its fresh altar, clean swept, with its wood prepared, its fire made ready. Perhaps it waiteth a sacrifice that shall result in salvation to some youthful heart, hovering, wavering, twixt right and wrong.

NARROWNESS of mind is often the cause of obstinacy; we do not easily believe beyond what we see.—*La Rochefoucault*.

REWARD a good servant well; and rather get quit of a bad one than disquiet thyself with him.—*Fuller*.

ACTING CHARADE.

FRENCHMAN.

BY M. S. S.

Characters.

CHARLES, a young student.

MRS. GLENN, his aunt.

AMELIA, her daughter.

SCENE I.—FRENCH.

SCENE.—A parlor; sofa, table, chairs. Enter AMELIA, in a morning costume, with a book in her hand.

Amelia. (*Yawning.*) Was ever girl's life more harassed, or brain more tormented than mine is by this tiresome study called French? I'll be the victim of mamma's ambition I'm sure, and drop off one of these days, and the verdict will be an overtasked head, a lesson to cruel, aspiring mothers. Mamma thinks I'm afflicted with what she calls an unrefined, disgraceful indisposition to intellectual improvement. And Aunt Prue (spiteful old thing!) accuses me of suffering from a disordered imagination and most unbecoming fancies on the shocking subject of beaux, love, and so on. As if (*contemptuously*) any girl in her senses ever listened to the croakings of an old maid in the sear and yellow leaf. Oh, dear! (*Leans wearily back on the sofa.*) Mamma might as well discard all hopes of making me a French scholar, for it is clear that whatever my mind does run on it is not French. Oh, me! oh, me! (*Sighs.*)

Enter CHARLES.

Charles. Dearest cousin, what troubles the fair Amelia? Frowns are foreign to her brow.

Amelia. O cousin Charles, 'tis this dull, tiresome French which upsets me so.

Charles. (*Taking a seat by her on the sofa.*) Let's see the difficulty, coz. (*Reads.*) Aimer, to love. (*Aside.*) A most auspicious circumstance. (*Aloud.*) My charming Amelia, call me a dolt if I do not lead you through the mazes of this interesting verb and—

Amelia. (*Joyfully.*) You are a dear, delightful cousin.

Charles. (*Admiringly.*) And you the most adorable, beautiful little girl in Charleston.

Amelia. (*Smilingly.*) Now, Charles, I—I declare you are—

Charles. (*Kissing her hand.*) The most infatuated adorer of cousin Amelia's charms.

Amelia. (*Coquettishly.*) How very tiresome and stupid you are to-day, Charles.

Charles. Well, cousin, a truce to nonsense, and I will endeavor to be more agreeable. And let us begin now to unravel this "inextricable tangle" in your brain. My name is not Charles Grey if I do not prove myself a capital teacher. Trust to your cousin, and your delicate comprehension will soon understand the whole state of my affect—Ahem!—of—of—the case. (*They read together.*) Now, cousin, repeat after me. J'aime—I love.

Amelia. (*Repeats.*) J'aime—I love.

Charles. (*Very tenderly.*) Je t'aime—I love thee.

Amelia. (*As if very much astonished.*) Why, Charles, that's not right.

Charles. (*In astonishment.*) What! not right? I assure you it is as true as the sun shines.

Amelia. (*Affectedly.*) How very foolish and ridiculous.

Charles. (*Warmly.*) Why, dearest, I really flattered myself that I was giving the most lucid of explanations, and agreeable of lessons. Now, cousin, you must learn by heart, and impress upon your memory this important fact, viz: Je vous aime—I love you. One point conceded, we'll go on to the next. (*They read together aloud until they come to "nous aimons," when CHARLES falls upon his knees, and takes AMELIA'S hand.*) Say, beloved Amelia, that nous aimons—we love. If I have not been presumptuous and mistaken, those flattering smiles, tender looks, and tell-tale blushes—do we not love, indeed?

Amelia. (*Very much confused.*) This is—is most improper, most unbecoming.

Charles. (*Vehemently.*) I will never rise until your sweet lips have confirmed my hopes by an entrancing yes, or blasted them by a cruel no! Say, Amelia, say!

Amelia. (*Softly.*) Yes, Charles.

Charles. (*Rising gayly.*) Truly, cousin? Don't you agree, dearest, that I am a capital teacher, and that French is a most agreeable study? I'm delighted and so elated by my success as instructor, that I am of the opinion I merit a richer reward than this cold pressure of the hand. (*Attempts to kiss her, while she resists.*)

Enter MRS. GLENN.

Mrs. Glenn. (*With uplifted hands and eyes.*) Charles! Amelia!

Charles. (*Starting forward.*) This—this is a—a—most unexpected pleasure, my dearest Aunt Harriet.

Mrs. Glenn. (*Sarcastically.*) And a most unwelcome intrusion. (*To AMELIA.*) Leave the room. (*To CHARLES.*) Well, sir? (*Sternly.*)

[Exit AMELIA.]

Charles. Dear aunt, you—you see I've been assisting Amelia in her French lesson. My aid has been most efficient, I assure you.

Mrs. Glenn. (*Scornfully.*) And the occupation of the most satisfactory nature, I presume. You will adjourn to the parlor, sir, where I will follow to learn the meaning of this most outrageous, ungentlemanly conduct.

[Exit CHARLES, bowing low.]

Mrs. Glenn. I see very well how matters are tending with those two simpletons. All efforts on my part to make Amelia an accomplished French scholar will be nipped in the bud, if I do not at once and resolutely put a veto on that

sentimental popinjay's advances. Amelia has inherited all of her father's plebeian ideas about love. Love and marriage, indeed! Marriage and money has a more comfortable sound now. A mere boy, won't come into his inheritance for at least two years, and Amelia but fifteen. I'll stop it, I'll stop it! (*With determination.*) French and nothing but French is the order of the day in this house. [*Exit.*]

(*Curtain falls.*)

SCENE II.—MAN.

SCENE.—*The same parlor. MRS. GLENN and CHARLES sitting at a little distance apart.*

Mrs. Glenn. (Sneeringly.) I am prepared to hear what you have to say, sir.

Charles. (Boldly.) I'll just tell the truth, dear aunt, and say that I love Amelia.

Mrs. Glenn. (In great astonishment.) Love! Amelia! What next, young sir?

Charles. The fact is, dear madam, Amelia loves me.

Mrs. Glenn. (Indignantly.) You are a presumptuous coxcomb, sir! Both of you are in the incipient stages of insanity, and fit subjects for Bedlam. My daughter was an unsophisticated, obedient, studious girl until she became contaminated by your teachings, boy.

Charles. You astonish me, dearest aunt. My conduct has been throughout our intercourse most manly, my conversation marked by the utmost discretion and affection of which a man—

Mrs. Glenn. (Impatiently and sarcastically.) You a man, or act as a man! That presupposes the brains of one, sir, and the years of one. You a man! Ha! ha! The boy's conceit amuses me.

Charles. (Aside.) What in the fiend's name does the old harridan understand me to be? (*Aloud.*) *Mrs. Glenn,* I beg leave to say that your language is perfectly incomprehensible. If I am not a man at this moment, there will be no period in which I can arrive at that state of dignity. I stand six feet in my boots, an elevation few attain to. (*Dramatically.*) A generous, manly soul; a tender, loving spirit.

Mrs. Glenn. Cease your superfluous rhapsodies, boy.

Charles. Boys love as warmly and vehemently as men do. (*Impatiently.*) And my deluded aunt, what film or mist obscures your vision, that you persist in the absurd fol—the delusive fancy that I am no man?

Mrs. Glenn. (Rising.) No more of this. My will is as unchangeable as the law of the Medes and Persians.

Charles. (Earnestly.) But, beloved Aunt Harriet, you would not surely be so cruel as to blight two loving spirits by the "black frost" of a heartless, brutal separation? Oh, listen to my beseeching, and give Amelia to my arms!

Mrs. Glenn. Patience assist me. Hear this eighteen year-old stripling, with the slight suspicion of down upon his lip, a very Tyro in love, ha! ha! Two love-sick nonentities, with heads full of groves, and love, moonlight, and starlight. The maudlin sentiments of—

Charles. Stop, aunt, I will not suffer my heart and its sacred affections to be the football of your relentless sarcasm.

Mrs. Glenn. Enough, sir. You set not foot within the portals of this house until you are old enough.

Charles. (Aside.) To come into my property.

Mrs. Glenn. By years, and a corresponding improvement in mind and manners to merit the much desired appellation of man.

[*Exit MRS. GLENN.*]

Charles. Jupiter and Mars, what an old Jezebel! I'll blow up with indignation, like a balloon. To tell me to my very face that I'm not a man. Why, I've been a man, in my own estimation at least, and that's something, for the last five years. I believe I'll marry Sally Jones to spite her. But no, that would be most unmanly to thus break poor Amelia's heart. So I will set to work and outwit old Zantippe, and will prove myself a craven if I'm daunted by the raffery of a woman. Pshaw! the weaker, inferior creature. My precious auntie, you are pleased to call me a boy, but in less than a week I'll prove to you that I possess the brains of a man, if not the years of one. [*Exit.*]

[*Curtain falls.*]

FRENCHMAN.

SCENE III.—*The same parlor. Enter MONSIEUR PERSIFLAGE.*

Mons. Persiflage. Je suis sharmed zo see zo madame zis matin.

Mrs. Glenn. Take a seat, monsieur. I presume that you are the French teacher in answer to my advertisement?

Mons. Persiflage. (Bowing very low.) Monsieur Persiflage at votre service, ma chère madame.

Mrs. Glenn. (Aside.) There is quite a finish about his style, and such elegance in pronunciation. (*Aloud.*) You see, monsieur, it's my dearest wish to see my daughter an accomplished French scholar, and to that end it is absolutely necessary to place her under the superintendence of a Frenchman.

Mons. Persiflage. C'est ça, madame. One who is familair vis ze langue, and vrainment, ze education of ze female exige ze profundity and ze firmness of ze esprit masculin zo guide zem in ze manair comme il faut.

Mrs. Glenn. (Delightedly.) Monsieur, my own sentiments are completely in accordance with yours.

Mons. Persiflage. (Aside.) For the first time in our lives, then. (*Aloud.*) I'm enchapté zo hear ze madame say so.

Mrs. Glenn. We agree *precisely* on that point. In order that my daughter may be entirely devoted to her studies, I've debarred her all society until such time as with refined judgment and matured vision she may understand life as it is, and not see it with the eyes of fifteen, to whom everything seems—

Mons. Persiflage. Couleur de rose, madame, couleur de rose.

Mrs. Glenn. Exactly. Now, monsieur, it is with entire satisfaction that I yield my daughter's education to one like yourself, who has arrived at that dignified age which leaves youthful follies behind.

Mons. Persiflage. (Solemnly.) As you say, madame, ze society of ze young man is zo very—

Mrs. Glenn. Oh, very detrimental, indeed!

Mons. Persiflage. Ah, madame. (Sighs.) Ze storms of troubles and ze weight of care have changed zese locks.

Mrs. Glenn. (Sympathizingly.) That's the experience of us all, poor earth worms. Teaches experience, my friend, teaches experience.

Mons. Persiflage. Certainement, of course.

Enter AMELIA.

Mrs. Glenn. Here is my daughter. Amelia, Mons. Persiflage, a Frenchman of scientific attainments, and an instructor of no common merit.

Amelia. (Aside.) An odious, bewhiskered Frenchman, and old as the hills, too.

Mons. Persiflage. (Bowing.) I am from Paris, mademoiselle, where I took ze first honneur for ze Belle-lettres, and evaire since I have been devoted to the interests and enseignment of ze demoiselles.

Amelia. (Aside.) A conceited old acknapes!

Mrs. Glenn. I go to order lunch, in the meantime, Amelia, you can improve your acquaintance with your future instructor.

Exit MRS. GLENN.

Mons. Persiflage. (Goes up to AMELIA, and takes off his wig and moustache.)

Amelia. Charles! Is it possible! How could you be so rash? What will mamma say?

Charles. My dearest, she will know nothing of it until after luncheon, for I'm as hungry as a horse, having travelled twenty miles to-day. After I've partaken of the good cheer I'll make everything all right. Trust me, my darling; but here comes madame!

Enter MRS. GLENN, followed by a servant, bearing a tray of refreshments.

Amelia. (Aside.) I know I'll betray myself.

Mrs. Glenn. Will monsieur partake of some refreshments? (They all sit around the table.)

Mons. Persiflage. Madame is one vraie Lady Bountiful, and zis is one wondrous contree, where ze ladies (looking at AMELIA with admiration) is zo beautiful and ze productions zo bountiful. (To the ladies, and himself largely.)

Mrs. Glenn. (Aside.) Monsieur certainly appreciates the latter.

Mons. Persiflage. As I said, madame, zo teach and direct ze female mind was my forte, my strong point, ze sujet is vraiment charming, charming (glancing admiringly at AMELIA), who drops her handkerchief. (MONS. PERSIFLAGE drops on one knee to return it, and shyly kisses her hand, which MRS. GLENN perceives.)

Mrs. Glenn. (Stiffly.) Will Monsieur Persiflage resume his seat? Monsieur forgets himself!

Mons. Persiflage. Madame, I zee you not understand ze manaire Française, si demonstratif, si entusiastique is ze manaire Française, ha! ha!

Mrs. Glenn. (Aside.) I must keep my eyes on this demonstrative Frenchman, who has transgressed the rules of propriety by kissing Amelia's hand, and the rules of decency by eating like a gourmand. (The servant in adjusting something on the table, knocks off MONS. PERSIFLAGE'S wig.)

Mons. Persiflage. (Starting up.) Scelerat! Villain! (Aside.) Audacity befriend me, for the game is up now!

Mrs. Glenn. (Surprised.) Charles, what does this mean?

Charles. That I'm Mons. Persiflage, a Frenchman, teacher to Cousin Amelia, or plain Charles Grey, if you so desire it.

Mrs. Glenn. (Rising in great anger.) Leave my house, sir! this moment, sir! How dare you steal this thief's march upon two virtuous, unprotected women?

Charles. I'm sure, dear aunt, that I took a most legitimate course. You advertise for a Frenchman, I personate him to your entire satisfaction; for I think we agreed *exactly*, a few moments ago.

Mrs. Glenn. Leave my presence, sir! Your conduct has been scandalous. You have outraged every principle of decency and honor. I discard you henceforth from my house and heart. From my house, sir, which you have entered like a—a burglar, a vagabond, and from my heart, as I would uproot from my affection any iniquitous scion of my honored name.

Charles. Reflect, dear aunt, on your cruel words, which, at this time of affliction, leave a sting of untold bitterness. You are now the only near relative I have left to me in this world. Poor Uncle Tom Hilton died last week.

Mrs. Glenn. What! your father's brother dead?

Charles. Alas! it is too true; and, indeed, my trials are not over yet; for, to one of your superior wisdom, you will understand how embarrassing the management of his large estate will be to me. A mere boy. At my tender age!

Mrs. Glenn. (Laughing.) Don't speak of it, you rogue. You have acquitted yourself of the

charge of a lack of brain, and must forgive and forget, my dear boy.

Charles. (Aside.) How tender she is. I always knew she had a substratum of softness in the granite of her heart, which I have touched at last.

Mrs. Glenn. (Delightedly.) My dearest nephew. What a glorious fortune!

Charles. A cool two thousand a year, besides my own fortune when I'm a man; and Hill-side farm, too.

Mrs. Glenn. Don't speak of it, you amusing scamp. As if I could ever refuse you anything for long. How you did act the part of Frenchman! You are a clever fellow, Charles. Ha! ha! ha!

Charles. (Modestly.) And you will give me the dear Amelia, aunt?

Mrs. Glenn. Most undoubtedly, dear boy, for you have acquitted yourself of a want of ability. To be sure you both are rather young, but that is a matter easily got over.

Charles. (Kissing her hand joyously.) Heaven bless you, beloved Aunt Harriette. You have made two hearts blest, and I begin to think that, with a few hints and a little *sensible* advice from yourself, I may really undertake my responsibilities, and if I play my part as husband as well as I have done that of Frenchman, do you think, dear folks, that Amelia need regret the venture?

Exit.

[*Curtain falls.*]

GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS IN DRAWING.

LESSON X.

FIGURE AND OBJECT DRAWING (*Continued*).

IN the sketch of an old oak, given in Fig. 33,

Fig. 33.



the weeds and small patch of foliage are kept in shadow, so as to support the tree. If these were kept light, the whole effect would be lost.

The moss-rose in Fig. 34 must be drawn in the same manner as the other flowers.

Fig. 35 is a scroll from the antique. In the first place, the outline must be carefully put in; the shading of the ground next done as flat and as even as possible; next, the details of the

Fig. 34.



leaves; and, lastly, the shadows and the broken part round the whole.

The sketch in Fig. 36 is treated under a broad effect of light, the upper part relieved by the foliage in the background, the old fence on either

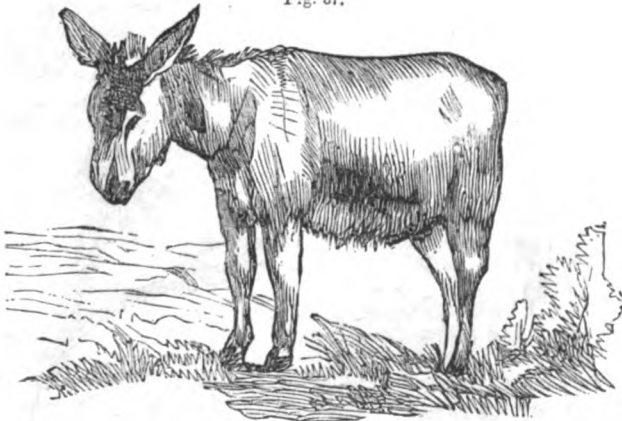
Fig. 35.



Fig. 36.



Fig. 37.



side being kept dark. The pupil will do well to look out for an object in the fields similar to this, and sketch it from various points of view.

The mule sketched in Fig. 37 must be carefully outlined, then pencilled in a vigorous manner, so as to give the rough effect.

LINES.

(*Affectionately inscribed to Mrs. T. R. BIGGS, near Milford, Ohio.*)

BY JENNIE D. LANGDON.

In the hushed sweetness of that summer evening
The heavenly music thrilled upon her ear,
As she lay drifting far from our caressing
Without a single fear.

Pure as a flower, her life was gently closing
As some fair blossom fades,
So sweetly calm, we knew not she was dying
When fell the twilight shades.

But to her purer eyes the pearly portals
Of heaven were open wide;
Its shining ones were waiting to receive her
To waft her o'er the tide.

"I'm dying now, mamma, I hear the angels,"
Murmured our precious one, so briefly lent.
Now in their song around the Throne Eternal
Her own sweet voice is blent.

MY VALISE AND I.

BY EDGAR WAYNE.

I.

THEY all said it was nonsense; mother, and uncle, and all, all but Celia. She never at that time condemned any project of mine in any such harsh and impolite terms. What she may take license to do hereafter in our new relations to each other will be as she pleases, and I cannot help myself.

Besides, there was a quiz of a fellow, Jack Curtis, who had been everywhere, including New York and Philadelphia, and had made a trip down the Mississippi to New Orleans. And he could talk like a book, and romance like a traveller—yea, even like that prince of romancers, a commercial traveller—about all the things, the persons, and the places he had seen, and a great many that he had not. But I, poor I, knew nothing but Boston, and Nahant, and a few leading places in New England. I had tried Mount Desert, but Jack told me that was nothing to the Balize. I don't think the lobster packing place is much like the mouth of the Mississippi. Jack flanked Bangor with St. Augustine, and capped the White Mountains with the Alleghanies. Produce whatever I would, he went "one better," and threw me constantly into the shade with "I've seen, and sure I ought to know." Celia and I found some satisfaction in deciding between ourselves that he was only a travelled donkey. But still the facts remained that Jack had travelled, and I had not. The woman who loves does not like to see her lover placed at any disadvantage.

So, Celia abetting me, I resolved that I would spend my summer vacation in travel. I was not quite equal to undertaking a voyage to Europe; time and money were too limited for that. And Celia and I agreed that some such flight should be reserved for our wedding tour. I would "do" New York and Philadelphia—

"Take heed, young man," said Jack Curtis, "that you do not get *done*."

I scorned to notice the interruption—Pittsburg, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Detroit, Buffalo, and Niagara, and come home by the way of the Lakes, the St. Lawrence, and Montreal. My uncle insisted that I should also have an eye to business. I did not like that. I desired to "sink the tailor," and be purely a gentleman travelling for pleasure. The most that Jack Curtis could boast was that he had travelled on business. But I could not hold that course of reasoning with my uncle, whose old mercantile ideas of the honor of travelling were quite the other way. He was not ashamed of business, and I did not quite dare to let him perceive that I was. He sugar-coated the pill with the promise of a double commission on all my negotiations. Besides, the correspondents of our house, to whom I had letters, would stand

to me in the light of hosts and entertainers. And I farther comforted myself with the fact noted in my hitherto limited experience, that customers who want "extension" are always readiest in the "extension of hospitalities." There are compensations in this world even for commercial travellers.

Mr. Punch, celebrated for wisdom, gives minute instructions how to pack a gentleman's valise. It is no inconsiderable art, let me tell you. Wives are supposed to pack their husbands', and not a few, after the honeymoon is over, are only too glad to send their gentlemen packing. But I am—I mean I was—a bachelor at the eventful time when my valise was packed on its memorable journey. I would not trust my mother to do it. She would be sure to put my cigars—you cannot depend upon hotel cigars—where my razor would infallibly immolate them. And, failing in that mischief, she would have been too eloquent upon smoke. It is not wise to permit the ladies of your household—mother, sisters, or wife, to see more than two or three of the weeds at a time. A larger number provokes arithmetical calculations. So I packed my valise up to a certain point according to Mr. Punch's directions. Everything was carefully "repositied," as Doctor Johnson has it, in its precise place and compartment. So far from Punch. But I did not follow his last direction, which is, when your carpet-bag is full to take your spare boots, and cram them in with your heel.

Off, then, we started, my valise and I. "Going to Squam for a day?" asked my inveterate foe, Jack Curtis, whom I met on the way to the early train. I did not vouchsafe a reply, but walked past Celia's house, who, as per agreement, was at the window to wave her adieux. She was on her knees; her face clad in smiles, and her body, I guess, in her *robe de nuit*, for she did not rise as I passed, or even expose her arm when she kissed her hand to me. I had eaten but a scanty breakfast, which was wise; but had gone out of the way to feast on Celia's smiles, which was not, as thereby I came near losing the train.

Jack Curtis, who was comfortably seated, having reached the station by the shortest cut, smiled intelligent sarcasm at me as I came puffing in. I knew what the scamp meant, but did not give him a chance to put his meaning in words by making any remarks. I gave myself to silent contemplation of my Celia, and also to the mental enumeration of the contents of my valise. All young travellers do that. The contents of the trunklet (there's a new word for Webster's next edition) need not be specified. They may appear in the course of my narrative. I need only observe that they were as valuable to me as a Wall Street broker's tin box is to him. It must be conceded, however, that, as to most of the articles, their chief value was to the owner thereof, as I

had occasion afterward pathetically to remark in an advertisement.

Jack Curtis took an affectionate leave of me in Boston, the end of his daily journey, as it was usually of mine. The rascal! I could have bitten his nose off. For he whispered in my ear, while tears seemed to stand in his eyes, and his voice trembled with emotion, "My dear fellow, *don't* let any creature eat you."

The villain! to intimate that *I* was verdant.

I like travelling, especially do I like railroad travelling. A man who is not too much absorbed in himself to care for other people may make so many delightful acquaintances—the amusement of an hour with no troublesome claims on your attention afterward. It is pleasant to talk of yourself and your plans. Be thus confiding to a brother whom you meet every day, and he may utterly supplant you. Confessions in a railroad car are like confessions to the moon or to the sea; and they are unlike such confessions, too, because you secure an equivalent in talk, whereas all the poets say the moon is a silent moon, and all the noise of the water reported phonographically is still deficient in ideas. For these reasons it is, I suppose, that the tongues of the passengers emulate the speed of the locomotive, except when husbands and wives are travelling together. They can always have talk enough at home, and sometimes too much.

I was very much attracted by a gentleman who was going all the way to Philadelphia. He claimed to be a denizen of that rectangular city, and I have no doubt he was, for he could not sufficiently express his contempt for New York and all its belongings. Upon the dangers which travellers encounter there he was especially eloquent. I concluded to improve so delightful an opportunity as this new acquaintance opened, to "do" Philadelphia first, and take New York on another journey. My new friend had some pressing engagements which would detain him in Third Street, and with delightful frankness informed me that it was necessary for him at once to divest himself of his responsibilities. He would not like everybody in the train to know *his* business, he said, and I fully believe now that he told the truth when he said that. But he would join me at the Continental Hotel, and show me the capacities of such a restaurant there as no hotel in Europe could excel. I knew nothing about Europe, and had a new respect for a gentleman who had that experience.

We safely reached the City of Brotherly Love, my valise and I. Throughout the land the common impression is, like that of my ingenuous fellow-traveller, of whom I lost sight on the ferry boat, that New York excels in roguery as well as in all the other charms of a great city. My experience has shown me that there are knaves outside of that ambitious

metropolis, and pretty adroit knaves too. I put my valise down—oh, woful me!—in what I deemed a safe place. I don't know how many times I could have said "Jack Robinson" before I returned in the full faith of resuming my cherished and only item of baggage. The name of that mythical personage, Mr. Robinson, did not occur to me, and, of course, I did not repeat it. But, when I came and looked for my treasure, my *vade mecum*, it was not there.

Plenty of people saw the man who took it. A colored porter said he "cotched it up just permiscuously as if it was his own." The gentleman from Africa tendered his services to "tote" it, but the obliging lifter declined the proffered assistance with *some* abruptness. I made instant and earnest inquiries regarding his appearance. He was accurately described by the bystanders as neither short nor tall, of no particular height; neither dark nor fair, of no noticeable hue; with eyes that might have been blue, or black, or hazel; with a kind of a slouched hat, and a sort of a light travelling coat, and pantaloons of a neutral tint; with either boots, or brogans, or shoes, or gaiters. I was trying to make out a description for the newspapers, when a policeman suggested:—

"No use. Them sort of travellers don't wear the same togs two days—no, not two hours together. They change as often as a bang-up young lady at Cape May."

I called on the detective police, and was very politely treated. They made an entry in a register; but, while they were making their entry, my reliever was making off, and I was left lamenting. I did write an advertisement, and, if the valise had contained matters of any great negotiable value, I might have offered "handsome inducements." But the par price of "memory's treasures" and the "wealth of associations" do not warrant any extravagant outlay in the recovery. So I wrote a modest advertisement, and when I took it to the office discovered that somebody had relieved me of my purse also. "Here was a pretty time of day," I said, and, apropos to the exclamation, felt for my hunting-case Waltham watch. That was gone too. I went to the Continental and registered my name.

"Baggage?" inquired the clerk.

Alas! for my valise, my warrant of respectability, my pledge of capacity to pay. I had no such voucher. I waited confidently for my friend of the railroad to make me all right on the hotel record. But, alas! my confidence was confidence misplaced. I ventured to tell my story to the clerk. He politely informed me that if I waited till *that* gentleman arrived, I had better class myself among the permanent boarders in the establishment.

I withdrew to a chair in the parlor, and sat down to think. And whom do you suppose I thought of? "Celia, of course," you answer.

Yes, *some*; but I thought a vast deal more of that dreadful Jack Curtis and his ominous warning.

II.

I WALKED out into Chestnut Street. I found a friend whom I had never seen before, nor have I seen him since, but we have corresponded, and he has received back the advance he made to me with many thanks. And we are now literally as well as emblematically "on the square."

Under different and more auspicious circumstances I have since found Philadelphia a very pleasant place. But then I would not have stayed in the city for all of Stephen Girard's old boots, which are carefully stored away in the marble buildings of the college, and where no clergyman is permitted to enter the place and look at under any pretence. I repaired to the hotel office with *mens conscia recti*, and a pocket conscious of greenbacks, paid my reckoning in advance, and secured a railroad ticket in the earliest train. Then, having fortified and lubricated the inner man, I consoled myself with the reflection that things might have been worse, which is a pleasant thing to consider, you know, and full of consolation. To be sure those elegant neckties which Celia embroidered for me, and various other much considered trifles, were gone forever and forever. And uncle's letters of introduction—they too were lost, and they had cost the old gentleman so much trouble. But why would he persist in forcing them upon me?

I made no stay in New York, but booked myself through to Boston. Right glad was I to be again in sight of the "hub." But I did not tarry there. My vacation had still three weeks to run, and I had nothing to say to my uncle which required haste or of which I was particularly proud. And when I was safe at home again, and had survived the ordeal of all the gentle questionings, the "how could you be so careless?" of my mamma, the indignant comments of my Celia (indignant on the thief, but hurting me somewhat in the recoil), and the mock commiseration of my *bete noir*, Jack Curtis; when I say I had survived all this, and replaced my fancy meerschaum, there came such a renewal of my vexations as mortal man never could have anticipated.

My name is—well, say Norval. That will do as well for the country which confesses the three mounts for its capital as for the Graupian Hills. I called one evening upon my Celia, and was made to look as sheepish as any of old Norval's flock. Celia was pouting. Now that was not quite a surprise, for I had on previous occasions observed a tendency in her lips to aggravate themselves into a tumorous and protuberant development. But it was not

a symptom any the more pleasant for all that. Repetition does not make *all* things tolerable. My dear young ladies, young Norval begs you to make a note of that sage remark when you are tempted to repeat tears and frowns. Once in a while they will answer their end, but not too often. Men's hearts are hammered hard by too frequent showers of tears, and their faces become set as a flint when their loves petrify them too often with frowns.

But, as the French say, Celia had reason. The village newspaper had in its "poet's corner" a sonnet to Celia's eyes. It was supposed that Celia had, in the casket in which she keeps her jewels, the only copy in existence, of the sonnet, the author's excepted. The author's copy, alas! was in *that* valise. The wretched thief, whoever he was, in the refinement of unprovoked malice, had sent it to some newspaper. To trace it to its first appearance was impossible. For when an estray of that kind once gets afloat, it soon loses all marks of its origin. You might as well try to ascertain from a chip, drifting in the dock, at what place it started.

This trouble was soon surmounted. Celia was only too glad that they could not also print in the newspapers the lock of her hair which was wrapped up in the sonnet. We decided to keep our own counsel; and as the poet's corner in a newspaper is the last thing read, and the first forgotten, and as Jack Curtis—whose turn is *not* for poetry, did not chance to discover the sonnet, we might soon have forgotten this *contretemps*, even if worse had not happened.

But my mother received, one morning, from her brother, my uncle, a note, the contents of which were sufficiently stunning. It read:—

"When your graceless son returns from his wild excursion, if he thinks that he has accomplished enough in the way of abusing my confidence, and disgracing his family, tell him to condescend to come at once to me, that we may examine accounts, and close a connection which I can no longer endure."

This was an astonishment. I certainly ought to have called upon the old gentleman before, having been home full three weeks. It was *not* very respectful. But I had had no desire to meet anybody unexpectedly, or to account to more persons than I could help for my sudden return. No doubt Jack Curtis had told all our fellows in Boston of my mishap; and it had come to uncle's ears, with notes and glosses, and emendations. But I could not think that so simple a thing as losing a valise was really so "wild" and "disgraceful." Neither was the theft the abuse of anybody's "confidence," except my own. I was willing to confess to carelessness—but, "disgrace?" Nonsense. I would confound the old gentleman with the air and words of injured innocence.

When I entered the little glass box in which I had often received advice and admonition,

uncle rose, as I thought to welcome me. I had my hand ready, but he did not offer his. He opened a drawer and produced a western newspaper. Without saying so much as "good-morning," he pointed me to a paragraph under the head of "Amusements :"—

"The 'First Appearance on any Stage,' at the Congo Opera House, night before last, was a tremendous success. The young gentleman from the Eastern States who made his *débüt*, demonstrated that high art!"—

And so on, through all the rest of it, for which see the newspapers everywhere. But in another part of the paper, under the head of "Latest Locals," there was quite a sensation paragraph. The young gentleman who was to have made his second appearance, did not appear, much to the disappointment of the public, more to the disappointment of his landlord, and most to the chagrin of sundry "patrons of the drama," who held his "I O U's." He had decamped from his hotel, sure of the remembrance, kind or otherwise, but rather otherwise, of his host and fellow boarders. He had left his valise behind; and though, on opening, it proved to be full of paving-stones, they were not of such current value as is expressed in the western phrase, "a pocket full of rocks." Nevertheless there was found something to reward the search. The supposed real name of the adventurer was discovered by a tender letter addressed to him in a lady's hand, and signed "Celia." (Oh, murder!) And the address of the letter was found to correspond with the remains of an inscription on a brass plate, which had been partially obliterated. That name the editor kindly suppressed, out of regard to the feelings of a merchant prince, etc. etc. [N.B. The newspaper inclosed a circular with terms of paper and advertising, and assertions setting forth that the said journal circulated more extensively than all the other newspapers on the continent combined.]

The landlord was not so magnanimous. From him my respected uncle received a letter with a demand for board and "extras," the latter item including spoons, trinkets, and other light articles, the disappearance of which was simultaneous with that of the aforesaid negro minstrel. And the epistle concluded with a request for prompt payment, and a threat of exposure in default thereof.

"Well?" said my respected relative, after I had perused the documents.

I told my story.

"Careless," said my uncle, "con-found-ed care-less! I don't wonder you slunk home to your mother. Don't let Delia or Delilah!"—

"Celia," I interposed, vexed, but half laughing.

"Don't let Celia hear of her letter in the hands of the newspaper reporters, or she will turn Delilah and remove your hair without shears. I told you that you had better stay at

home." And the verification of the soundness of his advice removed all his displeasure. Such is human nature. Let events indorse anybody's "I told you so," and his or her anger is removed at once. I had to write a letter explanatory, the old gentleman added a line of indorsement; and the newspaper was furnished notes for such an article of romantic intelligence, served up with rhetorical ornaments and reportorial flourishes, as it had not indulged in before for many a day. Of course uncle "subscribed," and forwarded an advertisement. Never was there one which told better. But this is running before my story.

I resumed my work forthwith. Uncle thought I had taken vacation enough. And so did I. But little did I guess what profitable work the next day was to bring me.

There came a telegraph stating that certain bales of cotton had been negotiated for, to be delivered at Cincinnati. A draft on Norval & Co., drawn by Norval, Jr., was offered in payment. "Would it be honored?"

"Telegraph no!" said my uncle, in a fury. "This scoundrel has got our signature, and will play the deuce with us!"

"Cotton is up, and going up," said I. "Suppose I telegraph 'yes,' and order it shipped to New York instead of Cincinnati?"

"Good again," said my uncle. "You are not quite a fool. And you shall have the profits for your cleverness."

It is not necessary to detail all that the newspapers brought us; or to mention the half of the notoriety which my poor name obtained through the proceedings of the rogue who had made such use of the contents of my valise. Fortunately there was but one of Celia's letters among the papers, and I telegraphed for that, secured and burned it; a process which I recommend henceforth to all lovers who are not ambitious of notoriety.

In due course of mail came the bill of lading for my cotton. In the letter inclosing it the factor stated that the young gentleman was quite indignant at the change of destination.

"You must go to New York and meet that consignment yourself," said my uncle.

And so I did. Jack Curtis was in the same train, which I did not regret, as I wished to show him that once a fool is not always a fool. We walked together upon our several errands. Just as we entered the consignee's office a man slipped out, whom I thought I had seen before. I followed to the street, and called after him. But he did not hear, and I lost sight of him.

"Mr. Norval!" said the consignee, opening my letter. "Why, there has been a party here already about that cotton. I think he said his name was Norval."

"Indeed!" I answered. "There must be some mistake."

I was just in time. As I turned the matter in my mind, I was convinced that the retreat-

ing party was no other than my travelling companion. I talked it over with Curtis in the evening. "Not a doubt of it," he said. "O Norval, but you were precious green! I would like to see the man who can rob me!"

He saw that man sooner than he desired. We went out after dinner. I felt safe with Curtis, and he felt safe under all circumstances. There was what the New York boys call a "muss." He rushed in; while I would have kept him out. It was nothing but a dog in a fit; and as we backed out of the crowd, Curtis gave tongue:—

"Stop thief!"

I throttled the man who stood next to me. I was all unmindful of his handsome "getting up." For I had learned that fashionable costumes do not necessarily imply that honest men are in them. The fellow struggled away from me, but left part of his outfit in my hand. He stayed for no questions, and did not even remonstrate on my rough treatment. Jack Curtis was minus his pocket-book and watch. Of course we did not catch the thief, though there was a run, and a hue and cry. I was pretty sure that the felon was the last in the race, and that he called "stop thief!" with more energy than all the others. There was nothing for us but to go back to our hotel. "Will you lodge information with the police?" I asked.

"Bother the police!" answered Curtis. "If you have not newspaper notoriety enough, in that direction, I do not want any. When I lost my watch before"—

"Oh, ho!" said I.

He had made a careless admission. And it was now my turn to be sarcastic. He endured roasting for a few moments, and then broke out:—

"Say, Norval! I don't deserve any favors of you, I know. But if you will keep dark on this, I never will tease you again."

We struck hands on that. And then he admitted me into his confidence, relating divers mishaps, of a similar nature to that in my one great experience. While I was listening to his narrative, my hand found its way to my pocket to be sure that I too had not lost something in the late encounter. I felt an unexpected deposit; and drew forth—one of Celia's neckties, which I had pulled from the neck of the thief, pocketed and forgotten. Jack and I had then been the victims of the same rogue, or gang of rogues. First we—well, no matter what we said. It was not complimentary, at any rate.

I realized on my cotton, just as the market was on the turn; and, for once, a forged draft was converted to the benefit of quite another person than the one intended by the forger.

Jack was as good as his word, and better—not only never insinuating jokes at my expense, but pronouncing me, in all companies, one of the keenest business men he had ever met. I

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do think, myself, that cotton operation was a good one. It furnished the money for the first and heaviest payment on my new house in Boston. And uncle soon after took me into his firm.

We were married in due time, Celia and I. Uncle at the wedding was mysteriously witty on careless correspondents, but we let him enjoy his own fun. I had before that taken good care that nobody else should surprise my bride with the story of her letter and the newspaper comments thereon. So uncle was anticipated. If you don't want secrets betrayed to the wrong person, the best way is to take that person into the mystery yourself.

And now for the last circumstance in this history of my valise and I. In consideration of the loss the Western landlord had sustained through my carelessness, I commissioned the editor of the *Western Hemisphere* to pay the board bill, rejecting the claim for spoons. And as a memento of my adventure, I desired him to forward that valise by express. He filled the vacuum, which the abstraction of my personals had caused, with "exchanges" of late date, that is to say newspapers, an article on which the true editor places the highest value. In one of these, printed in an out-of-the-way corner of the world, I read:—

"The outraged sentiments of this community found vent upon two horse thieves last night. They had escaped from jail, where they were awaiting trial, but it was an escape from a long trial to a short shrift. The citizens recaptured them, and hung them for safe keeping to the boughs of a tree. The sheriff regained possession of the prisoners after some parley with their captors. But it is scarcely necessary to add that it was not until all danger of their running away again was effectually stopped.

"One of the outlaws was a coarse wretch who commanded no commiseration. The other had evidently been the object of higher hopes and aspirations than thus to perish by the spontaneous and summary, though just indignation of our citizens. His clothing, though tattered, showed the former care of affection, and we could almost have wept for her whose delicate fingers pencilled 'Norval' on his linen with indelible ink."

This "pathos and bathos delightful to see" moved my risibles, even though it were a hanging matter. It is remarkable how quietly the "independent press" can speak of murder, while the tree still stands on which the subjects of it were suspended. Well, I certainly did not desire that the rogue should have been hanged because he took my valise. But, since he was hanged, it was only justice that he should swing in one of my stolen shirts.

Here endeth the chronicle of my valise.

THE human heart is often the victim of the sensations of the moment; success intoxicates it to presumption, but disappointment dejects and terrifies it.—*Folney*.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

FICHU FOR THE HEAD OR NECK (CROCHET).

Materials.—Two colors are required, or one color and white, in Pyrenees wool, and half an ounce of each color in Andalusian; No. 12 crochet hook.

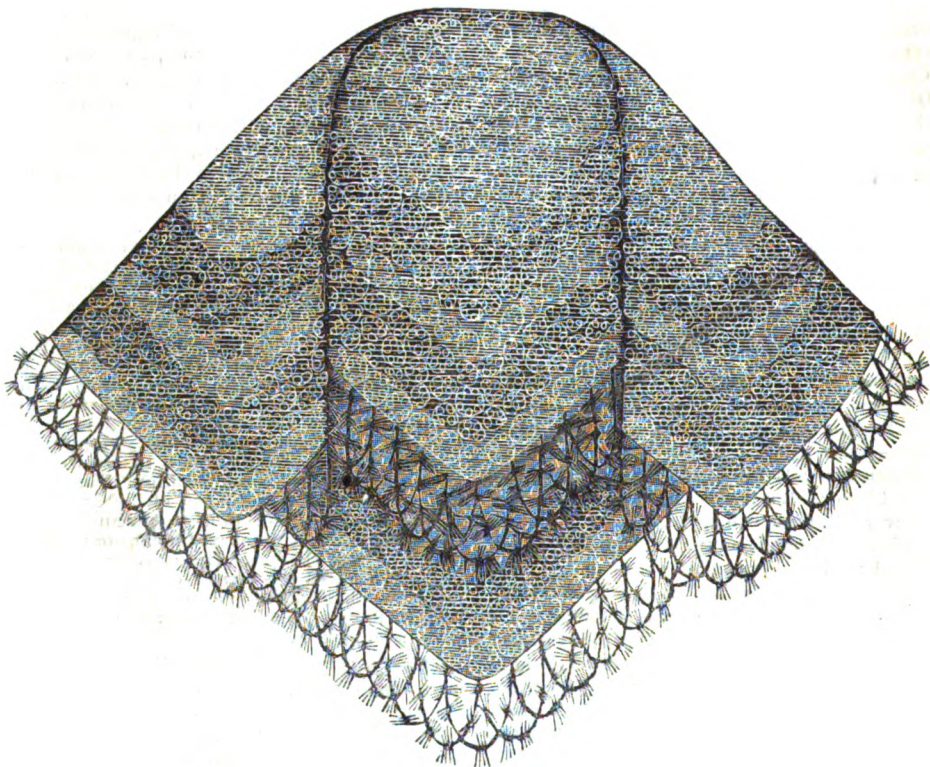
If worn on the head, it should be so folded that the fichu is 3 doubles in the centre, with a small point formed by the corner on each side; the other corners then hang down in the shape of lappets. It is placed on the head in the same manner as the little morning caps so much in vogue. It can be used square, as a neckhandkerchief, and we recommend the stitch most strongly, working in elder yarn or Shetland wool for a shawl.

(this is to form the increase for the corner), 7 ch, 1 dc in the 4th ch of 4th lp, 7 ch, 1 dc in 4th ch of 5th lp, 7 ch, 1 dc in same ch as the last dc, 7 ch 1 dc in 4th ch of 6th loop, 7 ch, 1 dc in 4th ch of 7th loop. Work another loop of 7 and dc in the same chain as last dc, 7 ch, 1 dc in 4th ch of 8th loop, 7 ch, 1 dc in the 4th single at the commencement of the round, 7 ch, 1 dc in same loop again.

Continue the work in this manner, always increasing each round on the corner loops by making an extra loop. Work 15 more rounds in gold.

17th. Join the dark shade, and work 4 rounds.

21st. Join the gold; work 2 rounds.



The pattern is worked in gold and maroon; 2 skeins of gold, 1 of maroon.

Make a chain of 12, unite (with gold), 7 chain or ch, 1 plain or double crochet dc in first of the 12 ch, 7 ch, 1 dc in the 3d of 12 ch, 7 ch, 1 dc in 4th of 12 ch, 7 ch, 1 dc in 6th of 12 ch, 7 ch, 1 dc in 7th of 12 ch, 7 ch, 1 dc in 9th of 12 ch, 7 ch, 1 dc in 10th of 12 ch, 7 ch, 1 dc in 12th of 12 ch.

2d round. Work 4 single crochet on the 1st 4 ch of the first loop of 7, then 7 ch, 1 dc in 4th ch of 2d lp of 7, 7 ch, 1 dc in 4th ch in next lp of 7, 7 ch, 1 dc in the same chain as the last dc

23d. Join the dark shade, and work 4 rounds.

27th. Join the gold and work 2 rounds. Fasten off neatly.

THE FRINGE.—Take 6 very long lengths of both shades of Andalusian wool, 5 or 6 yards each length. Fasten the ends together. Wind off on a ball one longer length of the dark color. Tie the 12 lengths together tightly with this ball, without cutting the wool on the ball every half inch. Leave the wool rather easy between each tie; then there will be no fear of cutting the wrong thread. When the whole length is

tied cut across the 12 threads, exactly in the middle of the distance between each tie, leaving little fluffy knots on the thread that tied them together. To mount the fringe on the fichu tie the connecting thread with the same colored wool into the middle of a loop of 7. Miss 8 tufts of fringe, tie again just under the 9th tuft in the 4th loop of 7 from the last. Tie all round in this manner. A second row is put on in exactly the same manner, but must be tied to the 2d of the 3 loops left between the connecting links in the 1st row of fringe. The wool sewn over is cut between each tie.

KNEE CAP.

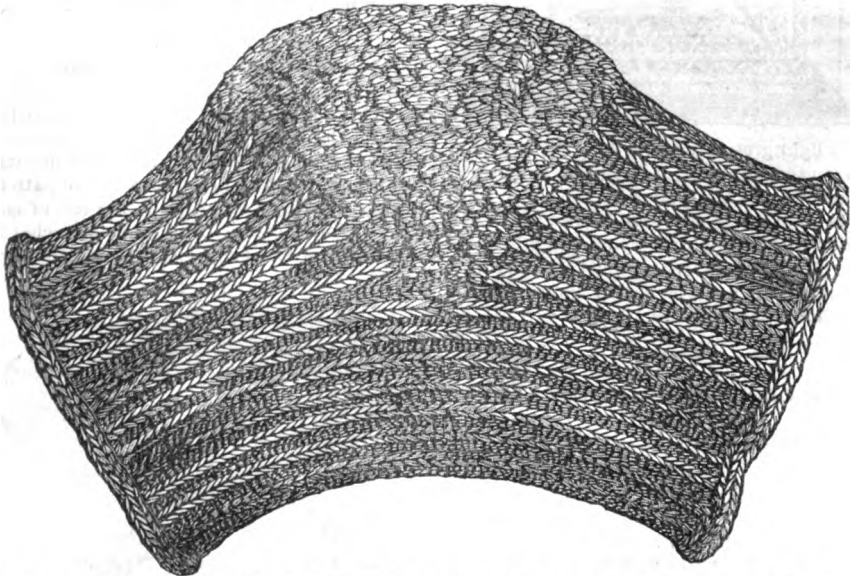
Materials.—One ounce and a half of fine white knitting wool, four steel knitting needles No. 14, bell gauge.

CAST on 112 stitches on three needles, knit 2 and purl 2 alternately, so as to rib it, for 47 rows. With the 48th row begins middle piece or knee cap, which *throughout* is worked in back and forward going rows of purl 4, knit 4. To form little squares, begin the first of the first four rows with purl 4, knit 4, the first of the second four rows with knit 4, purl 4, and so on, changing the commencement of the first of

stitches is reduced to 12. Then pick up 29 stitches on each side, which completes the original number of 112, and work 47 rows all round, knitting 2 and purling 2 alternately, as before, which, practically, finishes the knee warmer. A pink or blue border in crochet work will add greatly to its appearance.

BLOTTING-BOOK COVER.

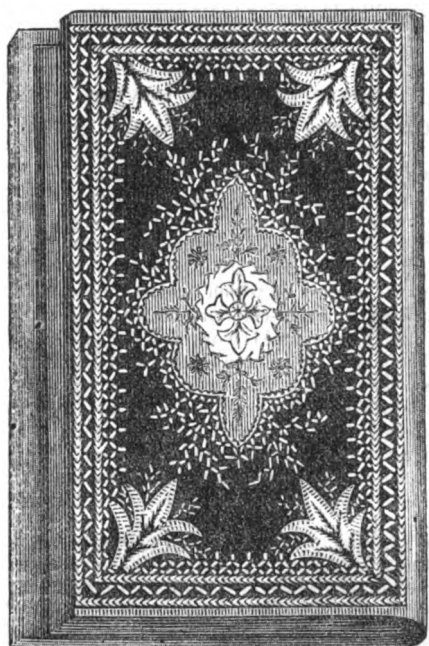
THIS blotting-book cover is worked on black cloth, with cloth patterns of different colors sewn on in *appliqué*. The small circle in the centre is of red cloth, with green knotted stitch in the centre, and rays formed of long black stitches. On the oval, pattern of white cloth, edged with blue coral stitch, work four flowers, the two longest of which are of yellow cloth, edged with garnet-colored Mexico stitch; the veining in the centre is worked with chain stitch in black silk, between two other blue veinings; the two smaller flowers are of blue cloth, edged with yellow Mexico stitch, with veinings in chain stitch worked with red and white silk. After the white oval pattern, cut out a large piece of red cloth, embroidered with 4 stars in railway stitch, black silk and yellow knotted



every 4 rows. Now let off 12 stitches of the last knitted row on a needle, knit on them the first row of the middle piece, and at the end of every following row the nearest of the stitches which are remaining on the other needles, so that the number of stitches of the middle piece is augmented by one at every needle or row. Do this till only 42 stitches of the ribbed part remain. Now knit the middle piece as before, but take off one stitch at the beginning as well as at the end of every row till the number of

stitch in the centre, and four branches worked in the same manner with green silk. On the edge of the red cloth work yellow herring-bone stitch; close to this, on the black cloth, work a row of herring-bone stitch with lighter yellow silk, and then a third row with white silk. The branches on the black ground are wood-colored between two green shades, and another shade of wood-color between two blue ones. The corner patterns are cut out in red cloth, edged with green Mexico stitch; the veinings in coral stitch are

worked with different shades of yellow, the lightest shades in the middle. The branches are blue, in coral stitch, on the black ground. For the border, the lines which form the frame are worked in chain stitch with red silk. Inside these lines work dark green herring-bone stitch,



then a light green row with long white stitch. Between the lines work diamonds in long stitch, blue on one side and yellow on the other, with crosses alternately green and red. The cloth remains without embroidery on the other side of the blotting-book, which must be lined with watered-silk paper; leaves of blotting-paper are fastened in the centre.

MUFF CROCHETED IN IMITATION OF FUR.

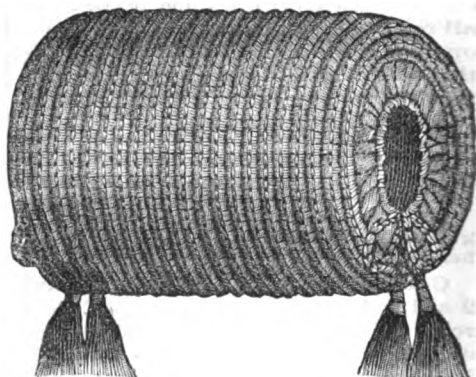
THE following articles crocheted in imitation of fur are recommended for the warm winter toilets of young girls, as they are not expensive.

With a fine bone hook, No. 12 Bell gauge, and the gray wool, single Berlin (of which you require six ounces), make a chain of 78 stitches.

1st row. Dc (double crochet), at the end 1 ch. **2d.** 1 dc in the first dc, taking up the back of the loop, which is done throughout the work, take up the back of the 2d loop, draw the wool through, pass the wool round the needle, take up the same loop again, making 3 loops on the needle in this one stitch, draw the wool through these 3, then through the 2 on the needle; take up the whole of this row in this manner. **3d.** Plain dc worked from the back of the loop as before. Repeat the 2d and 3d row. Work a piece

wide enough for your muff, then make it up; for this you require blue silk in the piece, two pair of black tassels, some blue ribbon to run in the runner, and a sheet of wadding. Lay your wadding the size of the piece of crochet you have worked, cover it on both sides with

Fig. 1.

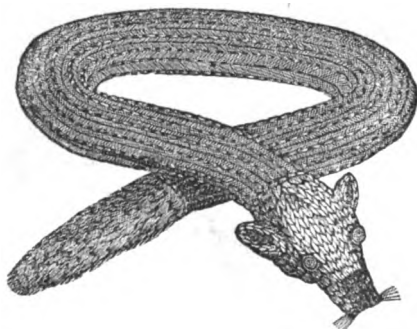


silk, then sew together; make a slot at each outer edge, sew up the piece of crochet, place it over the silk, run the edges of the crochet to the extreme edge of the slot, then pass your ribbon in; add the tassels by the join.

THE BOA.

This is also crocheted in the same stitch as the muff. You require five steel knitting needles, No. 12, for the head as it is knitted, 2 jet buttons for the eyes. For the length of the body make a chain of 117 stitches. Commence with a row of double crochet, then a row of pattern, always working a ch stitch at the end of each row. Work about 8 inches of this crochet for the width of the body. Sew it together, and

Fig. 2.



stuff it with wadding covered with silk. The tail is worked separately, and is crocheted in looped crochet. Make a ch of 20. **1st row.** Dc. **2d.** Take up the back of the loop, pass the wool three times round a mesh one and a quarter inch wide, or your 2 fingers of the left hand, put the needle under these loops, loop the wool over, then take up the st again, draw through,

and draw through the 2 on the needle; work the row in this manner. Work these 2 rows until you have ten rows of loops; then work 2 more rows, decreasing one stitch on each side row, cut the loops in the middle and comb them with a fine comb. Sew the tail together, then to the body.

The Head is Knitted.—Cast on 10 stitches on each of the 4 needles; knit a round. Then 3 rounds knit plain. 4th. Knit 17. You now commence the increase for the forehead. In the 18th st work 2 st thus: knit 1, then purl 1; work the 19th st in the same manner; 20th st, knit plain; the 21st and 22d st like the 18th and 19th; the rest knit plain. 5th. Knit plain. 6th. Increase like the 4th round in the 2 st on both sides the 22d st. 7th. Plain. 8th. Increase like the 4th round on both sides the 24th st; rest plain. 6 plain rounds. 14th. K 7, k 2 together; k 1, knit 2 together; knit plain until the last 12; then k 2 together, k 1, k 2 together. 15th. Plain. 16th. K 5, knit 2 together 3 times; knit plain until the last 11, when knit 2 together 3 times; knit 5. 17th. Like 14th. 18th and 3 next rounds plain. 21st. K 5, knit 2 together twice, knit plain until the last 9, then knit 2 together twice, knit 5. 22d. Plain. 23d. K 7, join the black, knit 2 together in black until the last 7, which knit plain in gray. Knit 8 rounds plain, knitting the black stitches with black, and the gray with gray: cast off. Wad the head to the shape, stitch on the buttons for the eyes, add some shreds of black wool for whiskers, then stitch on the ears, the directions for knitting which follow.

The Ears.—Cast 12 st on 1 needle with gray wool. Knit back. 2d row. Purl. 3d. Knit 2 together, knit 8, knit 2 together. 4th. Purl 2 together, purl all but the last 2, which purl together. Repeat the 3d and 4th rows until you have only one stitch left, then cast off, and sew to the head.

THE CUFFS.

You work the cuffs in the same manner as the body of the animal and the muff. Make a chain of 30 st. This is for the height of the

Fig. 3.



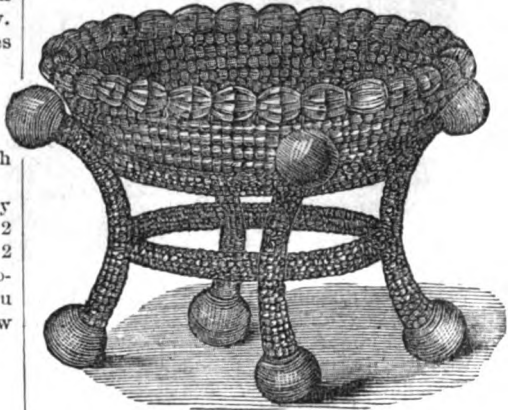
cuff. Work as the muff, until you have enough to pass over the hand. Make a lining of white quilted silk over wadding; sew neatly to the edges of the crochet, make a runner at the top

of the cuff, in which you draw through a ribbon to tie it to the shape of the hand.

JEWEL-STAND OF CRYSTAL BEADS.

Materials.—Large crystal beads, large cut crystal beads, round beads, and eight round crystal buttons, some fine and coarse silver wire, white knitting cotton.

THIS pretty stand is made of crystal beads and wire. First make the frame in the following manner: Take two circles of silver wire, one of which must be eight inches and three-quarters round, and the other eight inches; the ends must overlap each other about two-fifths of an inch, and be fastened tightly. Wind some knitting cotton closely round these circles. Then cut four pieces of wire, each two inches and three-quarters long, cover them also with cotton, and fasten one large crystal button at the end of each piece of wire; bend them as seen on illustration, and fasten them on to both wire circles. This frame is then covered with crystal beads threaded on fine silk. For the cup take one large cut crystal bead, draw two ends of fine wire, taken double, two inches and two-fifths long, through this bead, which



must be in the middle of the wire; fasten a row of larger crystal beads, strung on wire, by drawing the end of the wire through the middle bead, and turning it back underneath it; then wind this row of beads in coils round the middle bead; fasten each coil by drawing the beads at regular intervals through the double ends of wire, and crossing two ends of wire close above the row of beads. After the 3d coil fasten another piece of wire between two ends of wire, so that there are now eight double ends of wire all round. On our pattern the cup consists of thirteen coils. Lastly, fasten some large cut crystal beads round the upper edge of the cup, and secure the latter to the frame with silver wire.

GENTLEMAN'S KNITTED SHIRT.

THIS shirt is knitted with white wool. The back and front are worked separately, and sewed together on the sides and on the shoulders. For the front make a foundation of 140 stitches, and knit backward and forward 240 rounds. Then, in order to form the slit, divide the stitches, taking the first 70 on another needle, and knit further 120 rounds. In order to form the contour of the neck, cast off in the 121st round 20 stitches on the widest side next the slit, then in the second following round six stitches, and after this to the 148th round only two stitches in every second following round. On the left side of the front, which counts only



70 stitches, cast off in the 121st round only six stitches, and in the following alternate rounds only two stitches. Besides this it will be necessary to narrow for the shoulder 27 stitches in the following 40 rounds. The narrowing must be as regular as possible. Lastly, knit 12 rounds more without widening or narrowing, after which cast off the front. For the back cast on 130 stitches, beginning on the under edge. Knit first 360 rounds without widening or narrowing, and then 40 rounds, in which narrow as regularly as possible 27 stitches at the beginning and end of the rounds, after which cast off. Join the back and front on the shoulders and on the sides, with the exception of the upper part for the arm-holes. For the sleeve cast on 100 stitches, beginning on the upper edge. Knit 248 rounds, after which work in the round with finer needles for the wrist 58 rounds, alternately one stitch purled and one knitted. Sew the sleeve up, and sew into the arm-hole. Bind the neck and slit, and face the slit, after

which arrange buttons and button-holes for fastening.

NEEDLE-CASE IN THE SHAPE OF A FAN.

(See Engraving, Page 32.)

THIS case is made of white card-board and purple glacé silk. It consists of twelve parts of exactly the shape seen in illustration, placed so as to form a fan. Six of the silk parts are embroidered in point russe with black silk; in the middle of each part sew on the number of the needles. Then cover the card-board with the silk, always placing an embroidered piece on one side, and a plain one on the other, and piping each division of the fan all round. Each division remains open at the top to push in the papers of needles. At the bottom a bronze screw is fastened in the six parts together; this screw is fastened by means of a bronze button. Instead of a screw two small buttons or beads can be taken, which must be joined together with thick silk or wire, inserting the needle through the six parts at a time.

CROCHET MAT.

(See Engraving, Page 32.)

Materials.—Middle-sized gray crochet cotton, red wool.

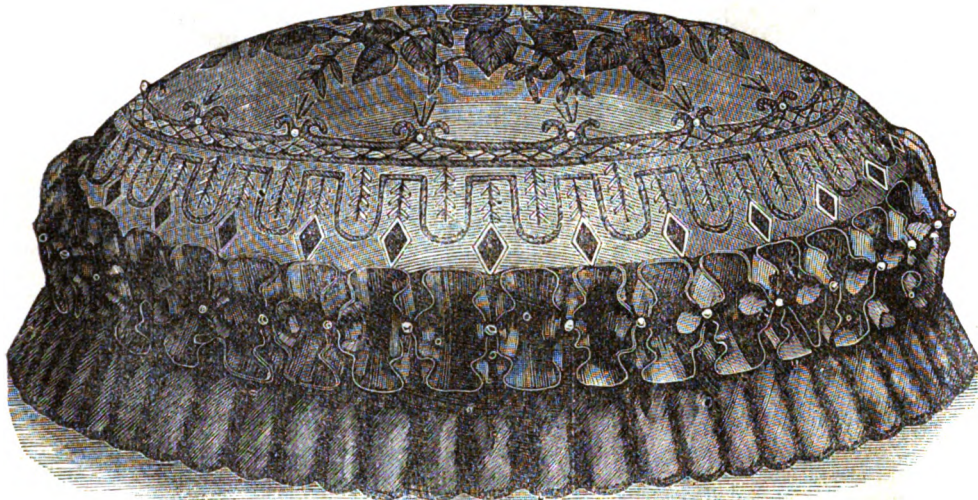
THIS mat, which can be used for candlesticks, decanters, vases, etc., consists of ten lappets; they are worked alternately with gray cotton and red wool in ribbed crochet stitch, and are sewn together in the manner seen on illustration. Begin each lappet on a foundation chain of 4 stitches, miss the last of these stitches, work 1 double in the 3d and 1st foundation chain, and 3 double in the 2d. Then work 1 chain, turn the work, and work again 1 double in every stitch, and 3 in the middle stitch. Continue to work on in this manner, leaving, however, the last stitch of every row untouched. Work 30 rows in all. In the 31st row work after every 3 double stitches 1 purl as follows: 5 chain, draw the cotton again through the last stitch, keep the loop on the needle, take up a similar loop in the next stitch of the preceding row, cast off the 3 loops on the needle together. The lappets, when finished, are sewn together on the wrong side; the last seam is made only after having worked the centre of the mat in the following manner: Insert the needle into the lower chain of the foundation, and work in each lappet 3 long treble; these stitches are not cast off separately, but together, when all the stitches have been worked, so that the middle

opening is completely closed. Then only join the last two lappets together.

TOILET CUSHION.

THIS cushion is made of scarlet satin, embroidered with gold thread and gay-colored

surings four inches in diameter. Upon this fasten a scalloped strip, thickly plaited. Above this are six oval-scalloped pieces, measuring two inches by one inch high, and alternating in color. The patterns shown in the engraving are worked upon them with cordon of a contrasting color. A button, covered with silk or



silks. The cushion is made up round shape, and trimmed with two rows of quilled satin ribbon; the upper one quilled through the centre, and caught together with small gilt buttons.

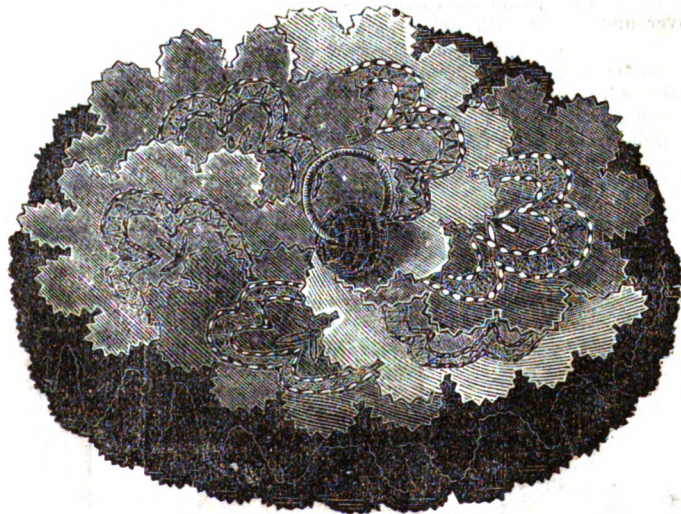
crochet, and ring for a handle, hide the place where the separate parts are fastened to the double round underneath. They are fastened firmly at the back to each other and to the folds.

PEN-WIPER.

UPON a round of card-board, measuring two

NECKLACE IN RIBBON AND BEADS.

THIS elegant necklace is made of black or



and a half inches, fasten a double round of colored velvet ribbon, on which large crystal dark-colored cloth, scalloped at the edge, mea- beads, edged with gold braid, are sewn. The

cross, fastened on to the ribbon, is made of garnet beads, edged all round with buttonhole

ner, as also the loop of wire by means of which the cross is fastened on the ribbon.



stitch of gold thread. To work the cross, first make the outlines, from illustration, with strong silver wire, the ends of which are joined together; then draw four ends of silver wire in the long and in the cross way inside the cross, and fill the spaces between the ends of wire with beads, as can be seen on illustration; the beads must be threaded on silk, which is carried alternately over and underneath the rows of silver wire. In the middle of the cross work two slanting stitches of gold thread, and fasten a flat crystal bead, edged all round with buttonhole stitch of gold thread. The wire which forms the outline is covered in the same man-

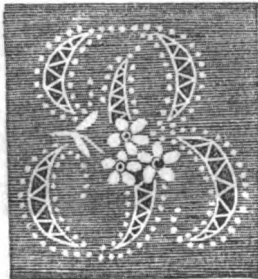
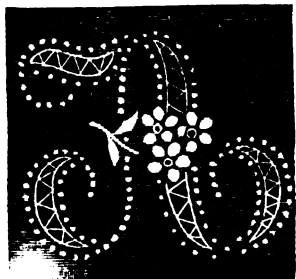
GENTLEMAN'S SLIPPER.

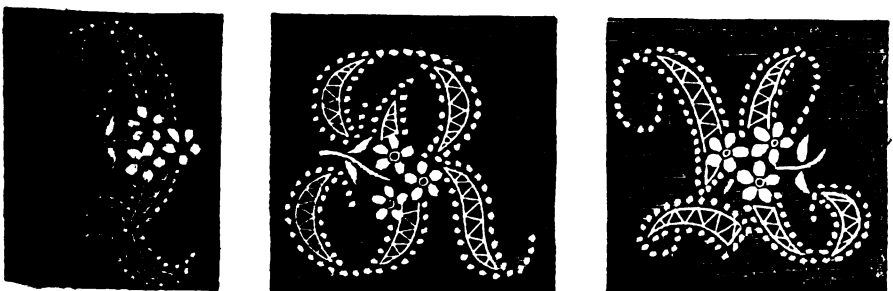
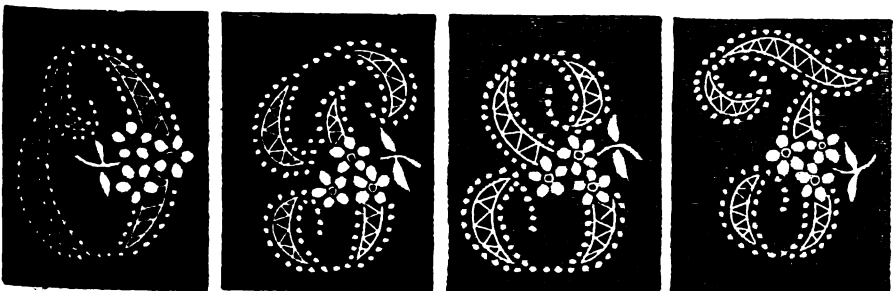
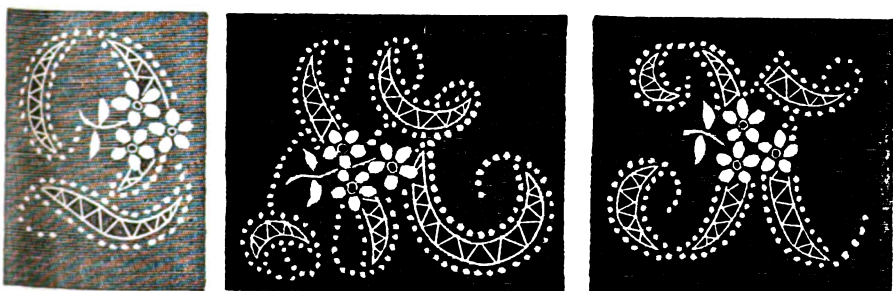
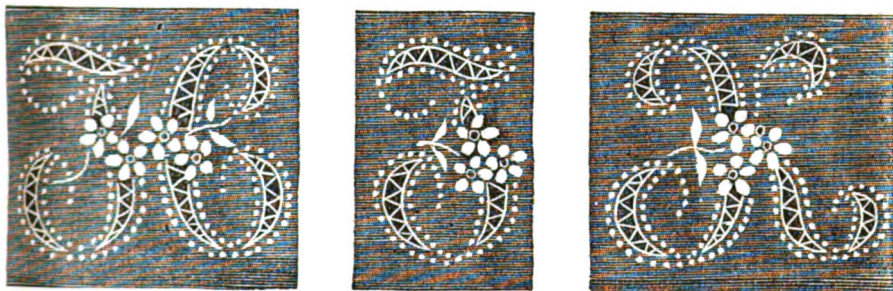
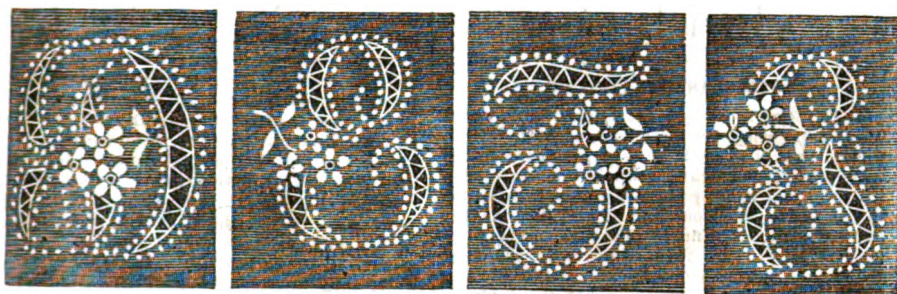
(See Plate Printed in Green in front of Book.)

THESE slippers are worked in cross-stitch on canvas with single Berlin wool and floselle. The outline of the pattern is traced with black wool; the grounding is green wool. The design, with the exception of the dark green (which also looks effective in deep claret), is worked with white crimson and orange floselle. Worked on finer canvas, these slippers would also be appropriate for a lady.

Explanation of Characters.—■ dark green. ■ black. ■ dark red. ■ dark yellow. □ white. ■ dark brown.

LETTERS FOR MARKING.





Receipts, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

To Boil Rice for Curry.—One pound of rice, water. Thoroughly wash the rice in three separate waters, then place it in a very large saucepan nearly full of water, let it boil gently until it is quite tender, which may be tried by pressing a grain between the thumb and finger. Pour the water off from the rice, and shake it over the fire in a smaller saucepan until it is quite dry. Turn it into a hot basin, and cover with a plate, place before the fire, let it stand five minutes, then turn it out into a hot dish ready for the table.

Boiled Vermicelli Pudding.—Stir very gently four ounces of vermicelli into a pint of new milk over the stove, until it be scalding hot, but not more; then pour it into a basin, and add to it while hot one ounce of butter and two ounces of sugar. When the above is nearly cold, mix in it very gently two well-beaten eggs, and immediately put it into a basin that will exactly hold it. Cover carefully with a floured cloth, and, turning the basin the narrow end upwards, move it round for ten minutes, and boil an hour. Serve with pudding sauce.

To Roast Partridges.—Rightly, to look well, there should be a leash (three birds) in the dish. Pluck, singe, draw, and truss them; roast them for about twenty minutes, baste them with butter, and when the gravy begins to run from them, you may safely assume that the partridges are done. Place them in a dish together with bread-crumbs, fried nicely brown, and arranged in small heaps. Gravy should be served in a tureen apart.

To Fry Partridges.—Take a brace of cold partridges that have been either roasted or braised, cut them into quarters, dip them into beaten and seasoned yolk of eggs, make some butter perfectly hot in a frying-pan, put into it the birds, and do them over a moderately hot fire until they are beautifully browned.

Potatoes and Fish.—Carefully mash half a dozen very mealy potatoes, boiled or steamed, without the addition of salt; add some butter or cream, and season them to your taste. Beat in a mortar about two tablespoonfuls of cold boiled salt fish; add a little milk or cream, a small quantity of grated nutmeg and lemon-peel, and a whole raw egg; when quite smooth, mix it with the potatoes; place all together in a mould, buttered and sprinkled with rasped toast, squeeze over it some lemon-juice, and bake it until it begins to brown, turn it out to serve.

Potatoes à la Crème.—Put into a saucepan about two ounces of butter, a dessertspoonful of flour, some parsley and scallions (both chopped small), salt and pepper; stir these up together, add a wineglassful of cream, and set it on the fire, stirring continually until it boils. Cut some boiled potatoes into slices, and put them into the saucepan with the mixture; boil all together, and serve them very hot.

Fillet of Veal Boiled.—Bind it round with tape, put it in a floured cloth and in cold water, boil very gently two hours and a half, or if simmered, which is perhaps the better way, four hours will be taken; it may be sent to table in bechamel or with oyster sauce. Care should be taken to keep it as white as possible.

Real Essence of Beef.—Take one pound of solid beef from the rump—a steak would be the best—cut it into thin slices, which lay upon a thin trencher, and scrape quite fine with a large and sharp knife

(as quickly as possible, or the juice of the meat would partially soak into the wood, your meat thus losing much of its strengthening quality); when like sausage meat, put it into a stewpan or saucepan and stir over the fire five or ten minutes, until thoroughly warmed through, then add a pint of water, cover the stewpan as tightly as possible, and let it remain close to the fire, or in a warm oven, for twenty minutes, then pass it through a sieve, pressing the meat with a spoon to extract all the essence.

To Boil Calf's Head.—Split the head in two parts and remove the brains; wash the brains in three waters, and lay them for an hour in cold salted water. Wash the head clean, and soak it in tepid water until the blood is well drawn out. Put it in cold water; when it boils remove the scum, and simmer gently until a straw can be run through it. A head with the skin will take three hours, if large, and without the skin two. Scald the brains by pouring over them boiling water; take them out and remove the skin or film; put them in plenty of cold water, and simmer gently fifteen minutes. Chop them slightly, stew them in sweet butter, add half a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, or not, as desired, and a little salt; when done, skin the tongue, lay it in the centre of the dish, and the brains round it. Send the head to the table very hot, with drawn butter poured over it, and more in the tureen.

Boiled Neck of Mutton.—Four pounds of the middle, or best end of the neck of mutton, a little salt. Trim off a portion of the fat, should there be too much, and if it is to look particularly nice, the chine-bone should be sawn down, the ribs stripped halfway down, and the ends of the bones chopped off; this is, however, not necessary. Put the meat into sufficient boiling water to cover it; when it boils, add a little salt, and remove the scum. Draw the saucepan to the side of the fire, and let the water get so cool that the finger may be borne in it; then simmer very slowly and gently until the meat is done, which will be in about one and a half hour, or rather more, reckoning from the time that it begins to simmer. The turnips should be boiled with the mutton; and, when at hand, a few carrots will also be found an improvement. These, however, if very large and thick, must be cut into long thinish pieces, or they will not be sufficiently done by the time the mutton is ready. Garnish the dish with carrots and turnips placed alternately round the mutton.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Custard Fritters.—Beat the yolks of four eggs with a dessertspoonful of flour, a little nutmeg, salt, and brandy; add half a pint of cream; sweeten it to taste, and bake it in a small dish for a quarter of an hour. When cold, cut it into quarters, and dip them into a batter made with a quarter of a pint each of milk and cream, the whites of the four eggs, a little flour, and a good bit of grated ginger; fry them of a nice brown; grate sugar over them, and serve them as hot as possible.

Queen of Puddings.—Take one pint of bread-crumbs, one quart of milk, half a cup of sugar, four eggs, taking only the yolks, butter the size of a walnut, one lemon grated. Bake until done, but not watery; then spread a layer of currant jelly or any preserved fruit over it, take the whites of the eggs and sugar, in which has been stirred the juice of the lemon, beat to a stiff froth, pour it over the pudding and brown it. Serve cold with cream. It can be made without a lemon; flavor with nutmeg.

Marmalade Pudding.—Chop six ounces of beef suet very fine, and mix with it four ounces of bread-crumbs, the same of powdered loaf-sugar, two beaten

eggs, and a gill of milk. Beat the above well together and set it aside for about one hour, and then beat it again for ten minutes, after which put it into a mould in alternate layers with the marmalade. Any kind of marmalade may be used. Bake the pudding slowly for about one hour and a half or one hour and three-quarters, and then turn it out carefully from the mould.

Another Way.—After mixing the ingredients as above, work in the marmalade; then place the whole in a mould, and steam it for about one hour and a half. Care must be taken that the water does not rise above the mould, and that it is kept boiling.

German Sponge Cake.—Mix in a pudding basin six ounces of pounded sugar and twelve egg yolks. Beat these well with a wooden spoon for fifteen minutes; then add the whites of eight eggs beaten to a snow, and stir again for fifteen minutes; add two spoonfuls of rum or brandy, a little candied peel chopped quite fine, one and a half ounce of currants, one and a half ounce of raisins, the latter chopped fine; finally six ounces of best flour sifted. Bake in a buttered tin in a quick oven.

A Good Pound Cake.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream, and mix with it the whites and yolks of eight eggs beaten apart. Have ready warm by the fire a pound of flour, and the same of sifted sugar; mix them, and a few cloves, a little nutmeg, and cinnamon in fine powder, together; then by degrees work the dry ingredients into the butter and eggs. When well beaten add a glass of wine and some carraways; it must be beaten a full hour. Butter a pan, and bake it a full hour in a quick oven. The above proportions, leaving out four ounces of the butter and the same of sugar, make a less luscious cake, and to most tastes a more pleasant one.

Lemon Puffs.—Bruise a pound of double-refined sugar, and sift it through a fine sieve. Put it into a bowl, with the juice of two lemons, and mix them together. Beat the white of an egg to a very high froth, put it into your bowl, add three eggs, with two rinds of lemon grated. Mix it well up, and throw sugar papers; drop on the puffs in small drops, and bake them in a moderately heated oven.

Cranberry Tart.—Take half a pint of cranberries, pick them from the stems and throw them into a saucepan with half a pound of white sugar and a spoonful of water; let them come to a boil; then let them stand on the hob to cool while you peel and cut up four large apples; put a rim of light paste round your dish; strew in the apples; pour the cranberries over them; cover with a lid of crust, and bake for an hour. For a pudding, proceed in the same manner with the fruit, and boil it in a basin or cloth.

A Nice Yeast Cake.—One pound and a half of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pint of milk, one tablespoonful and a half of good yeast, three eggs, three-quarters of a pound of currants, half a pound of white moist sugar, two ounces of candied peel. Put the milk and butter into a saucepan, and shake it round over a fire until the butter is melted, but do not allow the milk to get very hot. Put the flour into a basin, stir to it the milk and butter, the yeast, and eggs, which should be well beaten, and form the whole into a smooth dough. Let it stand in a warm place, covered with a cloth, to rise, and, when sufficiently risen, add the currants, sugar, and candied peel cut into thin slices. When all the ingredients are thoroughly mixed, line two moderate-sized cake-tins with buttered paper, which should be about six inches higher than the tin; pour in the mixture, let it stand to rise again for another half hour, and then bake the cakes in a brisk oven for about an hour and a half. If the tops of them be-

come too brown, cover them with paper until they are done through. A few drops of essence of lemon, or a little grated nutmeg, may be added when the flavor is liked.

Orange Soufflé.—Melt one ounce of butter in a saucepan, stir to it one and a half ounce of flour, then a teaspoonful of boiling milk. Stir the mixture for three minutes over the fire, turn it into a basin, add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, one and a half ounce of pounded sugar, the juice of three oranges, the rind of one, either grated into the sugar or chopped quite fine, and finally the whites of the three eggs beaten quite firm. Bake in a quick oven, and serve immediately.

A Good Pudding.—Four ounces each of flour, suet, currants, raisins, and bread-crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, and half a pint of milk. Mix all well together, and boil in a mould three hours. Serve with wine or brandy sauce.

CONTIBUTED.

DEAR SIR: In your LADY'S BOOK I see you ask for receipts. I will send mine, which are said to be very nice.

White Cake.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, beat to a cream; the whites of eight eggs beaten to a stiff froth; three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved and strained into the cake, and lastly, one cup of sour cream.

Delicate Cup Cake.—One cup of butter, three of loaf-sugar, pulverized; the whites of ten eggs, five cups of flour, in which two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar have been sifted; measure the flour before sifting, and then again after the cream of tartar has been put in; one teaspoon of sweet cream with a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it and strained.

Jelly Cake.—One pound of sugar, one pound of flour, half a pound of butter, six eggs, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar. This makes two good-sized cakes.

Preparation for Chocolate Jelly Cake.—One teaspoonful of milk, seven sticks of vanilla chocolate grated into the milk, one egg, and sugar to make it very sweet; put it in a bowl and stand on a tea-kettle of boiling water; stir it constantly until quite thick; then use it the same as jelly for the cake.

Graham Bread.—I make the sponge for this the same as for any other bread, the night before baking, using the brown flour; it must be moulded quite soft; it can be done better with wheat flour, as it makes the loaves smoother; a little lard is an improvement.

Crawlers.—One pound of butter, one pound of sugar, three pounds of flour, ten eggs.

In reply to the question asked about the eradication of dandruff, I know borax and camphor (equal quantities of each) put in warm water and applied to the head with a small brush, to be very good.

Charlotte Russe. No. 1.—Make a custard of three eggs and half a pint of milk, half a pound of sugar, leaving out the white of one egg to glue the cake.

No. 2. Half a box of gelatine dissolved in half a pint of water; simmer and strain in custard; stir until cold.

No. 3. Whip to a froth one quart of cream, flavor with vanilla; when stiff enough mix custard and cream. Line a dish with lady-fingers or sponge-cake.

Will be happy to give you information whenever I am able to. MRS. D. W.

An Excellent Soup.—Dress a rabbit and put on to boil with three Irish potatoes sliced, a quarter of a

nice cabbage, one onion, a turnip, two carrots, a sprig of parsley and thyme, a few celery-seed, and salt and pepper to taste. Thicken with a little flour, and boil till done. Add tomato catsup, and send the soup to table without the vegetables.

Milk Custard.—Take the yolks of two eggs, half a cup of butter, half a cup of milk, two cups of sugar; beat these well together, and bake on a rich crust.

Wafers.—Four cups of flour, two of sugar, yolks of three eggs, one cup of butter, a little soda and buttermilk. Bake in wafer irons, and roll them while hot. A supper or breakfast dish.

MRS. T. P. M.

PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS FOR GARDENERS.

1. PERFORM every operation in the proper season.
2. Perform every operation in the proper manner.
- This is to be acquired in part by practice and partly also by reflection. For example, in digging over a piece of ground, it is a common practice with slovens to throw the weeds and stones on the dug ground, or on the adjoining alley or walk, with the intention of gathering them off afterwards. A better way is to have a wheelbarrow or a large basket, in which to put the weeds and extraneous matters as they are picked out of the ground. Some persons, in planting or weeding, whether in the open air or in hot-houses, throw down all seeds, stones, and extraneous matters on the paths or alleys, with a view to pick them up, or sweep or rake them together afterwards. It is better to carry a basket or other utensil, either common or subdivided, in which to hold in one part the plants to be planted, in another the extraneous matters, etc.
3. Complete every part of an operation as you proceed.
4. Finish one job before beginning another.
5. In leaving off working at any job, leave the work and tools in an orderly manner.
6. In leaving off work for the day, make a temporary finish, and carry the tools to the tool-house.
7. In passing to and from the work, or on any occasion, through any part of what is considered under the charge of the gardener, keep a vigilant lookout for weeds, decayed leaves, or any other deformity, and remove them.
8. In gathering a crop, remove at the same time the roots, leaves, stems, or whatever else is of no farther use, or may appear slovenly, decaying, or offensive.
9. Let no crop of fruit or herbaceous vegetables go to waste on the spot.
10. Cut down the flower-stalks on all plants.
11. Keep every part of what is under your care perfect in its kind.
- Attend in spring and autumn to walls and buildings, and get them repaired, jointed, glazed, and painted where wanted. Attend at all times to machines, implements, and tools, keeping them clean, sharp, and in perfect repair. See particularly that they are placed in their proper situation in the tool-house. House every implement, utensil, or machine not in use, both in winter and summer. Allow no blanks in edging, rows, single specimens, drills, beds, and even, where practicable, in broadcast sown pieces. Keep edgings and edges out to the utmost nicety. Keep the shapes of the wall trees filled with wood according to their kind, and let their training be in the first style of perfection. Keep all walks in perfect form, whether raised or flat, free from weeds, dry, and well rolled. Keep all the lawns, by every means in your power, of a close texture and dark green velvet appearance. Keep water clear and free from weeds, and let not ponds,

lakes, or artificial rivers rise to the brim in winter, nor sink very far under it in summer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Skeleton Leaves.—There is a quicker way of skeletonizing leaves than the usual one of maceration, but it is at best an uncertain process, though occasionally it may succeed. Half an ounce of caustic soda should be dissolved in a pint of water for the thinner leaves, and one ounce of soda to the same quantity of water for the thicker ones. In this liquid the leaves must be placed, and kept near a fire until the cuticle can be easily detached, which will probably be in a day or two. After being skeletonized by this process, the leaves are very tender, and the bleaching in chloride of lime becomes a difficult matter in consequence. The maceration is certainly a tedious affair, but the result is more certain, and in some respects less troublesome.

Curled Butter.—Tie a strong cloth by two of the corners to an iron hook in the wall; make a knot with the other two ends so that a stick might pass through. Put the butter into the cloth; twist it tightly over a dish, into which the butter will fall through the knot, so forming small and pretty little strings. The butter may then be garnished with parsley, if to serve with a cheese course; or it may be sent to table plain for breakfast in an ornamental dish. Squirred butter for garnishing hams, salads, eggs, etc., is made by forming a piece of stiff paper in the shape of a cornet, and squeezing the butter in fine strings from the hole at the bottom. Scooped butter is made by dipping a teaspoon or scoop in warm water, and then scooping the butter quickly and thin. In warm weather, it would not be necessary to heat the spoon.

Buckwheat Cakes.—One pint of buckwheat meal, one quart of water, salt just to taste, one gill of home-made yeast. Mix the water—which should be lukewarm if the weather is cold—with the meal, add the salt and yeast, beat it well; when light, bake them on a griddle. Grease the griddle, pour on a little of the batter, spread it so as to form a cake about the size of a breakfast plate. The cakes should be very smooth at the edges. When they are done on one side turn them, when brown on both sides, put some butter on the plate, place the cake on it, butter the top, bake another and put it on, butter it and send them to the table. Buckwheat cakes are much better if they are sent to the table with only one or two on a plate.

Nourishing Soup for Invalids.—Boil two pounds of lean veal and a quarter of a pound of pearl barley in a quart of water very slowly, until it becomes the consistency of cream. Pass it through a fine sieve, and salt it to taste. Flavor it with celery seed, if the taste be liked, or use fresh celery, if in season. A very small quantity of the seed would suffice. It should simmer very slowly, as otherwise the barley does not properly amalgamate with the soup. It is called barley cream, and will not keep more than twenty-four hours. Beef may be used instead of veal.

To Take Stains out of Silver Plate.—Steep the plate in soap lye for the space of four hours; then cover it over with whiting, wet with vinegar, so that it may stick thick upon it, and dry it by the fire; after which, rub off the whiting, pass it over with dry bran, and the stains will not only disappear, but the plate will look exceedingly bright.

Cold Feet.—Cold feet are the precursors of consumption. To escape them, warm your feet well in the morning, and covering the sole with a piece of common paper, carefully draw on the sock, and then the boot or shoe.

Editors' Table.

THE NEW YEAR AND THE NEW IDEAS.

We greet our friends with warm wishes for their happiness.

"There is so much inviting us, what are we to take? What will nourish the growth toward perfection?" said Matthew Arnold, as he saw the immense fields of life and literature lying before him. Such questions press constantly on those who have the care of periodicals. We must have novelty, variety, the amusing, the improving, in short something to suit the taste of each reader; and yet a leading idea sufficiently interesting and important to command the attention of all, and make each feel that there is progress towards that perfection for which human nature is sighing, and should be striving.

Looking back over the past twenty years, we see such rapid strides made in the practical application of ideas we then advanced concerning woman's need of better education for her own duties, that there seems now some fear lest she should, in her eagerness to show the world what she can do, aim rather at doing men's work as the best proof of her ability. This would be a serious mistake. Woman needs the highest culture and most perfect training of all her faculties for her own important offices of womanhood, with their practical bearing on the character and condition of the human race. We hope, in the opportunity now open to us, to bring these subjects in their personal bearing before our readers.

The wisdom of history is found in personal examples of excellence rather than in theories or doctrines of goodness and perfection. The recent decease of an eminent lady in England, whose life we have noticed in our next article, leads us to remark the peculiar power and efficiency of a woman who confines herself to her own sphere. Lady Palmerston could never have done so much good to her husband or to her country in Parliament as she did at the head of society. One thing is not mentioned in the sketch which we think our readers would like to know. Lady Palmerston took a warm interest in popular education. She was Patroness of the Hertford Grammar School, whose announcement, now lying before us, shows what thorough and healthful training can be given on the old English endowments at a very low price. We are sure that Americans will appreciate a trait so fully exemplified in our national character and national institutions.

LADY PALMERSTON.

ONE of the brightest lights of the last generation has expired. Lady Palmerston, the wife of the great statesman, died on Saturday, the 11th of September last, at her country seat.

The slight sketch which follows is selected from a notice written by some one well acquainted with her life for the *London Times* of the ensuing Wednesday.

Among the pictures at Earl Cowper's seat in Hertfordshire is one by Sir Joshua Reynolds of two boys seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, and a girl with a basket of flowers. The figures are portraits of William Lamb, second Lord Melbourne; Frederick Lamb, third Lord Melbourne; and Amelia Lamb, Viscountess Palmerston. The eldest boy grew up to be one of the most remarkable men of the age,

and the girl one of the most remarkable women. The brother rose to be Prime Minister of England, without commanding eloquence or lofty ambition, lazily and loungingly, as it were, by the spontaneous display of fine natural abilities; by frankness, manliness, thorough knowledge of his countrymen, and good sense. The sister became the undisputed leader of English society, equally without apparent effort: without aiming at the fame of a wit, like Madame de Staël; or that of a beauty, like Madame Recamier; or that of a party idol, like Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire; without once overstepping by a hair's breadth the proper province of her sex; by the unforced development of the most exquisitely feminine qualities; by grace, refinement, sweetness of disposition, womanly sympathies, instinctive insight into character, tact, temper, and—wonderful to relate—heart.

Born in 1787, she was daughter of the first Lord Melbourne and of the sister of Sir Ralph Milbanke, the father of Lady Byron. Lord Byron spoke of Lady Melbourne in 1813 as "the best friend I ever had in my life, and the cleverest woman." Little is known of Lady Palmerston's girlhood. She married Earl Cowper in 1806, and took her place at once in the brilliant galaxy of beautiful and accomplished women who adorned the English Court after the peace. But what may be called her public life dates from 1830, when she married Lord Palmerston, Lord Cowper having died in 1837. Her intense interest in her husband and in his political fortunes made her a politician. To place him and keep him in what she thought his proper position; to make people see him as she saw him; to bring lukewarm friends, carping rivals, or exasperated adversaries within the genial atmosphere of his conversation; to tone down opposition, and conciliate support—this was henceforth the fixed purpose and master passion of her life.

The attraction of Lady Palmerston's *salon* at its commencement was the mixed, yet select and refined character of the assemblage, the result of that exquisite tact and high breeding that secured her the full benefits of exclusiveness without its drawbacks. The diplomatic corps eagerly congregated at the house of the Secretary of Foreign Affairs. So did the politicians; the leading members of the fine world were her habitual associates, and the grand difficulty lay in recruiting from among the rising celebrities of public life, fashion, or literature. Her visiting book was kept as regularly as a merchant's ledger. So long as her health allowed, she made a point of filling up her cards with her own hand. Her good nature was quite inexhaustible, nor was it ever known to give way under any extent of forwardness or tiresomeness. Instead of interrupting, or abruptly quitting wearisome or pushing visitors, she would listen till they ceased of their own accord, or were superseded and went away.

Whoever was fortunate enough to be once received on a cordial footing of intimacy might count securely upon her enduring regard. She would tolerate no doubt, suspicion, or depreciation of a friend. She was also placable in the extreme towards un-friends, so long as they did not cabal against Lord Palmerston or transgress the limits of fair party warfare in assailing him. Then a change came over her; the *patte de velours* shot out its claws. But her

anger was short lived. She never forsook a friend, and always forgave a foe.

Lady Palmerston never pretended to understand the bearings of a complicated subject. "You must write that down," she would say, if a communication struck her, "and I will show it to Lord Palmerston." The bell was rung, the servant was sent with a simple message, and the summons was immediately obeyed. Long experience had taught him that her tact was infallible in such matters. Her services to the great statesman extended far beyond the creation of a *salon*. What superficial observers mistook for indiscretion was eminently useful to him. She always understood full well what she was telling, to whom she was telling it, and whether the repetition would do harm or good. Instead of the secret that was betrayed, it was the feeling that was put forth; and no one ever knew through Lady Palmerston what Lord Palmerston did not wish to be known.

His death was a terrible shock, from which she slowly recovered. She afterwards expressed her belief that it had actually prolonged her life. She sat up for him every night when he attended the House of Commons, and was wearing herself away with anxiety.

She undertook the entire management of the household at Brocket, Cambridge-house, and Broadlands, as well as that of her own property; personally inspecting the accounts, leaving nothing to agents, stewards, or head servants, but what fell strictly within their respective departments. The consequence was that she was admirably served, and that an air of ease and comfort pervaded each of her establishments. She kept a journal, which, some time or other, will furnish valuable aids to history.

She possessed a keen insight into character, and was singularly happy in conveying a hint by an epithet, or a graphic sketch by a phrase, letting fall her felicitous touches with ease and unconsciously. She was rigidly just in her firm estimates of character; chary, with rare exceptions, of her preferences; mild, yet firm, in her disapproval; warm, but not extravagant, in her praise. Her memory will live indissolubly blended with one of the most brilliant episodes of the social life of England, with many a sweet scene of domestic happiness, with many a delightful hour of "social pleasure ill exchanged for power;" with all that is winning, high-minded, warm-hearted; with nothing that is petty, ungenerous, ungraceful, uncharitable, or false.

ALICE.*

BY MRS. G. J. BEEBE.

You told me that "you loved me best—
That though your heart was sore
In losing one who ne'er would rest
Upon your bosom more;
Yet in my heart, so true and pure,
Your own should find sweet peace;
And in each other's love secure,
Till death should give release,

"We would together walk the vale,
The vale of doubt and tears;
And Katie's hand should smooth my brow
In my declining years.
That now the cold earth lay above
Your Mary's pure white face,
I was the one of all the world
To take her sainted place."

You said that "though her face was fair,
'Twas not more fair than mine."
You told me "she was good and pure
And I not less divine."

* An answer to the poem "Mary," which appeared in the January number 1869. Both poems are well written—and on the same subject; but the sentiment differs. Which is right?

You clasped me to your cold, cold heart,
O God! I thought it true!
That holy boon, a woman's love,
I freely gave to you.

In my own guileless childhood days
('Twas years and years ago)
My mother slept the sleep that knows
No waking here below.
At night, before she crossed the stream,
She said, "Dear heart, I go."
My childish grief then burst its bounds—
I wept aloud my woe.

"O mother! mother! let me go
With you; the path is drear.
The thorns will pierce my weary feet,
And phantoms dire appear.
I cannot live when one so dear
Is laid beneath the sod!"
She opened again her gentle eyes
And said, "Sweet, trust in God."

And sad I grew to maidenhood,
Until I saw your face;
You wooed me with the sweetest words
And smiles of winning grace.
Oh, then, my soul was filled with joy!
Oh, then, the world was fair!
The perfume breathed from every flower,
And music filled the air.

I hoped to be a loving wife,
A gentle mother, too,
To the dear child, like me bereft
Of mother pure and true,
Until one eve in summer time
(You dreamed not I was near)
You spoke the words that set me free—
That froze my soul to hear.

You said you "loved me not, your heart
Was laid with Mary mild;
In wedding me you only sought
A mother for your child."
You said that it was sacrilege
To rob the sainted dead;
Ah! if you have no heart to give,
'Twere sacrilege to wed.

I doubt if mortal has the power
To rob the peaceful dead,
But he who wrongs the living brings
God's curses on his head.
Yet you would at the altar swear
To love but me alone;
Then kiss me with your perjured lips,
And say "Love, we are one."

Thank God! I found that you were false
Before my doom was sealed.
Leave me! I scorn your proffered hand,
Your baseness stands revealed.
But you have quenched the fires of hope
That light my path below,
And henceforth on my pilgrimage
In grief and gloom I go.

Sweet Mary sleeps a blessed sleep
Beneath the cypress shade;
Ah! would that such a peaceful couch
For Alice might be made.
O mother! guide with angel sway
Thy weary, lonely child;
O Father! from Thy Throne above
Bid me be reconciled.

GLAUCOMA.

Of all the great advances which surgery has made within the last fifty years, none is more striking than that which concerns the human eye. Almost all of the inventions and methods of treatment, by which ocular diseases are cured or alleviated, are the product of our own century; and this though the ailments themselves were known to Hippocrates and Galen. Indeed, the particular affection which we are now about to describe, or something like it, received its name from Hippocrates, who wrote in the fifth century before Christ.

GLAUCOMA was applied by him to all opacities behind the pupil of the eye, especially the greenish ones. The resulting disease was for many centuries

the despair of surgery; but, finally, as late as 1851; Helmholtz, a famous German oculist, invented the ophthalmoscope, by which the eye could be examined. From that time the disease has been thoroughly observed and analyzed. Finally Von Graefe, another eminent German, and the greatest of modern oculists, discovered the fundamental cause of the derangement. It consisted in *augmented tension of the eyeball*. To decrease this tension became the object of oculists; and, by the great operation called *tridectomy*, they have succeeded in providing a cure for most cases of glaucoma.

We have not space for a detail of the symptoms or of the operation. Our readers who are suffering trouble with their eyes, which every year increases, will do well to inform themselves on the matter. We have taken our information from Doctor Wells' Treatise on "Diseases of the Eye," published this year in England, and sold here by Messrs. Lindsay & Blackiston.

AN AMERICAN NOVEL.*

HAWTHORNE has spoken of the peculiar difficulty of writing an "American novel"—whose scene should be laid among the people with whom we are familiar. We are deprived of one great resource, in the absence of a long and eventful past; of another, in that equality of social condition which offers no sharp and picturesque contrast of thought and feeling. "The glow of common day" is too pitiless for mediocrity: none but the greatest, none but the fellow of Thackeray or George Eliot, can bear the revealing brightness; and, until we have a giant in the land, we must be content when we escape folly and sensation writing.

"Walter Oglby," the work now before us, is entirely free from both; and possesses a quiet interest that will more than compensate any reader of good taste for the absence of violent color. The scenes and characters are distinctively American, and several of the personages seem to be copies of originals known to the authoress. The incidents are such as most of us have gone through, and the talk is simple and unpretending. There is perhaps a somewhat stilted diction; but it never waxes into pomposity, and will not mar the pleasure of the story. When we see the fictions that now flood the book-sellers' shelves with their morbid and worthless contents, we welcome heartily a natural, truthful story, whose influence will be all for good upon its readers.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

AN AMERICAN NOVELIST.—The name of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz will be familiar to most of our readers. Her books have been popular all over the country, and the news of her death came with a pang to thousands of hearts. The feeling which her works excited was one of unalloyed pleasure. There were invention, wit, and fancy in them all; and there was nothing deleterious or unwholesome. They have been for some years out of print; and a new edition was loudly called for. It is now to be supplied. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of this city, have already published five volumes, including "Linda," "Robert Graham," and "Ernest Linwood," and are issuing the remaining seven at the rate of two every month. The series will be complete in twelve; they are printed on good paper and strongly bound in fine morocco cloth, with gilt back; making a handsome row of books for the library, and agreeable companions for the fireside. Mrs. Hentz's many admirers

will be glad to learn where their favorite works may be procured.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.—Mr. Lowe, in one of his eloquent speeches, gave his opinion on the uses of learning in these remarks, which are as much needed here as in England:—

"I think it will be admitted by all that we live in a universe of things, and not of words, and that the knowledge of things is more important than the knowledge of words. The first years of a child's life are employed in learning both, but a great deal more time is spent in making itself acquainted with the world than with language. That is the form nature takes. She begins with a knowledge of things, and words follow after. To illustrate: I think it more important to a man to know where his liver is situated, and what its functions are, than to know that it is called *Jecur* in Latin and *Hepar* in Greek. I think it more important to know the history of our country than to know the mythology of the ancients. I think it better to know those transactions out of which our political and social conditions arise, than to know the lives and loves of all the gods and goddesses that are contained in the *Iliad*. Then, again, as we cannot teach everything, I think it is more important that we teach practical things than speculative things. For instance: I think it more important that a man should be able to work out a sum in arithmetic, than that he should be acquainted with the abstract conditions of argument as detailed in 'Aristotle's Logic'; that modes, syllogisms, and figures are not so important as the 'Rule of Three,' or 'Practice,' or keeping accounts, and, therefore, if I must choose, I confess I should lean to the practical side."

THE "WOMAN QUESTION" IN ENGLAND.—To what an extent the "Woman Question" is occupying the English mind may be judged from the titles of some of its leading magazine articles within a short time. The *Spectator* has a paper on "Women as Religious Teachers;" the *Theological Review* discusses "The Subjection of Women;" the *Idealist* has an essay on "The Present Condition of Women;" the *Fortnightly Review* has an article on "The Woman of Business;" the *Contemporary Review* treats of "Girls' Grammar Schools;" the author of "John Halifax" is writing about "A Brave Lady" in *Macmillan's Magazine*; the *Pall Mall Budget* sets forth "The Cruelties of Flirtation;" *Temple Bar* has a paper on "Young Husbands and Wives;" the *Argosy* talks of "Love and War;" the *British Quarterly Review* has an article on "The Condition of English Women in the Middle Ages;" the *Saturday Review* cuts up John Stuart Mill's "Subjugation of Women;" and a London bookseller publishes "The Book of the Season," in which "Maiden Hours" and "Maiden Wiles" are illustrated in twenty plates.

HIGHER EDUCATION FOR LADIES.—The British in their Dominion of Canada are taking up the subject of woman's improvement. In connection with the University of Toronto three courses of lectures for ladies have been arranged by responsible gentlemen, as the following list shows:—

"In response to this invitation Rev. Dr. Scadding, Rev. Dr. Lille, Rev. Prof. Hincks, Rev. Mr. Porter, Rev. Mr. King, Rev. Mr. Cavan, Mr. Murray, Dr. Canniff, Mr. Lauder, M. P. P., Dr. Wright, and others addressed the meeting."

The committee were as follows:—

"The Lord Bishop of Toronto, the Rev. Provost Whitaker, the Rev. F. Marling, Drs. Bovell, Oldright, and Temple, and Messrs. R. L. Denison and George Barker, together with the gentlemen present at the meeting."

The movement in England and Canada for supplying to women an education fitted for their wants, by opening to them schools and universities, and founding institutions of learning expressly for their benefit, has already gained such strength that its success is virtually insured. In this country, while many are clamoring for women's suffrage, we have not bestowed nearly so much thought upon the far more

* See page 464 LADY'S BOOK.

important matter of fitting the sex for what lies close to our hands. Let all who are now endeavoring to obtain the suffrage for women strive first to throw open to them the colleges and academies of this country. The Agricultural Schools, endowed by Congress, might be so arranged as to admit of Domestic Science for young women under their charters, where they might become accomplished in scientific house-keeping, and thus a substantial benefit be conferred upon our whole country.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—These articles are accepted: "The Chimes"—"Waiting"—"Fireflies and Stars"—"Bon Soir"—"Song"—and "Earnest Love."

These articles are not needed: "Thoughts"—"All for Love"—"A Retrospect"—"A Reminiscence"—"Cora Dale" (and other poems by the same writer. We cannot use them as suggested)—"My Pearl"—"Home"—"Hope"—"The Adventure"—"Sonnet"—"My Mother"—and "Come to Me."

To "F. C. S." (St. Albans). The articles sent as requested.

The MSS. (stamps inclosed) have been returned, as requested.

We have received a poetical reply to "Crowned"—a poem in our Table of last September. The sentiment of the reply is good—the versification has some faults. We give the closing stanza:—

"I've seen a home of mutual care,
The lodily toil not *all* man's share,
The mental freedom, not his alone,
Each, equal to each, on their own hearthstone.
The husband loving, true, and just,
Sweeping over his brow no passion gust;
Generous still, to the fearless wife
That his love has crowned with a royal life."

NOTICE.—Manuscripts must in all cases be accompanied with the name and address of the authors, and stamps for their return, if not accepted. The utmost care will be taken and all possible expedition used with regard to them; but it must be understood that the Editor is not responsible should a M.S. be mislaid or lost.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

BY DR. CHAS. F. UHLR.

In this world of ours, amid its cares and perplexities, how seldom do we pause to think upon the wonders and mysteries of our existence. Day by day we enjoy the breath of life, eat, drink, move, and have our being, unmindful of the wondrous powers by which these ends are realized, ungrateful, many of us, to that Divine Being "whose hands have made and fashioned us," and whose infinite wisdom hath so beautifully adapted our organization to the requirements of our life and comfort. The science which unfolds to us the wonders of the human frame, and exhibits the workings of all its intricate machinery, shows us upon what an infinity of springs, and motions, and adaptations our existence depends. Whether we are sleeping or waking, sitting or walking, there is going on within such a multiplicity of curious phenomenon, such a variety of movements and muscular action, as would overpower us with astonishment and even with fear, were we to behold them. We should be apt to feel alarmed on making the least exertion, lest the parts of this intricate machinery should be broken or deranged, and its functions interrupted.

The steam engine, constructed as it is of the hard-

est and most durable materials, will run but a few months without some of its essential parts being worn or disabled, even though its action be frequently discontinued. But the animal machine, though constructed for the most part of the softest and most flabby substances, can go on without intermission in all its diversified movements by night and by day for the space of eighty or one hundred years, the heart giving 96,000 strokes every twenty-four hours, and the whole mass of blood rushing through a thousand pipes of all sizes every four minutes.

It is not very generally known what an immense amount of labor is performed by the various organs and parts of our body in every year of our short lives. We have made some estimates relative to this point, and will present the odd results for the benefit of those who seldom think upon the subject.

Our heart at each successive pulse or contraction, by which it protrudes the blood out of the arteries into the veins, exerts a force of about 100,000 pounds. It contracts 4000 times an hour, and in one day seven hundred and fifty gallons, or twenty-three and a half barrels, of blood pass through its cavity, and at this rate upwards of 8577 barrels in one year. This quantity seems enormous. The idea of over 8000 barrels of blood passing through this little organ in this time, and it capable of holding only about two ounces at one time. It seems almost incredible, but then there are many incredible truths in our strange existence, and "figures very seldom lie."

Our liver secretes three barrels and one-fifth of bile, salivary glands four barrels of spittle, stomach five barrels of gastric juice, and our kidneys upwards of eight barrels of their secretion in one year. There passes off through the skin, by means of twenty-eight miles of little "sweat tubes," three barrels or more of water in the form of insensible perspiration, and about the same quantity by the lungs through the breath. In addition to this there are the secretions of various other organs and glands of the body in proportionate quantities, which in itself cannot be less than two barrels at a very moderate estimate. Making an aggregate of the whole, we find that there are about seven hundred and seventy-six gallons, or nearly twenty-five barrels, of liquids of various kinds discharged from our body by its various emunctories in one year.

These calculations, based upon facts gathered by the researches and experiments of our physiologists, bring to light the huge amount of labor these fragile organs of ours are capable of performing. But there are other curiosities in our economy, and we will pass on to them.

There are four hundred and forty-six different muscles, two hundred and forty-five bones (sixty of which are in the hands), and upwards of three hundred ligaments in the human body. Each muscle acts in at least ten different capacities, that is, it has ten different intentions or qualifications to serve; each bone has been estimated to have forty. Taking these together, we find that the muscles and bones alone have upwards of 14,000 different adaptations or intentions. If we were to attend to the many thousand ligaments, tendons, membranes, humors, fluids of various description, the skin with its million of pores, and every other part of the organical system, we would have another sum of many hundreds of millions to be multiplied by the former product in order to express the diversified ideas which enter into the construction of our wondrous body.

One hundred and three muscles are brought into use every time we breathe, and the combined force of these muscles in accomplishing this act has been estimated at 3000 pounds at each inspiration. As

regards the strength of the other muscles of our body, Doctor Dicks says that "when a man lifts up with his teeth a weight of two hundred pounds with a rope fastened to the jaw teeth, the muscles named the *temporalis* and the *masseter*, with which people chew, and which perform this work, exert a force of above 15,000 pounds. When a man, standing on his feet, leaps or springs to the height of two feet, if the weight of such a man be one hundred and fifty pounds, the muscles employed in that action will exert a force 2000 times greater, that is to say, a force of about 300,000 pounds." Thus it is, the more we inquire into the wonders and mysteries of our existence, the more perplexing and astonishing it seems to be. We meet with truths that more than puzzle our minds, and find ourselves in such a labyrinth of strange phenomena, as to excite doubts in our minds as to their veracity; "indeed," exclaims Doctor Dicks, "we can hardly believe our senses."

When these calculations are carried on for a lifetime of fifty or eighty years, they form results that are truly prodigious, and well calculated to excite sentiments of extreme amazement and wonder. A man's beard grows upwards of twenty-seven feet in a lifetime of fifty years, his finger and toe nails about seven feet in the same length of time, and it has been computed that a woman with a full and healthy head of hair has upwards of fifty-seven miles of the capillary substance vegetating upon her cranium. But we will not lengthen our article by continuing farther these strange estimates of the wonders and singularities of "the house we live in." We will write a book, some day, and enter the subject more fully, and content ourself at the present with adding one more (there is always room for one more), and close. Has anybody ever thought how much food a human being "makes way with" in one year, or how much it would amount to if estimated for a lifetime? If not, the following may prove interesting.

Let us allow two pounds and a half of food per day, which is quite a moderate estimate, for there are men who daily eat from four to five pounds, and multiply it by the number of days in one year. We have nine hundred and twelve pounds and a half, the amount eaten in this time. If now we multiply this by fifty, to make our estimates for a lifetime of fifty years, we have 45,025 pounds, or nearly twenty-three tons, of food that is eaten by a man of moderate appetite in this length of time.

What a delicate little morsel to set before a young man with the information that he is to eat and digest it before he dies. Undoubtedly, when we whisper in his ears that the glands in his mouth will secrete about two hundred and fifteen barrels of spittle to moisten and assist the swallowing of it, that his stomach will furnish two hundred and fifty barrels of gastric juice to digest it, and that about one hundred and fifty barrels of other digestive fluids and acids are necessary for the accomplishment of the process, and that enough heat is generated in the same process to raise to the boiling point one hundred and forty-six gallons, or nearly five barrels, of cold water, it will open his eyes and ears to the truth that "he is fearfully and wonderfully made." Indeed, with such abundant testimony before us, who could fail to think otherwise? Who can refrain from joining with the psalmist in his pious exclamation: "Adorable Creator! with what wonderful art hast thou formed us! Though the heavens did not exist to proclaim thy glory, though there were no created being on earth but myself, my own body might suffice to convince me that Thou art a God of unlimited power and infinite goodness."

VOL. LXXX.—7

Literary Notices.

From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

A WREATH OF RHYMES. By Millie Mayfield. A very rich and pleasing collection of graceful verses, showing a cultivated intellect, a musical ear, and a more than ordinary capacity for the free and easy management of rhyme and rhythm—the chief constituents of what may be termed poetry considered as an accomplishment.

From ALFRED MARTIEN, Philadelphia:—

GYPSY JEM; or, Willie's Revenge. By the author of "Mother's Warm Shawl." This little book is simply and naturally written, like the previous works of the author. It is just what children like to bring home from school; short, easily read, and easily remembered, with a useful lesson of kindness and love to the poor.

HANNAH'S TRIUMPHS. By Mary A. Denison. The author's purpose is a good one, but the characters and style of the book are extravagant and unnatural. No purpose of instruction can be served where the persons in a story are mere puppets. Miss Denison should draw her characters and dialogues from real life.

ANNE'S SATURDAY AFTERNOONS. By Mary A. Denison.

NELLIE WATERS. By Mary A. Denison.

SCRUB. By Mrs. C. S. Belfour.

These little books can, either of them, be read through in an hour, and will prove excellent for Sunday school libraries. *Scrub* is a story of a poor-house boy who made his way up by industry and integrity. The books are well bound and printed.

HARRY'S BATTLES. One of the best books of its class we have met. It is a simple story of the temptations and trials of a boy, which at first overcame him, but were afterwards conquered through the example of a schoolmate. We expect for it a large circulation. All Mr. Martien's books are attractive in their appearance.

From CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAPPELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

SLOAN'S ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW AND BUILDERS' JOURNAL. Vol. II., No. 5. A valuable number.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, and LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE POLAR WORLD: A Popular Description of Man and Nature in the Arctic and Antarctic Regions of the Globe. By Dr. G. Hartwig, author of "The Sea and its Living Wonders," etc. Of late years much interest has been awakened concerning the polar regions of the earth, resulting, no doubt, from the various exploring expeditions which have set out for those latitudes both from this country and from England. The narratives of these expeditions have always been warmly received and eagerly read. But still our knowledge of these portions of the globe is most detached and fragmentary, and a need has been felt of something fuller and more comprehensive. This need is now supplied in the volume before us. Gathering information from all authorities, its author presents pictures of life in the polar sea, taking the entire circle, as far as discoverers have given us any information, around both the north and the south pole. Lapland, Iceland, Spitzbergen, Nova Zembla, Siberia, Kamtschatka, Alaska, Greenland, Labrador, Newfoundland, Patagonia, and Terra del

Fuego, are all in their turn described—the physical appearance of the country, its animal and vegetable life, and the inhabitants, with their manners and customs, religions and forms of government; while the vast number of illustrations which are introduced still further elucidate the text.

FELIX HOLT, THE RADICAL. By George Eliot.

SCENES OF OLERIOAL LIFE and SILAS MARNER. By George Eliot.

ROMOLA. By George Eliot.

Harper & Brothers have published three more volumes of their cheap and elegant Library Edition of George Eliot's works, "Romola," the fifth volume of this series is, to our thinking, the best and most masterly of her productions. It is an historical novel, the scene laid in Florence late in the fifteenth century. George Eliot's writings have all the vigor and excellence of those of the very best of English authors, while they are entirely free from the blemishes of many.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Agnes," etc. This is the nearest to a sensational novel which Mrs. Oliphant has ever produced. Her stories are always finely written and carefully elaborated—sometimes there is almost too much elaboration—but this, after the plot really begins to develop itself, becomes absorbing in its interest. Incidental to her story, she has illustrated the manifestations of a certain kind of religious fanaticism which is not peculiar to the locality which she describes, but which is manifested at times in all religions and in all countries.

PEG WOFFINGTON, CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE, and other Stories. By Charles Reade. This is still another volume of Harper's cheap edition of Reade's works. With all the editions of various styles and prices, which are now being issued of this popular writer, every person should try to secure one, according to his means.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

HISTORY OF ENGLAND from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By James Anthony Froude, M. A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. In two volumes. Whatever opinion we may entertain as to the entire correctness of the historical views presented by Mr. Froude—so different in many of their prominent features from those that have heretofore been held by historians—we must award to him the merit of a captivating style, and of an almost unparalleled industry in the collection of those minute details which serve to give to past history the vividness and reality of present action. The thanks of the reading public are due to the American publishers for this cheap and popular edition of a work, not to be acquainted with which is evidence of an imperfect knowledge of English history.

ADVENTURES ON THE GREAT HUNTING GROUNDS OF THE WORLD. By Victor Menier. This volume of the Illustrated Library of wonders presents to the young reader a collection, from various sources—from ancient as well as from modern travellers—of well-authenticated facts, illustrative of the nature, habits, and various modes of some of the largest and fiercest animals. It is a book that boys will read with a relish. As in all the volumes of the series, the illustrations are capital.

From SHELDON & Co., New York, through ALFRED MARTIN, Philadelphia:—

JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S TALK; or, Plain Advice for Plain People. By C. H. Spurgeon. Mr. Spurgeon says: "There is no particular virtue in being

seriously unreadable." Therefore, in a quaint, semi-humorous vein, he has attempted to interest his readers, and at the same time to tell many homely truths, and impart lessons of industry, honesty, temperance, and the other virtues. There is no approach to a sermon in this book. A smile will be constantly on the reader's face, while he cannot but acknowledge and feel the force of the truths which the "talks" express.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

ARMS AND ARMOR IN ANTIQUITY AND THE MIDDLE AGES. *Also a Descriptive Notice of Modern Weapons.* Translated from the French by M. P. Lacombe, and with a Preface, Notes, and one additional Chapter on Arms and Armor in England. By Charles Boutell, M. A., author of "English Heraldry," etc.

METEORS, AEROLITES, STORMS, AND ATMOSPHERIC PHENOMENA. *From the French of Zürcher and Margollé.* By William Lackland. Into the nature of the contents of these two books their titles, as we have given them, will afford sufficient insight. As with the other volumes of the most interesting series to which they belong—"The Illustrated Library of Wonders"—they aim to popularize, both by copies and finely-engraved illustrations, and by simplicity of style and expression, subjects which, divested of the technicalities of science, are of the greatest interest to the mass of readers, old as well as young.

APPLETON'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC for 1870. Edited by Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper. This is a beautiful annual, containing twelve full-page illustrations by Darley, besides numerous other handsome engravings. As a work of art it will not disgrace any parlor table.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. Monthly Part, No. 7. For furnishing a variety, amount, and excellence of reading, and for beauty of illustration, Appleton's Journal is not surpassed. It is issued weekly, and when bound in monthly parts, each part forms quite a volume by itself. This part contains a beautiful steel engraving of Lake George after a painting by J. W. Casilear.

From DICK & FITZGERALD, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE AND KITCHEN DIRECTORY. Young housekeepers who wish to find a cook-book which shall aid them in obtaining a practical knowledge of cookery, will find this volume just what they require. Its receipts, in all branches of cooking, are full, plain, practical, and economical.

THE YOUNG DEBATER AND CHAIRMAN'S ASSISTANT. By an Ex-Member of the Philadelphia Bar. This book contains instructions how to form and conduct societies, clubs, and other organized associations. It also gives full rules of order for the government of their business and debates, together with much other important and interesting matter of a like character.

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through J. S. CLAXTON, Philadelphia:—

THE METHOD OF THE DIVINE GOVERNMENT, Physical and Moral. By James McCosh, LL. D., President of the College of New Jersey. We believe that this work, published in Scotland in 1850, and now in its eighth edition, is the first of that series of dissertations upon natural theology which have distinguished the name of Dr. McCosh. He is one of the ablest defenders of orthodoxy which this

generation has produced. In this book he examines the evidences which Nature and the constitution of man afford concerning the character of the Deity. His conclusion is that their united testimony sustains the account of Revelation. Dr. McCosh writes in a simple, easy style; and though he lacks the matchless lucidity and grace of a contemporary philosopher, his works will be found pleasant and instructive reading. He has within a year become an American. We congratulate the College of New Jersey on obtaining so illustrious a President.

TIBBY THE OHARWOMAN and her Friends. By P. E. S. A short story, apparently written for a religious newspaper, and incorporated with other articles in this little volume.

THE CROWN WITHOUT THE CONFLICT. By the Rev. R. H. Lunder.

LITTLE DROPS OF RAIN. By the author of "Nell's Mission." The story of a girl who, after a pleasant and conspicuous school life, came back to a household oppressed by poverty and without a head. How dissatisfied Elsie was at first, and how she learned to fill her mother's place, are well and simply told.

SHINING LIGHT. By the author of "Hedley Vicars."

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From KIMMEL & FORSTER, New York:—
THE REALM OF THE QUEEN OF FLOWERS. THE AMERICAN BOY. DISSECTING PUZZLE OF ANIMALS.

From our Fashion publishers we have received three diversions for the holidays, that seem to us as beautiful and attractive as anything in the toy shops. The first is called "The Realm of the Queen of Flowers." The book contains four cartoons, representing vases, baskets, and wreaths, with a great variety of beautifully painted flowers. Silts are cut in the cartoons, and the flowers arranged in them at the taste of the owner, either in consonance with the season, or in contrast of colors and shapes. The sentiment conveyed by each flower is explained in a little pamphlet accompanying the cartoons. The "American Boy" is a pasteboard doll, with many changes of costume, handsome and brilliant dresses that delight children. The "Dissecting Puzzle" is amusing and curious. It consists of six wild animals, divided into numbered parts. The players draw these numbers from a bag, and the one who first makes a perfect animal wins the game. We recommend all our friends, who are doubting what Christmas presents to give their children, to look at these pretty amusements.

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From the AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, New York, through the Pennsylvania Branch, 1407 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

LOTTIE LANE; or, "By their Fruits shall Ye Know them." By Mrs. M. E. Berry. We are told by a little girl, who seems to have been much interested in reading it, that this is "a very nice book." As it was written for the benefit of just such little critics as the one whose opinion of it we have asked, we deem ourselves justified, from her favorable judgment, to recommend it to the attention of parents generally.

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From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, through OLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAPPELFINGER, J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., and D. ASHMEAD, Philadelphia:—

HOW CHARLEY ROBERTS BECAME A MAN. By the author of "Forrest Mills."

HOW EVA ROBERTS GAINED HER EDUCATION. By the author of "Forrest Mills."

Two entertaining and instructive stories; one intended for boys, and the other for girls. They are

the opening volumes of a series entitled "The Charley Roberts Series."

LIGHTNING EXPRESS; or, The Rival Academies. By Oliver Optic.

THROUGH BY DAYLIGHT; or, The Young Engineer of the Lake Shore Railroad. By Oliver Optic.

ON TIME; or, The Young Captain of the Ucayga Steamer. By Oliver Optic.

SWITCH OFF; or, The War of the Students. By Oliver Optic.

Among the many writers for children, there is no one who seems to understand what boy nature requires—what will benefit it and at the same time interest it—so well as Oliver Optic. His stories are not merely pleasant fictions; but are well written, with a well-defined purpose, which is admirably carried out. This set—"The Lake Shore Series"—is a beautiful one in appearance, and will make, either complete, or any one volume singly, an appropriate holiday gift.

DOTTY DIMPLE'S FLYAWAY. By Sophie MAY, author of "Little Prudy Stories." Illustrated. This little book completes the set of six volumes which compose the "Dotty Dimple Series." They are highly entertaining to the little folks, and will form a pretty and welcome Christmas gift.

THE BOY FARMERS OF ELM ISLAND. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg. The boy farmers of Elm Island did not have just the same experience that boy farmers have now-a-days. They went fishing and hunting, and had adventures of all sorts; not doing these things in sport, but seriously and earnestly to raise means, first, to pay for their island home, and then to render that home comfortable and attractive. The lessons of energy and perseverance the book teaches will not, we trust, be thrown away on its young readers.

THE YOUNG DETECTIVE; or, Which Won? By Rosa Abbott. The story of an active, energetic, wide-awake lad, who, by becoming an amateur detective, not only brings the career of two wicked men to a close, but at the same time saves the life of one person, and checks the downward course of another just as he is entering on a life of crime. This is the fifth and last but one of the "Rosa Abbott Series," a series which has been justly popular with the young folks thus far.

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From ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

LITTLE WOMEN. Part Second. By Louisa M. Alcott. We noticed a year ago the first part of this charming book. Since that time the public has ratified the verdict of the critics. The story of Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy is in thousands of households, and the call for a sequel to their early life was very loud. Miss Alcott has gratified the universal desire, and the second part is worthy of the first. The children are girls and women here. Jo becomes an authoress, and marries a professor. Meg and Amy are matrons, too, when the book closes, and pure-hearted little Beth has gone from the family circle. No commendation of the story is needed. It will be a favorite with hundreds of children these holidays.

LETTERS OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE. Edited by Mrs. Hale. Revised edition.

LETTERS OF LADY MONTAGU. Edited by Mrs. Hale. Revised edition.

Messrs. Roberts have made almost a specialty of the writings of women. We notice no less than nine volumes by or about them now published by this enterprising firm. They have placed these books at the head of their list. It seems eminently fit that the writings of the two great literary women

of their time—one of the seventeenth, one of the eighteenth century—should be studied by their successors in the nineteenth. Already these works have passed into a second edition. The handsome binding and clear print combine with the intrinsic excellence of the contents to render them a most valuable present for the holidays.

NIDWORTH AND HIS THREE MAGIC WANDS. By E. Prentiss, author of "Susy Borks," etc. A truly excellent little story, inculcating the moral that the love which springs from unselfishness is a possession to be prized far above riches and wisdom alone.

THE WRITINGS OF MADAME SWETCHINE. Edited by Count de Falloux of the French Academy. Translated by H. W. Preston. The success which attended the publication of Madame Swetchine's "Life and Letters" has led to the issuing of this compact, little volume, which contains some portions of her graver writings. Its contents embrace detached thoughts expressed with epigrammatic terseness on various subjects, and two noble, though fragmentary essays on "Old Age" and "Resignation."

GERMAN TALES. By Berthold Auerbach. With an Introduction by Charles C. Shackford. Another of the delightful "Handy Volume Series," so neat in typography, tasteful in binding, and convenient in size and form. In our judgment, the five tales it contains will obtain a wider popularity with American readers than any of Auerbach's productions we have as yet seen in an English dress.

From **FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., Boston**, through **TURNER BROTHERS & Co., Philadelphia**:—

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC for 1870. The "Atlantic Almanac" contains much valuable, interesting, and amusing matter, and is illustrated by numerous pleasing wood-cuts. The colored plates, however—especially the frontispiece—are very inferior, and the actual value of the book would be increased if they had been omitted.

From **HENRY C. LEA, Nos. 706 and 708 Sansom St., Philadelphia**:—

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D., assisted by I. Minis Hays, M. D. October, 1869.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

JANUARY, 1870.

FORTIETH YEAR.

A HAPPY New Year to all! After forty years of pleasant service, we present our lady subscribers with the portrait of the old man as he looks now. It may seem like a piece of personal vanity, but we do not think so. We have been corresponding in a friendly way with some hundreds of thousands of the ladies of this blessed country, and we know from the frequent applications we have for photographs that they wish to know what we look like, and here we give them the counterfeit presentment in pretty good order after *forty years'* work on his and the ladies' own book. There is no other instance in this country of a magazine started and continued by the same person for *forty years*—every number superintended by himself, and at the present moment feeling strong enough to continue it for *forty years* more.

The LADY'S BOOK was organized for the express purpose of exercising a salutary influence over the

moral, intellectual, and social characteristics of women; developing, refining, and elevating the sentiments and sympathies of her nature, and preparing her for the duties and offices which give pleasure to domestic life. To succeed in this object, we have called to our assistance the best and most efficient talent in the country. There is not a department in which the women of America of any class can possess interest, be it useful or ornamental, to which attention is not paid.

We have been cheered in our labors by the women of America. The thousands of letters we have on file from them are a treasure to us of their confidence in whatever they in their good, warm hearts consider as true to their advancement in life. We look with pride over the many years that we have sat in our Arm-Chair and attended to this correspondence—years that have been filled with many pleasant occurrences. It is with these feelings that we have yielded to many friendly requests for our picture, and have given them a steel plate correct in all its points.

In presenting the January number to our friends, we are confident that high praise will be bestowed upon it. We know that our illustrations are from the best artists; that our literary matter is from the best magazine writers; that our fashion department is edited by one every way competent to fulfil the expectations of those ladies who look for a guide in the art of dressing with taste; in fact, that nothing has been spared to make it a number that will challenge the criticism of the country.

It stands foremost among the fashion books of the day, and no lady should be without it.—*Champion*, Milton, Canada.

THE TITLE-PAGE FOR 1870.—This is certainly a handsome steel plate. It consists of five tableaux emblematic of winter. Our steel plate title-page is one of the best features of the book. Ilman Brothers are the artists.

No well-regulated house with young ladies should be without it, if they wish to keep posted.—*Times*, McLeansboro, Illinois.

This magazine is the standard fashion monthly of America, and is always on time.—*Bulletin*, Leavenworth, Kansas.

CLUBS.—We thank our friends for their prompt sending in of their clubs. It enables us to get our books in order for an early delivery.

It is surprising how well this old monthly sustains itself. An examination shows that with age it increases in vigor, taste, and importance. It is almost as essential to the household as a cooking stove, and we believe the expenditure for it should always precede the purchase of a cradle. It saves many times its cost every year in patterns and suggestions in regard to buying and manufacturing goods for the family.—*Sentinel*, Edina, Mo.

OUR subscribers will perceive that we continue to present them with a sheet of embroideries and other useful articles.

There is in it something entertaining and instructive for every one.—*Tribune*, Welland, Canada.

A PRESENT FOR A LADY.—Did it ever strike any of our young friends that they could not make a more agreeable Christmas or New Year's present to a young lady than a year's subscription to the LADY'S BOOK? Will it not monthly call the donor to their remembrance, and will they not be particularly gratified in receiving so useful a present?

POSTAL MONEY ORDERS.—Apply to your postmaster for a postal money order. No more losses by mail.

"The postal money order system established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than \$1, nor more than \$50. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz: For an order for \$1 or for any larger sum but not exceeding \$20, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of \$20 and up to \$30, the charge shall be 15 cents; more than \$30 and up to \$40, the charge shall be 20 cents; over \$40 and up to \$50, the charge shall be 25 cents."

"THE CHILDREN'S HOUR" FOR JANUARY.—"We have seen this number of which the *Sunday School Times* calls the "best magazine for children in the world," and pronounce it the most beautiful and attractive number of a child's periodical we have ever seen. Among the illustrations are four exquisite pictures by Bensell, representing Longfellow and his children as imagined in that charming poem, commencing:—

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation
That is known as the children's hour."

They have been engraved by Lauderbach in his admirable style. Then there are two full page pictures, "Going to School," and "Coming From School," that will win every mother's heart. Be sure to get this January number. It will be found at all news dealers, and costs 15 cents; or you can send to the publisher for it. It is worth twice that sum. "The Children's Hour" is published by T. S. Arthur & Son, Philadelphia, at \$1 25 a year. We send this magazine and *LADY'S BOOK* for \$3 50 a year. Any subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK* who has not ordered it can do so through us at \$1. If you have children, don't fail to add this pure and sweet magazine to their stock of reading.

I CAN inform any one interested of *hundreds of WHEELER & WILSON Machines* of twelve years wear, that to day are in *better working condition than one entirely new*. I have often driven one of them at a speed of eleven hundred stitches a minute. I have repaired fifteen different kinds of Sewing Machines, and I have found yours to wear better than any others. With ten years' experience in Sewing Machines of different kinds, yours has stood the most and severest test for durability and simplicity.

GEO. L. CLARK, Lyndenville, N. Y.

Godey more than maintains its prestige as the foremost ladies' periodical of America.—*City and County, Nyaak, N. Y.*

THE Gentleman's Slipper, printed in colors, is another useful attraction. Instructions as to colors will be found in the work-department.

A favorite in almost every household, South and North.—*Herald, Mechanic's Falls, Maine.*

CLUBS! CLUBS!—Begin now to form your clubs. The first to form a club is apt to succeed. Many ladies have written us that they find it easier to raise a club for the *LADY'S BOOK*, on account of its faithfulness in adhering to promises, than any other magazine. In remitting, send us a post-office order or a draft on Philadelphia or New York; or, if neither of these can be procured, greenbacks or National Bank notes will do. Give Town, County, and State in your letter. We will send to any post-office where the subscriber may reside. See Terms on second page of cover.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY.—1870 will be the great year of this favorite periodical. Nearly double the former quantity of music will be given in every number. Brilliant music for good performers, easy music for beginners, fantasies, transcriptions, polkas, waltzes, galops, songs, duets, quartets, etc., by all the famous composers of Europe and America. One brilliant Salon piece, worth 50 to 75 cents, in every number; one or two easy pieces for beginners, in every number; two vocal pieces, songs, duets, or quartets, in every number; one sacred song, harmonized for four voices, in every number. In short, we are determined to keep *Holloway's Musical Monthly* ahead of all competition.

Contents of January number.—The Fairy Sprite, brilliant and showy parlor piece by E. Mack. Tassels on the Boots, easy arrangement for beginners. Little Maggie May, beautiful song. Rejoicing Galop, duet for Piano and Flute, or Violin. Pulling Hard Against the Stream, splendid song and chorus, for four voices. Still Closer to Jesus, beautiful piece for Sunday schools or the social circle. This music in the stores would cost between \$2 and \$3. In the *Monthly* it costs less than 33 cents. Every number is printed on sheet music paper from engraved plates of the full sheet music size.

Terms and Premiums.—Single subscription \$4 per annum. Single numbers 40 cents. As a premium we send to single subscribers one dollar's worth of new music free. For two subscribers five dollars' worth of new music from our catalogue free. Two subscribers, without the premium, \$7. Five, without premium, \$15, or only \$3 each. Agents and canvassers wanted in every town and village. Send 40 cents for specimen, with prospectus and terms.

One entire year, free.—Any one ordering direct from us during the present month six dollars' worth of sheet music will receive as a premium the *Monthly* for 1870 free. A splendid holiday present. Address orders only to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL always maintained that the moon was a furnace—so hot a place that nothing could live under its torrid influence. Captain John Ericsson, whose ability no one disputes, declares that the moon's surface is one mass of solid ice. When such men disagree, who shall decide?

"ONCE A MONTH."—We call special attention to the Prospectus of "ONCE A MONTH" for 1870, to be found in the December number of the *LADY'S BOOK*. It is to be enlarged and liberally illustrated. For cheapness, typographical beauty, and rare excellence of reading matter, it is not surpassed by any magazine in the country. We will send this magazine and *LADY'S BOOK* one year for \$4.

Godey is the brightest gem in the literary diadem of America, and such a gem as should find a setting in every well-regulated household in the land.—*Freeman, Ebersburg, Pa.*

Sparkling with its accustomed freight of choice literature.—*Examiner, Frederick, Md.*

FREIGHT ON LETTERS AND PREMIUM ON DRAFTS.—We wish our subscribers distinctly to understand, that when they send their letters by express company they must pay the freight, and those who send drafts must pay the premium. We advise subscribers to remit by mail a post-office order or a draft payable to the order of L. A. GODEY. Should either be lost, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

GODEY FOR 1870.—We call attention to our advertisement for 1870 on the second page of the cover.

THE MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN COMPANY.—In the course of less than twenty years this company have grown from a very small beginning to be the most celebrated and extensive makers of instruments of the organ and melodeon kinds in the world. They make first-class organs only, and of these produce and sell more than six thousand per annum. Yet, so well is the reputation of their work established, and so great the demand for it, that, notwithstanding this enormous production, they are constantly receiving orders, and it is often necessary to wait several weeks to obtain one of their instruments. Their organs rank highest, not only in this country, but in Europe, where the demand for them is rapidly increasing.

This remarkable success is undoubtedly owing greatly to their superior skill in this specialty, and to the very important improvements they have effected, but it is the result, almost in equal measure, perhaps, of adherence to, and an energetic pursuit of certain principles. Inflexible rules with them are (1) to do the *very best work only*, availing themselves of every improvement, and being careful to suffer no inferior instrument to leave their factory; and (2) to sell always at smallest remunerative profits, having fixed prices, which are alike to all.

Any one buying an organ made by this company has the satisfaction of knowing that he has one of the best instruments of the class which can be made, and this at the lowest price at which such work can be afforded.

MR. BRYANT recently thus advised a young newspaper contributor: "My young friend, I observe that you have used several French expressions in your article. I think if you will study the English language, that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written, I do not recall an instance where I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that, on searching, I found a better one in my own language."

FOUR first-class magazines for \$6 50:—

Godey's Lady's Book	-	-	-	\$3 00
Arthur's Home Magazine	-	-	-	2 00
Once a Month	-	-	-	2 00
Children's Hour	-	-	-	1 50
				\$8 50

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING.—We have received from Messrs. T. S. ARTHUR & SONS a copy of their premium engraving for 1870. It is called "BED-TIME," and will by many be regarded as more beautiful and artistic than "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," their picture for last year, which proved so great a favorite. "Bed-Time" represents a mother with her sleeping babe in her arms, carrying it lovingly to its nightly resting place; and the artist has given it a tender interest that wins the heart of every lover of children. It is large and richly engraved, and when framed will make an ornament fit to grace any parlor in the land. This picture is given as a premium to all who make up clubs for *Arthur's Home Magazine* (the best two dollar ladies' magazine in America) *The Children's Hour*, or *Once a Month*. Every subscriber to these magazines has the privilege of buying this elegant picture for \$1—the regular selling price is \$2 50.

"**REALLY, my dear,**" said poor Mr. Jones to his better half, "you have sadly disappointed me. I once thought you a jewel of a woman; but you've turned out only a bit of matrimonial paste." "Then, my love," was the reply, "console yourself with the idea that paste is very adhesive, and will stick to you as long as you live."

A CHEERFUL RELIGION.—Let men be taught to know there is as much religion in the good, robust, rejoicing enthusiastic singing of God's praise, as in the sedate and doleful style that is usually styled the most devotional; let them know that the earnest prayer need not be a drawing jeremiad; let them feel that good Gospel preaching may be in as sprightly delivery of pleasant truths, more than in a whining recitation of inanities; let them believe that Christianity is a live thing, that it is in sympathy with the active, rejoicing spirit of our humanity, and it will be better commended to their acceptance. Seriousness ought always to characterize the Christian. But seriousness does not consist in sullenness, moroseness, or even in the sobriety that drives away smiles and the taste for rational pleasure. He is most serious who best brings an earnest, healthy, rejoicing nature to the performance of his duty. Men are most beautifully serious when truthful smiles are playing on their lips, and when their whole countenances are lighted up with a benignant joy. It ought, therefore, to be the effort of professing Christians to pass through the world so happily as to light it up and fill it with joy. They ought to sing in the midst of judgments, and to sing loudly and cheerily and constantly amid their marvellous benefits. We pass to a kingdom, out of sadness and sorrow, where there will be no sorrow nor sighing. Passing to that place, let us cultivate the spirit that is to distinguish us when we arrive there, and show that we do really begin our heaven on the earth.

THE MODEL FRENCH WOMAN.—We read a good deal of the other type of French woman—of the one here described, and certainly existing only too rarely. Her accomplishments repose on the solid basis of scientific methods, and are enhanced by native good taste. At her birth the muses, the graces, and Minerva were agreed to concentrate equally in furnishing her brain, and to take part in stimulating the different organs they are supposed to preside over, so that she attracts and charms all within her range who are not wrong-headed and wrong-beheaded. Her demeanor is simple and modest. The eye expresses sweetness and serenity. She is elegant without extravagance; quick-witted without cunning; amiable without girlishness; ready without pertness; fluent in conversation, listens attentively, answers correctly, suggests, inspires, and avoids with delight. Not touching upon any sore or disagreeable subject. This model French woman whose portrait I take from life, can also prattle pleasantly with her neighbors without ever betraying impertinent curiosity, or being led into backbiting an absent person. She has a quick sense of the ridiculous; but fearing that it might sometimes run counter to the laws of hospitality, has made a rule which is rigorously adhered to, never to laugh at the weaknesses of any acquaintance within twenty-four hours of the time he was her guest. The English woman, while she abdicates her place in society, is too often the tyrant of her daughters, and acquires the manners, appearance, and cross temper of an upper nurse. In the case of my model French woman it is quite different. She has not many children, but she adores the few that are around her, directs their education with masterly ability, administers a large establishment, checks the clerk's books in the office, and to reconcile French customs with what she feels to be the right thing, invites often to her table young men of promise, two of whom, in the natural course of things, will be the husbands, four or five years hence, of Louise and Amelia, her daughters. Madame Victor Hugo was a woman to whom this description might apply.

WASHINGTON IRVING related that he was once riding with Tom Moore in the streets of Paris, when the hackney coach went suddenly into a deep rut, out of which it came with such a jolt as to send their heads against the roof. "By Jove! I've got it," cried Moore, clapping his hands with great glee. "Got what?" said Irving. "Why," said the poet, "that word I've been hunting for for six weeks to complete my last song. That rascally driver has jolted it out of me."

NEW SWEET MUSIC.—*New Songs, etc.*, published by Starr Holloway, Philadelphia. While Shepherds feed their Flocks by night, beautiful quartet, 10s and duet for soprano or tenor and contralto, 10s. W. H. W. Darley, 60 cents. Tis Sweet to be in Heaven, sacred song by Fiske, 30. The Triumph, sacred song, with beautiful picture of the Fire, Christmas song and Under the Mistletoe, by Glover, 20. Sing on the Pond, fine winter song, 30. Another song for the new year, 20. Now the Days are gone Over, song for the close of the year, 25. Christmas Bells, spirited duet and chorus, 30.

Easy pieces for beginners.—Robin Adair Rondo. Day Long, easy arrangement of Foster's favorite melody. Walking Up Chestnut Street Polka. Goes a Ringing for Sarah Waltz. Up in a Ballooning. Flying Trapeze Redowa. Each 20s, or the six for \$1.

Pieces more advanced.—Kris Kringle March, with picture title of the merry old fellow, 50. Snow-White, by Brinley Richards, picture title, 50. (Holloway's is the only illustrated edition.) Cradle Song, by Spencer, illustrated, 50. Forget Me Not, picture, illustrated, 60. Merry Yule Mazourka, picture, 80. Blue Bells of Scotland, brilliant arrangement by Robinson, 75. Christmas Chimes, by Richards, 50. Holiday Hours, bagatelle in G major, Glover's melody of Under the Mistletoe, picture title, 40.

Each forms an elegant and appropriate Holiday gift, and the above list offers a choice variety. At \$10 worth are ordered, whether from our list or we will bind the same in neat binding free of cost and forward free of postage. When \$5 worth are ordered we will mail regularly during the campaign in addition a free copy of *Holloway's Monthly* for 1870. Catalogues free. Address orders to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

OLD LINEN.—The women of the old town of Linen are celebrated for their art in folding linen. It is an old one, but it has, nevertheless, a certain mean celebrity on the ladies of Angers. It is not so much now as it used, and is, therefore, nearly confined to the grand old housekeepers of the grand old chateaux of the place. The linen press is of a magnificent Gothic hospital still shows some *chefs d'œuvre* of the kind. The good sisters throw open the doors of their immense cupboards with a natural feeling of pride, and reveal to the astonishment and admiration of the visitors the wonders of their dexterity. In a vast sheet, folded into a rough, twenty-four sheep, formed of chemises, are hanging, guarded by a night-dress in the shape of a shepherd, and so on. Linen castles, windmills, towers and abbesses are frequent *tours de force* of these dexterous linen folders.

THE VEGETABLE AND FLOWER GARDEN.—We are reminded of the near approach of the season for planting operations by the appearance of *Practical Gardener's Calendar* for 1870. Those of our readers who are interested in such matters should secure a copy for a copy to make their selections. It contains descriptive lists of Vegetable and Flower seeds, with directions for their cultivation with illustrations. Also New Plants, Roses, Verbenas, Fuchsias, Dahlias, Gladiolus—in short everything connected with Horticulture. Mr. Pezer has been very successful in sending out seeds and plants to all parts of the United States, and during his recent visit to Europe has added many novelties to his already large and varied collection.

The *Calendar* will be mailed to applicants by enclosing a postage stamp to his address, HENRY A. DEXTER, Philadelphia.

THE PIANOFORTE.—In 1716, Marius, a French inventor, presented to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, a clavessin, whose strings were vibrated with hammers instead of plectrums; and two years later Christoforo, a Florentine musical-instrument maker, devised some further improvements on the instrument. This has generally been considered as the first piano. In 1760, a foreigner, named Zumpo, established in England a small manufactory of these instruments, but he met with little success. Its merits were, however, clearly perceived by Haydn, Gluck also adopted the new invention, and the piano on which he composed his "Armida," and other works, made for him by John Pohlman in 1772, still exists. It is stated to be only four and a half feet in length and two feet in width, with a small square sounding-board at the end, the wire of the strings being little more than threads, and the end of a horizontal jack working on a hinge.

"The instrument," says M. Thalberg, "compared with a fine piano of the present day, is utterly insignificant and useless; and it is difficult to conceive how it could have been used for the purposes it certainly served, till we reflect upon the importance to the composer of having at instant command any description of orchestral effect."

In France the first maker of a pianoforte was Sebastian Erard, who died in Paris in 1831. Erard was the orphan child of a cabinet-maker in Strasbourg. He came to Paris when only sixteen years of age, and apprenticed himself to a harpsichord-maker, in whose employment his ingenious mind soon found means to display itself. His apprenticeship being ended, the young Strasbourg workman obtained employment from various instrument-makers, which he executed at his own home.

One day a harpsichord-maker, struck by his talent, proposed to him to make an instrument of the harpsichord kind with such improvements as the workman could suggest. Pleased with his task, although it was agreed that the instrument was to bear the name of his master only, who proposed to take the credit of the work, Erard devoted himself assiduously to the production of the instrument.

When it was completed, the musician who had purchased it was so much struck with its powers that he returned to make inquiries from the harpsichord-maker on the subject of its construction. The man, taken by surprise, was unable to reply, and was at length compelled to admit that it was entirely the work of his young journeyman.

From that time Erard's reputation began to spread. The Duchess de Villeroi, who devoted much of her fortune to the encouragement of the arts, having heard of the young artist, sent for him, and proposed to him to attempt the construction of a piano similar to those recently introduced into Saxony by Silbermann; and it was in her house in Paris that the workman designed and completed his instrument—the first ever made in France, where, indeed, it was till then almost entirely unknown. Played at the concerts given by the duchess, the instrument quickly gained in favor.

Sebastian Erard, in conjunction with his brother, Jean Baptiste, set up a manufactory in Paris to meet the demand for the instrument; and here the ingenuity of the Strasbourg workman speedily introduced such improvements that his instruments became famous throughout Europe. To Erard is due the upward bearing of the strings.

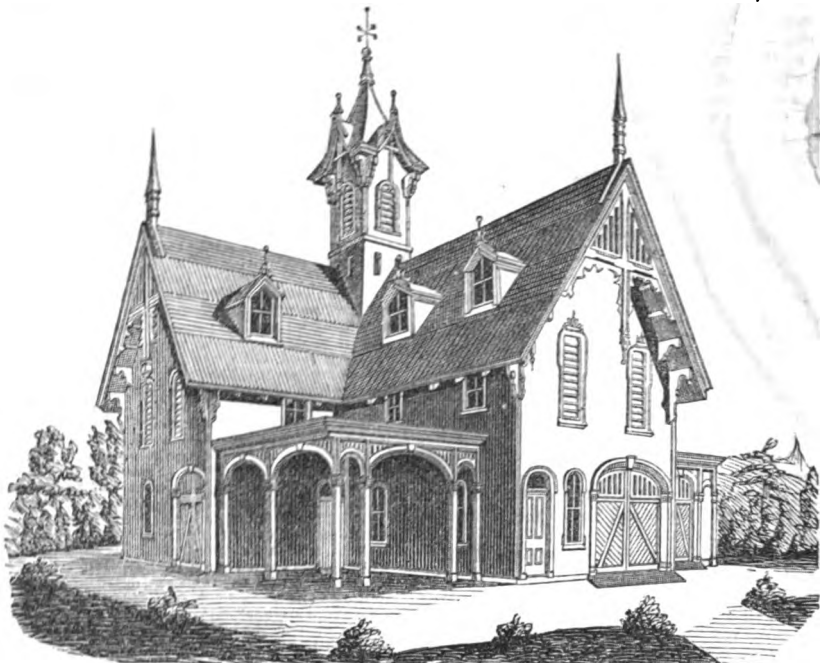
The following choice lines are from the pen of Mrs. Landon:—

Children are what the mothers are.
No fondest father's fondest care
Can fashion so the infant heart
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.

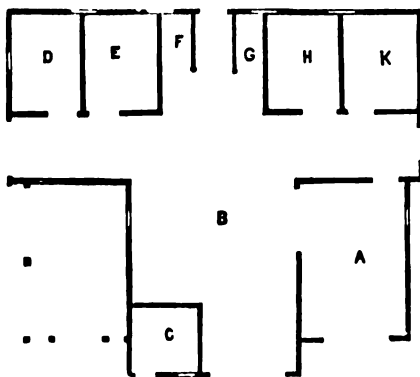
His startled eyes with wonder see
A father near him on his knee,
Who wishes all the while to trace
The mother in the future face;
But 'tis to her alone uprise
His wakening arms—to her those eyes
Open with joy and not surprise.

CARRIAGE HOUSE AND STABLE.

Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 436 Walnut St., Philadelphia.



THE above was designed for a carriage-house and stable for Mr. Robbins, of Merchantville, N. J., distant three miles from Camden.



Description of Diagram.—D, E, H, and K box-stalls, 11 feet by 14 feet 6 inches; F and G open stalls, 5 feet by 8 feet 6 inches; C harness-room; A covered shed; B open space.

This design—together with the one in the November number—will produce a beautiful combination. The plan, as will be seen by the diagram, is a first-class arrangement, the stalls being of that peculiar construction known to horsemen as “box-stalls;” they are four in number; there are also two open stalls; also ample room for carriages.

The architecture is of that light and pointed style—which ever stands submissive to massive architecture—in which the horizontal and vertical lines preponderate; this style produces a sort of playful effect, suiting admirably for carriage-houses and similar buildings. In residences quantitative effects and costly appearances are requisite. We do not wish to be understood that all pointed architecture is flimsy; many examples of English

Gothic residences fully—and the example disprove; but we will assert that they are as sepulchres for burying money without displaying any equivalent. There are many buildings in the country called Gothic, beautiful when cut in that entirely disgrace the community.

When Gothic designs are called for we give them in their native grandeur and magnificence.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Address “Fashion Editress, care L. A. Goley, Philadelphia.” Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

- Mrs. Dr. J. W. B.—Sent rubber gloves October 23d.
- Mrs. B. Y. S.—Sent pattern 23d.
- Mrs. T. L.—Sent pattern 23d.
- Miss M. T.—Sent pattern 28th.
- O. H. M.—Sent articles 27th.
- L. L. H.—Sent lead comb 29th.
- I. M. H.—Sent lead comb 29th.
- Miss M. E. H.—Sent lead comb No. 3d.
- Mrs. B. E. A.—Sent lead comb 3d.
- Miss E. F.—Sent lead comb 3d.
- Mrs. J. P. L.—Sent pattern 12th.
- Mrs. C. D. B.—Sent pattern 12th.
- Miss L. A. P.—Sent hair cross 12th.
- Mrs. A. E. A. G.—Sent pattern 12th.
- Miss D. H. H.—Sent shoes, gloves, etc. by express 16th.

Lucille.—That is a matter that can only be answered properly by the revenue department at Washington.

Lena T.—If you desire the acquaintance, you should invite him to call; the lady is always privileged to invite whom she pleases.

G. —1. At present it is. 2. We have more attention hand than we can possibly use for months. Aithy.—1. We do not know the author. 2. Yes, ladylike.

Ad Subscriber.—Have not been able to find it yet.

Miss H. M., Boston.—Much obliged to you for the pattern; shall publish it shortly.

Lucia B. B.—We can have the charm made for \$6. Girl in Blue.—Light hair is considered most fashionable; but no person of sense would wear any hair but the natural color.

Young Housekeeper.—Your questions are too many to enable us to reply. The subjects are treated on at various times through the proper department of the Book.

Fannie.—To preserve the hair of a child in the best condition it should be cut, and not dragged back in a reverse direction to its growth.

Sarah.—All woollens dye well.

Inez.—We have no prescription, nor do we think you should attempt to use one without medical advice.

N. S. S.—Offer declined.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editors of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq. No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

The Publisher of the *LADY'S BOOK* has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the Fashion Editor does not know.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Carriage dress of silver gray Irish poplin, made with one skirt, trimmed with a deep plaiting of blue satin, with bands of the same above, trimmed with satin rucheas. Casaque of the same forming an upper skirt, with revers turned back, trimmed with satin. Open sleeves and waist, with white muslin sleeves and chemisette. Blue velvet bonnet, trimmed with black lace and blue flowers.

Fig. 2.—Evening dress of white tarlatan, with an underskirt of pink silk, trimmed with three narrow pointed ruffles. The overdress is trimmed with four ruffles, scalloped and bound with silk. Low square corsage, with lapels, which extend down on the skirt, trimmed with flowers; the shoulders are also ornamented with bouquets as well as the front of the skirt. Hair arranged in curls, with diadem of flowers.

Fig. 3.—Visiting dress of purple satin, made with one ruffle on the skirt. A trained casaque of black velvet, open at the sides, and looped in the back, trimmed with narrow lace insertion. Purple velvet hat, trimmed with flowers and small feathers.

Fig. 4.—Dinner dress of Pomona green silk, made with a court train, trimmed with narrow ruffles. The front breadth is trimmed with three narrow ruffles and point lace. Corsage cut low square, with underwaist of white muslin, and puffed sleeves of the same. Hair arranged in curls and plaits, with diadem of ivy leaves.

Fig. 5.—Walking costume of black velvet, trimmed with a ruffle around the edge of the skirt, headed with a band of fur. Mantelet cut short in the back; deep points at the sides, trimmed with fur. Muff to correspond. Bonnet of ruby-colored velvet, trimmed with white flowers.

Fig. 6.—Costume for little girl of ruby-colored silk, trimmed with a band of gray silk, edged with quilling of ruby silk. Overskirt and lapels of the same, scalloped at the edge, and bound with silk; sash ends of same. Gray felt hat, trimmed with flowers and velvet to correspond.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Morning-robe of white cashmere, trimmed with lace insertion, lined with cherry-colored silk. It is cut with a loose camisole puffed in the back. Coat sleeve, trimmed with a deep ruffle at elbow. Lace cap, trimmed with cherry-colored velvet.

Fig. 2.—Dress of black velvet, trimmed with one ruffle on the skirt. The overskirt and waist are in one, and are turned back and faced with lilac satin. Habit shirt and sleeve of fine muslin.

Fig. 3.—Suit composed of an underskirt of blue silk, trimmed with seven narrow ruffles scalloped. Overdress of black *gros grain*, trimmed with one ruffle, headed with a ruche, looped in the back, and a fancy sash. Hat of black velvet, trimmed with a feather.

Fig. 4.—Visiting dress of maroon-colored silk, made with two skirts. The lower one is trimmed with a ruffle and puff, and large bows made of the silk. Upper skirt trimmed to correspond with puff in back. Plain corsage, with mantelet of same. Maroon-colored velvet bonnet, trimmed with flowers.

Fig. 5.—House dress of elderberry-colored silk poplin, made with one skirt trimmed with three ruffles, put on in deep points at intervals, and finished with a bow. Plain corsage, trimmed to represent square neck, with a short basque in back.

Fig. 6.—Walking-dress of purple cashmere, made with two skirts. The lower one is trimmed with three narrow ruffles, trimmed with narrow velvet; the upper one is edged with one ruffle. Mantle of the same, trimmed with one ruffle, crossed in front and fastened with a belt. Purple velvet hat, trimmed with flowers.

Fig. 7.—Suit of blue cloth, made with one skirt, trimmed with three ruffles. Mantle looped in the back to imitate an overskirt, and trimmed with heavy fringe. Blue velvet bonnet, trimmed with flowers of the same shade.

Fig. 8.—Suit of green Winsey, with an underskirt of green and black striped satin. The overskirt is looped in back and front in Watteau style. Cape looped in back. Black felt hat, trimmed with green.

Figs. 9, 10, 11, and 12.—Gentlemen's collars and cuffs. These collars and cuffs are for morning wear, as there is color introduced. Any one of the patterns can be forwarded.

Figs. 13 and 16.—Fashionable shaped collars for gentlemen.

Fig. 14.—Linen cuff, suitable for morning wear, fastened with three buttons.

Fig. 15.—Double cuff. This cuff consists of two halves joined together by a cross strip of linen; so

that either the straight or the round part of the cuff can be worn on the hand.

Fig. 17.—Sailor collar of white linen, with border of striped linen, the same trims the habit skirt.

Fig. 18.—Bracelet of fine gold, with cameo surrounded by pearls. The Greek pattern is in black enamel. The bands crossing the bracelet are of gold, inclosing a row of pearls.

Fig. 19.—Butterfly in gold, for ornamenting the hair.

SECOND SIDE.

Figs. 1 and 2.—Front and back view of a fashionable shaped water-proof cloak. The edge can be finished plain or by a ruffle, as seen in Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.—Hood of white cashmere. This hood is trimmed with flutings of the same material as the hood, cross strips and flutings of blue satin. A puff of white cashmere, ornamented with blue satin, is sewn on in front, as well as a bow of blue satin three-fourths of an inch wide. The cape crosses in front, as can be seen on illustration. The hood fastens with a hook and eye, the sewing on of which is covered under a blue satin bow. The cape is edged all round with pinked-out white cashmere flutings and cross strips of satin.

Fig. 4.—Jacket of scarlet cashmere, trimmed with black velvet and embroidery in gay colors. The centre of basque in the back is composed entirely of black velvet and embroidery, and finished by gay colored tassels.

Fig. 5.—Necklace, in the Watteau style, composed of light chains of gold, from which are suspended medallions of flowered enamel, with framework of leaves of gold. Gold butterflies, studded with emeralds and rubies, are suspended between the medallions.

Figs. 6 and 7.—Ear-ring and medallion of enamel, with border of pearls.

Figs. 8 and 9.—Elizabethan collar and sleeve. This collar is of quite a new shape. The front part, forming revers, is turned back, whilst the back part stands up. The collar is made of muslin, with a strip of insertion four-fifths of an inch wide, and lace three-fifths of an inch wide. Fasten a red satin bow in the middle of the back of the collar, and a similar one in front. Fig 9 shows the corresponding cuff.

Fig. 10.—Dressing jacket. This pattern can be made up either in flannel, figured cambric, *brillante*, or *piqué*. It consists of three pieces—front, back, and sleeve—representing one-half of the jacket. The jacket is trimmed all round, and in the front as a square bodice. The sleeves are also ornamented as gauntlet-shaped cuffs. The style of the trimming depends on the material used for the jacket. If for flannel, either a hemmed *ruche* or braided band of the same is effective; but if white cambric, or any other white material, is used, the best trimming is a row of embroidery lined with colored gingham or satin ribbon.

Fig. 11.—A costume composed of a jacket cut with basques, but with full knickerbockers that are fastened immediately below the knee.

Fig. 12.—This costume is in the Scotch style, and is intended for a boy between four and five years of age. The jacket is also cut with basques, which are ornamented with braid and buttons.

Figs. 13, 14, and 15.—A new arrangement for shortening a train skirt worn with a tunic. This new arrangement is both elegant and practical. The waistband of the underskirt is provided with straps of unequal length, each having a buttonhole at the lower end. To shorten the dress you fasten the buttons placed lower down upon the dress into the

buttonholes; but if you wish the dress to main long, you leave the straps unbuttoned. Our model is made of striped pearl-gray and violet silk, with border of gray lining at the top gathered on the upper part, also of gray lining; the buttons are set on over the gathers at equal distances. The tunic is of gray silk, trimmed with a fluting and bows of violet silk. The toilet must be completed by a high bodice and sash of the material of the tunic skirt.

Figs. 16 and 17.—Stuart collar and sleeve. This collar is very becoming; it consists of a strip of muslin one yard long, two inches wide, slanted off on one side from the middle toward the ends, so as to be only two-fifths of an inch wide; it is hemmed on the straight edge, and ornamented with lace two-fifths of an inch wide. On the other edge, the strip of muslin is plaited in plaits one-tenth of an inch wide, turned in the same direction, so that the strip is only twenty inches long. A second strip of muslin, only one inch and three-fifths wide, and slanted off in the same manner, is likewise edged with lace, and is plaited in box-plaits, two-fifths of an inch wide, at a distance of four-fifths of an inch from each other; the middle six box-plaits must be double. Both strips are then sewn between a double cross-band, covered with a colored satin ribbon.

Fig. 18.—Overskirt of blue satin, trimmed with narrow lace, headed with a fancy gimp. Fancy gimp bows ornament the sides and back.

Fig. 19.—Flannel skirt for a baby just shortening its clothes. It is made with a waist and short sleeve.

Fig. 20.—Fashionable shaped corset, made of fine French clotilde, trimmed with embroidered edge.

Fig. 21.—This small chemise, suitable for a child from one to two years of age, is made of fine white muslin, and the top and sleeves are trimmed with Valenciennes edging and insertion.

Fig. 22.—Jacket of black velvet, trimmed with guipure lace.

Fig. 23.—Loose walking jacket for young girl of blue cloth, cut in scallops, bound with satin, and headed with three narrow satin folds. The back is ornamented with a hood trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 24.—Lady's night-dress of fine long cloth, made with plaited front, cut surplice, and trimmed with fine embroidery. Coat sleeve, trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 25.—Corset cover, cut square in the neck, a yoke being formed of small puffs. Puffed sleeve, edged with a narrow embroidered trimming.

Fig. 26.—Short basque, made of black velvet, trimmed with satin. This is fastened on a waist-band, and can be worn with any colored dress.

Fig. 27.—Waist of black silk, trimmed with blue velvet, embroidered in white. This can be worn with a black or blue skirt.

Fig. 28.—Chemise for a girl of five, made of long cloth, with embroidered band and sleeves.

Fig. 29.—Apron for a girl of seven, made of French muslin; the edge of the apron is trimmed with a ruffle formed of lace insertion and edging. The bretelles are formed of the same, with a piece put in front and back to have the appearance of a square neck. This apron is particularly pretty worn over a bright-colored silk dress.

CASQUE AND BASQUINE.

(See Engravings, Page 26.)

Figs. 1 and 3.—Casque for an elderly lady. This casque partially fits the figure, and has a Watteau basquine at the back. The material is black cloth, and the trimming consists of a four inch frill, headed with a plaiting of cloth. The bodice is encased

with a plaiting, bordered at both sides with *guipure*. This describes a pointed cape on the front and back, and terminates with a butterfly bow at the waist.

Fig. 2.—*Basquine* of plaid cloth. The newest form of out-door covering in plaid costumes is given in Fig. 2. Our model is made of green and black plaid; in front it is cut in the form of a *casaque*, loose to the figure, but is tightened with the waist-band, which is black satin, corded with green. The back is ornamented with a wide Watteau plait, which is fastened at the top with a double loop of satin and a rich *plaque* of gimp, terminating with fringe. The trimming of this *casaque* consists of a wide band of black satin, edged with green satin.

CHIGNONS.

(See Engravings, Page 27.)

Figs. 1, 2, 3, and 4.—Four *chignons*. All these *chignons* are arranged upon a comb, so that they can be fastened on the head without the slightest difficulty. They can likewise be removed as easily. The *Oreole chignon* is made of *crêpé* hair, which is boiled when stiffly plaited, so that it long retains the wave. The curled *chignon* is treated in a similar manner. Both these are for young people. The remaining three are plaited, and can be worn by ladies of maturer years. False hair is still very extensively worn, and there appears no probability at present of its going out of fashion.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

(See Engravings, Page 28.)

Fig. 1.—Suit for a girl twelve years old. The dress is made of blue silk poplin; the edge of the skirt cut in scallops, and bound with satin, with a deep fluting of satin below. Cloak of green and blue plaid cloth, bound with blue satin, and satin bow and ends in the back. Bonnet of blue velvet, trimmed with fine flowers.

Fig. 2.—Suit for a girl of eight years, made of silver gray poplin, trimmed with velvet of a rich shade of crimson; the dress is made with *fichu*, trimmed to correspond. Hat of gray felt, trimmed with crimson velvet.

Fig. 3.—Dress for a girl of striped poplin. Waterproof cloak, made with a cape. Hat of black velvet, trimmed with scarlet.

Fig. 4.—Costume for a little boy of blue navy cloth, made with a blouse and Knickerbocker pants. Hat of blue cloth.

Fig. 5.—Suit of green and black plaid. Hat of green velvet, trimmed with black.

Fig. 6.—Suit for a girl of ten years of maroon-colored reps, made with one skirt, trimmed with a ruffle bound with velvet. Watteau *palette*, trimmed to correspond. Hat of maroon-colored felt, trimmed with velvet.

Fig. 7.—Dress for a girl of nine years of blue and black striped satin, with an overdress of black velvet. Hat of blue velvet, with feather of blue and white.

Fig. 8.—Boy's suit of black velvet, with an overdress of purple velvet cloth.

Fig. 9.—Dress for a girl of twelve of brown Irish poplin, with one ruffle on the edge of the skirt. *Basque*, trimmed with same, with brown velvet sash. Hat of brown felt, trimmed with velvet.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

DINNER and evening dresses are imported in a soft thick silk of rare lustre, called *drap Imperial*, and the corresponding shades are shown in satins of fine

quality, designed for the *toilettes* of the present gay season. First is *ciel* blue, the palest sky tint with changeful silver shimmer. Artists in colors have experimented for years to obtain this pure shade without the leaden hue or the greenish tinge that gas-light develops in many evening blues. Foamy billows of lace and ornaments of pearl should accompany this admirable color. Next to this are darker blues—royal, Mexique, and ultramarine, the shades deepening in the order mentioned. Four coral shades are shown; the first is white-coral, warmed with the merest blush of pink, scarcely deeper than a flesh tint; pink coral like the pale Neapolitan ornaments; the darker rose-coral; and the deepest red shade, so becoming to brunettes. Beyond this is the new gas-light green, *verd Nile*, a favorite hue with blondes; Pomona and emerald green complete the list. We also see brocaded silks; these are the first fruits of the promise made by the Empress Eugénie, as she passed through Lyons, that these brocades should be restored to favor, if it lay in her power. Plain *faillé* and *gros-grain* silk have for some years been exclusively fashionable, much to the prejudice of the Lyons manufacturers, whose special glory lay in the fabrication of the handsome *sores faconnés*, for the patterns of which artists of really great talents were employed. It is incalculable what an influence such or such a fashion may exercise upon a whole city of employers and workmen.

At Lyons the greater part of the town is occupied by the workmen, called *canuts*, whose silk machines are heard from morning till night without pause or rest. Now all these work-people's gains are remarkably reduced, when, instead of figured, they have only plain or even shot silk to manufacture. The great difference between Lyons and the great manufacturing towns in England is, that instead of being all huddled together in large manufactories, the workmen all remain in their own houses, where each has his own loom and machine. But we cannot enter here into farther details of the manufacture of silk. We fancy our lady readers will prefer reading a description of some of the twelve beautiful dresses, presented by the wives of the principal manufacturers to the Empress on the occasion of her brief flying visit to Lyons, where she only remained one whole day and night. The most magnificent of these dresses, that destined to clothe the Empress in circumstances of great ceremony, is a *poult de soie*, with a white ground, brocaded with bouquets of varied flowers, in the Pompadour style. These bouquets are of an exquisite, aerial lightness, and seem to tremble in the air at every movement or rustle of the rich folds of the material. There are no less than sixty different shades in the bouquets; but so softly blended are these shades of color, that there is nothing gaudy or glaring in the *tout ensemble*. The second dress is a damasked satin, cerise-colored, with brocaded bouquets of white silk, shaded with cerise. Then comes a white *gros-grain*, with white brocaded pattern, extremely *distingué*. This excellent reception *toilette* dress seemed to please her Majesty particularly. But our limits will not permit us to describe the remaining dresses.

Silks of striped velvet and satin are very elegant; in some instances both kinds of stripes are of the same color; in others, the stripes are alternately black and colored. For underskirts the stripes are very wide, for dresses they are much narrower. Figured silks are very beautiful upon white or light grounds for the evening, upon black for walking or visiting dresses. The silk *droguets* have colored patterns which look exactly like designs in raised silk embroidery.

We will give a few hints in regard to making

house dresses. The corsage with basque is greatly worn; a favorite is a short basque two fingers deep, cut into six or eight elongated squares. The sleeves are coat-shaped, with trimming at the elbow. If it is desirable to have a more dressy corsage, cut the neck with revers, and turn back the basque in front and at the side and back seams to form similar revers.

To add to the appearance of a basque to the round waists of last winter, modistes make a plaited belt or peplum of black velvet or silk, to be worn with any dress instead of a sash. This is made of a bias strip ten inches deep behind, sloping much narrower in front. It is edged all round with narrow fringe or lace, and box-plaited upon a belt ribbon, an inch of it extending above the belt as a frill. This is effectively worn with dresses trimmed with black velvet. Another dressy novelty to be worn over silks and poplins of a solid color, is a black velvet fichu, short on the shoulders, and pointed to the belt back and front, with a deep postillion basque behind. A fringe of pear-shaped drops edges the cape, which is buttoned from the throat to the belt. Worn over heart-shaped and Pompadour corsages, this stylish cape makes a high-necked costume, and gives a variety to a limited wardrobe. The bodices for dressy *toilettes* are generally made open in front, either in a square shape or *à châte*, with revers. The chemisettes worn with such bodices are cut of the same shape; they are trimmed with a wide strip of insertion edged round the bottom with a deep border of Valenciennes lace, and round the top with a very narrow border of the same. This arrangement leaving the throat partly bare, a necklace, or a large cross, or locket is worn round the neck. When the dress is required to answer a double purpose, a plastron of the same material is made to wear underneath, so as to fill up the empty space; the dress then becomes high for the daytime. This is especially useful for the bodices, cut out square in front, and which are generally too low to wear in the daytime, in winter especially. Those open *à châte*, with revers, can be worn in the day with a high chemisette.

The height of elegance in carriage costumes is a trained casaque of black velvet worn over a short skirt of *gros grain*. For visiting and at ceremonious receptions, the train, a yard and three-quarters long, falls its full length; but for walking, it may, by a simple process, be looped into graceful and voluminous drapery shorter than the skirt beneath. A very elegant model is of Lyons velvet, trimmed with ostrich feathers and lace. Bands of ostrich feathers and bands of cock's plumes are very fashionable for trimming on velvet, silk, and velvet beaver cloths. Swan's down, white marabout, grebe feathers, and peacock's tips trim evening dresses.

A new fancy for winter bonnets is to trim them with chenille fringe, grebe, and fur to match the dress trimmings. A collar of box-plaited velvet, edged with fringe, lace, or a band of feathers, accompanies such bonnets. These collars are deep in front, and tied behind with long looped ribbon, and are intended to protect the throat exposed by the low dresses now so fashionable.

For the daytime, thick plaits are tending to supersede every other style of coiffure, while curls are preferred for the evening. But, though the chignon is less preposterous than it was, we are afraid the use of false hair is far from being abandoned. Instead of a smooth chignon, a lady buys a very thick plait, that is all. It is in fact almost impossible for any lady to compose the fashionable plaited coiffure with her own hair. It consists, at the back, of at least three long drooping loops, each formed of a massive plait of equal thickness through-

out, while the front hair is arranged in raised or waved bandeaux. When the hair of the head is sufficient for the side plait, the centre one at least is almost always false, and the ambition of all votaries of fashion is now to wear plaits as enormously thick as possible. But, even when the hair is not your own, the plaits have over the enormous thick chignon the great advantage of *appearing* at least much more natural than it ever did.

The newest headdresses for evening wear are short coronets for the front of the head, adding nothing to the breadth. Three large carnations, with white marabout drops, tipped with crystal dew, form a coiffure to be worn in front of the chate, laine coiffure. Another is drooping fuchsias and fern leaves.

A new jacket for in-door wear is called the Hungarian. It is made of gray velvet cloth. It is very short, is hollowed into the back, and bordered with feathers of the same color. The front is ornamented with gimp ornaments. The square pockets are surrounded with a feather bordering. The sleeves are of the graceful pagoda form.

For children we have seen a few pretty *toilettes*, which we will endeavor to describe. For little girls of eight or ten years, very pretty costumes are made, consisting of a first skirt of gray cashmere, trimmed with three flutings of blue ribbon; and a second skirt coming down to the heading of the upper fluting. This second skirt is of blue cashmere, looped up on either side with gray ribbon. The bodice is trimmed with ribbon of the same color; the sleeves are tight-fitting at the wrists, with a fluting of ribbon. The sash, which is of wide ribbon of the same color, has several ample lappets, but no loops. A pretty little *toilette* of pearl gray silk poplin has a skirt entirely covered with narrow ruffles up to the edge of the tunic skirt. This tunic is of crimson silk, is rounded off at the sides, but cut square at the back; it is edged with three rows of pretty silk braid. A large and ample bow of crimson silk is placed at the back of the waist. A dress for a party is of white leno, spotted with blue. It is trimmed round the bottom with a scalloped-out border of blue silk, edged with narrow white lace. A small apron of blue silk is continued at the back into wide lapels, forming a sash bow. The apron is gracefully looped up on either side with white lace insertion, two long lapels of which fall at the back. Bretelles of blue silk, edged with lace, form the trimming of the low bodice of white.

Little boy's costumes are less varied. The Scotch style of dress is very fashionable for them this year. The short plaited skirt is in some instances made of silk poplin striped black and brown. A jacket of brown *gros grain* silk, with small square cut basques, is trimmed with black silk braid and buttons. The tight sleeves are trimmed to correspond at the wrists. There is no waistcoat, but a full cambric shirt shows in front. A scarf of brown silk is tied over the left shoulder. Of course, the same costume is made in the various styles of plaids.

We must ere closing speak of the Parepa-Rosa hood, manufactured by Wm. Ascouff, Buffalo, New York. These hoods are composed of small soft fleecy balls, edged with crystal drops. They are what has long been needed, a becoming covering for the head. For evening, promenade, sleighing, or skating they are admirably adapted. They can be procured in all colors, and are of a shape becoming to both old and young. We cordially recommend these hoods to our readers, feeling assured they will meet a want they have long felt. They can be purchased at all first-class dealers throughout the United States.

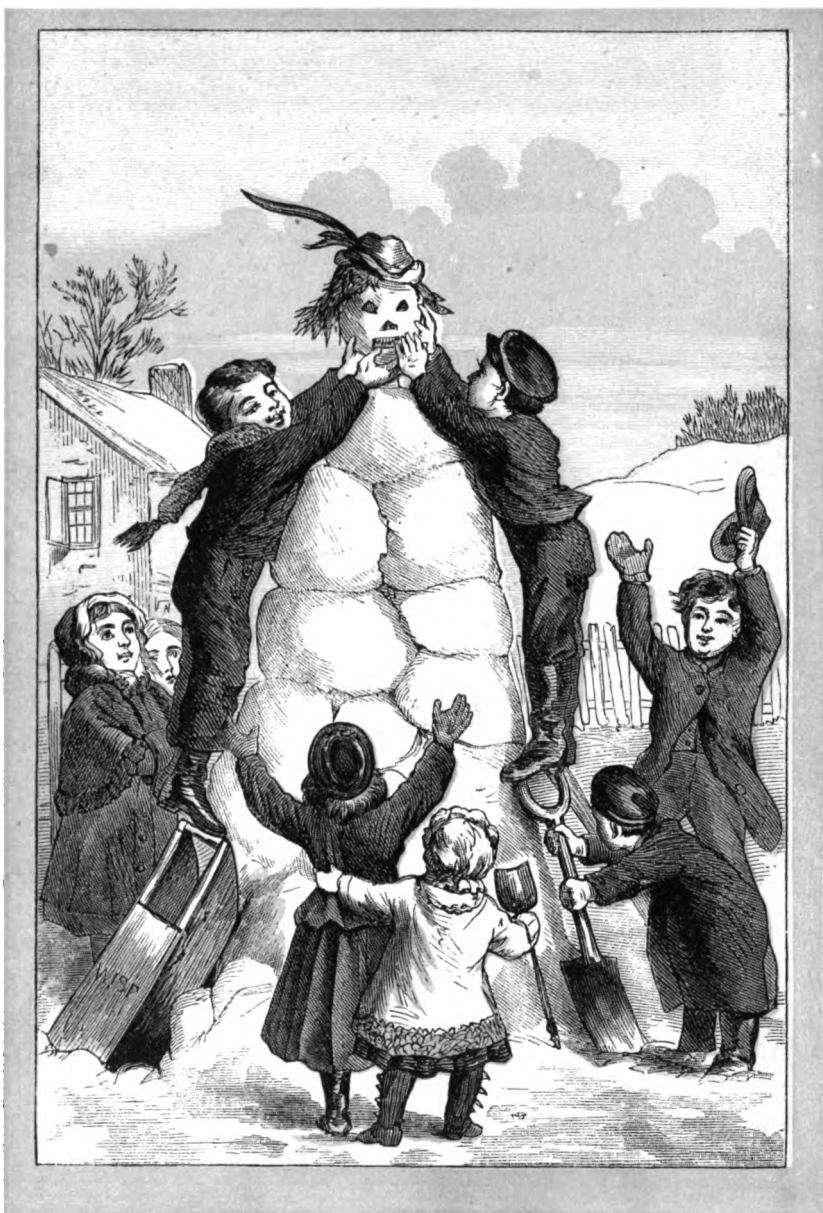
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THE TWO SISTERS

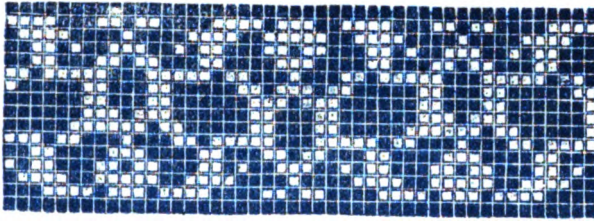






THE SNOW MAN.

CROCHET PATTERN.



Crochet Antimacassar.

CLUNY LACE PATTERN.

(See Description, Work Department).

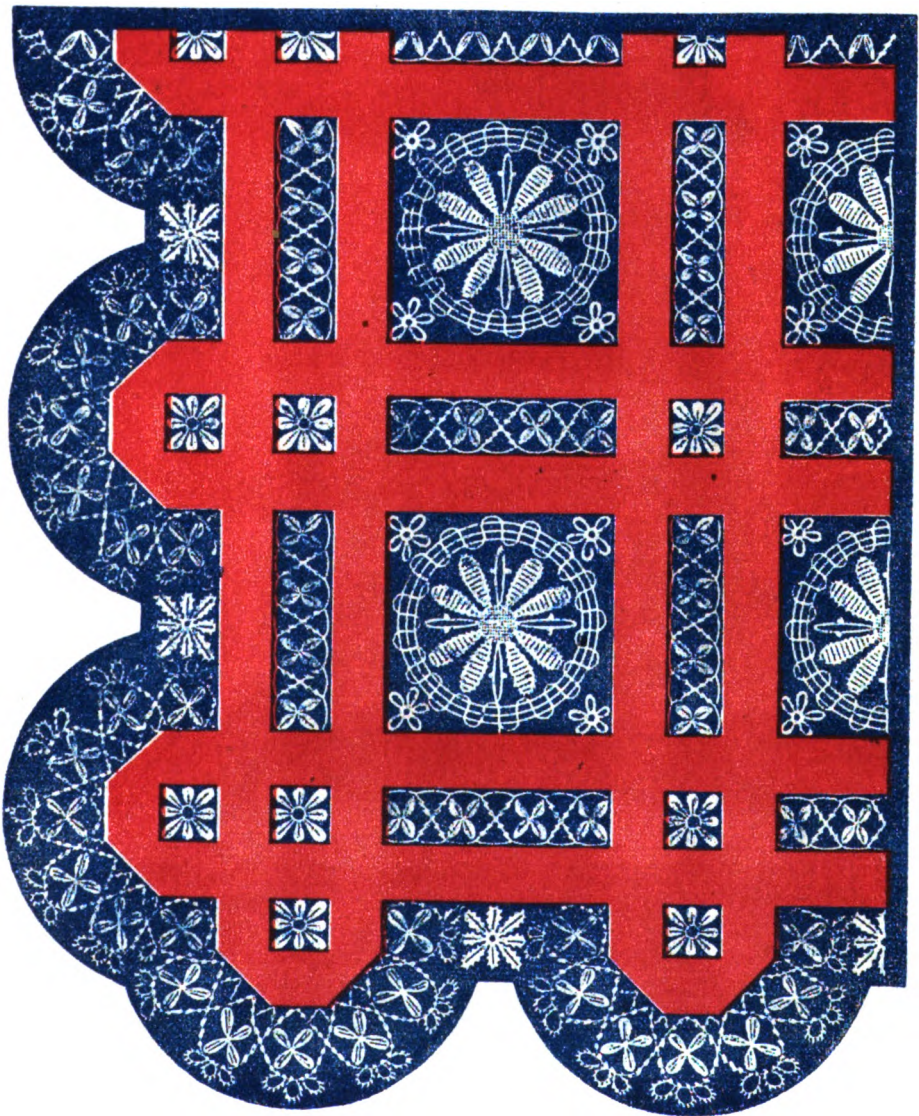




Fig. 7.

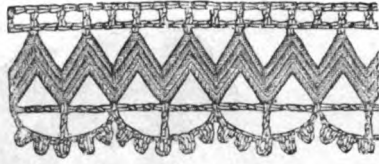


Fig. 12.



FIG. 3.



Fig. 13.



Fig. 20.

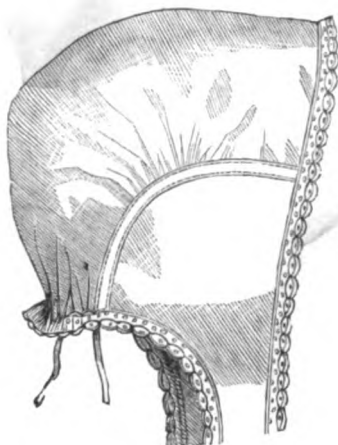


Fig 18.



Fig. 21.



Fig. 22

HATS, BONNETS, ETC.
(See Description, Fashion Department.)



VELOCIPED GALOP CAPRICE.

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

BY LOUIS H. FRELIGH.

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PIANO.

PRELUDE.

Veloce.

8va.

Sempre cres. al Fine.

mp

f

ff

Fine.

1mo.

2do.

The musical score is written for piano in 4/8 time. It begins with a 'PRELUDE' section marked 'Veloce'. The first system shows a trill in the right hand. The second system continues the trill, marked '8va.'. The third system is marked 'Sempre cres. al Fine.' and 'mp'. The fourth system is marked 'f' and 'ff'. The score concludes with two endings, '1mo.' and '2do.', and a 'Fine.' marking.

VELOCIPED E GALOP CAPRICE.

First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, marked with 'Ped.' and '*' Ped. The bass clef staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. An '8va.' marking is present above the final measure of the treble staff.

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melody, marked with 'Ped.' and '*' Ped. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment.

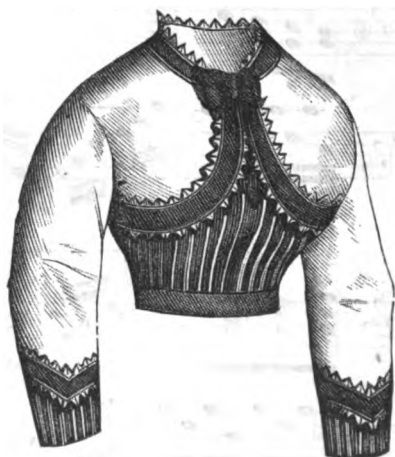
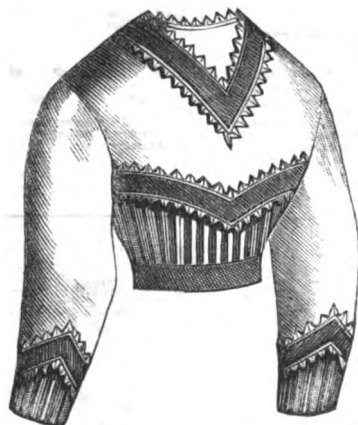
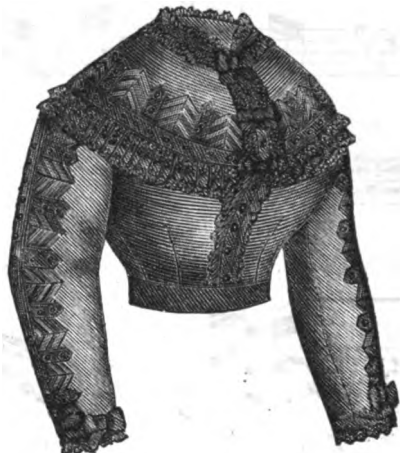
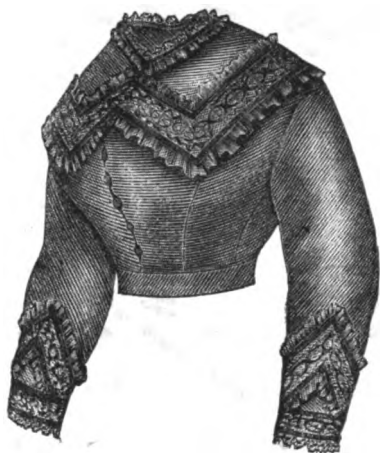
Third system of musical notation. The treble clef staff includes an '8va.' marking and a 'Con Furia.' instruction. The bass clef staff features a forte 'f' dynamic marking. Pedal markings 'Ped.' and '*' Ped. are present.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff has an '8va.' marking. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment. Pedal markings 'Ped.' and '*' Ped. are present.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff is divided into two sections: '1MO. Con rabbia.' and '2DO. Dal Segno. S:'. The bass clef staff continues the accompaniment. Pedal markings 'Ped.' and '*' Ped. are present.

JACKETS.

(See Description, Fashion Department.)



GODEY'S

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THE VANES.

BY MARION HARLAND.

PART I.

OUR mother was a Vane. There is no better family in Virginia than hers. It has come to be the fashion in these fast days to laugh at the pretensions of the old cavalier houses and their pride of ancestry. It does seem, at the first careless glance, a queer graft to set upon a Republican stock. But to my apprehension and taste it was, in its time, a worthier, more dignified emotion than the pride of money felt by those who have scraped it together and the respect paid to it by poorer people; less observed and pitiful than the worship of golden calves—sometimes donkeys—one sees going on about him now. I have never been called haughty. I am too painfully conscious of my drawbacks—mental and spiritual—to set myself up as a model for any one. But I am glad I had a grandfather and a great-grandfather; and—I may as well be frank now I am upon the subject—glad that we can trace our lineage back for ten generations and more, to a noble English house, the head of which displayed a coronet upon his panels. Other people who are far better in every way than I cannot do this, and would not care a fig for it if they could, so you may call it one of my weaknesses if you like.

My father was comparatively a new man, his father having removed from Pennsylvania to our State when a boy. But he was intelligent, energetic, and well-bred, and by the time his children grew up they were admitted to a place in the best society the country afforded. That is saying much, for the community in which we lived was made up of gentlemen planters and their families, and had a reputation for refinement and exclusiveness enjoyed by few other sections of the country. I have heard it whispered that a coterie of antiquated spinsters, who were walking genealogical tables, looked askance at Doctor Ernest Wilbur when he

began to pay open court to the elder and fairer of the two Misses Vane of Brierly, and inquired, smelling-bottle at nose and red lavender within reach, if anybody could give them any *reliable* information concerning his pedigree. They were among the most complaisant of the wedding-guests, however, and loud in their praises of the handsome couple and prophecies of their happy future. My father was a handsome man, but those who knew him intimately rated his physical attractions as the least of his recommendations to their favor. My mother I remember as a slight, beautiful woman with a singularly sweet, yet pensive expression of countenance. There was something mournful even in her smile, and I do not remember that she was ever merry or active. She was dependent, when she took exercise in the open air, upon her carriage and horses, and generally walked from room to room with the aid of my father's arm. Her health was always delicate, and but for her husband's care and skill, she would probably have died before she was twenty-five years of age. As it was, she lived to be thirty, and left two children, my sister Adelaide and myself. Our two brothers had preceded their mother to the grave.

I was five, Addie two, when we were thus thrown entirely upon our father for protection and guidance. The change was not so great or trying as it would have been in many households. Our father's supervision of us had always been peculiarly close and tender. We understood, in early babyhood, that we were never in his way, no matter how busy or tired he might be. Our childish ailments, with all our joys and troubles, were attended to promptly and kindly, as if he felt his ministry to be a privilege no less than a duty. He was our playfellow and guardian—in all things, our strong, unfailing friend. When we lost our other parent, we were drawn nearer to his heart; his loving smile was none the less ready because it was compassionate. In all other

respects he was the same that he had always been. He never married again. We had a governess when he adjudged us old enough to learn from books, but he visited the school-room several times each day, examined us himself every night, and assumed the direction of our English and Latin studies as we advanced in years and knowledge. French and music-lessons were given us, at a heavy expense, by professors from a "Young Ladies' Seminary," several miles distant. We never entered the institution as pupils. Our father did not approve of girls' boarding-schools. In the matter of physical education he was methodical to strictness. We were trained to walk for hours through the woods and over the hills, botanizing and collecting insects for microscopic examination, and rode on horseback ten or twelve miles a day whenever the weather permitted, in company with him, a faithful groom, or one of our cousins from Brierly. This was the next plantation to ours, and belonged to our mother's only brother, Richard Vane. He had married Sophie Wilbur, our father's eldest sister, and the dearly-beloved aunt of his motherless babes. It was she who looked after our clothing and other matters in which men are usually most helpless from their ignorance of feminine mysteries. She had but one daughter of her own, and three manly sons who adored her. Two were older than Addie and I, one younger; and, as was right and fit, they were our constant playfellows—"the next best thing to very own brothers," Addie used to say. "Double cousins, don't you see? and so convenient! We couldn't live without them."

They were more and more useful as we neared womanhood. The departure of Rick and Will, the elder sons, for college, was bewailed by us as a personal affliction, and vacation was one long, glorious holiday. It was, therefore, joyful news to us when Rick announced his intention of reading medicine for a year with his uncle. He was our favorite of all our boy relatives. In appearance, his resemblance to my father was remarkable. He was a genuine Wilbur, too, in temperament—sanguine and energetic, and with all his sweetness and geniality of disposition, very firm of purpose when he had once made up his mind to do, or to obtain.

"If my boys had lived, perhaps my partiality for him would not be so decided," said my father, with a half sigh, one morning, near the close of the twelvemonth of Richard's pupilage with him. "He ought to go to Philadelphia, or, better still, as I did, to Paris, next session, but I am foolish in my unwillingness to part with him. You will miss him, too, girls. Now that you have been accustomed to expect his escort everywhere, as a matter of course, do you think you can content yourselves with sober, diffident Will and little Ernie?"

"Nobody can take Rick's place," I began,

when Addie astonished us by rising hastily from the table and flying out of the room.

"Eh! what ails the child?" said my father, alarmed. "Go after her, daughter, and see if she is sick."

Women's perceptions are keener in certain matters than are those of the wisest men. Up to this instant I had never suspected that Addie's love for Rick differed in kind from mine. They had a way of pairing off together in our walks, rides, and sports. They liked the same songs and the same books, and never quarrelled. If there were a battle to be fought in defence of what he conceived to be her right, he went into it with a will, as a simple duty he had neither the desire nor ability to evade. "Rick and Addie," was a received phrase in both families. The names went as naturally together as hand and glove. And why not? Were they not almost as near akin as children of the same mother? And what was there strange in her grief at the approaching separation? She was scarcely more than a child—just eighteen—and very much addicted to having her own way. A very pretty way it was, for her heart was in the right place, whatever freaks her judgment might play. She did not like the idea of Rick's going North—was totally averse to the Paris scheme. She thought his absence unnecessary; maintained stoutly that her father was competent to instruct him in all the branches of his profession, and she was not pleased that we did not sustain her opinion. This was what I said to myself as I went to look for the runaway, and was vexed at the unreasonable tremor that shook my limbs under me.

Addie was lying upon the bed, her face hidden by the pillows, crying. But when I spoke, she sprang up and put both arms about my neck.

"O Amy! I am so happy, and yet so miserable!" she said, kissing me while she laughed and cried alternately.

"You little goose!" answered I, trying to jest, my heart dropping down, down, like a stone, until it seemed as if I should never find it again. "What nonsense you are talking! What has got into you this morning? First, you rush off like a whirlwind from your untasted breakfast, and when I run after you, expecting to find you half dead, or fainting at the least, you cry to prove that you are happy, and laugh to assure me of your unspeakable misery. This is terrifying to a sedate elder sister."

And all the time I was dreading to hear the explanation I pretended to seek, and was a more contemptible craven than ever when she clasped my neck still tighter, and, whispering in my ear, "Can't you guess it? Rick loves me, dear!" laid her burning cheek to mine, her head upon my shoulder.

I only kissed her in reply. I had no words for her. I foresaw trouble for them, and she had never known a care or a grief that the

next hour could not cure. My pretty, tender blossom! the pet and the pride of our home! Could I, could the father who idolized her, bear to see her droop, maybe fade? For the girl heart was warm and deep, and her loves were not summer fancies, but a part of her being.

"Won't you say you are glad, Amy, and ask Our Heavenly Father to bless us?" she queried, looking up, amazed and pained at my silence. "He made us for, and gave us to one another, you know."

"God bless you, my precious child!" uttered I, earnestly.

No need of effort to say that. It was a prayer too often upon heart and lip.

"And Rick?" she persisted, in gentle reproach. "Why, Amy, I thought—we believed you would be delighted to have him for your real brother."

"I do love him, dearly and truly. But this is all so sudden, pet, and so strange—unnatural, I was about to say—that I do not quite know how to take it. I have always looked upon Rick and Will as too near of kin to be regarded in the light of lovers, and I imagined!"

"That I did, too!" she laughed, mischievously. "Rick and I haven't called one another 'cousin' this great while, but we never said a word of the difference in our feelings until we were riding home last night from the picnic. He was talking about going away, and—and—never mind what else."

"Yes—never mind," I said, seriously. "But, Addie, sweet, you are cousins for all that. Have you thought what papa will think of this turn of affairs? He does not approve of such intermarriages, you know." There! it was said, and my heart began to beat again, when she smiled fearlessly. Perhaps I had been scared out of my wits by a bugbear of my own creation.

"I know he says so. The sagest and best of men have their favorite prejudices. But he cannot refuse me anything—certainly not that which will make me happy for life. Wait until Rick comes to-day. He can do anything with his uncle. You'll see!"

I had not to wait. Addie did not want any more breakfast. I was to excuse her to my father as best I could, but I must go back to the dining-room, and finish the meal with him. She had an imperious, but winning style of managing everybody in the establishment, and down I went with my story but half made up. I lost the thread altogether when I met my father's anxious eyes.

"I was about to come up to you," he said. "Is Addie sick?"

"No, papa, not at all. We got to talking and—I am sorry I stayed so long. Let me give you a cup of hot coffee; yours is cold."

"It will do very well. What is the matter? Has anything happened to trouble your sister?"

I could not help smiling, perturbed though I

was, at the recollection of her "so happy and so miserable." "Not exactly, sir," for his eyes were reading me through and through. "She is grieved at the prospect of Rick's leaving us. You will know all about it by and by."

There was not a tinge of color in his cheeks. "You do not mean—it cannot be! Tell me, now, child. I cannot endure suspense."

"She and Rick are very fond of one another, papa," I could do nothing but get on with the story as fast as possible. "He told her last night of his wish to marry her."

"Heaven help me! Have I been a blind idiot not to foresee and prevent this?" He got up with a look of misery that bowed him into an old man, and walked unsteadily across the floor. "Heaven help me!" he repeated, "I would sooner bury her alive."

"Papa!" I ejaculated, shocked, "Rick is worthy of her, if any man can be. You said this morning you loved him as a son."

"But never as a son-in-law. You are old and sensible enough to understand this. You told her—did you not?—that I would never give my consent?"

"I said that I feared as much."

"Tell her, now, that you *know* it." With that he left me.

I described the scene and repeated the message faithfully; but Addie's love for her betrothed, her confidence in his powers of persuasion, and, should these fail, in her own, were proof against discouragement.

"Wait until Rick comes. All will be right, then," was her re-assurance, and she laughed in my woe-begone countenance. "We anticipated a bit of a skirmish, for papa's notions on this subject were known to us, but we shall come out victorious. Dear, blessed papa! Does he imagine for a second that he can withstand us both?"

"He is very resolute when principle is involved," I reminded her.

"Yes, dear, but this is a professional crotchet unworthy of him. It will go down before the united forces of love and reason."

Our sewing-room adjoined my father's office, and I was in my accustomed place at my work-table that forenoon, when my father came in equipped for his day's ride, and handed me his glove to mend. He was silent and so grave that I did not speak as I performed the little task, he standing behind my chair. As I was setting the last stitch, I saw through the window Richard Vane dismount at our gate. My father drew back—a wince of pain that showed he had observed him also. Rick came up the walk with his free, easy stride, swinging his riding-whip, and Addie met him upon the front steps, putting her hand in his as a sister might. Have I told you what a fine-looking man he had grown to be? He bared his head at his cousin's approach, and the fresh wind played with his chestnut hair,

which had the very shade and curl of hers. His full hazel eyes, ever ready to dance into a smile; his pure Greek profile, and the mouth bent into firm, but never unkindly lines, had their softened reflection in her lineaments. He listened attentively to her few hurried sentences, said something in rejoinder that brought a more vivid blush to her face and deeper light to her eyes, glanced at my window with a smiling nod I mistook for a salutation to myself, and returned. My father moved away into his office as I bowed.

"He is coming to see you," I said, rising to withdraw.

"Stay where you are!" he ordered, peremptorily, but, as I remembered afterwards, in an absent-minded way.

I sat down again just as a knock upon the door of the outer room was answered by my father's "Come in."

There was neither bravado nor shyness in Rick's demeanor, and his smile was hardly less sunny than usual. "Good-morning, uncle!" he said, walking up to him with outstretched hand. "Are you very angry with me?"

My father stood in the middle of the floor and had not stirred to meet him. His gaze was stern, his brows knit. I feared he would refuse the proffered hand or break into angry denunciation. But, at the clear tones, the sight of the frank innocence in the boy's face and bearing, his features relaxed. "Not angry, Rick, but grieved—more distressed than you can conceive, or I describe. Sit down." He drew him to his side upon the lounge and put his arm affectionately over his shoulder. "This thing must not be, my boy. I blame myself for not foreseeing the possibility of such a calamity as your mutual attachment, and I do censure you—if you will let me say it—I do blame you for not bearing steadily in mind what would be the folly and the wrong of a marriage with either of your cousins."

A red tint crept up to Rick's temples; but he had marvellous self-control for one so youthful. Addie had prepared him to expect opposition and rebuke, and he had brought to the ordeal the determination not to damage his suit by an intemperate word or act. "My feelings must alter materially before I can regard my love for your daughter as foolish or wrong," he said, with gentle dignity. "If you imply that I am not worthy of her affection, I grant it."

"We will not fence at arm's length, Rick. My only objection—mark it, for this shows that I consider the object insuperable—my sole objection to your marriage with my child is the closeness of your blood-relationship. You are but one remove from brother and sister—nearer than first cousins, and, were you that, I should still have serious scruples to the expediency of your union. We have studied physiology and the laws governing the well-

being of the human race together long enough to understand one another on this head."

"I was not wholly unprepared to hear this, sir, for, as you say, I was acquainted with your theory respecting intermarriage. But let me be plain, too. Does it seem just or rational to destroy the happiness of two whom you love, and who love each other, for a mere professional scruple, one which is not shared by the majority of the best medical men in the land? I have looked into this subject of consanguineous marriages within the past year. I am forced to the conclusion," smiling again, "that it is a hereditary habit. I find, upon inspection of the 'Family Record' in my father's possession, that the first Vanes who emigrated to America were two brothers, John and Richard, who built Brierly and Longridge. John's eldest son married Richard's second daughter. In the next generation there was a marriage of second cousins; in the third, still in the direct line of my ancestry, one between Richard's great-grandson and John's great-granddaughter; and in the fifth my father's parents were also first cousins. It is a family trait, you see, sir. I will not say a failing. And, having showed your appreciation of the excellence of the stock by espousing a daughter of our house, you will allow me to say that we have cause to be proud of our name and our forefathers. They were upright and thoroughbred gentlemen, honored in church and state, who kept their record clean, and transmitted to us as a priceless inheritance the memory of their virtues and worthy deeds. This is not gasconade, uncle, but simple truth, so well-known I am ashamed to repeat it. Where do you discern any proof in our family history of the deleterious effects of intermarriages, even when continued, as these have been, for a long succession of generations?"

"In the insane asylum." My father's voice was low and discordant. His arm had fallen from the young man's shoulder, his eyes were fastened upon the ground, his visage was gloomy. "You have looked into this matter during the past year, you say. It has been my study for twenty years. You have perused the bald statistics of such a 'Family Register' as men are willing their children and neighbors should read. I have a record of such facts as people—fathers, husbands, and sons—keep out of writing, out of sight—when they can—out of mind. Insane people are not remarkable for longevity. There are certain affections of the brain that terminate in death as surely as in mental decadence. Do you know how many of your kindred are at present in the State lunatic asylums?"

"I have heard of but three, and their lunacy was ascribed to accidental causes." Rick, startled for a moment by his uncle's abrupt enunciation, had regained his air of hopeful composure.

"Accidental causes which developed, not implanted germs of madness. Fifteen unhappy beings whose veins are full of the pure—Heaven save the mark!—Vane blood are enrolled among the patients under treatment for insanity in the two principal asylums of Virginia. Six I have accompanied to these retreats since my connection with the family. Shall I tell you what the physician-in-chief of the larger of the two said to me when I took your cousin, Thornton Vane, to him two years ago? 'From ——— County,' he remarked, reading the certificate of lunacy I presented. 'Humph! Give my respects to the citizens of that aristocratic section, and tell them, instead of crowding our institution with their crazy people, to build a wall around the county itself.' Coarse trifling, you may think, with a subject so sad and sacred, but the truth it enforces cannot be misinterpreted. 'Accidental circumstances' will hardly explain the declamation of a family by the various forms of lunacy. Nor is this the only baneful fruit of the system of intermarriage by which your noble house has kept up its dignity. There are upon my register the names of six half-witted children—three of them in one family; three deaf and dumb, and two who were utterly idiotic from their birth."

"Impossible!" burst forth Rick, impetuously. "You have been grossly imposed upon by your informants. I have never heard a breath of these horrible tales, yet they should have reached me as readily as you. Do not believe them, sir! Ask some intelligent, truthful person, whose opportunities of inquiry and knowledge have equalled yours. Ask my father if these are not gross slanders. Why, your record would make us to be a race of mental monstrosities."

"I have not said so. But it would be hard to find another person whose facilities for gaining information upon a theme so delicate surpass mine. I have been the confidential physician of the Vane connection for twenty-five years. The race is prolific. Large families of children have been born to the heads of the various branches. It is a numerous tribe now; but—and look at this, my boy! two-thirds of them have died in infancy and childhood! The mother of the three half-witted boys buried them all before they reached the age of fifteen, and two scrofulous daughters at eighteen. There were four other children who still live, and fill respectable positions in society. One of them is a member of Congress, another an eminent clergyman. All of them rank decidedly above the medium grade of intellectual ability. Death has been very merciful to the Vanes in covering up some of the traces of the violence they have ignorantly or presumptuously done to Nature. But there are enough left to sicken one's soul. A family trait! Call it unreasoning infatuation unworthy the age in which we live, or,

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indeed, of any civilized era! Yet the men who practise it are renowned for their blooded horses, their fine stock of cows and pigs. The least intelligent of them can discourse by the hour upon the manifest evils of 'breeding-in-and-in!' I shock you, I see, Richard, but this is not the hour for prudish reserve. It is time the spread of this plague was stopped. I, for one, will war against it while I can speak or write. This is my decision, and it is unalterable." He arose, and Rick with him.

How alike they were as they confounded one another, with the steady resolution that betokened the same spirit in both. The idea crossed my mind then and there, as a comforting gleam, that the Wilbur blood was rich in its freshness. Might it not be an element of strength in the effete Vane organism? Had my father thought of this? Would not the suggestion temper his opposition?

Richard took different ground. "I cannot accept it, uncle! I respect your sincerity and the learning that had combined with patient research to form your views. But I do not adopt them. On the contrary, I should be disposed, were you any other man, to regard the acceptance and defence of them as an idiosyncrasy, the hobby of one whose attention had been given too long and closely to one branch of his professional studies. You told me, only yesterday, that every third person in the community was a monomaniac. I do you the justice to believe that this decision has cost you real and great pain. It grieves me to reflect that our union may be a sorrow to you, instead of the abiding joy we would make it, if we could. But your disappointment will be as nothing compared with ours, should you adhere to your purpose of dividing our lives. There is more at stake on our part than the establishment of the truth or falsity of physiological theory. You know Addie—that she does not give her love lightly; that in disallowing it you may crush her heart, blight her existence with it. She has ever been a dutiful and fond child. Would she cross your wishes now save for a matter of vital interest to her and to him whom she has chosen as her life-long mate? As for me, I have loved her, her alone, and with a full heart, fervently, since I was a boy who could just lift her over the puddles and climb trees to throw down fruit and nuts into her apron. Loved her, Uncle Ernest!"—with a rapid change from the argument he tried to keep unimpassioned to pleading that brought the tears in thick, hot clouds to my eyes—"as you loved sweet Amy Vane when she was called 'the rose of the country-side.' She—my mother has told me with prideful affection—would not listen to the objections of her ultra-patrician relatives who demanded investigation of your claims to aristocracy, declaring that any woman would be ennobled by your preference, and that if she did not marry you

she would go down to her grave unwed. Will you deny the child the happiness the mother knew as the wife of him her heart—not expediency—elected as her husband? Can you show her displeasure because she is likewise faithful in love—stanch in purpose?"

"Displeasure! My poor stricken girl! Richard, you do not understand what you are doing. Would I not cut off my right hand to insure her happiness? Could I refuse her what she asks were I not morally certain that consent would work her misery?"

"I question even the probability of that, sir! I have said that I respected your scruples, but I do not recognize their relevancy to our case. There is no suspicion of insanity in our immediate family connection. If there were!"

My father had turned away from him, but I had a glimpse of his features, convulsed and dark.

"If there were," resumed Rick, who had paused, in the belief that the other was about to speak, "there would be force in your objection. I should perhaps bow to your decree."

"You acknowledge this, do you?" The voice was constrained, and, with the singular attitude of the speaker, who stood still with his back to his nephew, his arms folded and head depressed, evidently affected Richard unpleasantly, if not excited his uneasiness. He hesitated before replying.

"I cannot deny it. However we may differ respecting the lawfulness and prudence of marriage between blood-relatives, there can be no doubt in the mind of the candid student of our profession that insanity in certain forms, and under certain conditions of mind and body, is hereditary. Like consumption and scrofula, it is a transmissible taint."

"Such as you would avert from your children by every possible precaution?" questioned my father, with a keen, sudden glance.

Rick colored high. "Precaution in such a case would be but common humanity," he confessed.

"You are right," the uncle went on, rapidly. "Common humanity, then—putting paternal regard out of the question—long ago led me to compute my grandchildren's chances of life and reason. To insure their well-being so far as mortal can, I made up my mind that my children's marriage with any one of their own blood would be an evil, if not a crime. Such it is my duty, according to your own showing, to hinder by every means in my power."

And here my argument came to Richard's lips.

"But I am not a full-blooded Vane. I do not recollect that I was ever glad of it before. I am young and strong, and never had a sick day in my life. So much for the deteriorating effects of repeated intermarriage upon my father's offspring. As to mental calibre"—laughingly—"since modesty will not allow me

to speak, I must refer to my college reports and the more valuable testimony of my present preceptor. My spirits are uniformly good—match my digestion, in fact. Addie—I say it without flattery to either, is your counterpart—sound in mind and body. She has inherited the constitution of the Wilburs, and their energy." Then, archly—"Their will, also, it would seem."

I could just hear the response. "She is, nevertheless, her mother's child."

"You, of all men, would be the last to object to that, sir," retorted Rick, lightly, yet with the unvarying respect that had marked his manner throughout the trying interview.

"I, of all men living, know what it signifies."

With a mighty effort, my father mastered his voice and resumed something like his accustomed manner—only so solemn and mournful I trembled before he laid both hands upon his nephew's shoulders and looked him in the eyes.

"My boy, I will confide to you the one fearful sorrow of my life—a grief so terrible I have not been brave enough to name it to another mortal in sixteen years. Addie's mother never knew a really sane moment from the hour her youngest child was born. She had had a fright before the baby came. My horse broke his bridle, one night when I was visiting a patient three miles from home, and galloped to his stable riderless. She thought he had thrown me. The nervous disorder—that was what I, with everybody else, chose to call it—induced by her agitation did not wax to its height until her confinement. When her mind went utterly astray, we gave out—her sister and I—that she was suffering from a low fever, and so secluded her from observation. It was four months before she could receive her friends. She was apparently rational, but so wan and dejected as to excite universal pity. Nobody wondered when I left the six-month old infant with her Aunt Elsie and took my Amy abroad. She was a prey to a grave type of hysteria, said Rumor, and what so beneficial in that malady as foreign travel in cheerful company? I countenanced the report, for it diverted people's minds from the truth; explained her strict seclusion and my close attendance upon her. Elsie Vane, who lived with us after her parents' death and our removal to Longridge was my only confidante, and she alone ever relieved my watch. For watch Amy we did, continually, when the paroxysms were upon her. I had been visited for five years by occasional presentiments of the coming horror—fits of nightmare that were more frequent and prolonged as I gained in knowledge of the symptoms and causes of mania. I had practiced enough of this kind among my wife's kindred. When my boys—true Vanes, both of them—died, I thanked God. Day by day—after awhile hour by hour, I could see that the shadow was creeping on apace. The accident I

have alluded to accelerated its progress, but it must have overtaken her all the same. It was but a question of time."

He traversed the room several times, poured out a glass of water, and drank it before he resumed the story. "You have said truly that I loved her, and referred to her attachment for me. There was never a moment after our marriage when I would not have opened my veins, and let out every drop of my blood, if, by so doing, I could have averted sorrow and calamity from her. Man never had a truer and more devoted wife than she was to me in her lucid moments. Yet the time came when, as I dropped the opiate which was to purchase sleep for the wasted frame and temporary stupor for the tortured brain, I had to fight with the temptation to make the draught so powerful that she would never awake again in this world. Two years! two centuries of untold agony to her and to us were passed in this way. I said that I took her abroad, but it was to a noted foreign lunatic asylum, where I might have advice and assistance in my work from those who would not gossip about her 'misfortune' in the neighborhood over which she had reigned it as belle and beauty. I screened her from prying eyes and tattling tongues to the last. She was dying of consumption when I brought her back, and her mind was calmer, although at its best feeble almost to imbecility. Your parents could not but notice this, still we hid the worst from them. Her mother's last days had been marked by similar symptoms. They were not uncommon, said her relatives, frankly, without guessing the significance of the admission. 'Softening of the brain,' they denominated the state into which she at length sank. Elsie Vane sickened and died suddenly a month before her sister's decease. But the latter had grown so weak I could manage her alone. The devil, that at certain periods had possession of the beautiful body, could no longer nerve her arm to attempt my life. You know all, now!"

He sank again upon the lounge, and hid his face in his hands. In the midst of my amazement and anguish, I did not lose sight of Rick's deathly face—felt, in some imperfect sort, that he needed pity even from me, to whom the story I had heard revealed and portended so much. Was I not the maniac's daughter, the bearer of her name, and, as I had often been told—but, as I now recollected, never by my father—the child who most resembled her in person? Addie was her father's image. If this tale meant danger to her, it was something frightfully akin to doom for me. The time for the full comprehension of my share in the heritage of woe came to me afterward. I do not trust myself to write or think of that hour of sacrifice. I have never regretted my action. I have often returned thanks to Him from whom I received the strength to stand fast in my

determination not to ruin another's life. But this has nothing to do with my story.

How still the office was. I could hear the ticking of the clock and the lazy hum of a great bee singing in the heart of an October rose outside the window. After a minute—it seemed much longer—there was a heavy breath drawn fitfully, as if broken by stabs of pain, and Rick moved a step nearer the bowed form that had not sighed nor stirred. "Uncle, what you did for the mother, I am ready to do for the daughter should need arise, which God forbid. But I cannot give her up."

"I will not take your answer now. I did not hope to convince you at once. Think of what I have said until to-morrow. It may be that, for her sake, your resolution will change. Do not see her again to-day. She must never hear what I have told you. It would drive her mad."

My father said this wearily, and Rick obeyed his look toward the door as a signal of dismissal. But upon the threshold he halted, glanced wistfully back, and returned. "Believe that my warmest sympathy is yours, uncle. Forgive me for having caused you this unhappiness, and let me serve you in some way. Ask anything of me short of resigning Addie, and I will do it. For Addie herself can hardly love you better than I do, doubt it as you may."

"I do not doubt it, my son. And it is I who have been most in fault. In all my dealings with her and with you—poor children! I shall never forget this." He wrung the youth's hand, and they parted without more words.

Left to himself, my father leaned back in his seat with a groan of wretchedness that brought me to his side. "Amy, Amy, forgive me!"

But when, believing his appeal was to me, I hastened to him, clung weepingly to his knees, and besought him to be comforted, he recoiled with horror in his face and tone. Then I saw that he had designed to keep back the truth from me too, that he had forgotten until I spoke that I was within hearing.

THE pith of conversation does not consist in exhibiting your own superior knowledge on matters of small importance, but in enlarging, improving, and correcting the information you possess by the authority of others.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

THERE is something in the pleasures of the country that reaches much beyond the gratification of the eye—a something that invigorates the mind, that erects its hopes, that allays its perturbations, that mellows its affections; and it will generally be found that our happiest schemes and wisest resolutions are formed under the mild influence of a country scene and the soft obscurities of rural retirement.—*Roberts.*

MY NEPHEW JOHN.

BY ANNIE L. M'GREGOR.

YOUNG folks is not as they used to be in my time, when a shillin' print was considered good enough for anybody. I have a black silk I bought years ago; and though it has been turned three times, it is just as good as when it was cut from the piece. I was a-goin' up from our place near Portland, all the way to Boston, with my nephew John. (That is me and my sister Melia.) Melia is not given to assertin' herself, and then I, bein' the owner of the place in which we live, through the will of my late husband, Timothy Starr, naturally, as head of the family, am more called upon.

John, my nephew, is in business in Boston, a very likely young man. But every spring, and sometimes in the fall, too, he comes to make me a visit. I intend to make John my heir when I die; and John is cute enough to know that, and behaves well accordingly. "John," says I to him that very mornin', "you'll keep all proper when I'm gone, and tend to sister Melia; and show her all the love and duty as lies in your power." For you see Melia was younger nor me, and I always like to remind young folks of the vanity of earthly things, it makes them thoughtful. "Yes," says he to me, "aunt, rely on me for a carryin' out all of your wishes." This was but dutiful and respectful, and as John should have said it. It showed a proper spirit, and John is all right in the main; though I can't approve of his wearin' them kid gloves of his not only on the Sabbath, but on week days as well. If his late departed father, my own Timothy's brother Joel, could be content with less, and his dear departed mother, my own Cousin Mary Ann, why couldn't he be?

I've seen my brother-in-law, Joel Starr, always on week days without any gloves at all. And very glad Sabbaths if he had a pair of woollen or thread. And here's John spurnin' woollen or anything sensible, and wearin' them kids of his at all times. It stands to reason such goings on can't last, and it is a caution the things we do see; but maybe it is because I am growin' old, and the world is passin' away from me; for John is a good boy in the main, as I have said before.

Melia wore her old brown merino she'd had five years, and I wore a green one I'd had over seven, for we'd no idea of wastin' our best clothes on the dirty cars. We'd both bought good black dresses, and, with the black silk I'd spoken of before, I expected to be very respectable.

"Aunt," says John, to me, "they won't check them boxes of yours, they'll have to go in the baggage-car and run their chance." Now, John and I had had a contest about those trunks before. John wanted me to buy new ones, but says I to him, "good enough

for my father, and grandfather before him, is good enough for me. And I reckon the old trunks will serve sister Melia and me, or else we'll stay at home. For I won't pay thirty or even twenty dollars for them new-fangled things with queer locks. If you don't like our trunks, we'll stay just where we are, as it is rather late in life for us to fall in with your views."

John tried to look pleasant, though I could see he didn't like it, as he had been put out about Melia's bag before; and if I had not spoken so decided, I might have changed my mind, as I knew Melia had no notion of changin' hers, and I do like to humor the boy occasionally. He is all we've got, and he is my own husband's brother's son. Now, these trunks of my grandfather, which had been left one to me and one to sister Melia, were tolerably worn. The hide—for they were hair trunks—had been scratched off and showed the wood underneath in a great many places; and then the hinges were not as good as they make them now, so I had to have them well corded up with strong rope, which I know John did not like neither. I never had seen him so put out; and we had had some words; so, naturally, when he spoke of the trunks again I was vexed.

"John," says I to him, "I don't know what you mean by checkin'; but they're quite strong as it is, and I won't have nothin' more done. If you've no respect for your grandfather, and do not appreciate his kindness in leavin' sister Melia and me the trunks, when he had so many more grandchildren who might have been benefited by them—all I can say is I am sorry for you, and hope you may never want;" and so John didn't say anything more about them.

Now, every one who lives in New England knows the comfort of a soapstone, or if they don't, I pity them if they are at all troubled with cold feet as I am. Sister Melia and I always had strong green baize bags to carry our soapstones in. But the Christmas before this last, my niece, Patience Hardy, sent us each beautiful bags made of her own worsted work. Sister Melia had a rose worked on hers, and I had the same. For Patience Hardy is a thoughtful girl, and did not wish to make contention, and sister Melia has at times her contrary fits like other folks, though no one would believe it to look at her. We determined, sister and I, to start with our new bags, so as to let the folks in Portland see them. And then we thought we would use the green ones when we were in the cars, so as to keep them fresh for Boston.

"John," says I to him, "you put them soapstones on the stove, for they are stone cold;" and I was a-wrapping up the new bags, for we were in the cars, and they were just on the eve of startin', and Melia and I was busy makin' ourselves comfortable. I'd put the umbrellas,

and shawls, and bags on the seat in front, where John was to set, and I was real glad to find it vacant to have him near us.

"Aunt," says he to me, "I can't set there. These places are reserved for the ladies and children, as bein' near the fire." It was very considerate, and I was just admirin' the thoughtfulness of the company, when a gentleman sat down right in front of us. "Sir," says I to him, "are you one of the company?" "No, ma'am. Why so?" he says. "You're sittin' in the reserved seats," says I. "They are reserved for the women and children, my nephew John told me," and I pointed to the end of the car, as John chanced to look up from his paper at that minute. "Is that so?" he says, and laughed in a way I didn't like. But seein' the soapstones were warmin', he helped me to put them in the bags, so I thought better of him, though I had many uncomfortable thoughts of John. Could it be that he did not want to set near us, and did not think us grand enough? But he was my own husband's brother's son, so I tried to check such thoughts, as I motioned him to me, and gave him a parcel of gingernuts sister Melia had put in my bag.

Though Melia is very aggravating at times, and tries my temper more nor I can well bear, John needn't have bin so set against her havin' her bag, and maybe she wouldn't have wanted it. As I have always found opposin' Melia was sure to make her more set on havin' her own way; and John should have been more considerate, particularly when it was me and not him that suffered by her perverseness. It was a very heavy bag, as it was full of bottles; but still John needn't a-minded as it was Melia, and she did it in the goodness of her heart, not knowin' what mightn't happen.

But to go on. I had beckoned John to me, and Melia was deep in her bag a-huntin' a ginger horse for a little girl opposite. For Melia is always thoughtful and fond of children, and then she was set against their cryin'. Well, she had her specs on, and was a-lookin', and huntin' (as Melia's sight is not as good as mine, though I am the elder). She was a-lookin' and huntin', when the car gave a jolt, and off went her specs, which, in tryin' to pick up, she a-most lost her seat; and then not havin' a good holt of her bag, over it went on top of me, and what didn't go over me went mostly on the floor; as the bag was chuck full, and couldn't have held any more, no how. There was a large bottle of hartshorne, which ran down the front of my dress, takin' the color clean out. It was so powerful strong, that most of the people was sneezin' like mad. I know I was wet to the skin with that and her peppermint drops, and haven't got the smell out of my gown yet, not to mention the stained breadth which I had to have turned back. You would have been surprised if you had seen all she managed to put in that bag, let alone the bottles, and there was a

dozen, I'm sure. She had a pair of easy shoes, in case her feet troubled her; and she had actually brought some stockings to mend, which I was real glad she forgot, on John's account, as Melia is very set in her way when she takes a thing in her head, and young people are so proud nowadays. She had ginger horses and dogs, such as children loves, with cloves for their eyes. And, though it weren't Easter, she had colored as many as a dozen eggs. There certainly was a pound of 'lection cake, and I couldn't pretend to count the apples; they spun in all directions, and every child in the cars had some, as she found the bag was burst so bad she had to take all of them out and put them in mine.

Two of the bottles was broken, and I had all the hartshorne and peppermint drops on my dress, so there was not that to take heed of, though there was a deal more than I cared to have in my bag, as it made it a-most as full as hers had bin. John wanted to put the bag and bottles out of the window, but Melia would not agree to any such waste, and I quite sided with her. The bag was done for, anyway; though Melia was quite set on mendin' it in spite of all John could say to the contrary. He was set on gettin' rid of it, as I could see, and Melia was as firmly set the other way; so between them they had quite a time. I was real glad when they ended their contentions, and Melia kept the bag, as I had most a mind to take a ticket and go right back, I was that put out with their wrangling. After Melia was settled, and grew more reasonable, we were quite interested, and enjoyed the ride to Boston amazingly.

It was a long day's ride, and we didn't have John with us, as he was too much taken up with his papers at the other end of the car. Sister Melia is not much company at any time, but this day she talked in a way to astonish me, as she is a poor body at the best of times, and full of her notions. But she is that good in her heart, I never saw any one like her, and then she is my own mother's child, and was left to my special care by her.

"Sarah," says she to me, when she was on her dying bed, "Sarah, always be a true sister to Melia, and do your duty well by her, and God will reward you." So I always shall. I forgot to say my nephew John lived with his father's half-sister, a Mrs. Smith. She was a widow lady, having no child of her own, so she set great store by the boy, and could see no wrong in him. It was there we were going to make our visit.

We arrived all safe; and Mrs. Smith and I soon took to each other, and I soon learned to call her Jane, which was her name. City ways is so different from our ways, as I soon found out. I knew nothing at all of what was fittin' in a business man, if my nephew John was a sample. He laid in bed every morning

till ten o'clock, and was out at all hours of the night, doin' I can't say what, for it certainly couldn't a-bin business. Sister Jane said it was the way with all city young men, and John was more steady than the general run. Sister Jane must know better nor me, as she was bred and brought up in the city, though I couldn't help thinkin' Jane favored him too much.

John, however, was very kind and attentive to me, helpin' me no end with my bundles, and always findin' little boys delighted to carry them home. It was wonderful how accommodatin' those little boys was, and it was wonderful too what great bargains one can make in some of those back streets in the city. I bought a whole dozen of flatirons for—well, I can't remember, but it was just a mere song. And then a whole piece of tickin' for next to nothin'. John says to me, "Aunt, where's the use of all them irons, and how 'll you get them home?" "John," says I to him, "I always takes a bargain when I see it. Young people never takes heed of anything sensible, and as to gettin' them home, leave that to me." Then I looked sort of cute at him, and says I: "John, don't you never intend to set up for yourself?" So John didn't say anythin' more.

It was one evenin' about a week before we purposed goin' home, we was settin' round the tea-table, and John, meannin' to be agreeable, was tryin' to get Melia and me to consent to going to see a French baly troop, as he called it. Findin' we were set agin encouragin' foreigners, he owned they were Americans, but gave themselves French names to please the people. City folks are that foolish; they can't stand a plain Elizabeth or Jane, but must have somethin' finer, and have even to call Maria Marry, and dear knows what else. Well, I saw sister Jane a frownin' at John, and I think Melia saw too, for she had been considerin', and at once said she would go, as Melia seldom knows her own mind unless she is opposed. I had no purpose of goin', as I am principaled against goin' out of nights, and then I didn't like the way John had asked us; it sounded more as if it were done out of wishin' to please us, than out of any wish to have us with him. I could see Melia was set on goin', so I didn't say nothin', for fear of makin' her more set still, and I was sorry to see sister Jane so flurried.

Well, Melia and John had gone; and sister Jane and I had fixed ourselves comfortable for the evenin', as we intended to wait up for them, and we knew it would be late. We had just fixed ourselves comfortable, and it was not near nine o'clock, when we heard the front door open, and Melia and John came in. I knew in a moment by Melia's voice in the entry that all was not as it should be, and then I knew that it was too early to look for them, so I was quite prepared for what followed. Melia was

abusin' John in a way that I wondered he stood so well, and she talked that fast I really couldn't make out where the trouble lay. All I knew was she had seen somethin' dreadful, and was that mad—well, I never have seen anythin' madder than sister Melia is when she gets at her maddest—John didn't stay with us very long, you may be sure, and after he left Melia rather quieted down, and could give some account of herself.

She said John and she had gone to the place, and she was right pleased at seein' so many nice people, and was sorry I had not gone too. She said she noticed the people were readin' little papers, but, not havin' her specs on, she never thought of askin' John for one, as she knew she couldn't have read it even if she had of had it. It appeared an old gentleman in front of her happened to leave his seat; she just picked up the one he had been readin', wishin' to be informed on what they were all so interested in. She didn't have no specs, but the letters was so large on the top of the page, she could read the word theatre quite plain, though she almost doubted her eyes. She said she got up off of her seat a-wishin' to go home, when John appeared distressed, and made it quite plain to her that they had nothin' to do with the house, and had got in by mistake. So she was quite easy, though she said she told John that she never would have forgiven herself if by any chance she had gottin' in to such a den of iniquity.

Well, the music commenced playin', and she was feelin' more comfortable, when the painted picture she had bin lookin' at rolled up in a way that was really surprisin'. After that Melia was that excited I couldn't make out anythin' more. It appeared a lot of women came out with next to nothin' on, and jumped around. Well, Melia said she never saw anything like it. First she said she covered up her head, she was that ashamed, and then, findin' that did no good, she begged John to take her home. She was a-gettin' up out of her seat, and chanced to look towards the place where the picture had been, when she saw a woman nakeder than the first holdin' herself up in the midst of a heap of others just as bad. She just gave one screech, and it was all she could do to keep from faintin', but luckily had her hartshorne. They managed to get home somehow, Melia didn't really know how, but no doubt John had a deal of trouble with her. All sister Jane and I could say, Melia was set on leavin' for home next day. Though after awhile she quieted down, and seein' sister Jane so troubled grew more reasonable, though she hasn't got over the theatre yet, and one need only mention dancing to set her goin'. If it had have been any one but Melia, I would have been more angry with John. No doubt John was served right in takin' her, so I didn't say no-

thin' to him, as I knew he had had a time. And no one knows better nor me how tryin' Melia is at the best of times.

It was two evenings after this, just before ten o'clock, sister Melia and I purposed to go home the next day—I was just finishin' the roundin' of the heel of my stockin', and had put in the needles firm (sister Melia was puttin' away the work too), when we heard some one stumblin' along the hall, and my nephew John opened the door. He never came home so early, and he was flushed and heated, and I saw in a moment somethin' was wrong, as he stood staring stoopidly at us. "Aunt," says he to me, and he blurted out the words, "does you know your"—and he mentioned some heathenish woman's name, and smiled foolish like. "John! John! My husband's brother's son!" And I was so overcome I sobbed right out. "Aunt," says he to me, "do you know your"—and he mentioned the same horrid name again. At last I could stand no more, and fairly burst out cryin'.

Sister Melia and I left Boston next day as we had purposed. Somehow I can't think the same of my nephew John, though sister Jane did all she could to ease my mind. If them is city ways, the less we have to do with them the better for us. I am not sorry I went to Boston, as I learnt for myself, though I don't doubt but what John is sorry for it. All sister Jane said can't make me think John is a true son of my dear departed brother-in-law, Joel Starr.

Anyway, I have altered my purposes. Sister Melia shall have all tied up tight, till it pleases the good Lord to call her home. And she shall have the option of doin' about John as she chooses, for young folks are not as they were in my day. One thing, John shan't have that tickin', for I never saw any like it at the price. Patience Hardy, my niece, is a steady girl, and it's but right she should have the tickin'. I am sorry for John, as he is my own husband's brother's son. But I am not sorry I went to Boston, though it made me alter my mind.

EURYDICE.

BY CHARLOTTE ELEANOR NELSON.

I saw her lift it from the sward, poor little withered flower!
It had been sadly trampled on, in an untimely hour;
Gently she kissed its faded leaves, its broken petals pressed,
And with a yearning tender touch, its withered form caressed.

Sweet was the fragrance that it shed, 'though it would bloom no more,
And sweet, methinks, the memories it brought from out their store;
Or was it only pity that had such a wondrous power
To make the tears unbidden fall upon the little flower!

Perchance she knew the fable told in olden times gone by,
That still there dwelt within the flowers the spirits of the sky;
Perchance she wept for pity with the weeping spirit race,
Because some hapless lonely one had lost its dwelling place.

Alas! it might be sympathy that linked unto her fate
The little flower that told her it was cherished but too late;
Or haply some bright memory was hidden in her heart,
Deep hidden till the little flower had made the tear-drops start.

Was hers a heart whose memories lie buried till they rise
Unto the sound of music or the sight of summer skies?
And did the perfume of the flower an old, old story tell,
Just as the sea is echoed in the murmur of its shell?
Perhaps she felt the yearning that broke Orpheus' heart of love,
When crying out "Eurydice," through Rhodope's dark grove:
I wonder did the longed-for one a whispering answer send,
Or did she cry "Eurydice?" unanswered to the end?

LINES.

(On hearing a lady say she was married at Lee Church, where my mother is buried.)

A WORD may waken bitter thought,
The past comes o'er me as a spell;
That ivied church to memory brought
Brings visions loved too well.

How could a marriage bell be pealed!
No, not in that sepulchral gloom,
Where earthly joy and hope are scaled
And all is death-like as the tomb!

Still like a dirge those tones must sound,
E'en echo could not waft the swell;
Those darkling yews, those shades around
Would change the triumph to a knell.

My mother, was thy grave then trod
By thoughtless foot profane?
Would that my tears could green the sod,
Alas, the wish! how vain!

And does the wild Atlantic part
That hallowed turf from me?
Yet shrined and garnered in my heart,
Remembrance dwells on thee.

On earth our ashes may not meet,
Yet when this mortal coil is o'er,
Then may our freed spirits greet
And meet to part no more.

Spotless as thou, may I be found,
Blest mother, when that hour is given!
In God my trust, in peace around,
Joining thee, beloved, in Heaven.

THE more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint. The affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.—*Laracter.*

VÆ VICTIS.

BY SIDNEY HYDE.

WERE you ever at St. Bart's, St. Bart's on the Bay, as it is known in the provinces? It was christened St. Bartholomew, but the name being long for daily use degenerated to the more familiar appellation, and there being another town of the title in the dominion, the sobriquet became a necessity, and there is not a fisherman on the coast that would know what you meant unless you asked for "St. Bart's o' the Bay."

The town lies out on the point of a peninsula, with the bay making up on both sides, so that it is a fine show from the water with its towers and roofs, and gives the people who go by in the steamboat the idea that it is a flourishing city, whereas, when you wander up its broad streets, you find them solitary and grass-grown; while sleepy shopkeepers sit behind, or on their counters, and stare at you lazily as you pass; and the very dogs have a solemn and preoccupied air, emulated by the loafers who lounge about on the wharves, with their feet hanging over the water, idly watching the boats that come and go, and volunteering useless information to their pilots. In fact, St. Bart's is what the people of the States know of only by hearsay—a finished town.

If you had ever been under the necessity of waiting there three hours, which is not an uncommon occurrence on days when the boat has quantities of freight to discharge, you will have wondered, as you strolled through the painfully quiet highways, how human beings can ever content themselves with vegetating in such dull monotony of existence, and you will have found yourself indulging in profound speculation upon the peculiar characteristics of the provincial mind which render such towns as St. Bart's a not uncommon possibility of the United Dominion. Thence you have wandered to political economy, and have propounded to yourself problems of solemn moment upon the effects of annexation upon the Blue Nose, and his probable development from the oyster stage of his mental and national growth into the active intelligence of the native-born Yankee; and it has proved an interesting and prolific study, which you have been able to pursue upon the most philosophical hypothesis, since there are no facts nor precedents to hamper the free gauge of investigation.

But the workings of the enlightened American mind are no indication of the state into which Mrs. Rothsay was thrown when she found that the captain, her mild and inefficient husband, was ordered from his agreeable station at Plymouth, England, to lend his formidable aid to the protection of Her Majesty's dominions in the distant and almost unheard-of Province of New Brunswick.

"I have searched in vain for St.

Bartholomew," said Mrs. Rothsay to her friend, the major's wife; "but, if you will believe me, it is impossible to find it, and I very much doubt it is only a block-house in the woods, and that Laura and I shall be a prey to the panthers and bears, which roam at large over the whole of North America. But, then, it is in New Brunswick somewhere, and that must be near Boston, because it is adjacent to New England, and that is the capital, you know. I once knew an excellent woman from Boston—really very well received, my dear; the best received American I ever knew, except a gentleman who was thought a great lion for having broken the head of a gentlemanly politician, or else the politician had broken his; I don't very well remember the exact circumstances, but I know he was very well received. I met him myself at the French minister's."

It will be perceived that Mrs. Rothsay's ideas of the geography and history of the American domains of Her Majesty, not to mention the adjoining republic, were in that pleasingly misty state that is the peculiarity of the well-bred Englishwoman, to an even greater extent than of her lord and master, and Mrs. Rothsay was a lady born.

Her father was a baron, of recent creation, to be sure, but then he had been elevated to the peerage long enough for his daughter to have appeared in society as the Honorable Miss Ponsonby, and to have made what she considered an eligible match with the youngest son of a Scotch earl with ten older children. The Hon. Miss Ponsonby had been a fine looking girl, and Mrs. Rothsay was still a remarkably handsome woman, who had seen much of the world, and loved it devotedly; and had brought up her daughter Laura in the nurture and admonition of the goddess Fashion and of the deity Wealth.

She would willingly have left Laura behind her when she set forth upon her Western trip; but, unfortunately, the Ponsonbys in London were not particularly pressing in their invitations, and Laura had no special wish to spend her days in the Highlands of Scotland, where her father's relations dwelt. So it was found that a sea-voyage was of great importance for Miss Rothsay's health, and at the appointed time the captain and family set sail for Halifax in one of the Cunard steamships.

On her way "over the bay," as the New Brunswickers call the journey from St. Johns to Halifax, Mrs. Rothsay found a map upon which St. Bart's was set down, and she was rather favorably impressed with the sight which met her eye as the little steamer rounded the sandy island, which hid the town from view, and its spires and towers broke upon her astonished vision. Her illusions were speedily dispelled on landing, when the towers proved to be only the square cupolas of the court-house and market; and, in view of the commonplace

and sleepy borough, she almost regretted the excitements of panthers and Indians, of which she had had time to disabuse her mind.

"I think it will be awfully dull, mamma," said Miss Rothsay, whose ideas of life were limited to ball-room experiences, and whose resources were not numerous.

"My poor girl," said her mother, sympathetically, "it is sad to think that you should have to waste your youth in such a place as this. But we can tell better what we have to endure when we are fairly established."

After some weeks of discomfort at the small tavern, as far removed as possible from the comforts of an English village inn, the captain succeeded in renting a respectable house, in which he installed his family. Mrs. Rothsay then took observations. Her situation was commonplace, but not uncomfortable. They had been able to furnish their new home quite luxuriously, and had given it an air of elegance, which Mrs. Rothsay possessed the art of shedding around her wherever she might be placed. The next thing was to find who could constitute anything worthy to be called society.

St. Bart's had been a gay town in its day, when it had been the emporium of the quarter, and the centre of trade and fashion. It was still the county-seat, and old barristers would relate tales of the grand manners of the Heronshaws, of the stately dinners of the Blatherswaites; and mention with a sigh the names of Wynclyff's beautiful daughters, who had all married with the best people in the provinces, and had gone—one to Toronto, another to Montreal, a third to Quebec, while one, the youngest and loveliest, had wedded an English peer. But the grand dinners were over, and the Heronshaws had died out, and the Wynclyff descendants were scattered, and only here and there an ancient spinster represented the dignity of a once mighty family. There was the rector. He, of course, was a gentleman, and had been educated at Oxford; but he was prosy and old, and had a stout wife and two awkward daughters. There was a meek little curate, and a sprinkling of lawyers when the court was in session, and there was the doctor, whom people called very clever, but who cared very little for company, and devoted himself to his profession. Besides all these there were a few young officers belonging to the garrison, all very undesirable "parties" for Laura, and a few gentlemen "in trade," whom Mrs. Rothsay scorned in her inmost heart, and felt called upon to treat with distant politeness, being determined they should never darken her doors.

The rector's wife gave stupid little parties, where the older people yawned, and the young officers danced with the badly-dressed girls, and turned their innocent heads with hackneyed compliments. The first time that Miss Rothsay appeared at one of these entertainments, she made a great sensation. The six

young officers fell madly in love with her at once, and she became a belle.

Laura was not averse to the position. She had never been noticed much in London, and had thought herself very fortunate if she could get three or four partners an evening at the routs and balls at which she had been conscientiously exhibited by her mamma. So that she was not at all indifferent to the honor of being thought the most stylish girl in St. Bart's; and she wore coquettish little costumes, and donned the latest London fashions, of which they had not even heard in the provinces, till the dawdies copied her, and the young men smirked and ogled when she passed. All this was well enough. Mrs. Rothsay smiled a superior smile; but she felt, and Laura felt, that this did not mean business, and business both in the mother's and daughter's eyes meant to achieve an establishment.

Miss Rothsay went to daily service at the Established Church, and was an excellent churchwoman in her own eyes. They had a pretty little chapel at St. Bart's built of native woods, oiled and varnished, which made a very charming effect, though the materials were only simple pine, and cherry, and walnut. But the graceful arches of golden brown, the dark fretted roof inlaid with designs in a more delicate-colored wood, the softly-shaded walls, and the bright-tinted windows made of this village temple a lovely place of worship.

So thought Laura Rothsay as she rose from her knees one Sunday morning, and saw the sun streaming in at the open door. Her next thought was of a less exalted cast, and referred to her bonnet ribbons, which she arranged complacently with a coquettish toss for the benefit of a strange gentleman who was leaning against one of the pillars near the door, and looking at her.

That is, she thought he was looking at her, and so did he too, but his eyes were really resting on the face of a tall, grave, dark-eyed girl in the pew behind Mrs. Rothsay's. The gentleman was a new-comer in St. Bart's; but, having heard beforehand of the belle of the town, was making up his own mind as to which was Miss Rothsay, but had lighted upon Miss Peters, the music teacher, by mistake.

He had been weaving quite a little romance about the deep, sad eyes of the supposed heroine, and was considerably taken aback when his friend, the doctor, presented him at the church door to a round-faced young lady, very much dressed, with commonplace features, and a self-possessed air, whom he addressed by the name which the stranger's fancy had already fastened upon the other.

"Miss Rothsay, may I have the honor of introducing Mr. Leamington, from Boston?"

The belle smiled blandly, and presented the gentleman to her mother, who approached at

the moment, and welcomed him with gracious cordiality.

"So that is Miss Rothsay?" said the American, as he walked away. "Who, then, is the other?"

"What other?" asked the doctor.

"The handsome girl with black hair and eyes. See, there she goes! How wonderfully she carries her height."

"*Incessu patuit dea*," said the doctor, with a malicious twinkle in his eye. "She is only a music teacher, a countrywoman of yours. Her name is Elizabeth Peters. Not one of the quality here, but one of their paid subordinates."

"Oh!" remarked Mr. Leamington, with disappointment. But he turned and looked after the stately figure that was sweeping up the sidewalk with a wave of garments and fall of drapery that only very tall and very graceful people can achieve, before he followed Miss Rothsay's course.

That young lady was standing on the doorstep chatting gayly with the officer who had escorted her home from church, when the two gentlemen passed. She gave them a self-conscious little bow.

"Who is Mr. Leamington?" she asked of her attendant.

"Oh! he is a nob from the States, awfully jolly, and tremendously rich," answered the young man, with that pleasing forcibility of expression which the young Englishman considered a mark of a "swell."

"But what is he doing down here?" pursued the fair inquirer. "What is there to bring all America to St. Bart's?"

"He comes to paint," replied the gentleman; "he is an amateur artist, and a clever one to boot; and he thought the views up and down the bay worth coming for; so he brought his mother last year for the salt air, and here he is again! and I suppose he likes it."

"Fancy!" said the English girl, with amazement.

"He will have a better reason for staying this year," said the youth, with an engaging smile, meant to convey a world of admiration to Miss Rothsay's comprehension; but the belle was impenetrable.

"You mean the fine sunsets, of course; everybody tells me they were never so beautiful. You will not come in to lunch, lieutenant? Mamma will be sorry. Tell Captain Dyke, for me, not to be so stern in his regulations on Sundays. Good-morning! No, I am not going to the afternoon service."

Miss Rothsay communicated the information she had just received to her mother, who at once laid her plans accordingly.

"I shall call on Mrs. Leamington this week," announced that priestess of society. "She must be lonely enough in this quiet place; and, Laura, love, I think you might have those few

friends to tea on Thursday, of whom you were speaking yesterday. Perhaps we could persuade Mr. and Mrs. Leamington to join them." To this the dutiful daughter calmly assented.

Mrs. Rothsay called on the stranger punctually.

Mrs. Leamington proved a very lady-like person, and even numbered among her acquaintances that well-received American of whom Mrs. Rothsay knew in England.

To be sure, the acquaintance of the Boston lady with the senator amounted to nothing more than having shaken hands with him at a public reception, but it was sufficient to establish her claims to good society in the eyes of Mrs. Rothsay; so that the intimacy progressed rapidly.

Mrs. Leamington was a gentle, yielding little woman, who adored her son, and thought him the personification of all that was noble and grand in manhood.

The fact is, that George Leamington was a commonplace young fellow enough, tall and good-looking, with excellent impulses, and a frank, warm heart; but with a strong vein of romance in him, and an eminently unpractical mind. He took people at their own valuation, and was consequently frequently imposed upon, particularly by women; for men were apt to regard his want of the sterner qualities of character with a compassionate eye, while women got the better of his soft-heartedness, and ruled over him mercilessly. Mrs. Leamington did not tyrannize; but then, dear soul, she never ruled any one, and fell naturally under the dominion of any mind which came in contact with her, and had will or force enough to assert itself; and George fancied himself very strong-minded and resolute, because he always prevailed with his mother.

The Leamingtons attended the small party at the Rothsays, and Laura was very polite to George, and they had a little dancing after tea, and she waltzed with the young American; and heard people whisper audibly, "What a handsome couple!" for the people at St. Bart's thought Laura a beauty, though she was rather too rounded in her proportions—not to say stout, for American ideas. She had pretty brown hair, and blue eyes, round and inexpressive, with features which were unnoticeable for any peculiarity; but her cheeks were red, and her teeth were white; and she smiled a great deal; and, as she passed for a model of loveliness, it answered just as well as if she had been cast in the pure classic mould.

Mr. Leamington thought her very pleasant, and he talked and flirted with her, and asked her to give him "just one more round," in the most approved fashion. He was not responsible if his artist eye would sometimes wander to the figure so patiently playing quadrilles at the piano; and rest with a stolen satisfaction on the graceful head and lovely turn of the neck,

of the unconscious Miss Peters, who, being asked to help entertain the company, played on conscientiously, and scarcely lifted her long lashes from her great dark, dreamy eyes. In the very midst of a most charming *deux-temps*, Mr. Leamington found himself wondering what that look in them meant, and what signification there was in their mysterious depths.

He approached the piano when the waltz was over, and made some simple remark about her being tired, but Mrs. Rothsay swept between them, with her gracious sweetness, and, somehow, poor George did not even get a chance to look again at Miss Peters, who was talked to by a good many people, not patronizingly, for those grave, self-possessed manners repelled patronage, but still in a very different manner from that in which Miss Rothsay was addressed; for the genus snob is still extant in the remote provincial districts, though we all know that it is extinct in the metropolis of the British Empire.

The next day Mr. Leamington went sketching, and drew little heads on the corners of his studies, with low brows and sweeping lashes; but in the evening he took a walk with Miss Rothsay, and the next day a horseback ride, and finally, it seemed to be quite an understood thing that Mr. Leamington was to be Laura's escort on any little excursion that was planned by the indefatigable Mrs. Rothsay for the entertainment of the good people of St. Bart's.

In the mean time his sketching progressed, for the young artist really had a good deal of cleverness, and the bay was full of superb opportunities.

George was making a really faithful study of Ravenshead, a noble bluff, wooded with pines and beeches to its granite top; and, in spite of Miss Rothsay's attractions, managed to spend a part of every fine day at his business.

One day he was rowing home in the cool afternoon, from the point whither he went daily to study the various phases of the rugged peak; and pulling hard down stream against a strong tide, exercising his powerful muscles in the very centre of the current, for the mere sport of the thing; when he caught a glimpse of a figure in a cove along the shore waving a white handkerchief, apparently in some agitation.

Ascertaining that the signal must be for him, since there was no other boat in sight, George pulled leisurely towards the point where the flutter of garments indicated the presence of an unfortunate lady perched on a red granite cliff, which was isolated from the shore by the rapidly rising tide. A few strokes of the oar brought Mr. Leamington near enough to discover that the distressed damsel was Miss Peters.

The young man was charmed with the prospect of such a romantic adventure. He fancied himself a second Perseus, and approached his Andromeda with no small satisfaction,

and some self-congratulation, which probably showed itself in his manners, for Miss Peters, after a very civil greeting, hastened to assure him that she had mistaken him for some one else. "It was very stupid in me, Mr. Leamington," she said, as he helped her down the jagged sides of the rock into the boat. "But I was so much absorbed that I forgot the tide completely, or rather lost my reckoning, until I found myself cut off from the main land by the breakers. There is no danger, of course, but then I had no particular fancy for perching here three hours longer, until the ebb would allow me to go home, so I determined to signal the first boat I saw, and expected to find a rescuer in one of the fishermen that are always busy whereabouts."

"I think I have reason to sympathize with you in your absorption," said the young artist, with a pleasant little recognition of the sketch-book which Miss Peters had endeavored ineffectually to conceal under her shawl, but whose corners would obtrude themselves most provokingly. "I have often been caught myself in the same way; one loses all account of time when drawing. Would it be too great a liberty to ask permission to see your sketches?"

The young girl colored with the natural modesty of a tyro in the presence of a draughtsman. "They are not worth your while," she answered; "I never had any instruction in drawing from nature, and my studies are at best but scrawls. But I love these rugged hills, and am always tempted to try my hand at their bold outlines."

Mr. Leamington, like all true artists, was an enthusiast, and his frank delight in the scenery, and his unaffected desire to be of use to her, persuaded Miss Peters to trust her precious little book in his hands. They sat down on a thwart together, while the boat swung idly on the waves, and looked over its pages; George, with pencil in hand, explaining, correcting, telling how to produce effects which had puzzled the inexperienced girl, praising here, blaming there, not too complimentary; but showing the rarest merit in a critic, the quality of discrimination. A half hour hour passed most agreeably.

"I wish you would let me give you a few lessons, Miss Peters," said the young man, eagerly; "you have a quick eye and an excellent touch; some of these outlines are wonderfully graphic, and you have the spirit of composition. But there are some mechanical defects, and I could give you a few hints that might be of use to you."

"I am really grateful to you," said the young lady, frankly; "I should be very thankful for anything you would tell me. I feel that I know so little."

"It is up-hill work," said George, as he took up his oars, and impelled the boat once more into the current, "but it repays for all the time

and attention that one may give it. It is a continual delight." And here the young fellow warmed with his subject, and became eloquent, and Miss Peters listened with interest, and her eyes lighted up, and ceased to be sorrowful; and George thought he had never seen any glance at once so trusting and so self-contained.

Yes, they were inscrutable, those eyes; he was no nearer reading their mystery when he reached the landing at St. Bart's than he was before, and he was determined to find another opportunity for trying again very shortly.

Miss Peters' occupation kept her busy, and it was some days before Mr. Leamington had a chance of performing his promise. After that, occasions did not seem to present themselves with the readiness which he had fondly hoped to find. The young lady was very inaccessible, and then Miss Rothsay was rather exacting, and her good mother was certainly very attentive. Poor George began to be a little bored. Miss Peters was very cordial and pleasant when he met her, but three weeks later found him as far from the secret of her eyes as ever.

"I think I shall run up to the lakes, mother," said George, one evening. "Would you mind being left here for a few weeks, while I go?"

"Not in the least, my dear," said his obliging parent. "The Rothsays will take very good care of me. Dear Laura is such a sweet girl. Do you not think so, George?" she pursued, as her son left her last remark without an answer.

"Oh, she's well enough," said the young man, wearily. "Mother, do you know whether Miss Peters is related to the Malden family of that name?" he added, rather irrelevantly.

"I think, my dear, your mind runs a good deal in that direction," said his mother, anxiously. "She is a nice girl, I know, but you shouldn't be quite so attentive to her, it may raise expectations in her mind which—"

"My dear mother," broke in the young man, impetuously, "you do not know in the least what you are talking about. I beg your pardon," he said, kissing her wondering face raised to his; "but I must go and look after my traps. Take good care of yourself while I am gone."

Mrs. Leamington mused a while after her son had retired, and wiped a tear from the corner of her eye. If the truth must be told, Mrs. Rothsay was rather hard upon the poor little woman. She had discussed with her pretty freely the state of "dear Laura's mind," and had showed her confidence in Mr. Leamington's intentions with an openness that had appalled poor Mrs. Leamington, unused to the frank scheming of the British matron.

To the direct queries that she had been plied with by the "sweet girl's" mother, she had fortunately been able to give no very positive answer. George was not prone to discuss his love affairs with his mother, and it was more by her penetration than his confessions that

she had discovered the not unfrequent penchants of his former life. But flirtations on the American side of the line are mild symptoms of the disorder. Love, which judicious treatment is frequently able to keep from running into the serious fever of matrimony; and young people, when left to themselves, are apt to pass the crisis in safety; so that Mrs. Leamington had not begun to dread the evil day which should metamorphose her into a mother-in-law, until she found that Mrs. Rothsay had magnified poor George's "airy nothings" into a local habitation, and a name for the sweet creature whom she was so anxious to settle in life.

Mr. Leamington's mother found that Miss Rothsay's mamma meant business, and her timid little heart misgave her; so that she was not sorry that George should take his lake trip at this time, fondly hoping that the crisis might be averted by the arrival of some new and more eligible aspirant to the young lady's favor.

The poor lady would have been still more uneasy had she known that George had been taking a walk with Laura that very evening by moonlight, where the romance of the situation, combined with his natural soft-heartedness had led the unfortunate young man into certain unguarded remarks of a sentimental character, which he had been horrified to find accepted by that adroit young woman in a literal sense.

The shock of the discovery had brought him to his senses, and shortened the walk; and had also assisted his determination to get away as soon as possible; hoping, like his mother, that it might all blow over.

But Mr. Leamington's experience of the British matron had been small; and he, in the innocent security of his American habits, was ignorant of the wiles of the sagacious eluder of that redoubtable enemy to a young man's peace. He had only said things to Miss Rothsay that he would have said to any pretty girl under the same circumstances. He had uttered the same commonplaces forty times before, and no one had thought they meant anything; but then an American maiden, and Miss Rothsay, backed by her subtle and accomplished mother, were different matters entirely. The affair was assuming frightful proportions, as poor Mrs. Leamington discovered in about a week.

Mrs. Rothsay began with mysterious allusions to "strange conduct." These were followed up by melancholy tales of dear Laura's depression of spirits and want of appetite, her tender heart, etc. etc., until Mrs. Leamington determined to write to George not to come back at all; but to join her in Boston.

Unfortunately, in her weakness and fear, she let fall a hint to Mrs. Rothsay, which was enough for that prompt Machiavelli.

She at once attacked the poor little woman, and, having discovered that Mr. Leamington

would probably not return to St. Bart's, she assumed an air of profoundly outraged feeling, and said with a pathos which quite overcame her adversary :—

"This is all very well; but what am I to do with Laura?"

Here was a question for an American mother! Sure enough, what should Mrs. Rothsay do with that pining angel? Mrs. Leamington stammered hopelessly; and then followed so pathetic a picture of the young thing's woes, that she was completely conquered, and promised to write for George that very day.

Mr. Leamington uttered a very emphatic ejaculation over his mother's letter, and made a dozen different resolves in the next half-hour, all of them terminating in the stern resolution never to be trapped into marrying Miss Rothsay. He would confront Mrs. Rothsay, and tell her he never meant anything—no, that would not do; he could never bear that look of elegant disdain. He would talk to Laura herself, but there were drawbacks to the smoothness of that interview. Suppose she should faint. He hated scenes. He would explain to the captain; but men and fathers see things so differently. Captain Rothsay was a Briton and an officer, and, though mild enough in ordinary relations, might prove the very devil when roused. Duelling was against Mr. Leamington's principles; the outraged father might call him out.

None of the measures which his active mind suggested seemed satisfactory; so that, at length, he determined that discretion was the better part of valor, and that he would return to St. Bart's for his mother, and leave town without seeing the Rothsays at all. Mr. Leamington was a man of impulse. He accordingly packed an impulsive carpet bag, left his easel and canvases to be forwarded by express, and posted back to St. Bart's, strong in his resolution to avoid the Scylla and Charybdis which threatened to wreck and swallow up his frail bark.

His mother embraced him almost with tears, and George felt very strong and encouraging as he told her his plan. Mrs. Leamington, more timid, shook her head doubtfully.

"My dear boy, there is a note for you on your writing-table; I think it is from Mrs. Rothsay," she said, softly.

George's heart sank within him, though why that dainty little missive on scented paper with a crest should so affect him, he could not have said. He broke the seal, having first carefully examined the armorial bearings of the Rothsays with great deliberation. "*Vinco—I conquer*," was the ominous motto.

"Not if I can help it," was George's inward response, as he opened the envelope, and found a simple invitation to dinner for Thursday, dated some days back.

"It is to-day," said Mrs. Leamington, in alarm.

"I shall not go," said George, positively, and then he hesitated. After all it was only a dinner. It might be a dinner party, and no refusal had been sent. He knew how Mrs. Rothsay hated to have her table disarranged by having a guest disappoint her. Perhaps it would be better to go and say good-by.

"You look tired, dear," said Mrs. Leamington, with anxious, motherly care. "Do take a glass of sherry."

Baleful suggestion! fatal to mother and son! George drank. His drooping courage rose; warmed by the generous wine, he felt that he could face anybody. "I have concluded to go to the dinner-party," he said, when he set down the glass, after slowly sipping its contents.

"O George!" said his mother, in dismay.

"I think it will be the wisest course," pursued the young man, with calm superiority. "You need not fear on my account," and Mrs. Leamington submitted.

A brief note of acceptance was dispatched by a messenger to Mrs. Rothsay. It was three o'clock, and the dinner was to be at seven. George lounged about for an hour, during which he began to repent having sent the note; then he went out to soothe his excited mind by a brisk walk along the shore.

The tide was down, and he paced along with rapid steps in and out of the rocky coves that edged the bay for a long distance. As he rounded a sharp promontory, he came out underneath a sheet of rock high above his head, the very one whence he had rescued Miss Peters. Something fluttered in the breeze. It was a brown shawl that he knew well. In a moment he had scaled the rock, and found the young lady herself making a sketch of Ravenshead.

She saluted him good-naturedly, without surprise. She had seen him coming along the shore, she said.

Mr. Leamington threw himself down beside her with delight. He mended her pencils, and corrected a false line or two in her drawing, and then began talking. He forgot about the dinner; he forgot the Rothsays, mother and daughter; he only knew that he was looking again into those eyes he longed to fathom. So near, and yet so far off. What made her so unapproachable?

Miss Peters was quite at her ease. She questioned Mr. Leamington about his expedition, expressed surprise and regret that he intended leaving St. Bart's so soon, but no profound emotion clouded her glance, or brought the color to her cheek.

George talked at intervals, and then stretched his lazy length on the rock, and watched the white fingers busy with the pencils. What a steady, firm touch she had. The round, massive top of Ravenshead loomed purple against

the hazy afternoon sky ; a faint ripple only disturbed the placid surface of the bay ; a fishing boat was anchored at some distance from the shore, and the men were reeling in their lines. It was so still that they could hear the splashing of the water and the rubbing of the cords against the boat's side. The pine tree above their heads gave out a faint, aromatic perfume in the warm summer air ; a crow was cawing noisily in the upper branches. Now and then a sand-peep looked at them with its bright black eyes, as it twinkled along the shore on its little slender legs, and away off in the distance a loon was uttering its melancholy note.

"What a plaintive sound," said Miss Peters.

"It is like the wail of a suffering soul," said Mr. Leamington, pathetically. "But you don't know much about such things," he added.

The girl flashed a look at him. "Not much, I confess," she replied.

"Yet your face is not a happy one ; when it is in repose, your expression is sorrowful."

"Possibly you mistake gravity for sadness," said the girl, seriously. "I have much to make life seem earnest to me, but I am very happy, nevertheless." The eyelashes drooped again over the sketch-book, but there was a faint little flush on her cheek, and a shadow of a smile playing round the steady mouth.

"And I am miserable," said the artist, dejectedly.

"What is the matter?" asked Miss Peters, with ready sympathy.

"The grief of the child who cries for the moon."

"The moon would not make the child any happier," said Miss Peters. "He cries for it because he has no real sorrow."

"Do you think it is not real sorrow to long for the unattainable, when one knows all its worth and beauty?"

"Mr. Leamington," said Miss Peters, rising and closing her book, "I think it is time for us to go home. The other side of that point will be the unattainable for us, if we wait much longer."

"You mock me," said Mr. Leamington, with some bitterness. "But I am in earnest, and you ought to understand me."

"I do not think you know your own mind very well," said Miss Peters, gently. "I suppose you have something that troubles you. Is it about Miss Rothsay?"

"Hang Miss Rothsay!" burst forth the impetuous young man. "It is *you* I want."

Miss Peters dropped her sketch-book in sheer amazement. "Me? I am to be married in December. Everybody here knows that I am engaged to the doctor ; I thought you knew it, of course."

"I am a confounded ass!" ejaculated Mr. Leamington. "One comfort is that I leave St. Bart's to-morrow for ever. Miss Peters, I will bid you adieu to-morrow afternoon." He strode

rapidly away. There was just time to dress for dinner.

He arrived in full dress punctually at seven. Mrs. Rothsay received him with open arms.

"My dear George," she cried, "Laura will be delighted." There was nobody in the parlor.

"I fear I am early, since no one has come," said the victim.

"My dear boy," said the charming hostess, "it is not a dinner-party. Do you think I could receive you any way but *en famille* after this absence? But I shall let Laura scold you. There, go to her in the library ; she is waiting for you."

Poor George! He went in a free man ; he came out a bondman. Mrs. Rothsay's wiles, Miss Laura's blushes and smiles did the business. He married her and was miserable.

THE CHIMES.

BY NINA MEREDITH.

Now the matin bell is calling
All our souls from sin's enthralling—
"Save him, Lord, this day from falling!"
And I pray this, o'er and o'er ;
Church, and tower, and street are glowing
In the morning's rosy flowing ;
But no joy on me bestowing—
For my darling comes no more!

Now the vesper chimes are ringing,
And the homeward birds are singing:
Fragrant honeysuckle swinging
Golden censers, brimming o'er ;
Over gray St. Peter's spire,
Sunset glances flash like fire ;
In my heart the old desire—
But, alas! he comes no more!

Now the midnight bell is tolling,
Waves of tear-fraught music rolling ;
Sad these tones, once my consoling—
All that happiness is o'er.
In the air the moon-rays shimmer,
And the "three stars" faintly glimmer—
Like my life, my star grows dimmer,
For my love will come no more!

WILL I EVER FORGET THEE?

(Inscribed to MISS CALLIE, of Walnut Hill.)

BY N. B.

WILL I ever forget thee? Can I ever forget
That dark flashing eye, with its lashes of jet!
Or the bright raven tresses, that gracefully flow
Down thy gleaming white neck, over shoulders of
snow.

That heart-winning smile; that mien of rare grace,
Or the varying charms of that bright angel face!
No! though seas roll between us—years intervene,
yet
Thy magical beauty I ne'er can forget.

Can I ever forget, to the day that I die,
The soul-thrilling power of that tender black eye!
Which, deeper than fate, and darker than night,
Is bright as the stars in its own liquid light!
Ah! never, I'm certain, did eye of gazelle
In softness or sweetness that bright orb excel:
Though all else be forgotten, I'll never forget
That soul-speaking eye, with its lashes of jet.

CONFIDERS AND CONFIDENCES.

THERE are some people to whom there would be little pleasure in life if it had no secrets. Of course we do not refer to those great mysteries into which philosophic persons and theologians are constantly endeavoring to look, but to those smaller matters of concealment and confidence which happen in the everyday existence of most people.

The saying about the skeleton in the cupboard of every man and woman has fulfilments in many lives more painful and terrible than the majority of the outer world can guess at. Sometimes the skeleton is a very little one, and keeps its place alone; but now and then it happens that a whole collection, distinctly labelled, would be found did we know where lies the key of the room in which they keep their grim watch. Such secrets as are connected with the closet skeletons are not, however, those in which our friends the confiders delight; these secrets have too much real importance, and the confidence which imparts them—if ever they are imparted—is so weighty as to act like a seal on the lips of all who have heard them. Not that there is often much chance of the great skeletons of a man's life getting exposed to public view. Times may occur now and then, when, at dead of night, he shuts himself in with them, and one by one takes them down, removes the dust from them, and restores them, indestructible, to their places; but spectators of such a process are neither desired nor desirable.

Confiders are the people to whom the little necessary secrets of life are a joy—so great a joy, indeed, that the good folk have a tendency to make secrets where none exist, and so, as happens now and then, greatly to irritate that section of society which has no undue proclivities towards concealment. We have found confiders of this class of both sexes; indeed, the most perverse specimen we ever encountered was a man. He would tell you that his little boy was making wonderful progress at school, as if he were confiding a state secret; or he would ask you how you enjoyed the last Monday Popular Concert, as if the prosperity of the whole undertaking depended on your hearing the question and conveying your answer with a mysterious air appropriate to the occasion. He had a way, too, of lowering his voice in saying the most trivial things, which obliged his listeners to give their utmost attention to catch his words; so that to observers the pair seemed to be talking of affairs which needed the greatest secrecy, when, probably, the subject of conversation was nothing more important than the value of co-operative stores to persons with large families and small incomes.

Closely allied to the persons to whom a mysterious tone is essential in conversation, are the people who recount to you the events that have happened to them since you met them

last, and then beg you not to repeat what they have said to anybody. In such cases as these the unfortunate object of the confidence is put in great perplexity. It is difficult to see why you are not to say that So-and-so went from ——— to ———, or that he or she went or did not go to ———. But you are entreated to say nothing about it, and you keep the confidence, at the risk of feeling excessively foolish when you discover (as you most likely do, from the next mutual friend you meet with) that there was not the faintest reason for secrecy, and, in fact, that everybody concerned knew all about it.

Then there are the people who give you half-confidences, and render your life a burden by asking your advice as to what they are to do under circumstances which are not entirely known to you. Angelina does not know how she is to treat Edwin the next time she meets him, because she thinks he was last night too attentive to Miss Smith. You advise Angelina to let Edwin go his own way if you think she does not care much about him, or to call him to account in some fashion if you think she does. But here you reckon without your host, or rather your confider; for Angelina at once proceeds to show cause why she should not do as you have advised, and you begin to perceive that you have been made a victim of half-confidences. These semi-confiders are very annoying to straightforward people, who not unfrequently in the end rebel, and refuse to receive from such half-trusting folk any confidences at all.

Then there are the confiders who tell you more than you want to know, and, indeed, more than you ought to know; so that suddenly one day you find yourself in possession of some family secret, the knowledge of which renders you very uncomfortable and impedes your free action. But these people trench on the class of those whose family skeletons are too much for them, and who let in sun and wind into houses of the dead. Let us leave them.

It would, however, be somewhat of a hard and unlovely world were there no confiders and confidences, notwithstanding the drawbacks that there are, and in spite of the eccentricities of some confiders. It would be a sad alternative either to bear all one's little joys and sorrows alone, or to make all the world sharers of them. Many good schemes would come to nothing were they blazoned abroad too soon, just as they would wither away if no sunshine of sympathy were accorded to them. So long as the world lasts, there will always, we take it, be confiders and confidences. There are few people who are able constantly to stand alone, and those few are not the most agreeable of their species. All that we ask of the confiders is, that they do not make mysteries out of nothing, and that they be frank and full in their confidences when they make them.

MORGAN'S VALENTINE.

BY S. ANNIE PROST.

"It is a perfect nuisance!"

Miss Arabella Lecompton uttered this sentence with all the emphasis which could be put into the words.

"As if two daughters were not as much as any mother cares to take into society at one time!" said Miss Clara Lecompton, her face reflecting the disgust depicted upon that of her sister.

"Well, my dears," said Mrs. Lecompton, "as far as I am concerned, I am sure three girls won't be any more trouble than two. Besides, I think you will like Minnie. We found her a very pleasant little girl, when your father and I visited her at school."

"But, mother, that is a very different affair!" said Arabella. "It is all very well to visit a pretty little school-girl, and take her a few presents, but to take a young lady without a penny in the world right into the family is perfectly preposterous! Why don't father send her out as a governess, or let her learn a trade?"

"Why, my dear, he promised her father to care for her as if she was his own child. He would have had her here long ago, but her father wished her to remain at the school where she was when he died, until she was eighteen."

"Eighteen! Bread and butter misses are my aversion."

"Why, Clara, you are only twenty yourself, and I but twenty-two."

"We are not just emancipated from a boarding-school, however," said Clara. "When does our new sister, as father said we were to consider her, arrive?"

"This afternoon at five. Your father is going to the dépôt to meet her. And, indeed, my dears, he will be very much displeased if you are rude. He was very much attached to poor Minnie's father."

"Rude, mamma! I am sure I have no intention of hurting the girl's feelings, but I really do think it is too bad!"

"I suppose you will introduce her on Thursday evening, at my party," said Clara. "We must make the best of it! There is a carriage at the door now. It surely is not five o'clock!"

But it proved to be nearly six, and the trio of ladies looked towards the door, expecting the new arrival, Miss Minnie Irving. Three handsome, well-dressed ladies they were; the mother still youthful looking, and the daughters very much like her, and like each other. All were blondes, and all attractive, the girls extremely pretty, the mother fair and well preserved. All drew up their figures a little, and unconsciously, perhaps, settled their features to an expression of polite welcome, so that they were quite prepared for smiles when the door opened, and a portly old gentleman, the personification

of benevolence and good temper, entered. Upon his arm leaned a young girl, whose appearance quite reconciled Arabella and Clara to her arrival. There was no danger of rivalry there. Minnie Irving was not even pretty. Her features were commonplace, her hair an everyday sort of brown; her eyes, gray and expressive, were certainly a redeeming feature; but her complexion was pale, and not to be compared to the creamy beauty of that possessed by the sisters. She was tall and slender, but moved with a lithe, graceful action, and seemed perfectly at ease, in her embarrassing situation.

Mrs. Lecompton welcomed her first, and did it cordially, then the girls spoke a sentence or two expressive of pleasure at her arrival.

She spoke only a few words, but her eyes shone with a grateful emotion. She had drawn over her heart a mantle of pride to meet rudeness or contempt, but this welcome tore away all reserve, and she frankly showed her appreciation of its kindness.

Clara offered to accompany Minnie to her room, and, before the travelling dress was exchanged for one more suited to the house, Clara's dislike to a new sister had all melted away. She was by no means a bad-hearted girl, and Minnie's lonely position, orphaned and poor, appealed to the best part of her nature. Perhaps, had the stranger been very beautiful, or seemed in any way likely to throw her own charms into the shade, she would not have been so ready to be won to like her, but, as it was, she was her hearty friend in fifteen minutes.

Arabella was rather more distant, but by no means cold or in any way demonstrating any dislike to the young girl. Mr. and Mrs. Lecompton were unaffectedly cordial and kind.

The days wore away pleasantly until Thursday, much time being passed in preparations for a large party which was to celebrate Clara Lecompton's twentieth birthday. The sisters had ascertained that Minnie had a dress, which, although extremely simple, was perfectly appropriate for the occasion—a dotted muslin, which the young guest observed "would do to wear in the summer."

It was known in the family circle that Minnie had absolutely refused to accept the same allowance as Mr. Lecompton gave his own daughters, taking only what with strict economy would clothe her so that she would not shame them by shabbiness, and insisting upon undertaking a large share of the family sewing in return.

"Please let me," she said, when Mrs. Lecompton would have deprived her of an enormous pile of needlework she found in her room; "I cannot bear the thought of accepting so much and giving nothing. I like to sew, indeed I do, and I hope after a time you will trust me with the dressmaking. I make all my own clothes."

So in their own minds the three ladies concluded that Minnie's sole ambition was to be a domestic drudge, and would prove a useful if not ornamental addition to the family.

Thursday evening came. Mrs. Lecompton and her daughters, dressed with exquisite taste and richness, were assembled in the drawing-room when Minnie came in.

"She looks very nice."

That was the mental verdict of all three. The white muslin, with its tiny blue dots, was prettily made, and ruffles of the same formed an appropriate trimming for such inexpensive material. The soft brown hair was dressed with a few blue flowers, and the gloves, handkerchief, fan, slippers, and laces were all in good order.

Three hours later Arabella and Clara found themselves wondering "what ailed everybody."

The plain, simply-dressed school-girl was making a sensation. There was no doubt about it. Some magnetic power must lurk in the soft eyes, or in the musical voice. Three powers she wielded upon which they had not counted, rare conversational gifts, graceful dancing, and music. She had not sung before, but was persuaded to do so now, once. Her selection was a weird German legend set to music as wild as the story it told. The voice fairly leaped over the notes, now high, now low, wailing here, jubilant there; whispering tones one instant, ringing triumphant notes the next. The most wonderful compass and flexibility were requisite to sing the strange composition with any effect, and Minnie gave it all the expression it could require. There had been the usual amount of ballad singing, varied by selections from favorite operas, but after this German song, no one asked for more music for a long time.

Her dancing was as peculiar as her music. Every movement of the lithe, willowy form was full of the harmony of motion, modest as a nun, but as graceful as an houri. And when the admirers of music and dancing drew back, there were some master minds among the guests who looked with amazement upon this plain young girl, whose grasp of intellect could cope with such high subjects, who knew when to listen and when to speak, could be grave, pungent, witty, sarcastic, and pathetic, giving to the most commonplace subjects a turn of original thought, and frankly asking for information when the discussion rose above her knowledge.

Minnie's own utter unconsciousness of the sensation she was making, added greatly to its effect. She had humbly compared her own personal charms with those of Arabella and Clara, and placed them even lower in the scale than they merited. Further than that she did not go, and would have been unaffectedly amazed if she had known the admiration she was exciting. There was not art in any word or movement, and it would have grieved her to

the heart could she have known that even kind Mrs. Lecompton agreed in the girls' verdict that the young orphan was "artful."

She enjoyed her first evening in society intensely, for hers was a nature that entered keenly into every sensation, feeling joy, grief, pain, to their full capacity, and, of course, suffering much and enjoying much. There were many of the guests who would become her friends, she hoped, in the future, and some with whom hours would have flown like minutes. So, the next day, when the party was discussed in the sitting-room, where the four ladies of the family piled busy needles, Minnie was frank in her expression of opinion of the many guests.

"Who, of all you met, did you like the best?" questioned Clara.

"Mr. Ilsley," Minnie replied, promptly.

"Why?"

"Oh, I cannot tell you that. Likes and dislikes cannot be defined so closely. I should think he was a gentleman in the full acceptance of the word."

Arabella's face darkened, and she turned it from the speaker's, and stared gloomily from the window, listening intently, however, to every word.

"What do you mean by a gentleman?"

"One whose birth and education fit him for the highest positions in this republican country."

Clara laughed heartily. "Mr. Ilsley is a parvenue, Minnie. He is wealthy now by inheritance from an old gentleman whose life he saved, and who adopted him fifteen years ago, taking him, a lad, from the forge of a blacksmith shop, where he was apprenticed to learn to make horseshoes."

"Then he is one of Nature's noblemen."

"Do you think him handsome?"

"Not at all. His face is made up of irregularities; but his mind is shown on the broad white forehead, and his soul looks out of the great dark eyes. His smile is rare, but it is like music."

"You are enthusiastic. Guard your heart."

"You are unfair. You ask for an opinion, and then laugh at me for giving one."

"Did you admire Miss Henderson? She is one of our belles this winter!" and the conversation, critical and admiring, flowed on, Arabella still gazing moodily from the window, her dainty piece of needlework lying untouched upon her lap. Something in this wise her thoughts ran:—

"How dare she talk so of Morgan Ilsley? He is mine! All winter he has been attentive to me more than to any other, and shall I let this homely little chit fascinate him, as she seemed last night to fascinate all others? Never! There are others to admire her, others for her to select from, but he, the prince, the king among men, he is mine!"

And, meanwhile, the subject of the conversa-

tion and reflection sat in his private room at the Hotel, thinking—ah! well-a-day, will the story ever be finished?—how miserable was the life of a bachelor, were he ever so rich or popular. "Thirty-two in a few weeks!" he said to himself, watching the smoke rise from a fragrant cigar, "and for what am I living? I try to do some little good as I travel on this life's highways, but it is in an irregular, eccentric fashion. My business affairs are not so engrossing that I can find time for nothing else, as many complain. Now, if I had a home and a wife. I think I should not care to marry a great beauty, she would want too much admiration abroad. No, I should not marry for beauty, and certainly not for money. What is the word to describe my wife? I have it! The good old Scotch word *bonnie*! And what a bonnie lass Miss Irving is, so unaffected and simple, and yet so refined and intelligent. Will she ever guess her own powers? It is clear she does not appreciate them now. What a voice she has! I must hear her sing again."

And so on for about an hour, puffing away, consuming cigar after cigar, seeing through the smoke the soft eyes and sweet smile that were Minnie's only beauties of face. Yet this was no idle dreamer, no man to sit weaving romances or building air castles, but an energetic, active worker, a close student, a Christian gentleman. It was true, as Clara had stated, that he was country born, the child of poverty, orphaned when a mere boy, and at seventeen working at a blacksmith's forge, and looking for nothing higher. One act of bravery, that was a nine days' wonder, turned Fortune's wheel in his favor. He saved the life of a man who was old, childless, and wealthy, and who took him at once from the forge to make him his body-servant. Little guessed either of the undeveloped intellect and strength of mind in the brain of the blacksmith's apprentice, who could read and write, and knew the first four rules of arithmetic.

It was not long before Israel Carton, the boy's new master, discovered that he possessed a diamond crusted over with the shell of ignorance, and proceeded to open the shell and pour in the light of education upon the gem. Forth flashed the fire where the rays fell. Time, patience, and soon an absorbing love of knowledge for its own sake, polished the stone, and it was set in the fine gold of a gentlemanly deportment and that true courtesy that springs from a pure, kind heart. Fifteen years of intercourse with his benefactor placed the young blacksmith upon the highest pedestal of refinement and intellectual development. Together they travelled, together studied, together visited as a son and most loving father, and, when death came to separate them, Morgan Ilsley felt that the control of his friend's ample fortune was but poor compensation for the loss of his society and

It had been one of

his warmest desires to see his young protegee married, but, as yet, the heart lay dormant, the mind reaching ever to new efforts, and the busy brain seeking for stronger food.

Arabella Lecompton fancied Morgan Ilsley had fallen a victim to her charms. He had been introduced to her by a mutual friend, and carelessly spoke some words of admiration for her really beautiful face and pleasing manners. These words were repeated, losing nothing of their emphasis in the repetition. Many such phrases had Arabella heard before, but none that sounded so sweet to her. There was a charm about this rather grave man that she had failed to find in any of the gay butterflies of society, a fascination in his smile, and a music in the tones of his deep, rich voice that were irresistible to her. She wooed him as woman can woo, all unsuspected, because half-unconsciously, and when he was won often to her side, and accepted gracefully her unsuspected advances, she flattered herself he sought her of his own free will, and was her suitor by choice. Self-deception never springs to such monstrous errors as when Cupid touches the wires, and Arabella dreamed her dream, while Morgan saw nothing beyond the courtesies of society in their friendship.

Minnie Irving was the first woman who had ever touched his heart. He was not in love with her at first sight, for it was not his disposition to be impulsive or hasty about anything, but each time that he saw her he found some new development of sweet womanly character, some opening bud of intellect, or some graceful accomplishment that drew forth all the deeper interests of his nature.

They met very often, for wherever the Lecomptons were invited, Minnie was included in the invitation, and Mr. Ilsley, to use the conventional phrase, "moved in the same circle of society." Now at a *soirée*, now at a *sociable*, in a concert room one evening, at a ball another, often in the home circle, Morgan found himself beside the young girl, who was so surely and unconsciously winning his whole heart, loving her with that force and devotion that come when the heart remains untouched until the spring of youth is over.

Clara had called her father's protegee a "bread and butter" miss before she had seen her, but mentally she soon revoked the unjust sentence. Minnie was not a monster, a paragon, possessing all the "*savoir faire*" of society by instinct, but she was as far removed from awkward bashfulness as Clara herself. She possessed that grace, ease, and self-possession that spring from utter unselfishness. She never thought of the impression she was making, never studied upon the effect her words would produce, never sought to win admiration, and so attained the sweetest of all manners by a perfectly natural, unaffected simplicity of address and movement.

The sensation Minnie created was not a transient one. She became popular in society, and the ladies wondered where her charm was, without beauty or the aid of an expensive style of dress, and yet admitted that there was a charm even for her own sex. Wherever she was invited, she was soon the object of polite attentions from the gentlemen present, yet from the first she learned to look for one face and listen for one voice above all others. Was Morgan Ilsley near her, no other had power to win her whole attention, even if he were not actually conversing with her. She had never questioned her own heart, yielding itself to the charm of this wooer, and so she did not imagine she was rivalling another, who loved already where she was learning to love. Could she have seen the tigerish jealousy growing daily in Arabella's heart, her surprise would have been sincere and great. Little heeded she that she was living beside a volcano, whose fires smouldered with hot, fierce heat, wanting but opportunity to spring forth and wither her.

The winter had been a gay one, and there was popular a certain weekly meeting, called sociable, where a small pleasant circle of intimate friends congregated together to spend evenings in conversation, music, dancing, or whatever amusement seemed at the time most congenial to all assembled. It was at one of these meetings that the subject of Valentines came under discussion, the saint's day being very near. Morgan Ilsley gave it as his opinion that :—

"While St. Valentine's Day was kept really sacred to true love and the exchange of pleasant words and tokens, it was a beautiful custom; but that, since it had been made the occasion for insult and low jokes, he thought it had better be passed by unnoticed, save by the vulgar minds who had thus degraded it. Even a pretty Valentine now-a-days is almost an insult to a refined mind," he said, in conclusion. "True love can find other avenues for expression." Did he glance at Minnie with a half smile as he uttered the last phrase, or was it only Arabella's fancy?

Certain it is, however, that something that evening told him how very dear Minnie had become to him, and made him resolve to risk his fortune at once. Win or lose, he must try his fate. It was Tuesday evening, and Thursday was St. Valentine's. Perhaps, if he was very happy on that day, he might revoke his harsh sentence, and by flowers, or some such sweet token, express his joy, for, without recalling one word or look of Minnie's that could be called unmaidenly, he was very hopeful. She was so frank, so guileless, and true-hearted, that he could not associate the idea of coquetry with her, and he truly believed the heart he coveted he had gradually won for his own. The next day he sent a missive upon which his fate hung. It was a cordial, frank

letter, respectful but not cringing, loving and winsome in tone, but far removed from sickening flatteries. Morgan Ilsley was not the man to crawl at a woman's feet and whine for her favor, but, erect and manly, he extended his hand to her, promising, if she would share his fortunes, to protect and cherish her as far as in his power lay from every ill. He concluded by requesting her, if she regarded his suit favorably, to grant him an early interview. Then he waited as patiently as he could for an answer.

It was the morning of St. Valentine's Day, and he was in his own room, when the waiter handed him a delicate white envelope directed by Minnie Irving's hand. He knew the handwriting well. Two or three dainty little notes, acknowledging some trifling courtesy, the loan of a book, a gift of music, or other matters of gentlemanly attention, were in his possession, and he recognized the clear, delicate letters at once. For a moment he held the missive unopened; the happiness of his life his heart told him hung upon that little note. But his was not the nature to hesitate long, and he soon opened his note. The coarse grain of the paper inclosed struck him at once, but no words can describe his feeling of pain and disgust when he unfolded the sheet. Upon it was a coarsely-printed, wretchedly-colored caricature of a blacksmith at his forge; the head exaggerated, and the arms several sizes too large for the shrunken body. Some miserable doggerel verses, bidding him return to his forge, and not dare court a lady, were printed under this choice artistic production.

In an instant the conversation of Tuesday evening came to his memory. So she loved him not, and drove him away by direct insult. All her sweet manner was but the feigned simplicity of a finished coquette. He had believed her so refined, so sensitive, and here was the proof of an under-bred, innate vulgarity that would have disgraced a huckster.

The revulsion of feeling was tremendous. Many men would have gone abroad to cover their disappointment; others would have written, driving the insult home again; some would have doubted and asked an explanation; Morgan Ilsley took the picture and the envelope, placed both carefully in an open drawer, closed and locked it, and then opened the morning paper and sat down to peruse it. Indifferent? No, suffering like a woman. Wounded desperately, but fighting back the agony, and forcing the bleeding heart to bear the blow quietly. An iron will lay over all like a hand of steel, and only the white set lips showed the inward struggle. One hour later he met Minnie Irving in the street. A bow, chilling as the courtesy of a gentleman permitted, and he passed her, not seeing that she turned white as death, and reeled as if she would have fallen.

She never knew how she reached home. Once there she shut herself in her own room,

and tried to think. Was it indeed Morgan Ilsley who had just passed her on the street with that cold, distant bow, that seemed to build a wall of ice between them? She opened her desk and took out his letter, the letter that had flooded her whole life with exquisite happiness only the day before. Then she tried to recall her answer. No difficult task, for it was only a few lines appointing the evening of that very day for the desired interview, but surely that was all he asked. He had not desired a written consent to his suit, but the interview was asked only if that suit was favorably received. And yet how cold and stern his face was as he passed her with the chilling, formal bow. But for that inclination of the head, she would have tried to think he did not see or recognize her, but there was no mistaking the meaning of that. Would he come at the hour she had appointed and explain his strange conduct? Scarcely hoping, yet clinging desperately to this one chance, Minnie changed her dress towards evening for one Morgan had often admired, an inexpensive woollen of dark wine color that was made pretty by its exquisite fit and finish in making. Even the rich, warm color, however, failed to throw any reflection of its crimson tint upon the young girl's white cheeks. Meeting her on the stairs, as the teabell summoned them, Arabella fairly started at the ghastly face.

"Is your headache so bad?" she said, for this had been Minnie's excuse for non appearance at dinner.

"Very bad," she said now, trying to smile, and failing deplorably.

All the evening, white and patient, Minnie hoped against hope for the well-known ring and step, but they did not sound for her. Wearily she went to her own room, to kneel and pray for strength to bear her affliction. Not once did the idea of confiding her grief to another, or seeking an explanation, present itself. With all her gentle sweetness, she was proud to her heart's core. If her lover had repented of his haste in seeking her for his wife, she would not lift a finger to woo him back again; no, not if her heart broke in her silent sorrow.

I am fully aware the proper thing for my heroine to do was to have an instant attack of brain fever, or rush frantically from the kind guardianship of her father's old friend, and become "independent" by way of soothing her poor sore heart, which would not break, only lie heavy and cold, often aching sorely. But Minnie was not calculated to indulge in heroics of any sort. She thought there must be some terrible misunderstanding at the root of her apparent slight, and patiently hoped time would clear it away. Those around her, had they observed closely, might have noticed that the piano was seldom touched by the delicate fingers that were wont to press its keys so lovingly—that the full, glorious voice of the young

songstress rose no more to fill the house with melody, and that the cheerful smile and bright eyes were replaced by pale cheeks and a sad, wistful expression. But as there was no moan made over the suffering, it passed all unheeded, only Mrs. Lecompton thought:—

"Minnie had spent too gay a winter for a *débutante*, and must gather roses for her cheeks when they went into the country for the summer."

But the tangled skein which held these two tender loving hearts in its web was destined to be unwound, and by rude hands, and an uncultivated mind passed shrewd by affection.

Rose O'Neil was Mrs. Lecompton's parlor maid, and a part of her daily duty was to wait upon the young ladies in any service they required. She was young, pretty, and in love, and she worshipped Minnie. She had one little sister about six years old, and Minnie had entirely won her warm Irish heart by making this child a suit of pretty, comfortable clothing out of a half-worn dress and skirt, adding thereto a little hat of black velvet with a few flowers, which gave the child hours of perfect delight. It cost Minnie a day or two of steady sewing to fit the child out thus with the Sunday school suit her sister coveted for her, and Rose set no bounds to her gratitude.

With the quick eye of affection, she soon noted the change in Minnie, missed the bird-like voice, watched the paling cheek and listless step, and, above all, at once noticed Morgan Ilsley's discontinued visits. Her quick Irish wit was at work at once, and she possessed a key to the riddle that none suspected.

A month had passed away before she ventured to speak, and then she was quickened to action by hearing sobs in Minnie's room after bed-time, when she was passing the door on her way to her own room.

"Grieving the heart out of her," she said, "and I am sure it's for Mr. Ilsley. I'll just speer round a bit and see if I can't make two hearts, that's breaking for love of one another, aisy."

The next day she spoke.

"Miss Minnie, don't you be angry wid me, now, if I ax you a question?"

Minnie winced a little. Who could tell what wound the question might press upon?

"You mind the little note you put on the table in the hall St. Valentine's Eve, that Miss Clara took up and said was a Valentine?"

Minnie nodded.

"Now, Miss Minnie, don't you be angered at me, but wasn't that note for Mr. Ilsley?"

"Rose!"

"Now you are angry! Please, now, Miss Minnie, don't think I'm a meddling in the business of my betters. If you will only tell me."

The girl's earnestness was irresistible, and Minnie, wondering, answered:—

"Yes, Rose, it was for Mr. Isley; why do you ask?"

"I'll tell you to-morrow," and without waiting for further questioning, Rose discovered that she was being called, and whipped out of the room like a flash.

"I'll do it if I lose my place for it," she said, as she went down stairs. "Now to get permission to get out this afternoon."

This was easily obtained, and Morgan Isley was astonished by a visit from Mrs. Lecompton's parlor maid. Without wasting time on ceremony, Rose proceeded to inform him that she had a secret to tell him, that would cost her her place if he betrayed her, but which she was certain nearly affected his happiness and that of Miss Irving. At that name his face grew stern and rigid as iron, yet he told her to tell her errand, and be sure he would not betray her visit.

"I must go back, sir, to the day before St. Valentine's Day. Miss Minnie, bless her heart, had been like a bird all day, singing little snatches of song, and her face like a summer day with the brightness of it. It was in the afternoon that she came down stairs with a little note that she put on the hall table for John to take to the post-office. The little note, sir, was for you. We were going to have visitors for tea, and I was in the China closet cleaning the silver, when Miss Arabella came, with Miss Minnie's note in her hand, into the dining-room. She looked round, but the closet door was just ajar, and she did not see me. I saw her though. She opened the little note, sir, and took out the paper that was in it and read it. Her face was as black as a thunder cloud when she saw that same. Well, sir, she put that note in the fire, and in its place she put in a painted picture.

"What?"

"Yes, sir, she did. Are you that blind you don't know she's in love with you?"

"Hush, hush! Let me think."

"Do that same, sir, but first let me tell you that the next day Miss Minnie came in from walking as white as a sheet, and white she's been ever since, a-pining away, sir, and jest fretting the heart out of her. So, sir, I made bold to come tell you if there was anything in the letter that angered you, it was none of Miss Minnie's doings."

"Does she know you have come?"

"Niver a bit, sir."

There was a moment of silence.

"Have I made it all right, sir, or only worse?" asked Rose.

"I cannot tell, my girl. I must see Miss Irving. But she may refuse to see me," he said, half to himself.

"You come, sir, this evening, and I'll not tell her who wants her before she goes to the parlor. The others will all be at a concert, but she is not going; she's got the headache the

day, and do have it all the time, now, more by token it's the heartache, I'm thinking."

"I will come then. You have done me a service I will never forget, Rose." He took her hand a moment, and closed it fast over a folded note, and put her gently from the room.

"It's a made woman I am," said Rose to herself, as she sped along homeward. "A twenty dollar note, and they're sure to take me to live along of them when the wedding is over."

It was hard for Minnie to believe the tale Morgan told that evening, but easy to open her heart again to the love craving admittance. Rose was never betrayed; but Arabella knew her plot to separate the loving hearts was by some means frustrated. She accepted an invitation to join some friends in a European trip, and when she returned Minnie's wedding was an event of the past, and her own hand, if not her heart, was in the possession of a fellow-traveller, who was enthusiastic on the subject of blonde tresses.

Minnie had been a wife a year, when, one morning, she took up a small portmanteau that had lain amongst other bachelor possessions undisturbed since the owner became a Benedict.

"Nothing but papers, pet," her husband said, as she applied to him for the key. "But we will overhaul them, and burn up what are not worth keeping. There!" and he shook out the contents on a table. "There are all my secrets."

"O Morgan! was this!"—and her lip curled.

He looked up as she opened a paper with a rudely-painted picture upon it. "Yes, my love," he said, answering the unfinished question, "that artistic work of art was Morgan's Valentine."

DON'T FRET.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

DON'T FRET! All nature is opposed to fretting. The stars are bright above us, and the flowers beautiful beneath us to gladden us with their brightness and beauty. With all the varied appointments of the natural world, and they are manifold, to minister to our joy and comfort, what else than an ingrate to heaven is the person who corrodes his or her life with fretful cares and consuming anxieties? Every flower that blooms, every stream that ripples, every bird that sings enters its protest, and pronounces against the monstrous ingratitude of such a character. And yet thousands, with God's bright, smiling heavens over their heads, pass their days in fretting over the little troubles and annoyances of life. With so many things in the world to yield them enjoyment, and with so little to take away from their happiness, they are nevertheless wretched and miserable from the mere habit of fretting.

Life has its trials and disappointments, it is true; but what are these compared to its man-

fold blessings? And even these are a positive good to those who have the philosophy to conquer or endure them as the case may be. All true happiness is conditioned on goodness and virtue, and these imply the conquest of the difficulties in the way of our happiness. But the greatest proportion by far of the unhappiness of the race results from imaginary, unreal evils—evils that exist only in the brain and nowhere else. Literally true of thousands are the words of Burns :—

"When na real ills perplex them
They make enou' themselves to vex them."

DON'T FRET! All reason, all philosophy is against it. If adversities and disappointments come, they come in the order of a beneficent Providence, and we should bear them. They spring not from the ground, but have a kindly, heaven-sent mission to us. And if we may not conquer them—and what may not be conquered by a brave spirit and noble action?—we can, at least, endure them. Like the oak of the forest or the flower of the field, we can bend before the storm, and be all the stronger and nobler for it. Storms are not the general order of the natural world; they come only ever and anon. So with the real trials of life; they come only now and then, and, when they do come, we should meet them with patience and philosophy. To sit down and fret in the hour of darkness and trial is to reveal a weak and cowardly spirit; to do so is an absolute reproach to any head or heart. Then is the time for action and heroism; then

"It is Godlike to unloose
The spirit, and forget ourselves in thought;
Bending a pinion for a deeper sky,
And, in the very fetters of our flesh,
Mating with the pure essences of heaven."

DON'T FRET! Nothing is more unprofitable than fretting. All regrets over what cannot be remedied are as unavailing as they are foolish. Who ever removed one difficulty out of the path of life by fretting? Who ever lessened trouble by pining over and hugging it to the bosom? And yet, from the number of fretters in this world, did we not know to the contrary, we might infer there was some remuneration or comfort in it. In action and endurance lies the secret of the true man's or woman's power over all the ills and troubles of life. The very afflictions and sorrows of life are transmuted by a true philosophy into blessings and sources of joy.

There can be no cheer, no sunshine, where there are unreasonable anxiety and care. The light, joyous heart never frets. For it there is too much to enjoy and be thankful for in God's beautiful universe to allow of this. Who, reader, of your friends are the contented and happy? Are they not those who are wont to look on the cheerful side of things, and who make the most of life? Anxious care is the enemy of all enjoyment. When the Book of

books says, "Be careful for nothing," it says the equivalent of the two words, "*Don't fret!*" There is no real good in life but that fretting mars and destroys. The fretter's lot, however favorable in respect of external possessions, is a sad and unenviable one. In our heart we pity him. Bright, cheerful spirits, with the little of this world's treasures, are infinitely preferred to any supposable condition in life with a fretful, murmuring disposition.

Then, reader, **DON'T FRET!** When things go wrong, as they sometimes will, work and wait in cheerful patience till they go better. Happiness is your life's chief design; resolve, therefore, that nothing shall thwart that design. Study and practise the philosophy which converts trials into blessings, adversities into joys. Whatever turns up in your individual history in the outside world, recollect that you have no right to be unhappy, and determine, with the blessing of Providence, you will not be.

LINES.

SWEET sister, must thou be
A lost delight forevermore,
Like spicy wafts at sea
That never reach the shore;
Or drowned pearl and ivory
That fated vessels bore!
Thy little life had perfect rest
At its faint dying close—
Not softer from her nest
The early robin goes,
Or fades the daylight in the west,
Or folds the evening rose.

A breath—a memory—
Brief love and long regret!
Thy dying look I seem to see
As earth and heaven met;
And thy dear face is still with me
With summer roses set.

WAITING.

BY ANNIE CHAMBERS KETCHUM.

WAITING for health and strength;
Counting each flickering pulse, each passing hour,
And sighing when my weary frame at length
Sinks like a drooping flower.

Waiting for rest and peace;
Rest from unravelling life's perplexing woof;
Peace from the doubts that crouch like hidden foes,
And glare at me aloof.

Waiting for absent eyes;
Bright as the sunrise to the lonesome sea,
Lovely as life to youth's expectant gaze,
And dear next Heaven to me.

Thou, who didst watch and pray,
Quickened the pulse, bid doubt and weeping flee;
Or, if these must abide, still let me cry
Bring back the loved to me!

MARRIAGE is the best state for man in general, and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state.—*Dr. Johnson.*

HESTER.

BY MAGGIE H. HAMMOND.

HETTY HOYT tied on her little nun bonnet, one November afternoon, and hastened down to her favorite nook beside the river, her aching head and tired frame demanding a few moments' hush and solitude. She went quite to the brink of the water and sat down upon a log, overgrown with lichens and fungi, which jutted out over the still depths. Far down below the bend of the river the town drowns in the autumn sunshine; the cliffs behind it, sharply defined in the clear atmosphere, and she could see the smoke of the distant engine, as it coursed along with mad speed, but so far removed that only the faintest rumble reached her ear, and its white trail rose in pendulous wreaths like the snowy banners of some invisible host. The trees surrounding her were nearly stripped of their leaves, which had fluttered down in all the gorgeousness of their flaming beauty, save a few that still clung to the naked boughs, as if loth to tremble down to the earth from which they had drawn their sustenance during their brief life. And, indeed, the air was so balmy, the winds so lulled, the sky so blue, that they must have felt it was all a mistake; and the cruel frost and chilling winds had come upon them too early, and summer, rising from her torpor, had wrested the sceptre from autumn.

But Hetty, being in somewhat of a desponding mood, was fain to drop her eyes upon the panorama before them, and as they fell, her restless fingers plucked nervously at the rough bark of the old log. She was in the mood for complaint rather than admiration.

"I wonder if it would have made any particular difference if I'd never lived?" she said, watching a dead leaf that rustled down and was caught in the eddying current. "There'd be no one to help with the work and tend to the children; but more than that it wouldn't matter much. Father wouldn't miss me long, and mother, after the first fret, would forget me; that is, if I were to die now! And there's Geordie! He might feel shocked at first, and then it would be over. I would be put away from them all, and the world would go on just the same. No one would need me!" She gasped weakly at the thought. It was so hard to think she might pass away, leaving but the faintest ripple where her life-bark went down; her memory treasured in no souls.

"Het! Hetty!" The call floated out clear and shrill, rasping her ear. She started up slowly. She could never be left long to the solitude she coveted. She was at the mercy of other's wills. The monotonous treadmill of life would suffer no tangent from its beaten track.

Not far back from the river stood the house, a square wood-colored building, boasting not the slightest pretensions to beauty. The fence

before it was battered and broken, and in the yard a bevy of children, shock-headed, freckle-faced, were noisily playing. Some of them ran after her, catching hold of her dress as she went up the steps before the door. In the narrow hall a little toddler of a baby was lustily crying, and, as Hetty came in, a tall, wiry woman looked crossly up.

"Well may you be a smart one, Het! Washy crying; supper to be got ready, and you trailing off, goodness knows where!"

"But, mother, you don't *know* how my head hurts, and I thought maybe I could take a half hour. Washy, do be still!" and she lifted the stout little body from the floor. "Jennie, do not hang on my dress so! Help mother set the table, that's a good girl! See here, Washy, 'creep, creep, creep!'" Whereupon Washy's squeals changed without any preliminary modulations into convulsions of laughter.

"Why, mother, you've got on the best dishes!" said Hetty, surprisedly, as she entered the kitchen a while later.

Mrs. Hoyt was standing by the table turning down her sleeves and fastening them at the wrists, a warning that tea was just ready.

"Well, what if I have?" she answered, sharply. "'Tain't every day that Geordie Asher happens in; and I don't know that it need surprise you so to see a decent-looking table once!"

"O mother, is Geordie here?" and Washy's dumpling of a body fairly rolled off Hetty's lap. "You might have told me. Oh, won't somebody take the baby and let me go smooth my hair? and *this* dress, too!" with a shamed look at the faded calico she wore.

"Mercy on us, child, what ails you? I s'posed you knew it. He just brung Kate Marvin home, and stopped in a while. For goodness sake, hush Washy's yells! Folks'll think he's bein' murdered!"

But the aggrieved infant was not to be speedily appeased; evidently the little rascal enjoyed the commotion. And just then, as Hetty was meditating summary escape, the men came in to their supper.

Geordie smiled pleasantly, never seeming to notice the rumpled hair, the faded dress. Only the pleasant face, with its swift blushes and drooping eyes, claimed his glance.

"Little Hetty, your services are invaluable here," he said, cordially shaking her hand. "Washy, you are a cheat," tweaking his red ear. "Can't we possibly take tea together, Hetty?"

"Impossible," she answered. "Washy is a little on the dog-in-the-manger plan. He don't want to eat, and isn't willing I should. So good-by!" and she hastened out, carrying the little nuisance, who was only too happy to be lugged about, and would have fastened himself like a leech to the back of some pedestrian, could he possibly have done so.

Out in the open field, where the ploughs and farming utensils were scattered in thriftless disorder, and the patient oxen, still yoked together, were chewing their cud, Hetty strayed, and Washy, enthroned on a stump, kicked his fat feet and indulged in gurgling ebullitions of pleasure, pouncing up and down, and assailing the meek-eyed oxen with unintelligible roars. By and by Hetty saw the men coming out of doors, heard Geordie's resonant call, "Hetty! Hetty!" Then his quick eye spied them out, and he came towards them in his easy, careless way, little Tab following closely at his heels.

"Here, Hetty," he said, "here's Tab come to take that little torment to his supper, and I want you to wait out here a few moments and talk to me," seating himself on Washy's deserted throne as he spoke. "I'm going up river next week, Hetty!"

"Yes?" and Hetty looked steadily at him, as if the news were nothing to her.

A shade of impatience quivered in his tone. "You take it mighty cool, Hetty!" flippingly a wisp of hay as he spoke.

What malicious sprite stirred up the girl's heart to make the reply her lips formed. "Why should I take it hardly? what possible difference can your absence make to me?"

Geordie's face whitened, his black brows met in an angry frown, his eyes gleamed darkly. "You are a heartless flirt, Hetty Hoyt!"

The cruel fling turned her to adamant. If she died she would make no sign how deeply she was wounded. She drew herself up with a womanly dignity, that became her well. "You know in your heart that saying is false."

Stubbornness would allow Geordie no relenting. The greatest fault of his nature was impetuosity. Therefore he rose quickly. "No mask can blind me, Hetty. No wonder my absence will make no difference to you. Dick Hall's presence will compensate for mine. Only don't counterfeit to him as you have to me. Good-night, and good-by, Miss Hoyt!"

Hetty's lips parted in no farewell, she only looked after him in a bewildered way; then sat motionless as if transfixed by some cruel arrow. Geordie's life had so grown to be one with hers, that to feel it was stricken quite out of her future was terrible to bear. They had been playmates in childhood, school companions, and their youthful alliance had suffered no rupture with added years. They were wholly dissimilar in many things. He, dashing, brilliant, impetuous; she, maintaining a steady equipose; but both gravitating towards each other as if the one nature were a complement of the other. When Geordie betook himself to his farm, a good two days' drive from there, Hetty felt lost indeed, and it seemed as if all the brightness of her life gathered and concentrated itself into the periods of his flying visits to his old friends.

He had described his home to her, until she felt as familiar with its every detail as himself. The yard bounded by no barriers, but mingling with the sweep of prairie; the building itself, built according to no settled plan, but a room thrown out here and there as the lawless fancy of the owner had directed; the sunny sitting-room, with its bay-window looking out upon the terrace, and the flower-beds, which it had been Geordie's pleasure to cultivate; and Hetty shyly listening to his sparkling descriptions, unwittingly fostered sweet fancies of a removal from her father's turbulent, crowded house, and her step-mother's shiftless rule to such a home, where duty would be ennobled and the most trifling offices gilded by love. But lately she awoke from such dreams, conscious of an unuttered sorrow. It was no longer friendship she cherished for Geordie, but love. Her soul had gone out to him beyond recall; held in solution by his stronger nature. Inasmuch as her nature was deep and true, her affections were the same. Hers was no weak soul to love weakly. And then all the pride of her womanhood asserted itself. It should not be said she wore her "heart on her sleeve for daws to peck at." To give her love unsought was abjectly humiliating. How did she know that to Geordie she was more than a dear friend, with whom he was pleased to hold converse? to whom it was the law of his nature to be tender and loving?

Rumor had been busy, lately, linking his name with Kate Marvin's, a light-haired, pink and white beauty, who counted her lovers by the score. She had been over to the Glen—Geordie's home—on a fortnight's visit to his mother, and it was only to-day he had brought her back. Their parents were old friends; but what of that? Surely Kate scented some quarry worth the powder, else she had not been content to immure herself that long.

By and by the sun, sinking behind gorgeous masses of cloud, sent a quiver of flame full upon Hetty's motionless figure, and then the rich glow faded, and slowly, imperceptibly, the gray mists of twilight clasped the earth in their shadowy embrace. A chill wind rose from the west, struck her with a sense of relief, lifted the hair from her temples, cooled the fever of her blood. She started up and went slowly to the house. The children had retreated within doors. The supper had been cleared away, and her mother was rocking the cradle in which Washy slept peacefully.

"O Het, you are so thoughtless!" said her quavering voice; "you ought to have been here to put the tea things away. Where's Geordie?"

"Gone!"

"Gone, eh? What an idee of his to tramp up river with the loggers. But then Geordie is Geordie, and there's an end on't."

"And so he is really going to the pineries, mother?"

"Of course; didn't I just say so? He says he guesses he ken swing an axe with the rest on 'em, and then he wants to snuff the odor of the pines."

"But, mam," broke in Sammy, a sturdy youth of ten, "do you mind as how Lois Hutchin's husband was killed in a jam on the drive down the river? How the logs squeezed every bone in his body to a jelly; and there was Elbs. They found him under a pine trunk stiff. Wish I was Geordie, though! Must be fun alive to jump on them pesky logs as they come bobbin' down stream. When I'm a man grown I'll be a logger."

"Bein' as how you ain't a boy grown yet, you'll go 'mediately to bed," said his mother, abruptly. "Hetty, see to them."

So the girl took the troop of little ones up stairs, helped them undress, heard their prayers, kissed each sleepy face, and then stole softly down, going past the room where her father sat smoking, and her mother was idly gossiping with a neighbor.

"Nobody'll miss me," she whispered, going slowly out into the silent night, and following her accustomed trail to the river. The lateness and loneliness gave her no fears. All she wanted was to go away by herself and look the future boldly in the face, and feel and know how bare and blank her life would be with Geordie put out of it forever. Stretching on so featureless—holiest aims stricken from it—a love deep and unselfish turned back to feed upon itself. Her heart sickened at the monotonous path before her. Making the children's clothes, tending to their wants. Her ear ever open to her mother's querulous complaints; trying in her silent way to smooth the daily vexations from her father's path. This would henceforth be her simple life. Her heart meanwhile eating itself in torture.

I am aware this is all wrong. That she should have quenched her love with fiery disdain, until it ran naturally in another channel, and Geordie, awakening too late to a knowledge of the true affection he had angrily cast from him, should sadly find the fine gold dimmed, and only a shadowy friendship left from the devoted attachment that had been given him in the past. But Hetty was only a warm-hearted, loving girl, whose life had been none of the pleasantest, whose outreach had been cramped by poverty, whose aims and aspirations had been oftentimes ruthlessly thwarted, and whose love had been a powerful current, bearing her out of self, overmastering her. And now to feel this love was wasted, and her heart widowed indeed, was bitter, bitter.

The moon hung her silver horn low in the west; the stars shone dimly, and the wind sighed mournfully as if a storm were brooding. The unquiet waves washed against the jutting logs, and a night bird, slow rising from the

marshes, sent forth a melancholy plaint. Far off a wreath of flame marked the thundering onward of the night express, until by and by it faded into the blackness, and Hester peered clearly in the gloom, her hands pressed tightly to her throbbing head. It was all so amiss. Life was such a complex riddle; her heart was so mad with its sorrow and pain. How slowly the hours dragged along:—

"The slow, sweet hours, which bring us all things good;

The slow, sad hours, which bring us all things ill,
And all good things from evil."

She rose at last. "I must go home," she said, slowly. She wondered if they had missed her. They would think her safe in some neighbor's, probably.

Her mother was fastening the doors as she came up. "Goodness, child! I thought you were in bed," said she, sententiously. "It don't look well to be gaddin' about so late. Hurry in. Mercy on us, girl!" as the light from her candle streamed full on the white face, "what ails ye?"

"I do not feel very well," with a half sob. "O mother!"

"Well, put on a mustard plaster, soak your feet. I believe there's water bilin' yet on the stove."

"O mother!"

The not to be repressed, appealing cry caused the woman to stare at her in blank dismay. "Hester Hoyt, what on earth ails ye?"

The look and words brought the girl to her senses. She smiled in a ghastly way. "I believe I do act queerly, mother, but my head hurts so. I don't want the mustard and water, I only want rest. Good-night!"

"I believe our Het is goin' to have a fever," said Mrs. Hoyt to her husband, as he turned sleepily on his pillow as she entered the room.

"A fever?" he answered, vaguely. "Mebbe the child is overworked. Oh, dear! if I were rich," and then his vacant eyes closed, his wishes merging unconsciously into dreams.

"The loggers have gone up river," said little Tab, rushing in breathless one day. "I saw 'em start, and there was Geordie—you can't think how nice he looked! and don't you believe Kate Marvin was down there to see 'em off? And she was talking and laughing with Geordie awful. I was standin' by and heard him say: 'Be sure and cheer mother up a little, Kate, and don't let her get too lonely,' and then I run to him, never mindin' Kate's hateful looks, and caught hold of him. 'Hulloa, little Tab,' said he, squeezing my hand hard, and then, never minding my dirty face, he kissed me. Why, Hetty, how queer you look, just as if I were a soap bubble, and you lookin' right through me, never seein' me at all!"

Hetty started, gave a queer little laugh, then went on industriously mending Tab's dress.

But it was not the first time her eyes had such a troubled glance, as if her spirit was conscious of no out look, but was turned wistfully within.

"Het had changed so, latterly," her mother said. "She was so quiet and old womanish; steady about her work as could be, and never caring to go out with the young folks—settled down sober like, you might say."

As for Geordie, he had not yet outgrown the fascination of novelty and adventure. The solitude and grandeur of the wilderness, the quaint picturesqueness of this new life, suited his fancy. A slight taint of lawlessness in his blood had full scope, and he roamed through the wilds every inch a king. He was a decided favorite in the logger's camp, and his aptitude for accomplishing many things was made visibly manifest. No one could trill a rollicking stave like Geordie; no one could draw from the old fiddle such lively, heel-inspiring strains, or else such sad melodies that the listeners' hearts thrilled with nameless, undefinable pain; no one could tell such sparkling stories—half real, half romance—as were spoken by his lips. Beyond caviar he was the favorite of the camp.

"He hain't enemies enough to take the curse off him," said Bob Ellis, one day.

"Sure and I don't understand sich sayin's," said Pat Ricks. "Here, Mike, let alone lean-in' onto the shoulder of me."

"I don't wonder you don't understand, Pat," replied Bob, "for you can't read. But I've read it, and it says: 'Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you.'"

"Thin, sure, I'm all right," said Pat, turning away, "and, sure, I've a dale of enemies."

And so the quiet days slipped along. Days of grace to Geordie, for up there in the solitude his heart went back to old friends and companions, and dwelt most of all with a remorseful tenderness on Hetty.

It was curious, but he could only see her as he had left her that November evening. Her eyes wide and startled, her face white and worked, her hands tightly clasped. He had been so unkind to her then. His quick nature had flashed, and it was all over. He could not recall it if he would. His Hetty, surely, he claimed her. What soft flushes of color used to come and go upon her cheek. How her eyes used to fall beneath his flashing look. How proud she was of his honor; how she sought to do him little services in the quietest, shyest way. What a stanch, true soul she had. How truly pure and womanly she was. And he had cast aside and forfeited her love, wounded her heart, like the veriest fool and madman. He lifted his axe fiercely; true to the stalwart arm, which wielded it unerringly, its bright blade clove the air and was buried in the quivering, groaning trunk before him. He looked at the swaying pine as if fascinated, then sprang for safety—too late! In his ear came a rushing as of thunder. There was a

sudden horror and a chill, a bubbling cry, and, then, darkness and silence.

"My God, men!" cried a startled voice, "look here."

The men thus summoned gather around in stupefied astonishment. A fallen tree, a human form crushed beneath it, a pool of fresh blood; these tell the story plainer than words. Exclamations are hushed; each bearded face grows white.

"Lem'me see, here 's Bill, and Bob, and Zed, and Jack. Boys, it 's Geordie!"

The men say nothing; they are hard at work. They lift, and push, and haul at the sturdy tree until at last they succeed in getting from under it the motionless mass of flesh. Then slowly and carefully they bear it through the dark, dense forest, where the air is burdened with the resinous odor of the pines, and scarcely a ray of sunlight flickers down through the greenness above.

No one pauses to look at the bruised figure, with its head hanging helplessly to one side, the brown hair streaming low over the ghastly face, until the weary path is traversed, and they have borne their burden into the camp and laid it gently down. Bob Ellis, who has dabbled in surgery a little, and is the Esculapius of the settlement, makes an examination of the case, the men standing anxiously by. A shiver passes over them as they see the mutilated form and discolored body. One leg is twisted on itself, the bones protruding.

Bob started back; his face colorless, his lips white under his moustache. "There 's life in him, boys, but it 's a tough fight he 'll have to keep it. Now, men, remember we 're up here in the wilderness with a dyin' man on our hands. And, knowin' this, just say in your hearts: 'If my care ken be the means of saving him, he shall be saved.' Now, boys, help me here, two of you; bear a hand gently."

Pat Ricks started back, exclaiming: "He 's dying! he 's dying! Heaven save his soul!"

Bob looked excitedly up. "Boys, if there 's a Christian man among you, let him go down on his knees and pray to the Almighty to hev mercy on this poor creetur. We loved Geordie, boys, but you know, and I know, he ain't fit to die."

There was a sudden stir, a quiver of excitement—Geordie's eyes are slowly opening. Poor, vacant eyes; no recognition, no brightness in them, only a strange, dull stare.

"Geordie, my boy," cries Bob, but the words might as well be breathed to the rude bench upon which he lies.

"I've seen them as was dyin'," says Pat, chokingly, "and they niver looked worse nor he."

"For God's sake! stand back," cries another voice. "Let him die quietly."

They shuddered back, those strong-framed, athletic men, some of them weeping like chil-

dren, and Bob, falling on his knees, melts all hearts with his touching prayer for the salvation of this soul, so soon he feared to drift beyond their ken into the awfulness of eternity, away from the light of the world into the rigid fixity of death.

They can scarcely believe their senses as the moments pass on and still Geordie breathes and lives. It seems to their wrought natures a miracle. The wonder is, not that he should die, but that he should live. The dread angel hovered over him so closely that the sweep of his sable plumes darkened the air, chilled every heart. But back from the jaws of the grave he came. Back from the outposts of eternity, into which his soul had drifted; back to the faint consciousness of warm, breathing, precious life, and rough, kindly faces, from whose eyes looked pity, from whose lips issued love.

As Bob predicted, he had a tough fight for his life; but he slowly weathered the sea, lying through long weeks helpless and suffering. It was wonderful to see how much innate kindness was developed in those rough men, to many of whom oaths were more familiar than prayers, and who had never taken thought for life, death, or the judgment after death. Harsh voices were subdued to low whispers, brawny hands smoothed the clustering hair from Geordie's brow with a touch gentle as a mother's, cheery words disclaimed the thought of his being a tax upon any one's time and patience.

A great change had passed over Geordie, so the men said, earnestly. He was as pleasant, as cheerful as ever, bore his sufferings meekly, but all the old "devil-may-care" of his manner was gone, and a sweet seriousness underlay all his words and actions. He had talked plainly with them all. "I've been brought back from the grave, boys," he said. "I've had my poor body maimed, but God has saved my soul, and my life is his henceforth and forever." They received his words in all sincerity.

"Geordie don't play the saint," said Jemmy Doyle. "He's one of us, human nature like us, only, boys, he's got *something* to lean on that we hain't, something higher than we know for. And, boys, 'twould be a good thing if we trusted in Christ, too."

By and by there came a day when Bob Ellis took a horse and went through the wilderness across the wild, wind-swept prairie to the nearest town, from whence he returned with the easiest-going rig he could obtain. In consequence thereof, one morning Geordie was fairly lifted into it and nearly smothered with buffalo robes, the men crowding around to give him the last cordial hand shake and "God bless you," for Geordie was going home.

Mrs. Asher, bustling about her work one Saturday, quavering in her low, sweet voice an old forgotten tune, was suddenly startled by

the appearance of a tall, bronzed man, whilst leaning on his arm was some one, emaciated, crippled. One swift glance, and, with a hysterical sob, she has clasped him in her arms. "O Geordie! my poor boy."

He kissed her fondly, smiling out of pure joy at being home again. "I ain't quite the same Geordie who left you, mother," pointing to the twisted limb, "but, thank God! I'm home. And this is Bob Ellis, mother. You couldn't have taken better care of me than Bob has; he and I are sworn friends for time and eternity."

Mrs. Asher, in her joy, and pity, and strange mixture of feelings, wrung Bob's hands fervently, until, what with her cries, thanks, and kisses of Geordie meanwhile, she became fairly unintelligible. The news of Geordie's return noised abroad, and one day Kate Marvin ran over to the Hoyts with the information. Hetty, who was mixing cake at the kitchen table, looked up as Kate fluttered in, her scarlet cloak gathered coquettishly around her.

"Hard at work, Het?" was her salutation. "Well, you do beat all girls I know to be so constantly busy. By the way, do you know that he is home?"

Hetty visibly started, crushing a brittle shell in her palm: "Geordie back?"

"I believe I didn't mention names," said Kate, maliciously. "However, you've guessed rightly. And so terribly crippled as he is—he was most killed by an accident. Dick Hall told me all about him; he's been over to see him. Ain't it awful? I never could abide deformity of any kind. I'd rather have died, if I was Geordie; so proud as he used to be, too. Good-morning!" and the selfish, shallow little beauty unceremoniously departed.

Hetty sat down and cried softly. "Poor Geordie!" she whispered. It was useless to try to quench the old love. It would not lie quietly down and suffer the suds to be heaped upon it. If Hetty had thought the ghost laid, she found to her sorrow it had never been a ghost at all. If it had for awhile suffered her to imagine it growing more shadowy, it claimed its revenge for so doing. No one had ever imagined her conflict, the battles she had waged with self. If her wearied father and the turbulent children had marked lately how tender was her voice, how gentle her smile, how unwearying her patience, they little recked that through sorrow had her character been thus beautified. That from the bitter she had plucked sweetness, and passing through the valley was able to ascend the mountain top. Deep hidden was her noiseless grief, and no one comprehended that the quiet girl, shrinking from no duty, ever tenderly mindful of the happiness of those about her, had battled with an anguish which crushed her soul in its grasp, until she looked beyond self to the One who pitied us, even as a father pitieth his children.

Spring came, balmy, bright. The cruel winds abated their rigor, the snow melted from field and hill-top, the winsome violets nestled in shady nooks, the dandelions blossomed golden—hardy, generous little adventurers, scattering the brightness of their presence lavishly—and everywhere earth teemed with renewed life and beauty. One bright afternoon in May there was quite a commotion in the Hoyt homestead, for Mrs. Asher and Geordie had made their appearance there.

"'Twas Geordie's doings," said Mrs. Asher, smilingly. "Nothing would suit him but to come over and see how his old friends looked."

Of course, Geordie was the hero of the day, and all were eager for his comfort. Hetty was kind, but very quiet. Geordie sighed for a return of the old familiar friendship; he would never claim more than that now. And yet, beneath all her composure, he wondered if the old, stanch, enthusiastic heart was beating.

Few words passed between them during the day, for household cares claimed the girl's attention; but in the evening, when the children had listened to reason and sleepily went to bed, and the old folks were leisurely chatting, Geordie asked Hetty to help him out on the stoop, where they had sat together many a time when children. It was a still, clear night. The moon cast a mellow radiance over the old earth, enhancing her beauties, veiling her defects. And over all rested a spell, dream like and passion soothing.

The day was done, and peace came with the starry night. The sight of nature's hush and solitude brought calmness to fevered souls. In the holy quiet Geordie told Hetty of his new faith, his undying hopes. Then silence had fallen upon them. But after a while he broke it, saying: "I was hasty and unkind when we parted last, and, Hetty, if you would only overlook it and forgive me, and be my good, true friend again."

Her voice failed her when she would have spoken, and he went on: "I came to you that night meaning to ask you a question that had long been on my lips to ask, meaning to tell you how dearly I loved you. But you know how differently it all happened," with a sad sigh. "I owe it to you to tell you the truth, but I forfeited your esteem, I killed you—Never mind, Hetty, crippled as I am now, you need never fear that I shall ask a sweeter gift than your forgiveness and friendship."

Hetty quivered with undefinable mental pain. She gave Geordie only friendship, when her soul had gone out to him with a force beyond her control, and she longed to be his helpmeet, his friend, his earthly all.

Geordie started as he caught the expression of her face. "It cannot be," he said, eagerly, "that—that you can love me still, and take me, maimed as I am, Hetty?"

She looked in his eyes honestly. "I do love you, Geordie."

His face was illumined; he drew her unresistingly to him. "Mine in life and death," he whispered.

Years have passed since then. During which Hester has walked nobly as a wife, and in the secret chambers of his soul Geordie reverences and loves the pure, true woman with whom his destiny is linked. Together they tread life bravely, making of it a diadem upon their brows, and their desire is that, when the final summons comes to them, together they may go through the open doors into the presence of that Heavenly love in which their earthly affections are baptized.

THE SIEVES OF SOCIETY.

YOU would not pour precious wine into a sieve; yet that were as wise as to make a confidant of one of those "leaky vessels" of society, that, like water-carts, seem to have been made for the express purpose of letting out what they take in. There is this difference, however, between the perforated puncheon and the leaky brain—the former lays the dust, and the latter is pretty sure to raise one. Beware of oozy-headed people, between whose ears and mouth there is no partition. Before you make a bosom friend of any man, be sure that he is secret-tight. The mischief that the non-retentives do is infinite. In war they often mar the best-laid schemes, and render futile the most profound strategy. In social life they sometimes set whole communities by the ears, frequently break up families, and are the cause of innumerable misfortunes, miseries, and crimes. In business they spoil many a speculation, and involve hundreds in bankruptcy and ruin. Therefore be very careful to whom you intrust information of vital importance to your own interests, or to the interests of those you hold dear. Every man has a natural inclination to communicate what he knows, and if he does not do so it is because his reason and judgment are strong enough to control this inherent propensity. When you find a friend who can exercise absolute power over the communicative instinct—if we may so term it—wear him in your heart, "yea, in your heart of hearts." If you have no such friend, keep your own counsel.

FORTUNE is ever deemed blind by those on whom she bestows no favors.—*Roche foucault*.

WHEN anger rises, think of the consequences.—*Confucius*.

AFFECTATION is a greater enemy to the face than the smallpox.—*St. Erremond*.

TIME'S chariot-wheels make their carriage-road in the fairest face.—*La Roche foucault*.

HANNAH FAUTHORNE'S FIRST LOVE.

BY A. T.

FIFTY years ago, and I've but to shut my eyes and there comes Willie over the hill, as I used to see him coming, when I sat waiting for him at the farm-house window. Sometimes on horseback, but mostly on foot, for the Hall was not far away. Nowadays you see the boys and men all alike in black, or with a little bit of gray or brown. It wasn't so then. Will wore a blue coat with gilt buttons, and knee buckles, and silk stockings, and buckles in his shoes, and a buff vest; and, on gala days, claret color and white silk. Handsome in any one's eyes, and wonderfully so in mine; for I was half Quakeress, half Methodist, and never had worn anything gay myself.

Tall? Surely he was tall. Never a Haslet under six feet, and broader in the shoulders than any of his age. Straight-featured and rosy, and just twenty-five.

Will's father was rich Squire Haslet, and they lived at the Hall—a grand house we thought it, for we were plain people. Father a Quaker, mother a Methodist, and he kept to the plain dress and language all his life. In those days there never was a Methodist who wore gay colors, or new fashions, and mother took to the poke bonnets and grave dresses naturally.

So we were quiet enough, not a picture nor an ornament in the house. Not a fiddle, though brother Barzillai begged to have one. And at dusk Saturday night, work put away, and the house clean, and not so much as a mouthful cooked the Sabbath through. Everything cold; and mother put the key in her pocket, and took us girls one way to Methodist meeting, and father took the boys to Quaker meeting, for that was the compact, and they never let religion come between them.

It was all so different at the squire's. The curtains and carpets and Mrs. Haslet's caps all aglew with color. And Sunday a feast day, with more work for the servants than any other; and guests down from the city, and the piano—such a wonder to all—and the harp a playing. They went to church if they chose, and sat in the squire's high-backed pew with curtains.

Mother used to say—she was a bit prejudiced—that what with the organ and altar cloths, and fonts and carvings, and painted windows, and gay bonnets, the Episcopal church was all the world like a play-house. Sister Ellis used to say to me, "For all that, I'd like a pink bonnet myself, and to go where there was music in the church." Ellis hadn't a Quaker bone in her body, nor a drop of Methodist blood in her veins. I always wondered Will didn't come a wooing her instead of me.

I was a little bit of a thing with blue eyes,

and skin like wax, without a bit of color in it; and didn't there come an artist, who painted miniatures, to our place, one summer, and tell me my face was "classical," nearer "antique" than anything he ever saw. I was pleased with the first, but the last worried me, for, do what I would, though it sounded like a compliment, I could make no meaning of "antique" but *old*, so I asked Willie, and said he:—

"Come to my house and I'll show you." So mother let me, and I went. There in the drawing-room was a stand, and on it a woman in marble—that is the face and neck of a woman, and down to the waist. A "bust" he called it. Says Willie, "That's antique. It is Psyche, and more like you than any picture could be."

"Never like me," said I; and then I blushed and turned away, for not a tucker nor a scarf had she, and I felt ashamed.

It was a splendid house—too grand it seemed to me to live in; and he took me all over it, even to the hot-house, where summer flowers grew in the winter time, and put some in my hair. "White," said he, "you look best in white."

One night I heard father and mother talking by the kitchen fire. Says mother, "It's wrong to stand in the girl's way, though he's Episcopal. And think of her being mistress of the Hall, and riding in her own coach!"

"Thee thinks too much of the world, Eunice," says father.

"But remember, Elias," says mother, "it's a chance that comes to few. And she'd be good to Ellis if we died, and the fear would be off our minds for the children. It's hard to be poor, to pinch and save, and to know a bad year for crops or a spell of sickness would swallow all. He loves her, and he'll be good to her; and she can go to our meeting, and he to his."

"Thee'll have thy way at last," says father. "But I'd rather see her marry some young friend, with but one cow and two or three acres. I misdoubt the way of world's folk."

But his voice was mild, and I knew he had yielded. As for the squire himself—a handsome, burly, red-faced gentleman with a loud voice—he rode over one morning to see father. Mother went into the sitting-room, and I was to stay in the dairy; but how could I, when I knew my fate was in the balance? I crept into the entry and listened. I heard the squire first.

"My boy has set his heart on your girl," he said; "he might find a richer mate, but he could not find a prettier or a better. If you'll say yes, neighbor Fauthorne, I will, and his mother. Sabrina's to be married soon, and we shall want a daughter at the Hall."

Father said not a word for a while. He folded his hands, and sat looking at the floor. At last he said, "Have thy own way, Eunice, she's a girl."

Oh, but it's sweet to have the first love crowned by a parent's blessing! Well, well, with joy comes sorrow. A month after that Willie's mother died. She dropped from her chair at the dinner table, and when the servant had sped across the country and back with the doctor she was dead. I wept as I stood near the grave and saw Willie so sad, dressed for the first time in his mourning, and I had more reason to weep than I knew; for Sabrina Haslet was mistress of the Hall, and all along, in secret, she had set her heart against her brother's match with me.

As soon as she could she began to fill the house with company—young ladies, nearly all; handsome, fashionable, dressed in finery and jewels, and Will must play the part of host and make them welcome. He told me so. "Though I'd rather be with my Quaker beauty by the river side," he said. "But Sabrina wants company to keep her spirits up."

I had a guess that she hoped to wean him from me, but I never told him so. True love, I thought, needs no chain, and for a while he was my own Willie all the same. But there at last came to the Hall the handsomest lady of all—Miss Dorcas Oakley. She stayed a long, long while; and there were dancing in the evenings and riding all day; and she rode beautifully, and always with Willie. I thought to myself over and over again, "Does she know it is my love she rides away with as though he were hers?"

Then the jealousy began to grow in my heart, and I was not the same girl at times. Yet all the while he told me that it was fashion and courtesy, and kept me quiet whilst he was by. He would have had me also at the Hall often, but Sabrina sent no message. She was the mistress of the house, and I would not go there without her invitation. So I pined and grew thin, and mother thought me ill. So I was, but of heart, not of body. And when she talked of my wedding-day, my blood would boil, and I'd say, between my clenched teeth, "No, I'll marry no one who weds me because he's bound to me, and not from love!"

One night I stood by the garden palings and looked at the stars; and as I stood there a woman in a hood came over the fields and stood beside me. It was Miss Sabrina Haslet. I started as if I had been shot; and she took off her hood, for it was warm, and looked hard at me.

"What kind of a girl are you?" said she.

"What kind of one are you?" said I. "Not a civil one, to speak that way."

Said she, "What I want to know is this. Are you the person to hold my brother to a foolish bond, or to let him free when he begins to struggle? You caught him cleverly; and though his heart has slipped through your fingers, you may be mistress of the Hall yet, I suppose. Will you?"

"With his heart gone from me!" I cried. "Has he told you it is gone?"

"He'd die first," said Miss Sabrina. "His honor would not let him break troth with you. But to see how he loves Miss Dorcas Oakley, and she is a match for him in rank, and wealth, and beauty. People are talking of it, and pitying him."

"They shall pity him no more," I said. "What is that Hall to me? It was my Willie's love I cared for. Tell him he is free."

"You must tell him yourself," she said: "if you care to see him happy, open his cage," and she tied on her hood and sped away.

That night there went a note to Willie:—

MASTER WILLIAM HASLET: I've thought a long, long while that the bond between us was best broke, I feel sure of it now. It will be better that we should not meet again; and in this I send you back your ring. May good fortune and happiness attend you! And with this wish, I sign myself

HANNAH FAUTHORNE.

This I wrote with a heart torn and rent as never flesh could be, and it was sent; and though he came to the farm I would not see him; and all was over between us.

I waited only to hear that he was betrothed to Miss Dorcas Oakley. Instead of that I heard, a week after, that he had left the country. Where he had gone, and why, no one knew. When I felt sure that Miss Dorcas Oakley could be nothing to him, or at least that they were not to be married, my heart smote me a little, and I wondered whether I should not have put my pride down a bit, and have heard him speak for himself.

Miss Sabrina Haslet did not marry. The wedding was put off, first by her mother's death, and then by her father's six months after; and then folk said there was a quarrel. But be it as it may, he who was to have been her husband, married, instead, that same Miss Dorcas Oakley. Other suitors came no doubt, for Miss Sabrina was handsome and rich; but she liked none of them, and lived on in the Hall quite alone but for the servants. By and by she saw no company, and shut up half the house, and seemed more lonely and wretched than many a poor woman. All her beauty left her, too, and she became a sharp, sour spinster, always dressed in black—she who had been both belle and beauty.

I lived on at home. Ellis married, and so did Barzillai. The years did not seem to give a gray hair to my mother, nor a wrinkle to my father; they were too placid to grow old fast. No one wondered I did not marry. They seemed to think that, having been so nearly mistress of the Hall, it was not likely I should be willing to wed for less. The Hall! It was Willie I loved, and not his house or lands.

One winter night—Christmas time was nearly come, and I sat by the fire dressing dolls and

tying up sugar plums in paper horns with bits of ribbon for my nieces' and nephews' stockings—there came a loud rapping at the door. I opened it, and there stood an old man-servant from the Hall.

"I'm sent by Miss Sabrina, miss," said he. "She is very ill, and desires you to come alone; she has something particular to say to you."

"Sabrina Haslet send for me!" I thought, and then my heart beat fast, and I fancied I hardly knew what. "Ill, did you say?" I asked.

"Very ill," said the man; "the doctors gave her over."

I went back to get a shawl and hood, and tell my mother where I was going, and then came out. The night was bleak, and snow was falling and lay deep upon the ground, and there stood a carriage with rugs in it ready for me. I stepped in and was whirled away towards the Hall. It was like a dream; I could scarcely believe myself awake. It was still a dream when we stopped at the Hall, and I only realized that all was true when I stood in Miss Sabrina's room, and saw her lying wan and pale upon the pillow. Oh! what a change had come over her.

"You've come, Hannah Fauthorne," she said; "thank you for that. I thought you'd refuse, perhaps. It's a long while since we spoke together!"

"A long while," I replied.

"Yet you haven't changed much," said she. "You look as you did when you stood by the hedge in the moonlight, and said: 'What is the Hall to me? 'Twas Willie's love I cared for.' I remembered the words, Hannah Fauthorne. They've stung my soul often since. Do you know I lied then?"

"Lied?"

"Yes, lied. It was I who wanted him to wed Dorcas Oakley. Willie's heart never belonged to any one but you. He was true as Heaven. I thought a poor girl like you beneath him. I told him you loved that cousin who came to your home so often, and when your letter came he believed it. I thought he would marry Dorcas then. I never meant to drive him from home and kin; but he went, and the last words he said were: 'Sabrina, my heart is broken.' And all these years he has wandered over the world a lonely, sorrowing man; and I, his sister, the cause. And she—Dorcas—oh! you know my lover jilted me for her; all the place knows that."

I looked at the poor, dying woman. I was trying to forgive her, but I could not help speaking harshly. "I am only a stranger," I said; "what I have suffered is nothing to you. But had you no mercy on your brother? You have had time to repent."

"Time!" she said. "Yes, Hannah Fauthorne, it seems like eternity; but I have sought for him in vain; for years I thought him

dead. Yesterday I learned that he is alive, and not many miles distant. Old before his time, they say, but he lives. Look," she continued, drawing a packet from under her pillow; "in this I have written the truth. It shall be sent to-morrow. It is directed plainly. If I die in the night, it can go all the same. Will and you may meet again and be happy when I am under the turf." Then she began to wail: "Don't leave me! don't leave me to die alone!"

I sat down by her. "Do not fear," I said; "and try to think of other things. Forget earth, and look to Heaven." I never left her. Sitting by her side on the third night, I saw a change come over her face, and bent over her.

"Hannah Fauthorne," she whispered, "have you forgiven me?"

"As I pray God to forgive me," I answered.

"Then fainter still she spoke: 'Be kind to Will; he loved you. Oh! to think that I should have lost my soul that you might not be my sister—you who seem so like one now.' And with these words there came a look into her eyes I never shall forget; and in the Christmas dawn she lay on my arm—dead."

On Sunday they buried her. The graveyard was full. Every one came to see Squire Haslet's daughter laid in the great vault. I stood near it; but, though the solemn words of the preacher rang in my ear, and the coffin was before my eyes, and I should have thought of nothing else, my mind would wander away to the past, and I saw Will as I used to see him and myself, as in a mirror, young and blithe, leaning on his arm. Then I found myself praying for the dead woman, "God forgive her, for she knew not what she did."

I came back to the present with a start and a thrill; they were closing the vault. And beside the clergyman, speaking to him in a whisper, stood a tall man, with a foreign look about him, and a heavy hat slouched over his eyes; a man all in black, with hair dark as night, but with here and there a silvery thread. Why did my heart beat so as I looked at him? Surely I had never seen *that* man before? I turned away and went homeward. The path lay by the old Hall. I paused a moment to look at it. Every window was shut; from the broad front door, and from the necks of the stone lions on the porch, streamers of crape were floating. Oh! how often had I seen every window ablaze with lights, and heard music, and dancing feet, and laughter from within. And, now, in the winter twilight, for at five this day was nearly done, and the clouds lowered heavy with coming snows—now how dark and cold it was; and yonder in the graveyard lay in their grim vault master and mistress, and she who had been the pride of their hearts, the toast and beauty of the reign—Sabrina Haslet. And Willie, where was *he*?

The gloom, the scene I had just witnessed,

the memories were too much for me. I bowed my head upon the cold stone of the gateway and wept. "Gone, gone, gone," I cried, and the sobbing wind among the branches seemed to resound the words gone, gone, gone.

I had heard no step on the snow, I had seen no shadow, I never guessed any one was near me, until a hand was laid upon my shoulder, a hand large and strong, but trembling like an aspen leaf. I looked up. Beside me stood the tall, dark man I had seen in the graveyard. When I turned, he removed his hat, and I saw the face of *Willie Haslet*. A face altered and aged, bronzed and sad, but still his, with love in it.

"Hannah," he said, "Hannah!"

And I, as though I spoke in a dream, murmured: "He has come back again! He has come back again!"

"Yes, Hannah, back again," said the low, sweet voice that had been in my memory so many years. "Her letter brought me back. She was my sister, and is dead. Hannah, you know all?"

"All," I said.

He looked at me; I felt that, though I dared not look at him. We were silent for a moment, then he spoke: "I have not crossed that threshold; it rests with you whether I shall. I will not be master of the Hall, unless you will be my wife and its mistress."

"The Hall! the Hall!" I cried. "Did the Hall woo me? Did I love the Hall? You speak of it first, as all do. O Will Haslet! if you had been a poor farmer's son, all might have been different. I never thought of anything but your love."

"I forgot," he said, "'tis not young Will Haslet now. My hair is gray; the time for wooing is past."

"And I am old also," I said. "This is not Hannah Fauthorne, I sometimes think, but another woman with her name."

"There is no change in you," he said. "O Hannah! must I go?" He opened his arms.

I took one step forward, and my head was on his breast, as it had been ten years before, and I was his again.

Thirty years ago—but I remember how the bells rang when we were wed, and how the church was crowded with people to see. And who so proud as mother? For her girl was the squire's lady and mistress of the Hall, where she and father sat by the fire many a long day, and died in peace and hope, almost together at last. So may we die, Will and I, for we love each other still, though both our heads are white as snow to-day. But, amidst the changes that have come in all these years, we have never changed to each other, and, as we have lived, so shall we die.

ANXIETY is the poison

—Blair.

I COULD NOT TELL THEE ALL.

BY FIDELIA A. JACKSON.

Oh! if thou didst not know,
Whilst on my knees I fall,
The sin, the strife, the grief,
Where there is no relief
Within my heart's deep woe,
I could not tell thee all.

No, though thou art my friend;
The dearest, truest, best,
I could not tell thee all the strife,
The woes and sorrows of this life;
Although upon thy faithful breast
I long to weep in peace.

Oh, guard me with thy love!
Protect me with thine arm,
For though my soul glide on,
Till hope and truth seem gone
Within this world's alarm,
I could not tell thee all.

Then, for the sake of Him
Who died for sin, for me,
Guide me to heaven above,
I ask with tears of love,
Although, if 'twere not known to thee,
I could not tell thee all.

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

BY JENNY HAYS.

THEY say thy angel form, mother,
Is hovering all the while
Around thy orphan child, mother,
To guard her steps from guile.
Methinks I hear thy gentle voice,
In accents soft and clear;
Like distant music's dying strains,
It falls upon mine ear.

My heart is very sad, mother—
Oh, could I soar to thee!
The world is cold and dreary now—
It hath no charms for me.
I long to lay my wearied limbs
Beneath the silent mound;
My soul be borne away from earth
To realms of bliss profound.

I never can forget, mother,
Those counsellings of love
You breathed to me in infant years,
When all was bright above;
The little cloud that dimmed my brow,
Your smiles could chase away,
And cast a gleam around my path,
Like some refulgent ray.

You'll come and see me oft, mother,
And whisper low to me;
That I may hear thy angel voice,
Though I no vestige see.
And when my pilgrimage is o'er,
I'll join that happy band,
And soar on airy wings away,
To my home—the spirit land.

An honest man is respected by all parties. We forgive a hundred rude or offensive things that are uttered from conviction, or in the conscientious discharge of a duty—never one that proceeds from design, or a view to raise the person who says it above us.—*Hazlitt*.

NICODEMUS.

BY A. M. DANA.

WHEN, after his mother's death, George Melville left his father's house and his native village for West Point, his cheeks were smooth, rounded, and stained with the flush of healthy youth. Now, as he returned after four years of war, and two or three more of special service, the most careful observer would have failed to trace in the heavily-bearded, bronzed-faced officer who sat on top of the lumbering old stage-coach, much resemblance to the blushing boy who left his home so many years before.

True, he might have returned sooner had not the knowledge that a young wife resigned in his mother's stead restrained him. It was this thought that made his home-coming more a filial duty than a pleasure, that clouded his brow almost to sternness, and made his answers to the socially-inclined driver so curt and monosyllabic, that the latter finally, offended—Yankee like—blurted out:—

"You needn't be so all uncommon proud of your buttons, if you are an officer! My brother, what was killed at Lookout, wore capting's brasses, too!"

Ah! The right chord was touched at last, and for the next half mile he chatted cordially enough of the brave souls who, carried by patriotism to that mount of transfiguration, were forbidden to descend. That subject failing, however, he relapsed into silence and into gloomy meditations upon the altered home he was nearing.

"It is a chance if I know the old place," he growled—if a man *can* growl with his lips shut. "Ten to one she has had the folding-doors torn down, and the dear old parlor and mother's sitting-room turned into a grand saloon, with French paper on the walls, and a splatterdock carpet all running over with crimson and orange upon the floor. Faugh! Well, I shall pay my respects to the governor, and then if things are too tough, I can finish out my furlough in New York. I'll make a good time of it, somehow!" Even as he thought, the cumbrous old vehicle trundled across the creaky bridge, and they were in the village.

There was the old mill with the pond behind it, where he had fished when a boy; the blacksmith's shop, where the sparks flashed bright on frosty nights; and, a little beyond, the ancient school-house with its red shutters. He wondered whether Dame Kepel still presided over the young ideas there. "Most likely," he thought. Villages that are reached by stage-coaches change very slowly even nowadays.

Then came the more thickly-settled portion of the street. Mr. Gooding's grocery—which was also a dry-goods and variety store; the post-office, the news depot, and then the houses

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of the more aristocratic inhabitants. Yonder, where the setting sun flared on the windows of a white mansion, was the residence of the Trevors—a family of romping little girls, with a boy or two, when he went away—young ladies the girls were by this time, of course. Then, turning his head—just opposite—yes, there it was! the wide, old-fashioned brick house and the office adjoining, with his father's simple sign:—

DR. G. MELVILLE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

upon the door. Vastly better it was than the be-verandahed, be-gothiced scene of desecration his imagination had pictured.

"Now for it!" he murmured, as, travelling-bag in hand, he sprang lightly to the ground. He was met at the door by an old domestic who had served his mother, and in her startled look and slow recognition he saw more plainly than in any mirror the change in his appearance.

"The land alive!" she exclaimed, after a prolonged gaze, "it is him himself! But my blessed boy, nobody but the woman who nursed ye could tell hide nor hair of you, now! Miss Melville"—opening the parlor door—"if here ain't Master George at last!"

Thus introduced, Captain Melville entered the room where a pleasant-looking lady, attired in a simple home dress of lilac material, with neat collar and cuffs, sat knitting. She rose smiling, and, giving him her hand, cordially said:—

"I am very happy to see you, captain, and your father will, I am sure, be delighted. He has talked of little else since he knew of your coming."

As she placed an easy chair for him near the window—the very old chintz-covered chair he remembered so well—took his hat and handed him a fan—for, though early autumn the evening was intensely warm—George Melville awakened somewhat suddenly to the perception of two facts: First, that his father's second wife was a lady, and second, that ideas formed *a priori* are apt to be mistaken.

The first greeting over, as is customary in such cases, an awkward silence ensued. It was broken, however, by Mrs. Melville saying:—

"You have been away from home a long time, I believe?"

How that little word *home*, coming from her lips, touched his heart! "Yes," he rejoined. "So long that I am ashamed to count up the years. And yet"—looking around the room where each well-remembered piece of furniture sat in its accustomed place—"everything seems so familiar that I can hardly realize that I have been away more than a month or so. You have not made many alterations, I see."

She raised her clear gray eyes a moment to his face. How well with the intuition of a true-hearted woman she comprehended what

his dread had been. "No," she answered, quietly, "I am not fond of change, and the doctor, I think, likes it even less than I do. Besides, I have learned that though one may not positively admire a thing, one can get used to it."

The words were very simple, but what a world of self-sacrifice he recognized in them! Girlish fancies cheerfully given up, and her whole nature set in accord with the graver tastes of him whose companion she had chosen to be. Impulsive Captain Melville was ready to bow in reverence before the young step-mother whom he had almost anathematized less than an hour before.

"Even old Nicodemus is here yet!" he exclaimed, as—after a little pause, and another glance around the room, including even the books and pictures, still where his mother's hands had placed them so many years ago—his gaze fell upon a huge yellow cat lying at the lady's feet, his eyes of liquid malachite lazily following the motions of a stray fly that floated yet more lazily through the heated air around him.

Mrs. Melville laughed. "Oh, yes, Nicodemus is quite a friend of mine," she said. "I have often wondered how he came by such an outlandish name."

"I believe he owes it to me," said the captain, echoing her laugh, and stooping to scratch the cat's head. "You see I was a Sabbath-school boy when Nicodemus was a kitten—dear me, how old that makes me feel!—and as he was much addicted to night rambling, I—rather irreverently, I must own—called him for him who was a ruler of the Jews."

The merriment over Nicodemus and his quaint cognomen subsiding, questions and answers relative to the various inhabitants of the village ensued.

"And the Trevors," he asked, after a pause, "do they still live opposite?"

"Yes, indeed! and they are the merriest as well as the prettiest girls in the village. You need not expect to be heart-whole long in their neighborhood. That is"—slyly—"supposing that some fair southern lady has not subdued that citadel already."

"No, I am open to attack; but I shall trust to you for protection, seeing that I have made such a damaging confession," he answered, smiling, while a blush—that rarest but surest sign of an honest heart when seen on the face of a bearded man—dyed for an instant his brown cheek.

"Don't trust me," she rejoined, merrily. "I promise you all my aid shall be given to the enemy."

These two, who had almost feared open hostility as the character of their intercourse, were fast becoming friends.

"Well, I—may I think that is cruel, considering—relationship. By the way,"

he continued, after a slight pause, and with a little hesitation, "what may I call you? You see it is rather awkward to be two or three weeks in the house with a person for whom you have no more distinguishing title than madam. Mrs. Melville seems so cold, as though I did not like you, when I find that I am going to like you amazingly. Your Christian name is too familiar, while, as you are so young, mother is, of course, totally out of the question." He spoke with a frank ingenuousness which, while it atoned for any eccentricity in the question, quite won her good-will.

"I should be sorry indeed," she answered, smiling, "were you to push me so far out in the cold as to call me Mrs. Melville, and I shall not be at all hurt or offended if you call me Alice; but," raising her eyes with an expression strangely yearning, "if—if you thought me worthy, I would rather be called mother than anything else."

"So you shall be, if you wish it!" exclaimed the captain, his prejudice completely conquered by her sweet manner, "and I am sure you are just the dearest little mother in the world. I only hesitated fearing I might offend by bestowing the matronly title upon one so young."

"I did not feel too young to marry your father," she answered, with quiet dignity.

"Then, little mother, it is a bargain. You give me a mother's love, and I will render to you a son's reverence and devotion," he said, and, taking her hand in his chivalrous admiration, he had almost made a penitential acknowledgment of his former hostility, when her voice broke forth joyfully:—

"Oh, here is the doctor at last! I will leave you to give him a glad surprise," and pressing her hand softly for a moment upon the curls of her new-found son—the son who was a trifle older than herself—she slipped quietly from the room, her eyes shining with glad sympathy at the happy reunion.

Bright days followed for Captain Melville, filled to the brim with renewed acquaintance-ship, home joys, and pleasant excursions. Bright days they were too for Alice. She was only a girl after all, and if she found a girlish enjoyment in walking out with the dashing captain, or, donning the dark blue habit she had not worn during her wifehood, in riding by his side over the breezy hills; who could blame her? Certainly not the doctor. He was glad, or at least he told himself that he was glad, to have his darling enjoy herself; and if sometimes—as he saw them start upon their pleasant rambles, or when, having encountered him far beyond the village jogging around among his country patients, and having drawn their horses close up to the old-fashioned chaise for a merry chat, they disappeared again in the distance—an expression of heart hunger crossed his face; there was no sign of reproach, or, if there were, it was unselfish self-reproach for having taken

so bright a creature from her sphere of youth and gayety, for having grafted so fair a blossom upon so gnarled a stem. Still, she was his one ewe lamb; and when one day—having a long country drive in view—he asked her to accompany him, he watched her countenance with an anxiety that was almost agonizing.

But there was no trace of reluctance on the face raised to meet his gaze. "I have promised George to ride with him, but I would rather go with you," she said, simply. "I'll see if he will excuse me."

She found that young gentleman comfortably ensconced on the back porch, cheroot in lips, and an open note in his hand. "George," she said, going up behind him and laying one hand gently upon his shoulder, "the doctor wants me to drive with him. You will not mind, will you?"

"Certainly not," he answered. "Besides, it suits very well. See, I have just received a note from Frank Dale, and I'm going out to Beechwood to pass the night. There are to be three or four other fellows there, and Dale says we are to make a night of it. Don't be alarmed, little mother," he continued, "it's a bachelor's party, but not so very dreadful as I suppose you imagine it to be, for all that," and drawing both her hands down over his shoulders as she stood behind him, he looked up frankly, as no debauchee can look into the face of a pure woman.

"I can trust you," she answered, brightly, dropping a mother's kiss upon his lifted brow.

"God bless her!" ejaculated the captain, as she disappeared within the house. "But what an oddity she is. One moment as merry as a kitten, and the next Methuselah's grandmother could not equal her for gravity."

The long country drive among yellow corn lands and ripened orchards, where the fruit hung golden as that of the Hesperides, was delightful. The light clouds of early September floated dreamily across the sky, but the air was as warm as summer. As yet autumn had shown her presence only by the bright-tinted flowers scattered as she passed. Coming homeward Alice had a great bouquet of these. Royal purple asters and plumes of golden-rod, with two or three splendid tufted thistles skilfully placed in the centre of the bunch. They were crossing a little brook, spanned by a rustic bridge, when her gaze was attracted up the stream, where, among the leafy shadows, formed by elder and hazel,

"A cardinal-flower in her secret bower
Had lighted her crimson lamp."

"Oh! isn't it glorious?" she exclaimed. "I must have it by all means. It will brighten my bouquet grandly."

Throwing the rein of patient Dobbin over the hand rail of the bridge, while he descended to the brook for the coveted treasure, the doctor brought it to her, the scarlet petals glowing

and quivering like lambent flame. Yet such is the nature of these flowers, which cannot be carried far from their native stream, that, almost before her warm little hands could get it satisfactorily arranged, the stately head was drooping, and the gem-like blossoms hanging wilted on the stem.

"They're not worth much after they're gathered," said the doctor, watching his wife's dainty task.

"Like our hopes," she answered, twisting some grasses around the stems.

The words were spoken lightly, carelessly, but, leaning forward, he looked keenly in her face. "Are you speaking from experience, Alice?" he asked. "Have some of your hopes proved but withered flowers?"

"No, I guess not," smiling. Then, a little wonderingly: "Why do you ask?"

"Because, my darling, your happiness is very dear to me, and because I have sometimes doubted whether I sufficiently considered it, when, taking advantage of your youth and inexperience, I asked you to be the wife of a humdrum country doctor. Tell me, Alice, am I right? Have you grown tired of your old husband?"

Alice caught the anxious inflection, and glanced up quickly. "Have you grown tired of me?" she asked. Ah! there was no need of an answer, but, with a woman's fondness for tender words, she waited for them.

"The sun has not grown tired of the placid moon's companionship," he said, "nor the gray old ruin of the leaning and upbearing parasite clinging lovingly around it. Perhaps, when they do, Alice, I may grow weary of you."

"Then, I guess I ain't very tired yet," she whispered, as, with a queer little laugh of supreme content, she nestled her head down upon her husband's shoulder.

She might ride about with the captain, and laugh and gossip with the Trevor girls, but that was only her surface nature. Here was the home of her affections. It was this man, tried in the crucible of years, whom she recognized as her lord and king, and to him alone she paid the homage of her loving heart. The long ride and pleasant tea over, the flowers arranged in vases, and her feathered pets all fed, Alice entered the parlor, where the shades of twilight were fast deepening into night.

"Is that you, Alice?" called the doctor's voice through the darkness.

"Yes. Where are you?"

"Lying on the sofa in the front parlor," he answered. "Come and sit beside me."

Alice needed no second bidding. These twilight conversations were her delight, and pushing a low stool up to the sofa, she sat down prepared to talk or listen as the case might be.

"Do you know, Alice," said the doctor, after a little while, passing his hand gently over her

hair, "you have made me very happy to-day?" Then, musingly: "I wonder if we shall always be as happy as now?"

"God knows I hope so," she answered, with an unwonted seriousness in her voice. "Otherwise I should wish to die."

Prophetic words they were, though forgotten almost as soon as spoken. Little did either dream that before night again veiled the earth, their hearts, now beating in sympathy and confidence, would be thickly sown with the seeds of distrust and suspicion.

"Where did you say George had gone?" the doctor asked, after a silence more eloquent than words.

"Out to Beechwood," she answered. "Frank Dale and some others are to make a night of it, George said. A gay old night it will be, I expect."

"Gayer than any I have passed for a week, I dare say," he rejoined. "I do wish people could understand that a doctor needs a night's rest once in a while. I feel pretty well fagged out."

"Hadh't you better go to bed," suggested Alice; "you would rest better there?"

"Good advice, Alice, and I believe I'll take it," he said, getting up from the sofa. "Are you coming now?"

"No. Rachel is out. I must sit up till she returns."

"You will not mind being alone, will you, pet?"

"The very idea of asking me if I mind being alone, and I a doctor's wife!" she exclaimed, in merry depreciation, taking a seat by the window.

Left by herself, however, her vaunted courage was of little value. The quaint old furniture began to assume uncouth shapes, and she was glad to turn her gaze upon the darkening street for amusement. Across the way at the Trevors' through the open window, whence issued bursts of laughter and melody, she could see bright heads glancing about. Elsie's fair curls, Maud with pink ribbons in her hair, and romping Madge, with half a dozen other young folks of the neighborhood. How dark the room behind her looked by contrast. She shivered as she glanced back into it.

"Why," she thought, "should I sit here glowering like an owl, waiting for Rachel's plodding footsteps, when so much light and mirth are within reach? I'll run over a moment anyhow, and see what the fun is about." She glided out of the parlor, darted past the open door leading into the office—a room she never willingly entered even in day time, knowing that the "skeleton in the closet" was not there a figure of speech—and, carefully locking the vestibule door, descended to the pavement. Thence, picking her way across the dark street, she ascended the garden steps, brushed quickly between the huge oleander trees

standing in their great green tubs, ran up another flight of steps, and stood breathless and flushed in the lighted hall of her merry neighbors. Oh, how they crowded around her with joyful welcomes. The Trevors, Annie Burton, Connie Lester, and the rest. And how at home she looked in that "rosebud garden of girls."

She wore a delicate lawn sprigged with blue, pretty and girlish, with Etruscan bracelets upon her rounded wrists. A coquettish cluster of natural curls dripped from her high waterfall, and a soft, wild rose tint glowed on her cheeks; while the glad consciousness that her heart was safely anchored in a good man's love imparted to her face a placid serenity, which, as yet, these young girls had never known.

How they laughed and chatted; all talking together. How their eyes sparkled with youth's electric gayety. The mirth seemed contagious. Alice grew jubilant as the rest, and, when young Ralph Trevor, seizing her waist, begged for a waltz, she even whirled round two or three times ere she laughingly told him to ask his grandma to dance with him.

"You'll play for us, then, Mrs. Melville, won't you?" cried a chorus of voices. "We're going to get up a set. Play the lancers, there's a dear; you keep such perfect time."

The instrument, a grand piano, was, owing to its peculiar shape, so placed that the face of the person playing was toward the street. I mention this particularly because it has much to do with the story. Taking her seat, Mrs. Melville dashed off little snatches of schottische and mazourka, dropping finally into the graceful measure of the lancers. The piece was a familiar one, being an every-day melody in the home of her girlhood, and she did not need to follow the notes very closely. She had played but a few bars, when, glancing across the street where her home lay in shadow, she was surprised to see a light flash into the office. The blind was down, but the slats were drawn horizontal, and through the interstices she distinctly saw an arm raised to a shelf, and something poured from a bottle. "The doctor has remembered somebody's medicine, and come down to mix it," she thought. Then some one called her attention into the room behind her, and when she looked back again, the light had disappeared.

Waltz and redowa followed each other in swift succession, until Alice at last sprang up, exclaiming: "O girls! indeed I must go home," though they little guessed how she dreaded returning to the gloomy house. She could not understand it herself. She made them all cross the street with her, kept them chattering at the steps, and, but for shame, would have asked one of the girls to remain to keep her company.

There was no sign yet of Rachel, and she shuddered as she re-entered the dark parlor, less, however, from actual fear than from a

presentiment of coming evil, which weighed upon her like an incubus. Once she started up to get a light, but the thought of crossing the long room was too terrible, and she sank again into her position by the window, resolved to wait bravely the return of the laggard handmaid. How loudly the old clock in the hall uttered its monotonous "tick, tick." Each second seemed an hour, and when, at last, the servant's shuffling footsteps echoed along the sidewalk, their coming was welcomed with joy such as the blithe steps of lover or troubadour never awakened.

"How long you have been, Rachel," she said. "I thought you were never coming. You may lock up the house at once."

The woman glanced at her mistress in surprise. To her, for whom the minutes had not been fear-fraught, the time had seemed very short, and it was indeed yet quite early in the evening.

Going to her room, Alice found the doctor still awake.

"You didn't sit up very late after all?" he said.

"No, it was lonesome down stairs," she answered, slowly unfastening her bracelets.

"What was that fell a while ago?" he asked. "It sounded like glass breaking."

"I don't know," she said, absently. "I suppose it was Rachel fastening the back parlor shutters. They were swollen with the rain, and she had to use a hammer."

The doctor thought that was scarcely the kind of noise he had heard; but he did not reply, his attention being attracted to the appearance of his wife, who was strangely pale, and whose fingers trembled visibly as she unbound her hair. "Why, Alice, child," he asked, "what is the matter with you? You are quivering like a leaf."

"I know. It's nervousness, I reckon; but I never felt so badly in my life."

"I will go and get some valerian for you," he said; "it will quiet your nerves."

"No, no!" she exclaimed, hurriedly. "I won't take it! You know how I detest the vile stuff. I'll be better presently."

"Yet I saw some valerian the other day on your dressing-table," he said, quietly.

Alice laughed. "Yes, I had been dosing Nicodemus," she said. "You know how it acts on cats—making them perfectly wild with excitement and glee! Well, George had been telling me that one of the amusements of his boyhood was administering it to Nicodemus, so, as 'Satan finds some mischief,' etc., I thought I would try it. I assure you there was some grand and lofty tumbling. It quite excelled the circus," and as she turned down the light she laughed again merrily at the recollection.

The next morning, which dawned bright and fair, found Alice restored to her usual spirits.

The terror of the past night was forgotten, and she sat happy and serene at the head of her well-appointed breakfast-table, waiting for the doctor, who was coming from the office.

"What were you doing with the valerian last night, Allie?" he asked, as coming in he took the seat opposite his wife.

"Nothing. Don't you remember? You wanted to get it for me, but I said I would not take it."

"But you must have been getting some before that," he rejoined, "for I find a glass containing a small quantity on the table, and the bottle of elixir of vitriol, which stood on the shelf at the right of the window, is lying shivered to atoms on the floor. That was the noise I heard last night. How did it happen?"

He spoke easily and naturally. She answered in the same tone. "I don't know, I'm sure. I expect you!"—

Her suggestion was interrupted by the entrance of George, who burst into the dining-room glowing with his morning ride in from the country. He held an official-looking envelope in his hand, and his merry countenance wore a shade of annoyance. "Here's a pleasant state of things!" he exclaimed. "Old Craiggie, it seems, cannot give a fellow a furlough once in seven years without regretting it afterward. I met the postman at the door, who gave me this," holding up the letter. "It is an order to rejoin my regiment immediately. The old chap says in a private note that the necessity is urgent—that he will be glad to oblige me another time—but I know it's only a whim. However, it's a soldier's fortune. Give me some breakfast, please, little mother, and I'll be in time for the stage yet."

A little hurried packing, a romping endeavor to kiss all the Trevor girls, from which all strangely escaped save Elsie, a tender farewell of the little mother, and Captain Melville was gone; bearing away with his glittering shoulder-straps more sunshine than any one but Elsie Trevor would have believed possible.

The conversation of the morning, though interrupted, was not forgotten. All day long the unpleasantness of the affair lay upon the doctor's mind, and when, upon his return in the evening, he found his wife sewing upon the porch, his first words were:—

"Well, Allie, have you anything more to tell me about that valerian?"

"Why, no," she said, looking up, wonderingly. "I told you I knew nothing about it."

The doctor took a turn or two across the porch, then he continued: "You know, Alice," he said in a tone of gentle reproach, "that were you to break every bottle in my office I would not be angry. And as for the valerian, though I would be very sorry to think that my wife was in the habit of using it, for I consider it little better than opium, still, if you wished to take it, it was there for you. Why, then, will you

not be frank like your usual self, and tell me all about it?" He took her hand caressingly as he spoke, turning the tiny gold thimble round and round on his finger.

"What a fuss to make about a broken bottle!" she exclaimed, pettishly. "I dare say it was set upon the shelf so carelessly that a mouse in running past dislodged it."

He let her hand drop suddenly as he sadly rejoined: "Yes, Alice, that might explain the broken bottle, but the mystery of the valerian still remains. A mouse could hardly have poured that out."

"Well, I know nothing of it," she answered, a trifle coldly. "You know I would not be likely to enter the office at night alone. I have no doubt you did it yourself."

"Unfortunately for that theory," he replied, "I have not been, until this morning, in the office since before tea last evening, and then the last thing I did there was to rinse that very glass. I had been preparing some medicine for old Mr. Adams, and used that two ounce measure. I remember distinctly."

She looked up in amazement. "You certainly do not mean to tell me that you were not in the office between eight and nine!"

"I certainly was not. You know I was in bed then."

"Oh, don't; please don't tell me that!" she exclaimed, her momentary anger giving place to the nameless dread that had possessed her the previous evening; "I saw you there!"

"Alice!"

"Oh, I wish I hadn't, I wish I hadn't!" she moaned, as a cold shudder ran over her. "But I did. I went over to the Trevors a while after you had gone to bed, and it was from their windows that I saw a light in the office, and some one pouring a liquid from a bottle. O George, my husband! what does it mean? If it was not you, who was it? No one else was in the house."

The doctor seemed slightly relieved. "If you were out," he said, "some one may have entered. But why they should meddle with the valerian, I cannot imagine."

"No one entered," she rejoined, sadly. "I locked the door."

"And found it locked on your return?"

"Yes, just as I left it."

Nothing more seemed to remain to be said, and for a while neither spoke.

"Well, Alice, we will drop the subject," said the doctor at length, in a vexed tone. "It seems to be one of those cases in which the truth cannot be reached."

Nor was the matter again alluded to, though the most bitter words had been better than the silence of coldness and suspicion which followed. Try as he might, Doctor Melville could not banish the shadow from his heart. It followed him like a presence along the busy street, in his lonely drives, to the very bedsides of the

dying. He could not, he would not believe his wife guilty of an untruth, and yet—and yet—her pale and startled appearance upon the night of the accident, and her apparent equivocation about the noise he had heard, together with her ingenious excuse for the valerian found upon her table, and the yet more boldly ingenious plan of attributing the affair to his own agency, formed a train of evidence that must have been convincing to any but a loving heart.

With Alice the case was even worse. Shut in by her less eventful life, her fancies became torments. I will not say that she thought of Blue Beard chambers, or of slow poison; but the memory of that unfortunate night, with the certainty that the sight she had seen was a reality and no vision, never crossed her mind without sending a cold shudder to her very heart. But worse than any gloomy remembrance was the fear that she was losing her husband's love. Were this so, life henceforward would be to her but an arid desert, for her life was all in the affections, and, dreading the worst, she mourned like Jonah by his withered gourd.

Time passed on. The flaming watchfires of autumn were quenched by winter snow, and yet she nursed her grief. She was in delicate health now, and physical weakness, added to mental distress, almost crushed her spirits to the earth. Little trace she bore of the merry girl who had filled the house with gladness early in the season.

At last, when the early snowdrops—those hardy pioneers of spring—were beginning to peep through the February snow, came her time of trial, and the one hope that had cheered her proved delusive.

The little light that was to have illumined the silent hearth-stone and reunited the hearts of its parents, flickered fitfully a day or two and went out in darkness.

"An evanescent guest below,
He came and went without a stain,
Whither and whence? We only know
Out of God's hand and back again!"

With her need all the doctor's old tenderness returned, and he resolved that the haunting phantom which had shadowed both their lives should be forever banished from his heart and home.

But alas! Who can restore lost confidence? Like water spilled, it cannot be gathered again. Vainly did Alice strive to meet her husband's love with the unquestioning confidence of the past. It could not be. The iron had entered her soul, and the wound seemed to be beyond mortal healing. Worse than all, this depression of spirit reacted upon her body, and long after the time when, according to prophetic nurses she should have been quite well again, she lay upon her sofa a weak and nervous invalid, lacking the vital *will*, which, more potent than any elixir of the apothecary, so often

braces an ailing mother for the duties of her household.

What she most needed was a firm, loving friend, and brave as loving, who, unheeding her remonstrances, would have taken her forth into the bright spring sunshine, even though a demonstration of authority and gentle force had been necessary to the undertaking.

This the doctor could not do. What would once, through the agency of trusting love have been easy, had now, in their altered circumstances, become an impossibility. Day by day as the orchards grew white with blossoms and the air musical with song birds, he tried to persuade her to take the old drives again. But there was a point beyond which he would not go, beyond which he felt that *his* persuasion would seem like tyranny, and, despairing of any change for the better, he could only watch in helpless agony, while his sorrowful young wife seemed to be slowly but surely fading away from his view.

A letter written by Alice to her step-son about this time explains so well her state of mind, that I will give it entire:—

MY DEAR GEORGE: In reply to your last kind letter, wherein you chide me for my long delay in writing, I will ask you a question. Has it never occurred to you that that delay may have been caused by a desire to spare you pain—to postpone a sorrow? I trust it has, and that the revelation I am about to make may not find you wholly unprepared. For alas! I feel that the knowledge that brings to my sad heart its only joy, will be to you, who loved the little mother, a message of deepest grief. For, George, my dear boy, I am dying, and oh, I am so glad, so glad! Once, when the earth seemed all sunshine, I expressed the wish that were my happiness ever to grow less I might die, and now, when the brightness has all faded away from my life, the kind All Father is granting me my heart's desire. Oh, I thank Him! I thank Him! And my dearest friend, I want to thank you for all your kindness and gentle courtesy to me who must at one time have seemed to you as an usurper. And because I feel so sure of your affectionate sympathy, I want to make a request. It is that after I am gone you will not speak of me, unless it may be years hence when surrounded by bright young faces, you tell them of a grandma whom God in his pity took early home. With your father let me be, if possible, forgotten. It will be better so. I wish for his sake that all recollection of the past three years might be erased from his memory; for alas! I can see now what a mistake my marriage was. It was surely nothing less than the wildest presumption on my part, supposing that my love, great as it was, could atone for my childish petulance and inexperience, and make me a fitting companion for a man like him. The experiment has been made, and it has failed. Perhaps had my baby—your little brother—lived, things might have been different; but all such speculations are useless now, and all such hopes

"Have passed away,
With my desire of life."

My only hope is that he may soon forget one

whose greatest trouble is that she failed to make him happy. I am *so sorry* to send you bad news, but I thought better that you should hear it from me. Do not let it cloud your happiness. Think rather of my release from a task to which I was unequal, and believe, my dear, that I will remain while life lasts, and perhaps beyond it, Your loving

LITTLE MOTHER.

Closing her morbid little letter in a burst of tears, Alice threw herself back upon the sofa, and, as she watched the sun sinking gloriously in the west, lay picturing to herself the land of rest, which seemed to lie just beyond those golden gates. But alas! the day dreams of the discontented are not the high visions of him who, catching through the smoke wreaths of battle a glimpse of the final victory, only girds his sword tighter, and with increased energy renews his contest in the world's great arena.

Upon Captain Melville the receipt of the sad little missive produced a puzzling sensation. Shocked and grieved as he was, his wonder was more intense. "Bless my soul! what has come over the little mother any how?" he exclaimed, in his amazement. "Trouble at home! Why, I thought everything there was as pleasant as a May morning," and, completely nonplussed, he replaced the letter slowly in its envelope. But as it was a motto of his never to passively accept a misfortune, his next action was prompt and decided.

A request, that was almost a demand, for the remainder of his curtailed furlough, backed as it was by a statement of his mother's illness, was readily granted, and, in as short a time as it was possible for steam to do it, our gallant captain was transported to his father's house. It was a gloomy contrast to his last home coming. The doctor received him kindly, but with evident surprise; and Alice, though certainly glad to see him, remonstrated gently with him for coming.

"It was kind and like you to come," she said, "but you know it will do no good, and it may make it more difficult for you to get leave should they send for you after awhile—when—when I get worse."

But had the captain needed any assurance that his visit was timely, the sight of the pale, sad face of his young step-mother would have furnished it, and he resolved to leave nothing undone which might help to banish the shadow from her life.

At tea-time she exerted herself and took her old seat at the table, even mingling in the conversation with a faint trace of her old gayety, but excused herself and left the room as soon as the meal was over.

"See here, father," exclaimed George, as soon as the door closed behind her, "I want to know what's the matter with the little mother. That's what I came home for."

"God knows, I don't," was the reply. "She has no disease." He spoke in the weary tone

of calm endurance which we come to use when prolonged suffering becomes a part of our very existence, when hope gives place to dumb despair. But to impulsive George it seemed the calmness of indifference, and he broke forth, impetuously :—

"No disease! No, nothing but a broken heart! A common complaint, I fancy, and, because the poor thing is far away from home and friends, she must die of it. But I learned to love that little woman when I was here in the fall, and, though it's a hard thing for a son to say to a father, if you have injured her, you must answer to me for it." He had risen from the table in his excitement, and stood by the mantle, glaring down upon his father the picture of youthful indignation.

But no reproach passed the doctor's lips. Only a low groan escaped them as he bowed his head upon the low moulding above the grate. How many nights he had sat thus by his silent hearth-stone was known only to his Maker.

Upon George, unused in his gay soldier life to witnessing any deep emotion, the sad hopelessness of his father's attitude produced a startling effect. His anger gave place to the keenest remorse, and, in a voice of unfeigned penitence, he exclaimed: "O father! forgive me. I was mad, I was heartless, to speak so to you. I see now how it is. You are crushed with grief, and I have added my disrespect to your misery. Oh, forgive me! Say you forgive me." And, stooping, he laid his hand pleadingly upon his father's arm. Nicodemus, too, came and rubbed sympathetically against his master's feet, as night after night he had sought to express the comforting words he could not speak. Ah! if he could have spoken.

"Say no more, George," said the doctor, at length, raising his head. "Your zeal in the cause of my poor wife forbids my anger. Besides, strange as it may seem, I feel impelled to make you my confidant, and tell you of my trouble, which, as often happens, originated in a very trifling circumstance. You remember the night before you went away last, when you went out to Beechwood?" Thereupon followed a narrative of the events of that unfortunate night.

But judge of Doctor Melville's pained surprise, when, at the close, instead of the commiserating words, or, at least, silent sympathy he had expected, his son burst into uncontrollable laughter. "O Nicodemus!" exclaimed the graceless youth, as, after a while, his mirth subsiding a little, he lifted the great yellow cat, and, standing him upon his hind feet on his knee, he sat regarding him with an expression of serio-comic woe, "O Nicodemus! we're into a pretty scrape now. Why, father," he continued, "this gentleman and I are the guilty parties. The very idea of your never respecting!" And, overcome with the ludi-

crous side of the affair, he shook again with laughter.

A faint light began to dawn upon the doctor's mind, but the mists were yet clinging around his mental vision, and he begged his son to explain. "I cannot understand it," he said; "I thought you were in the country."

"So I did go out to Beechwood, per programme. But as it was fine moonlight, some of the fellows proposed riding over to Clarksville, taking the cars, and spending the evening in the city at the opera. We were coming down the turnpike just outside the village, when I remembered that my lorgnette was on the back parlor mantle at home, and, telling the others to wait for me at the cross-roads, I rode on to get it. Finding the house dark and the door locked, I supposed you were all out, and was concluding that I had had my labor for my pains, when fortunately, or *unfortunately*, as it seems, I recollected my old latch key—it had been on my key ring unused since my boyhood—and with its aid I effected an easy entrance. I had gotten the glass, and was retracing my steps, when a slight noise in the office attracted my attention, and striking a light to ascertain the cause, I found Nicodemus slowly perambulating along one of the shelves. I suppose my entrance startled the gentleman a little, for just as I reached the door, he lost his balance and fell, bringing down in his descent the bottle of elixir. 'Oh, ho, my boy!' I thought, 'you're at your old tricks, are you?' I know he deserved a thrashing, but, as I expected to have a lively time that night, I concluded that he should have the same, and, hastily pouring out a little valerian, I administered the dose, and taking him out with me, after relocking the door, I put him over the gate into the back yard to enjoy himself there to his heart's content. That, father, is the true history of the matter, and I needn't say how sorry I am for the trouble caused by my foolishness. But it seems the oddest thing that you didn't inquire—however, it was my hasty departure, I suppose, which prevented that, as well as an earlier confession on my part. Well, I'm glad it's over at last," he continued, as his father, who seemed to be slowly realizing the facts, did not reply. "And I guess there's a pretty good chance for the little mother yet, now that this bugbear is lifted from her mind. Shall I explain it to her, or will you?"

"Thank you, I will do so," replied the doctor, and taking the huge cat in his arms, he went up to the room, where his wife sat in her silence and sorrow.

She looked up a little wonderingly as he entered, for he did not often now seek her society when she appeared to desire to be alone, and the change in his tone struck her yet more strangely. It seemed like an echo of the glad old time.

"Allie, Nicodemus has come to make a con-

fession," he said, crossing over to her, and, taking a seat by her side, he related the story.

I need not describe the feelings of Alice when the truth was known. It was as though a mountain had been lifted from her heart, and, though the reconciliation which followed was mingled with remorse on both sides, it filled her with the truest happiness. "And what shall be done to Nicodemus?" she asked, after a while, as, smiling through her tears, she stroked the unconscious cause of all the trouble.

"Give him a dose of valerian," cried George, from the doorway, and entering the room he attempted to congratulate the "little mother." But the oddity of the affair again became too much for his risibles, and he went off into another fit of laughter.

Perhaps this was better than any words would have been, for the others, catching the infection, joined in, and once more the old house, so long overshadowed, rang with peals of merriment. Would that all misunderstandings and family troubles might thus end in a hearty laugh.

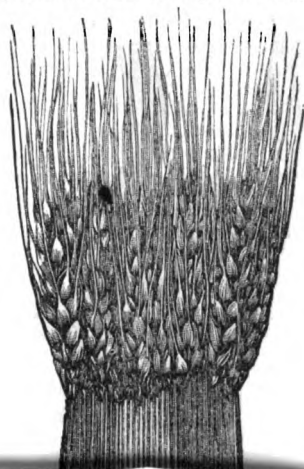
TAKING OFFENCE.

THERE is immense wisdom in the old proverb: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty." Hannah More said: "If I wished to punish an enemy, I should make him hate somebody." To punish ourselves for others' faults is superlative folly. The arrow shot from another's bow is practically harmless until our thought barbs it. It is our pride that makes another's criticism rankle, our self-will that makes another's deed offensive, our egotism that is hurt by another's self-assertion. Well may we be offended at faults of our own, but we can hardly afford to be miserable for the faults of others. A courtier told Constantine that the mob had broken the head off his statue with stones. The emperor lifted his hand to his head, saying: "It is very surprising, but I don't feel hurt in the least." We should remember that the world is wide—that there are a thousand millions of different human wills, opinions, ambitions, tastes, and loves; that each person has a different history, constitution, culture, character from all the rest; that human life is the work, the play, the ceaseless action and reaction upon each other of these different living atoms. We should go forth into life with the smallest expectations, but with the largest patience; with a keen relish for, and appreciation of, everything beautiful, great, and good, but with a temper so genial that the friction of the world cannot wear upon our sensibilities, and equanimity so settled that no passing breath or accidental disturbance shall agitate or ruffle it, and with a charity broad enough to cover the whole world's evil, and sweet enough to neutralize what is bitter in it, determined not to be offended when no offence

1, slip 1, knit 1, pull the slipped stitch over the knitted one; knit plain to within 3 of end, when knit 2 together, knit 1. *1st back needle.* Knit 1, slip 1, knit 1, pull the slipped stitch over the knitted one, knit plain to end of needle. *2d.* Knit plain to within 3 of end, when knit 2 together, knit 1. Knit 2 rounds plain; repeat from * twice more. Repeat from * again, knitting only one round plain between the reducing rounds, until you have 15 stitches on your front needle, 7 on one back needle, 8 on the other. Knit one round plain, knitting on one needle the stitches off the two back needles. Cast off, knitting the stitches on front and back needles together.

PEN-WIPER IN SHAPE OF A SHEAF OF WHEAT.

OUR pattern imitates a sheaf of wheat. The upper part is made of ears of wheat pasted regularly upon a rouleau of card-board, and which appear to be held together by a colored silk ribbon, ornamented with point russe embroidery.



HOARSE sound the Abbey bells at e'en,
Hoarse wail the winds, the hours between;
Bleak gleam the stars, and o'er my head
Unthinking strangers coldly tread.
Cold are the clouds that round me bind,
And cold the world I leave behind;
Cold damps pervade my resting-place,
And cold the clasp of Death's embrace.
Lone is the couch on which I sleep,
And few the tears the worldly weep;
Cold is the dirge the pine-trees moan,
Empty the mockery of a stone.
Sad sigh these elms that leafless wave,
Oh! cold the slumbers of the grave;
And cold the sun's last glim'ring beam
Shall fade ere Time doth end the dream.

PARIS, 1870.

CHILL penury weighs down the heart itself; and though it be sometimes endured with calmness, it is but the calmness of despair.—*Mrs. Jamson.*

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Upon George, unused in his gay soldier life to witnessing any deep emotion, the sad hopelessness of his father's attitude produced a startling effect. His anger gave place to the keenest remorse, and, in a voice of unfeigned penitence, he exclaimed: "O father! forgive me. I was mad, I was heartless, to speak so to you. I see now how it is. You are crushed with grief, and I have added my disrespect to your misery. Oh, forgive me! Say you forgive me." And, stooping, he laid his hand pleadingly upon his father's arm. Nicodemus, too, came and rubbed sympathetically against his master's feet, as night after night he had sought to express the comforting words he could not speak. Ah! if he could have spoken.

"Say no more, George," said the doctor, at length, raising his head. "Your zeal in the cause of my poor wife forbids my anger. Besides, strange as it may seem, I feel impelled to make you my confidant and tell you of my

PARTMENT.

end of back needle. Next needle—Make 1 and knit 1 twice, knit 2 together twice, seam 1, knit 2 together twice, make 1 and knit 1 four times, knit 2 together twice, seam 1, knit 2 together twice, make 1 and knit 1 twice. This completes the needle. Knit the next needle exactly the same. You must have 26 stitches always on each of these needles, and, until you begin to reduce, 19 on the back needle. Work the back needle up to centre stitch as follows: make 1 and knit 1 twice, knit 2 together twice, knit 3. Repeat from * 5 times more.



CHILD'S SOCK

KNITTED IN THE SHELL PATTERN.

Materials.—Four needles No. 15, a size smaller for a loose knitter, one ounce of Andalusian wool.

CAST 72 stitches on one needle; knit them off on three needles—26 on two, 20 on the third. Knit 2, seam 2 alternately for 32 rounds. Next round—Knit 2, seam 2 alternately until you reach the 9th stitch of the needle, which has only 20 stitches on it; knit this 9th and the 10th stitch together. The next stitch is called the centre stitch of the back needle. Each round down the leg commences on it, and it must always be seamed.

* Knit 3 rounds plain (remember to seam the 1st or centre stitch). 4th round. Back needle, seam centre stitch, knit 3, knit 2 together twice, make 1 (by throwing the wool over the needle), and knit 1 twice. You are now at the

25th. Seam centre stitch, knit 1, knit 2 together, knit plain rest of round to within 3 of the end, when knit 2 together, knit 1. This is for the reducing. 26th and 27th. Knit plain. 28th. Knitted like the 4th, only after and before the centre stitch you will have only 2 plain stitches to knit instead of three. 29th, 30th, and 31st. Knit plain. 32d. Same as 28th.

Repeat from 25th round twice more, until you have only 13 stitches left on your back needle. Observe after each reducing there will be one less to knit before and after the centre stitch in the pattern rounds. The last time you must knit 2 together immediately after and before the centre stitch. * 49th, 50th, and 51st. Knit plain. 52d. Same as the 4th, only omitting to knit 3 after and before the centre stitch. Repeat from * twice more. If you count the patterns, you will find you ought to have worked 15. 61st. Knit plain. This finishes

your sock to the heel. You will have 18 stitches on back needle, 26 on each of the others.

Prepare for heel by knitting to the end of your back needle, and from 1st side (or next needle) knit off on back needle 10 stitches. Knit the other 16 stitches from 1st side needle on another needle. With a third needle knit 2d side needle to within 10 stitches of the end. These 10 you must pass to the heel or back needle without knitting. You will have 33 stitches on heel, 16 on each side needle. The two front needles are not used again until the heel is completed.

HEEL.—The heel is made by working the back needle backwards and forwards, knitting and seaming alternate rows until it is long enough, which it will be after working 26 rows. Slip the 1st stitch in each row, excepting the first time you knit the first row. Seam or knit the centre stitch as required. *27th row.* Slip 1, knit 20, knit 2 together, * turn your needle, slip 1, seam 10, seam 2 together. Again turn your needle, slip 1, knit 10, knit 2 together; repeat from * until you have only 12 stitches left on needle.

With the needle that has the 12 stitches on take up, and, as you take up, knit 15 stitches from side of heel, knit 3 stitches off front needle on the same. Knit plain all the stitches from the 2 front needles, excepting the last 3 on another needle. These 3 must be knitted on a third needle, with which take up, and, as you take up, knit 15 stitches from other side of heel; knit also 6 stitches from next needle on this. You will have 24 stitches on each side needle, 26 on front needle. The next needle is your 1st side needle; * 1st side needle. Knit plain all till within 5 of the end, when knit 2 together, knit 3. Front needle.—Make 1 and knit 1 twice, knit 2 together twice, seam 1, knit 2 together twice, make 1 and knit 1 four times, knit 2 together twice, seam 1, knit 2 together twice, make 1 and knit 1 twice. *2d side needle.* Knit 3, slip 1, knit 1, pull the slipped stitch over the knitted one; knit plain to end of needle. Knit plain 3 rounds; repeat from * until you have only 18 stitches on each side needle. This finishes the reducing for the foot.

The 4 rounds between the last asterisks are now to be repeated, only in the pattern rounds do not reduce on the side needles; knit all the stitches plain. These rounds must be repeated until, counting the patterns from the top of socks, you have worked 28, and have the three plain rounds beyond.

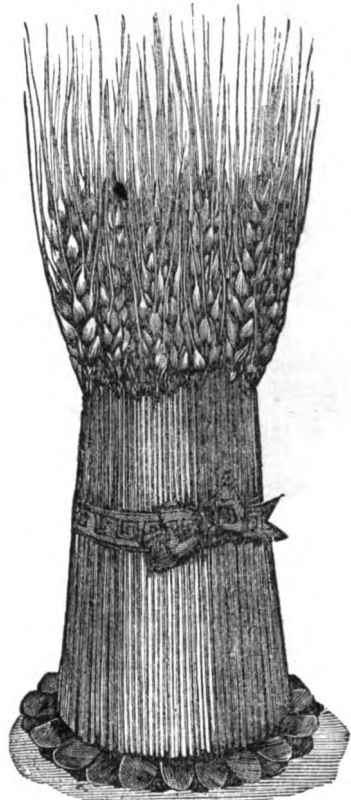
THE TOE.—This is all done in plain knitting. Put as many stitches on your front needle as you have on the other two together, taking them as fairly as you can off each side needle, two off one end, three off the other. You will have 31 on front needle, 15 on one side needle, 16 on the other. Knit 3 rounds plain and up to the front needle.

* **TO REDUCE THE TOE.**—*Front needle.* Knit

1, slip 1, knit 1, pull the slipped stitch over the knitted one; knit plain to within 3 of end, when knit 2 together, knit 1. *1st back needle.* Knit 1, slip 1, knit 1, pull the slipped stitch over the knitted one, knit plain to end of needle. *2d.* Knit plain to within 3 of end, when knit 2 together, knit 1. Knit 2 rounds plain; repeat from * twice more. Repeat from * again, knitting only one round plain between the reducing rounds, until you have 15 stitches on your front needle, 7 on one back needle, 8 on the other. Knit one round plain, knitting on one needle the stitches off the two back needles. Cast off, knitting the stitches on front and back needles together.

PEN-WIPER IN SHAPE OF A SHEAF OF WHEAT.

Our pattern imitates a sheaf of wheat. The upper part is made of ears of wheat pasted regularly upon a rouleau of card-board, and which appear to be held together by a colored silk ribbon, ornamented with point russe embroidery.



dery. Our pattern is eight inches high; it measures seven inches and one-fifth round at the bottom. The card-board tube, which measures five inches and one-fifth round at the upper end, must only be high enough for the ears of

wheat to come beyond it at the top. The real pen-wiper consists of narrow strips of black cloth, fastened in a card-board tube one inch and three-fifths high; this tube is fastened on a round flat piece of card-board, covered with cloth. The outer edge is ornamented with lap-pets of colored cloth, as can be seen in illustration. The pen-wiper is inserted within the sheaf of wheat. The case can also be used for matches.

SHIELD NEEDLE BOOK.

Materials.—Red cashmere, red and white cloth, fine white flannel, blue, black, and gold silk cordon, gold braid, narrow satin ribbon, card-board.

TAKE two pieces of card-board, four inches high and three inches broad, and cut out the outer edge as shown in the design. Cover the



SHIELD NEEDLE-BOOK.

under part on both sides with colored cashmere or silk, turn the edges in, and sew the two pieces together; cover the upper side with the same colored lining, and draw the white cloth over it (the latter must not be turned in at the edges). Both are joined by a line of white buttonhole stitch of black silk cordon. The red fields are ornamented with flat-stitch scallops. On the white field is a red, on the other a black cross, embroidered with gold at the edges. Two pieces of scalloped flannel are fastened on each long side of the upper flat part of the needle-book, and joined together at their outer edges. The handle, which is made of blue and white striped satin ribbon, half an

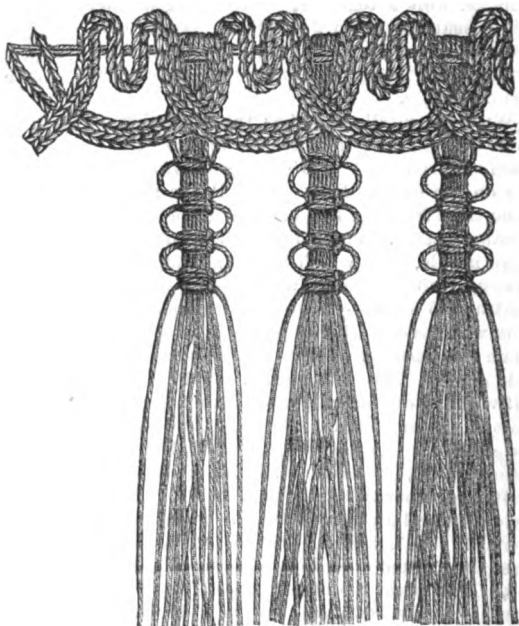
inch broad, is sewn on to the under flat side of the needle-book, which is fastened by a little bow on one side, and a little loop on the other.

FRINGE KNOTTED OR SEWN.

THE choice of material, either black silk or drilled white cotton (crochet cotton) will decide the use for this fringe whether for dresses, cloaks, sashes, etc., or for counterpanes, blinds, and so forth. The easy execution is seen from the illustration.

WATCH-POCKET OF WHITE PIQUE.

THIS pretty little watch-pocket is made of white piqué, and ornamented with white embroidery and *soutache*. After having traced the pattern on the pocket, work the embrol-



FRINGES KNOTTED OR SEWN.

dery with the knitting cotton, and sew on the *soutache*. Line it with calico, and join the different parts together with buttonhole stitch. Fasten some cotton balls at the bottom, and a circle of buttonhole stitches at the top, by means of which the pocket is hung on the wall.

SPONGE BAG.

Materials.—Gray cloth, yellow *toile citée*, a piece of white calico eleven inches square, two yards of red woollen braid one inch broad, black beads; red and black woollen cord.

THIS bag is very useful for hanging up in bath-rooms or bedrooms over washhand-stands,



WATCH POCKET IN WHITE PIQUE.

etc. The outer covering is of gray cloth. The border of black beads is about one inch from the outer edge. In the corners is a raised bead flower, and a corresponding one may also be placed in the middle.

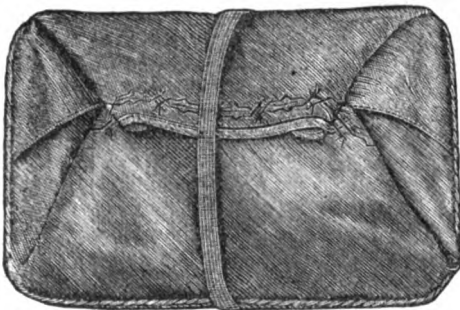
Lay a piece of linen between the *toile cirée* and the outer covering, turn the edges over, and backstitch them together, and put a braid ruche round the edge.

The cords fastened at the corners measures one and a half yard in length, and are fastened in the middle by a looped rosette, and knotted together to form a kind of bag.

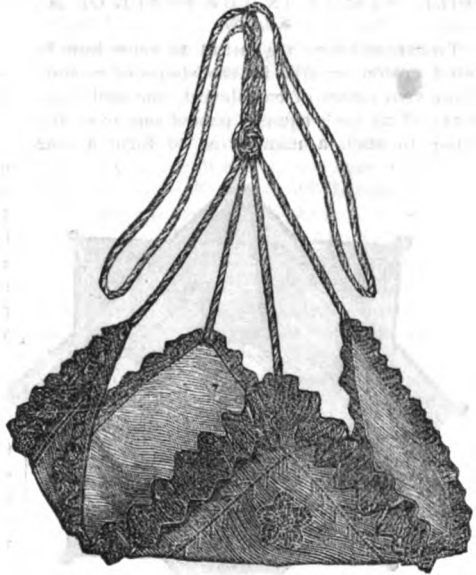
TOBACCO POUCH.

OUR pattern is made of brown leather, and

Fig. 1.



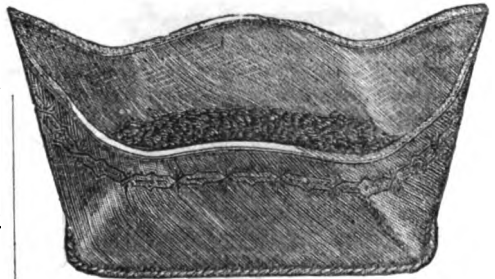
lined with brown silk. It consists of a flat card-board bottom, four and two-fifth inches long, three and two-fifth inches wide. The



SPONGE BAG.

corners must be rounded off; it is covered on the outside with leather, and on the inside with *glacé* silk. On to this bottom fasten a border three inches deep, ornamented with black silk point russe embroidery. This border is curved in the manner seen in Fig. 1, so as to be higher

Fig. 2.



on both sides than in front and in the back, so that the sides overlap each other when the pouch is closed. Fig. 2 shows the pouch open. In closing it the sides are first overlapped, and then the front and back. The pouch is fastened by means of a piece of brown silk elastic.

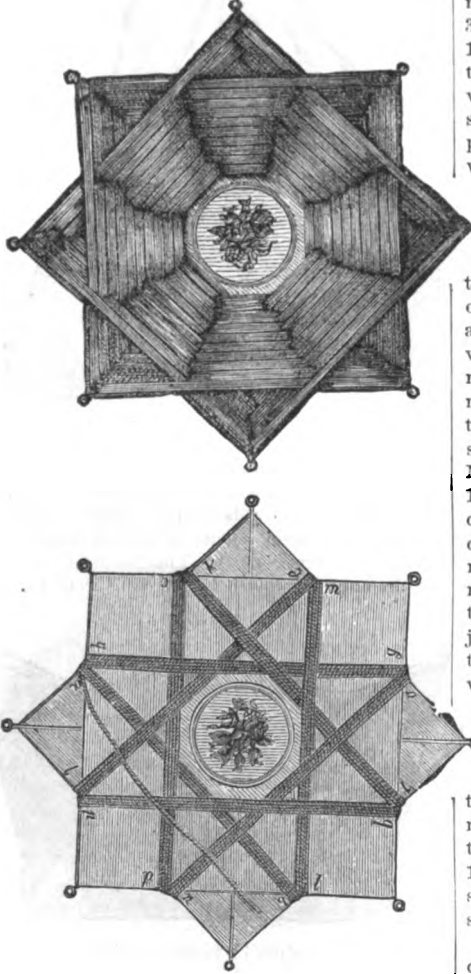
SHAWL OR CLOAK STRAP TO BE USED IN TRAVELLING.

(See Engraving, Page 186.)

THE bands are made of canvas, worked with zephyr, lined with kid. The buckles are fastened on these.

SILK WINDER IN THE SHAPE OF A STAR.

THESE winders are meant to show how to wind cotton or silk in the shape of a star. Take two pieces of card-board, one and four-fifths of an inch square, pasted one over the other in such a manner as to form a star



pattern with eight branches, as can be seen in Fig. 1. Insert into these eight pins (see Fig. 2); these pins are meant to fasten the windings of the cotton, and ornament the star in the centre with a colored wafer or point russe embroidery pattern. Begin to wind the cotton at the place marked *a*; continue to wind it, from Fig. 2, always 4 times double; follow the order of the letters—that is, wind 4 times from *a* to *b*, carry the thread on the wrong side from *b* to *c*, wind 4 times from *c* to *d*, then 4 times from *e* to *f*, and so on. When you have come back again to *a*, repeat as before, till the card-board is covered, as can be seen in Fig. 1. The cotton is then fastened on the wrong side.

CLUNY LACE PATTERN.

(See Plate printed in Colors, in front of Book.)

Materials.—Crochet cotton No. 14, Penelope needle No. 3½, and colored mohair braid of half an inch in width.

THE CIRCLE.

The Beading.—Commence with 9 chain, turn, miss the last 6 chain, and work 1 plain in the 3d stitch of the chain; then 1 chain, miss 1, and 1 treble in the 1st chain stitch; * turn back, that is, on the wrong side. Make 6 chain, and work 1 treble on the top of the last treble stitch; 1 chain, miss 1, and 1 treble on the plain stitch; turn back. Make 6 chain, and work 1 plain on the treble stitch; then 1 chain, miss 1, and 1 treble on the next treble stitch. Repeat from * until 9 points are made, counting both sides of the beading; turn back, and for *The Small Star*—Make 12 chain, turn, miss the last 5, and work 1 single in the 7th stitch of the 12 chain to form a round loop; turn so as to cross the chain, and in the round loop work 2 plain; then 5 chain, and 2 plain 4 times more; make 2 chain, and on the 6 chain left miss 2, and work 1 single; then 3 chain, and on the beading work 1 treble on the last treble stitch; 1 chain, miss 1, 1 treble; turn back. Make 6 chain, work 1 plain on the treble stitch; 1 chain, miss 1, 1 treble; turn back; then 3 chain, join to the next 5 chain of the star; 3 chain, 1 treble on the treble stitch; 1 chain, miss 1; and 1 treble. Repeat from * 3 times more; then fasten off, leaving an end of cotton, and when the circle is finished use it to join the 1st and last row together. Always take both edges of the previous stitches. The work should be tight.

The Centre Star.—Commence with 6 chain, and work 1 single in the 1st stitch to make it round. *1st round.* Work 2 plain, both in a chain stitch of the foundation round, 6 times, then 1 single. *2d.* For the 1st division, make 12 chain, take the beading and join to the first point of it; and on the 12 chain, miss 1, 1 plain, 1 treble, 4 long, 2 treble, 1 plain, 2 single; and on the 1st round, 1 single in the same stitch as the last, and 1 single in the next stitch.

2d division. Make 11 chain, miss the last 4 chain, and work 1 single to form a dot; then 4 chain, join to the next point but one of the beading; make 9 chain, miss the last 4, and work 1 single; then 6 chain, and on the 1st round, 1 single in the same stitch as the last, then 1 single.

3d. Work as the 1st division, joining to the next point but one of the beading.

Repeat these 3 divisions 3 times more. Fasten off. Work 15 circles more the same.

THE BANDS OF INSERTION.

Commence with 5 chain, turn, miss the last 3 chain, and work 2 treble stitches both in the 2d chain stitch; then 4 chain, and work 2 treble both in the 1st stitch of these 4 chain,

which forms two small divisions. * Make 10 chain, miss the last 3, and work 2 treble both in the 7th stitch of these 10 chain, then 1 plain between the two divisions; 4 chain, 2 treble in the 1st stitch of them; work an extra long stitch on the 1st stitch of the foundation chain. Make 11 chain, join to the last stitch of the 6 chain to the right, miss 1, and 1 single on the 11 chain, leaving 9 chain. Make 10 chain, and work 2 plain in the centre of the 9 chain; then 4 chain, and 1 extra long on the last long stitch, Make 5 chain, miss the last 3, and work 2 treble in the 2d stitch; 4 chain, miss 3, and 2 treble in the 1st stitch of the 4 chain; then 2 chain, join to the 6th stitch of the 10 chain to the right, miss 1, and 1 single on the 2 chain. Repeat from * until four small crosses are made, and fasten off. Repeat these bands of insertion.

The Squares.—Commence with 7 chain, work 1 single on the 1st stitch; and in this foundation round work 8 chain and 1 plain, then 11 chain and 1 plain, alternately for 8 loops. Fasten off, and repeat.

THE BORDER.

Commence with 6 chain, miss the last stitch, work 1 plain; then 9 chain, 2 plain in the 1st stitch of the 6th chain; * and for the cross make 8 chain, and work 2 treble both in the 5th stitch of these 8 chain; then 4 chain, and work 2 treble both in the 1st stitch of these 4 chain; make 2 chain, and join to the 6th stitch of the 9 chain to the right; miss 1, and 1 single on the 2 chain; then 9 chain, work 2 treble, both in the 6th stitch of these 9 chain, 1 plain between the treble stitches of the cross, 4 chain, and 2 treble in the 1st stitch of it; 5 chain, 1 plain in the chain to the left; turn back. Work in the last 5 chain, 6 chain and 2 plain, 3 times; 9 chain, miss the cross, and work 1 plain in the 5 chain to the left; turn back; 9 chain, 2 plain in the centre of the last 9 chain. Repeat from * until 7 crosses are made. Then along the straight edge work a row of 3 chain and 1 plain in each loop of chain, so as to curve it.

The crochet being completed, it is now necessary to attach it to the braid, and as this must be done by measurement, the easiest method will be to tack the various lines on a strip of stiff paper about twenty-three inches by eight, and ruling it according to the following directions, this is presuming the work to be four patterns in width, but it can be enlarged to any size by allowing four inches and a quarter to each repeat, either in length or width. Our engraving therefore represents nearly one-quarter of the Antimacassar, and the lines are to be ruled in the same form, the only difference being the size, which is as follows:—

For the 1st strip of braid, rule a line two inches from the edge of the paper, and a second line half an inch from this; then leave a space of three-quarters of an inch for the bands of in-

sertion, and rule two lines half an inch apart for the second line of braid; now leave a space of two inches and a half, and rule the lines for the two strips of braid and insertion as before. Then rule the same distances across the paper.

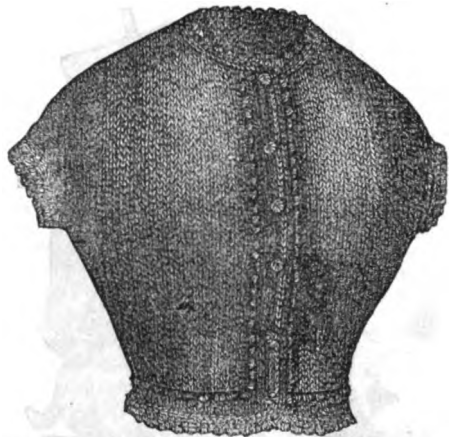
Take a length of braid sufficient for the two lines, that is, not less than forty-six inches, tack it along the first line, then turn it twice to form the pointed end of the border, tack it along the second line, finishing the other end the same, and joining the braid under one of the turnings. In tacking the braids on the cross lines, the point for the border should be made in the centre of the braid, so that the two ends may be left to continue the pattern when the paper is shifted.

Then with a needle and white cotton stitch the various parts of the work to the braid, placing the edge of the crochet over the edge of the braid.

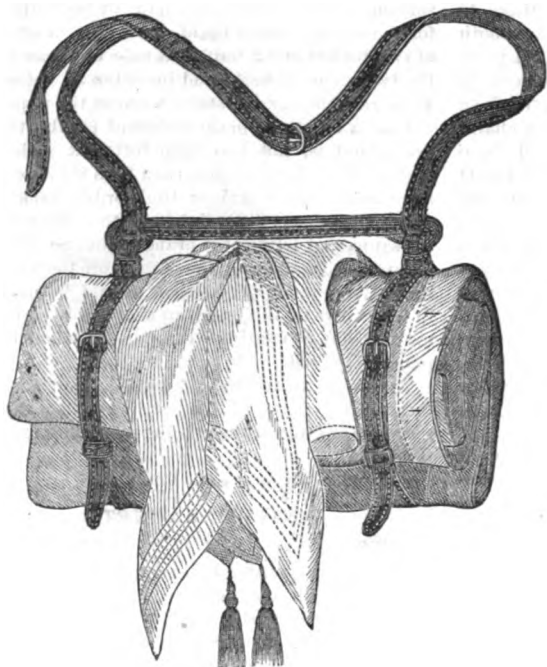
KNITTED JACKET

FOR A GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS.

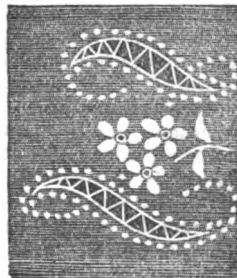
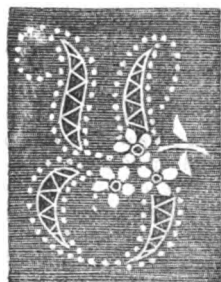
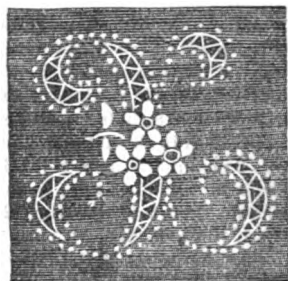
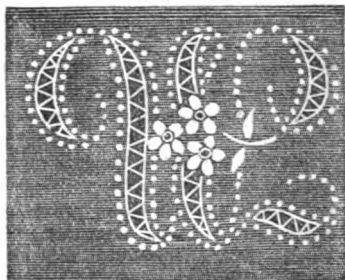
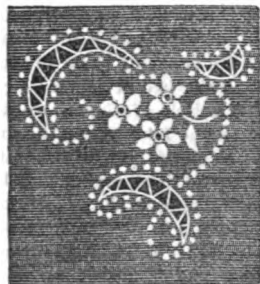
THIS jacket, without sleeves, is knitted with blue fleecy in common brioche stitch, and trimmed in front with a knitted strip in black and gray wool. Cut first a good paper pattern, and try it on. Begin the back and the front parts separately at the lower edge; cast on 7 stitches. Knit in rows backwards and for-



wards in brioche stitch, increasing and decreasing at the end of the rows from the paper pattern. The front parts are to be worked without increasings. The different parts are then sewn together on the wrong side; line the edge of the front part with a strip of black calico; make buttonholes on one side, and sew buttons on the other; the jacket is bound all round with black ribbon an inch and a fifth wide. To hide this binding, sew on the jacket two rouleaux of double gray wool; each of these rouleaux consists of a strip about three-quarters of an inch wide, knitted in rows backwards and forwards.



SHAWL OR CLOAK STRAP.

EMBROIDERY PATTERN IN POINT RUSSE, SATIN
STITCH, AND APPLIQUE.

Receipts, &c.

AN ARTICLE ON FOOD.

Food, that by which the living body is nourished, in its widest sense comprehends both liquid and solid aliment. In the following article, the subject will be considered chiefly with reference to the principles which regulate, or ought to regulate, the food of man, and on which, as far as ascertained, the nutriment of this material frame is conducted.

Water is not only the medium by means of which most of the operations which go on in living bodies are conducted, but it also enters so largely into the composition of these bodies, that it must be regarded as one of the alimentary principles, a due supply of which is necessary not only for health, but for life; and this supply must be constant, in order to compensate for the loss of moisture which is continually going on from the surfaces, exterior and interior, of the living body.

The food taken by man and animals, has, or ought to have, reference in its composition to two distinct ends—the nourishment or the bodily tissues, and the maintenance of animal temperature. Milk is the only single article of diet which in itself contains this essential combination in properly balanced proportion; we know that it is capable not only of sustaining, but of nourishing in growth the body of the young animal, and thus we have plainly set before us, what He who made and sustains all things has provided as necessary for the sustenance of the creature, when that creature is confined to one means of nourishment solely. In addition to water and saline ingredients, milk contains three distinct sets of principles: the albuminous, represented by the curd; the saccharine—in which is included the farinaceous—represented by the sugar, and the oleaginous, or fatty, by the cream. Of these, the albuminous principles and salts are requisite for the building up of the frame; the saccharine and oleaginous for, so to speak, supplying it with fuel; they are what has been called “respiratory food,” because they chiefly furnish materials, carbon and hydrogen, which may combine with the oxygen taken in from the air by the lungs, and burn as it were within the body by a slow and gentle process. It must not, however, be imagined that the saccharine and oleaginous principles are solely devoted to purposes of fuel; they also serve important ends in the nutrition of the body, but as they contain no azote or nitrogen, it is evident they cannot afford proper nutriment to tissues of which this element forms an essential component; they cannot, therefore, form muscle, but they can form fat, which contains no nitrogen, and requires none. In truth, the sugar, starch, and probably the fibre and gum of vegetables, must constitute the chief sources for the formation of fat in graminivorous or vegetable feeding animals. The albuminous, the saccharine, and the oleaginous principles must each be taken as the representative of a peculiar class of substances. Under the head of albuminous principles falls the caseine, or curd of milk; albumen, as we see it in the egg; and fibrine, as it coagulates from blood, or forms part of animal muscle. These are principles all identical, or nearly so, in composition, but in different states of vital organization; they are composed of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and contain phosphorus and sulphur in small proportions. They are, therefore, adapted to afford due nourishment to such portions of the living animal body as are similarly constituted; the milk curd is the only substance contained in that fluid from which the young animal can form its blood and

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its muscle; from the albumen of the egg alone all the tissues of the chick are constructed; and the carnivorous animal subsists upon the muscle—flesh—of its victims; these principles are therefore in themselves capable of sustaining life; not so the oleaginous and the saccharine, which represent, the one the fats and oils, and the other the starch or fecula, the sugar, and the gum. These being deficient in nitrogen, in sulphur, and phosphorus, cannot yield them, and therefore an animal fed upon them alone, will die of starvation—as regards certain essential components of its body at least. It was, for long, a paradox, how animals which lived on vegetable food, formed from it the albuminous principles contained within their bodies, because it was thought that in the vegetable kingdom these azotized compounds did not exist. Chemistry of late years has solved the difficulty, by proving that vegetables do contain albuminous principles answering to those found in animal substances; not, it is true, in the same large proportion, but quite sufficient to afford all necessary nourishment, even to the muscular bull or the gigantic elephant. These principles, and, indeed, their own entire structure, plants elaborate “from carbonic acid, water, and ammonia; that is, from the constituents of the atmosphere, with the addition of sulphur, and of certain constituents of the crust of the earth;” plants, therefore, may truly be said to produce the blood of animals. Certainly, animals which live upon vegetables have to consume a very much larger bulk of material than animals which live upon flesh; but for this, their habits and the nature of their digestive organs have been arranged by the Creator. Vegetables, therefore, are the original formers of these albuminous principles, which they present ready prepared to the digestive organs of the vegetable eating animal; the latter have simply the task of fitting them for intermixture with the blood, previous to their becoming component constituents of the animal body. In the animal, however, it must be evident that they exist in a much more compact condition than in vegetable substances, and that the flesh-eating animal will require to consume a much smaller proportion of its natural food, than the vegetable feeder. Both classes of animals, however, breathe, that is, take in oxygen by the lungs, which, in maintaining their animal temperature, must combine with respiratory elements—carbon and hydrogen—these the vegetable feeder receives in abundance, in the starch, the saccharine ingredients, the woody fibre, etc., which make up the mass of vegetable substance; sources evidently not open to the animal living on flesh alone. This, it is true, will receive some amount of respiratory food in the fat of its prey; but it will also require to make more violent muscular exertion than the vegetable feeder, so that using up its muscle in so doing it may obtain the carbon and hydrogen—which are contained in muscular substances as well as in other albuminous principles—for the purposes of animal fuel. In accordance with this, we find that the carnivorous animals expend much more muscular force in obtaining their sustenance—in hunting—than the graminivorous animal.

What is applicable to the food of animals is also to that of man, as regards the nutrient principles: the bodies of both stand upon the same level, but man has the will and the power to consume both vegetable and animal food, either mixed or singly, as may suit his habits. Existence upon animal flesh alone is not common, but it is practicable and practised by the Indians of the South American Pampas, and by many people who live by hunting; but all these, like the carnivorous animal, make long-continued muscular exertion, without which, indeed,

under the peculiar diet, they could not preserve health or life. Sir Francis Head relates in his *Journey over the Pampas*, that whilst making immense exertions, he lived for months together exclusively on beef and water; this being the diet of the roamers over these immense plains, who spend most of their time in active exercise on horseback.

(Conclusion next month.)

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Chicken Soup.—Cut up two large fine fowls, as if carving them for table, and wash the pieces in cold water. Take half a dozen thin slices of cold ham, and lay them in a soup-pot, mixed among the pieces of chicken. Season them with a very little Cayenne, a little nutmeg, and a few blades of mace, but no salt, as the ham will make it salt enough. Add a head of celery, split and cut into long bits, a quarter of a pound of butter, divided in two, and rolled in flour. Pour on three quarts of milk. Set the soup-pot over the fire, and let it boil rather slowly, skimming it well. When it has boiled an hour, put in some small round dumplings, made of half a pound of flour mixed with a quarter of a pound of butter; divide this dough into equal portions, and roll them in your hands into little balls about the size of a large hickory-nut. The soup must boil till the flesh of the fowls is loose on the bones, but not till it drops off. Stir in, at the last, the beaten yolks of four eggs; and let the soup remain about five minutes longer over the fire. Then take it up. Cut off from the bones the flesh of the fowls, and divide it into mouthfuls. Cut up the slices of ham in the same manner. Mince the livers and gizzards. Put the bits of fowl and ham in the bottom of a large tureen, and pour the soup upon it. This soup will be found excellent, and may be made of large old fowls, that cannot be cooked in any other way. If they are so old that when the soup is finished they still continue tough, remove them entirely, and do not serve them up in it. Similar soup may be made of a large old turkey.

Stewed Rock-Fish.—Take a large rock-fish, and cut it in slices near an inch thick. Sprinkle it *very slightly* with salt, and let it remain for half an hour. Slice very thin a dozen large onions. Put them into a stewpan with a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, cut into bits. Set them over a slow fire, and stir them continually till they are quite soft, taking care not to let them become brown. Then put in the sliced fish in layers; seasoning each layer with a mixture of white ground ginger, Cayenne pepper, and grated nutmeg; add some chopped parsley, and some bits of butter rolled in flour. Pour in a pint of water, and, if you choose, a small wineglassful of vinegar (tarragon* vinegar will be best). Set it over a good fire and let it cook about an hour. When done, take out the fish carefully, to avoid breaking the slices. Lay it in a deep dish that has been made hot, and cover it immediately. Have ready the beaten yolks of two eggs. Stir them into the gravy. Give it one boil up; and then either pour it over the fish, or serve it up in a sauce-boat. Halibut, fresh cod, or any other large fish may be stewed in this manner.

French Stewed Oysters.—Take a hundred large fine oysters. Set them over the fire in their own liquor (skimming them well), and when they begin to simmer take them out with a perforated ladle, and throw

* To make this vinegar—half fill a bottle with leaves, and fill it up with the best cider; cork it tightly, and do not remove the stopper, but let it remain always at the bottom. Try fine.

them directly into a pan of cold water to plump them. When they are quite cold, place them in a sieve, and drain them well. Having saved their liquor, add to it a quarter of a pound of fresh butter divided into four pieces (each piece rolled in flour), a dozen blades of mace, a powdered nutmeg, and a small saltspoonful of Cayenne. Set this mixture over the fire, and stir it till the butter and flour are well mixed all through. Then put in the oysters, and as soon as they have come to a boil, take off the saucepan, and stir in immediately the beaten yolks of three eggs. Serve them up hot.

Italian Chicken Salad.—Make a dressing in the proportion of the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, mashed or pounded fine; a saltspoonful of salt; and the same quantity of mustard, and of Cayenne; and a saltspoonful of powdered white sugar; four table-spoonfuls of salad-oil, and two table-spoonfuls of vinegar (tarragon vinegar will be best). Simmer this dressing over the fire, but do not let it come to a boil. Stir it all the time. Take a sufficiency of the white meat of cold fowls, and pull or cut it into flakes. Pile it in the middle of a dish, and pour the salad dressing over it. Have ready two fine fresh lettuces that have been laid in cold water. Strip off the outside leaves; cut up the best part of the lettuces, and arrange it evenly in a ridge, or circular heap all round the pile of chicken in the centre. On the top of the ridge of lettuce, place the whites of the eggs, cut into rings and laid round so as to form a chain. Of course a portion of the lettuce is to be helped with the chicken.

Stewed Calf's Head.—Take a fine large calf's head; empty it; wash it clean, and boil it till it is quite tender, in just water enough to cover it. Then carefully take out the bones, without spoiling the appearance of the head. Season it with a little salt and Cayenne, and a grated nutmeg. Pour over it the liquor in which it has been boiled, adding a gill of vinegar, and two table-spoonfuls of capers, or of green nasturtian-seeds, that have been pickled. Let it stew very slowly for half an hour. Have ready some forcemeat balls made of minced veal-suet, grated bread-crumbs, grated lemon-peel, and shred sweet marjoram—adding beaten yolk of egg to bind the other ingredients together. Put in the forcemeat balls, and stew it slowly a quarter of an hour longer, adding some bits of butter rolled in flour to enrich the gravy. Send it to table hot.

Lamb Chops.—Fry them a light brown in butter, then add a little water, flour, salt, and a dust of pepper, to the gravy; let it brown, and pour it over the chops.

Mutton Kidneys Broiled.—Skin and split without parting asunder; skewer them through the outer edge and keep them flat; lay the opened sides first to the fire, which should be clear and brisk; in ten minutes turn them; sprinkle with salt and Cayenne, and when done, which will be in three minutes afterwards, take them from the fire, put a piece of butter inside them, squeeze some lemon-juice over them, and serve as hot as possible.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

German Hard Chocolate Cakes.—Grate and sift half a pound of chocolate. Beat the yolks of two eggs, and add the chocolate gradually; add the whites of six eggs, beaten to snow, to the yolks and chocolate; beat well, and if not sweet enough add sugar. If the chocolate is good, they will be sufficiently sweet. Take off small bits with a teaspoon, and bake on buttered paper.

Soft Chocolate Cake.—One pound of sugar, twenty

eggs beat half an hour without separating, half a pound of grated chocolate added gradually to the egg and sugar, with three-fourths of a pound of starch flour; the whole beaten half an hour. Butter the forms, and sprinkle them with pulverized crackers, and turn in the mixture.

Vanities.—Take two eggs, beat without separating as light as possible; add a teaspoonful of salt, and wet up as much flour as will roll; they should be pretty stiff. Take small bits of the dough, not larger than a teaspoon bowl, roll them in the hand until quite round, dredge the moulding-board with flour, and roll as thin as possible. Fry in sweet lard that has not been used to fry in before.

Cream Drop Cake.—A half pint of rich cream, and a half pint of egg, beat the yolks and whites separately; add a teaspoonful of salt, and as much flour as can be beat in with a spoon; it should be just thick enough to drop from a spoon; butter pans, and drop the cake on it; let it bake hard. If the cream is sour, add soda.

American Raised Waffles.—One pint of sweet milk, one heaping teaspoonful of butter, three eggs, a tablespoonful of thick brewer's yeast, one quart of flour, and another teaspoonful of sweet milk, in which is dissolved a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda. Let it rise until very light, then bake as other waffles. Serve hot with butter and sugar.

Cream Griddle Cakes.—One quart of sour cream, four beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, two of soda, and one pint of flour; mix the soda in half the flour, and stir it in last; bake as soon as mixed, and serve immediately; add more flour if not thick enough to suit.

Lemon Macaroons.—Rub off the rind from a large fine lemon on lumps of loaf-sugar; roll the sugar, and add enough of powdered loaf-sugar to make a quarter of a pound. Then strain the lemon-juice through a strainer. Beat light four eggs, stir the sugar in the eggs, and beat well. Then add the lemon-juice and three large heaping tablespoonfuls of flour; mix the whole thoroughly. It must be thick enough to form into balls; if not, add flour until it will. Moisten your hands with cold water, and form the paste into balls the size of a plum; lay them on buttered papers, and bake without browning. You will be obliged to try one to see if it is done. As soon as done, remove them from the paper with a knife.

Sugar Kisses to Make Quickly.—Beat the whites of four eggs stiff, flavor with vanilla; lay sheets of white paper on a board, beat gradually one pound of powdered loaf-sugar in the egg, and drop them in small half egg-shaped piles on the paper, dry them in a moderate oven without browning; lay the boards that it may not scorch; pine boards will not do. When stiff, take them up with a knife, and lay the two together, making them egg-shaped.

Apple Pudding.—Take six tart apples, pippins or greenings are the best; steam them without peeling, after washing them quite clean; strain them through a sieve. Add six spoonfuls of melted butter and the same of sugar, six eggs, half a wineglassful of brandy, and the juice of one lemon. Line a pudding dish with puff-paste, and bake it. Serve hot or cold with sweet cream without sugar.

Apple Roll.—Make a paste with one-fourth of a pound of butter to one of flour, mixed with water, not very stiff. Peel and slice rather thick tart apples, roll the paste very thin, or as thin as the bottom crust of a pie, spread the apples on the crust so as to cover it, dredge on a little flour, and roll it as tight as possible. Cut the ends even, and

put it in the steamer, or wrap it in thick cloth, and boil it. It will take one hour steady cooking. Serve with butter and sugar; cut it in thin slices from the end when serving.

CONTRIBUTED.

To Clean Marble.—Rub first with soda and soft-soap, then wash as usual with water.

To Clean Window and Looking-Glass.—After having washed and rinsed your glass as usual, dry it some with a cloth, then take soft news or tissue paper, and rub until perfectly clear.

Buttermilk Pudding.—Two eggs, two cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda sifted in two cups of flour, three cups of buttermilk; stir the flour in lightly. Grease your tin, and bake one hour. It can be turned out.

Sauce for the above Pudding.—One cup of butter, half a cup of sugar, yolk of one egg; beat together; stir in half a cup of boiling water. Let it come to a boil, and when ready for use, flavor to taste.

Railroad Cake.—Three eggs, one cup of sugar, one large spoonful of butter; beat together; stir in lightly one cup of flour, a little yeast powder, or soda sifted in flour. Bake in a quick oven. This is a fine dessert with the above sauce. M. E. C.

Graham Bread.—Three pints of warm water, one cup of Indian meal, one of wheat flour, three tablespoonfuls of molasses, or one cup of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one of soda dissolved in a little hot water, one cup of yeast. Mix the above, and stir in enough unbolted wheat flour (Graham) to make as stiff as you can; work with a spoon. If you wish to make it into loaves, put in enough to mould it. If made with home-brewed yeast, put to rise over night. If with brewer's yeast, make it in the morning, and bake when light in loaves the ordinary size. Bake one hour and a half.

Roll Jelly Cake.—Take three eggs beaten thoroughly, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour; stir them well together; add one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda. The latter to be dissolved in a very little water, or put the cream of tartar and soda in the flour. Bake in two pie tins as evenly and quickly as possible, taking care that it does not bake too hard around the edges. A sheet of writing paper laid over the top will often prevent its burning too much. Have ready a clean towel or cloth, and when the cake is done, slip it out, bottom side up, on the cloth; then spread the uppermost side quite thickly with jelly, commencing at the end. Roll it so that it will be a round compact roll, or it may be made in round tins, and not rolled. E. C. P.

Receipt for Pickle.—Scald the pickle in brine every three days for two weeks, then soak out the brine in fresh water; wipe them dry and put them in a liquid composed of two gallons of vinegar, four ounces of black pepper, four of ginger, two of turmeric, two of cloves, two of allspice, two of mace, two tablespoonfuls of celery-seed, one pint of mustard-seed, one large handful of horseradish, one of garlic, three lemons, sliced, and two pounds of brown sugar. The spices should be beaten. Pickle made by the above receipt took the premium at one of the Richmond fairs. S.

Horseradish Vinegar.—One-quarter of a pound of scraped horseradish, one ounce of minced garlic, one drachm of Cayenne, one quart of vinegar. Put all the ingredients into a bottle, which shake well every day for a fortnight. When it is thoroughly steeped, strain and bottle, and it will be fit for use immediately. This will be found an agreeable relish to cold beef, etc. M. E.

Editors' Table.

LADIES IN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGES.

THE State of Kansas has the honor of being the first to open its Agricultural College to young ladies as students, and to appoint a lady to one of the Professorships. Other States, we believe, have followed or are preparing to follow the example, but to Kansas belongs the credit of being the first to do an act which is not the less honorable because it is merely a deed of justice. We know that it often requires more courage to be just than to be liberal.

When Congress gave its magnificent donation of public lands to the States for the establishment of Agricultural Colleges, there is no reason for supposing that the benefits of these colleges were designed for men alone, though in some of the States this seems to have been taken for granted. Did Congress intend that our farmers should be educated for their calling, and their wives left in ignorance? Let any one who supposes this consider for a moment how large a part of the success of a farm depends on the exertion of feminine minds and hands. Take the important department of the dairy. We do not know, and probably no one pretends to know very accurately, how many millions of dollars would represent the value of the butter and cheese produced every year in our country. But we may assert—what every dealer in those articles will certainly confirm—that the value of these products brought to market would be immensely increased if the producers were better instructed in their duties. Every year, too, as our cities and towns grow, the demand for dairy produce of the best description increases faster than the country can supply it. Then there is the rearing of poultry, which is also usually in the charge of women, and is growing in importance in the same way.

But our farmers' wives have duties of a much higher cast imposed on them by their position. They must practise medicine and surgery, whether they will or not. The husband, or son, or laboring man, meets with one of those accidents which so often befall men in their work; or a stroke of disease falls upon him. The physician is many miles away. The housewife must bind the wound, or administer the proper medicines and other appliances which the case requires. Indeed, the farmer's wife must often be in her household all that the Lady of the Manor was in the Middle Ages, and frequently with much less training for the office.

There is another department of the highest importance which belongs wholly to woman's province. It is the selection and preparation of food. If we are to be a vigorous and enduring race, we must have both well-selected food and good cookery. Cookery, as every one now understands, is a science. It is in fact a branch of chemistry. No doubt, a person may be a good cook, as another may be a good farmer, without a knowledge of scientific principles. But it is now well understood that those are most successful in any work who not only know how to do it, but the reason why it is so done. This, indeed, is the very principle on which our agricultural colleges are founded. If this principle is correct, there is every reason why young women should be admitted into these colleges, and why professorships of domestic economy and of medicine should be established for their benefit. There will be no lack of educated ladies well qualified to fill these appoint-

ments. Their pupils in turn will be prepared to instruct others; and thus each college will become, as it was intended to be, a source of light and improvement to the whole State.

We earnestly appeal to the authorities who have the control of this great endowment in the different States, and ask them to take this subject into serious consideration. Is it just, and is it for the public good, that one-half of the community should be shut out from the benefits of this grant? Have the women of our republic no right in the lands of the republic? Shall we rear up a race of scientific men and ignorant women? Let our lawyers and statesmen consider these questions in the light of conscience and with the impulse of patriotism, and we can have no doubt of their decision.

FASHIONS AND EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCES.

(EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER TO THE EDITRESS.)

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"A MAGAZINE of aids to feminine character comprehends a great deal. For the term 'a fine woman' implies not merely grace of external observance, but inward warmth and growth. It does not suffice, then, that a young lady be taught all the newest methods of embroidery, all the latest fluctuations of fashion, or even how to make, in these dear days, one dollar serve the purpose of two by skillful handling. Though these are good and useful things to know, if not for one's self, for another. The absence of *caste* in our country and of sumptuary laws or rules, while causing some confusion in the mind of the slight observer, gives, doubtless, a general air of prosperity and taste in external decoration, which might well have prompted the foreigner's inquiry: 'Where are your poor people?' And as the LADY'S Book penetrates to the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific sands, it is not strange that a homogeneity greater even than that produced by speaking the same language should be the result. Two ladies from opposite poles meeting each other on the plaza or boulevard of the city, recognize with lightning-like quickness the true fashionable height of the hat, the length of the plume, and the dress, with or without trail, as the case may be. Lace may be imitated, silks may be adulterated, but the general air which comes of familiarity with all the best modes, and which makes the dress and appearance what the French call *comme il faut*, can only be gained by education.

"All these graces and refinements are certainly only the bloom on the plum, the down on the peach, the hue on the flower; yet who would be without them? Granted then the comparative inferiority of externals, they have an absolute value, and should be cultivated in their proportion, as a rose-hue deepens and heightens the delight with which we inhale its fragrance.

"These thoughts have occurred to me on turning over the many-leaved directions in your valuable magazine for all kinds of work and play. I have pictured to myself scenes which indeed I have often literally witnessed, where your magazine was almost the only link between a secluded life, without grace or variety, and the distant world which seemed full of visions of brightness and beauty. As the magazine makes its appearance, the young people in the family all spring at once to grasp it, with a welcom-

ing gladness which I am certain would give you sincere joy to witness. The love tale is conned, the newest shapes meditated on, the last receipt tried, and the drawings copied. It is a refreshment in a weary land which can hardly be overstated, to be brought thus into frequent contact with the live, stirring world of thought and action. Nature cloys a little, for the trees never whisper of new bonnets, nor do brooks babble of Parisian modes. Yet, the modes must be attended to, or how else is a young lady to comfort herself in a possible future in Washington, or even as lady of a foreign minister? As there is no height to which manly talent may not attain in our happy country, so should womanly elegance and culture be ready for adaptation to any high places that may be allotted by the possible Fates. We are proud of the simple dignity and high-bred grace of our Mrs. Abigail Adams, at the English court; how much more elegant she was than the good dowdy Queen Charlotte herself. But in her memoirs we see how such manners were naturally evolved from an upright and observant mind, a kindly heart and thoughtful intellectual habits. These made the country-bred girl a fit companion for princes, and, what was more important, for her own superior and admirable husband.

"When I see in the *LADY'S BOOK* such models of feminine character always held up, and think of the wondrous influence of these ideas thoroughly disseminated and ingrained in the minds of women, I feel that you are doing daily a great and good work, and that we ought 'never to despair of the republic' while such a source of right thinking remains."

LITERARY FORGERIES AND THEFTS.

THE literary world of Paris has lately had an astonishing sensation in the discovery of literary forgeries which exceed all of the kind on record. M. Chasles, the mathematician, had a passion for autographs, and from 1861 had been supplied by an Italian with extraordinary collections of autographic letters and documents. These M. Chasles purchased, paying the sum of \$30,000 in gold to the man of mystery who supplied these treasures of antiquity. M. Chasles had, as he fancied, in his collection notes of Julius Cæsar and of Charlemagne, letters of Copernicus, of Christopher Columbus, and of Shakespeare, and authentic documents of some kind from the most distinguished men and women who had lived from the earliest period of the Christian era. Included in this list were letters of the apostles. The bubble burst last summer. The forger, whose name was Irene Lucas, was arrested, and the exposure was complete. All these varied papers or autographs, comprising more than 20,000 pieces, were, as he declared, fabricated by himself.

The great literary forgery is a phenomenon that will seldom occur; the petty larcenies are the parts that trouble us. We lately had a specimen of this kind that deserves exposure. A person, whom we do not know, sent us a poem for the *LADY'S BOOK*. It was worth publishing, and, as it bore the writer's name, Lewis Morrison, with a request to have it returned if rejected, we saw no reason to suppose it a stolen article. It appeared in the *LADY'S BOOK*, June, 1899. "The Last Tear I Shed," by Lewis Morrison, a tender little poem that must have moved many a mother's heart. We have learned that it was stolen from a volume, "The Faded Flowers," by Robert Josselyn, published twenty years ago in Boston. Mr. Josselyn has sent us the poem in question, as he wrote it, containing one stanza which the imposter omitted. We shall republish it in June next, as we are sure our readers will prize the finished

poem. Now, we have the pleasure of giving them a poem written expressly for the *LADY'S BOOK* since the discovery of the larceny. It is a gratification to us that we have thus opportunity of placing the name of this true American poet among our contributors.

SONG.

BY ROBERT JOSSELYN.

SHE was sweet and as pure as the dewdrop that lies
On the rose in a morning of spring,
And her voice, and her smile, and her soft loving eyes
To my heart and my memory cling;
Through the mist and the chill of the gathering years,
Which are shrouding my spirit in gloom,
And the all, my lone pathway that brightens and cheers,
Is the light that yet shines from her tomb.

She was gentle and kind and obliging to all,
And her beauty and grace had no peer;
With a passionate glow of my heart I recall
Every charm to my memory dear.
But the flowers that are fairest are soonest to fade,
And she left for the region above,
Where her beauty and goodness immortal were made,
And she lives still an angel of love.

They may sneer, who are cold and as senseless as clay,
At a love which is fervent and true,
Which can live through all trial, and knows no decay
With a heaven hereafter in view;
Where the loved ones, long parted, united shall be,
With a joy which this earth cannot know,
And I long, like a captive who sighs to be free,
To that blessed reunion to go.

THE MARRIAGE RELATION.

IN the *Edinburgh Review*, for October, we find an able article on the equality of the sexes, as asserted in the theories of Mr. Mill. We quote a few paragraphs—all we have room for; the whole should be read by those who take interest in the subject. The hypothesis of Mr. Mill is that the married pair are separate persons, equal in rights.

"They are one person in law." This Mr. Mill asserts to be a cruel fiction.

* * * * *

"And we assert that this faulty law has yet, amid all its offensive and tyrannical enactments, caught sight of the principle in which lie all the difficulties of the question, and which Mr. Mill ignores. It is, that the man and the woman united in the first of all primitive bonds, the union upon which the world and the race depend, are one person. We say it not sentimentally or poetically, but with the profoundest sense of reality and seriousness. If they were two, the matter would be easy. It would be but to establish the balance by law, as Mr. Mill suggests, and to keep it even; a business requiring the watchfulness of Argus, yet probably manageable by dint of pain and trouble. The secret of all that is hard, and dangerous, and bewildering in the matter is simply the fact that in very truth the two are one."

* * * * *

"We repeat: if they are precisely the same kind of beings, with no differences except those which are physical, then we allow without a moment's hesitation that women are the natural inferiors of men. Equality must embrace the whole being; it cannot be taken as belonging only to a part of it. And woman is confessedly and unmistakably man's inferior in one part of her being; therefore, unless she is as unmistakably his superior in another, she can have no claim to consider herself his equal."

* * * * *

"But let us turn for one moment to the other view of the question. It is, that a woman is a woman, and not a lesser edition of man. The competition, in which we are forever laboring to involve them, has no existence in nature. They are not rivals nor antagonists; they are two halves of a complete being. The offices they hold in this world are essentially different. There is scarcely any

natural standing ground, which we can realize, on which these two creatures appear as rivals. The very thought is preposterous. Shall the woman challenge the man to a trial of strength? Shall the man pit himself against the woman for delicacy of eye and taste? Shall she plough the heavy fields with him, wading through the new turned mould; or, shall he watch the children with her, patient through the weary vigil? An exchange of place and toil, the man taking the indoor work, and the woman the outdoor, in order to prove the futility of their mutual discontent, was a favorite subject with the old ballad-makers, and the witty minstrel is generally very great on the domestic confusion that follows, and gives the wife the best of it. But the fact is that such rivalry can be nothing but a jest. The two are not rivals—they are not alike. They are different creatures—they are one."

NOTES AND NOTICES.

THE WOMEN CLERKS AT WASHINGTON.—The Treasurer of the United States, Hon. F. E. Spinner, has paid a tribute of praise to the young women employed as clerks in his department which does honor to his own noble manliness as well as to their abilities and faithfulness in duty. We can only give an extract, but hope to find opportunity of returning to the subject. We shall take the liberty of designating these *employés as men and women* :—

"The women, many of whom are now employed in this office in the handling of money have, by long practice and close application, become experts, and do as good, and in many cases better, official service than men clerks who receive double their compensation."

"All the coupons, and all mutilated United States notes and fractional currency, are assorted, counted, and prepared for destruction by women clerks."

"This requires great care and patient labor, and subjects these clerks to great responsibilities and risks, and not unfrequently to pecuniary losses."

"It frequently happens that a lady engaged in the counting of money loses more than half her month's salary by reason of having lost money, or having overlooked and passed over counterfeit notes. No one, who is at all acquainted with the business operations of this office, will gainsay the fact that many women clerks, receiving only nine hundred dollars per annum, can do, and do more work of the kind mentioned, and do it better, too, than any clerk in the department, receiving double their salary, possibly can. On coupons the experiment has lately been thoroughly tried and tested. It was found that the work done by women was done much better, and more was done in a given time, than had been done by the men clerks who receive the larger salaries. In order to test the difference between the two kinds of clerks, on this kind of work, more thoroughly, the women clerks were required to review and recount the work of the men clerks; and it was found that they not only corrected errors in the count, but that they detected counterfeits that had not before been discovered or known to any person connected with the Treasury Department in this city or elsewhere, and that had been overlooked by the men clerks in the offices where they were originally received, and by those in this office, who had counted them. But for the timely discovery of these counterfeit coupons, the Government would have suffered great loss."

We are sorry to find that the introduction of woman's help into the Treasury Department has had the effect of lowering the titles of those who hold clerkships. The awkward prefix of the animal term, *male* and *female* does not accurately indicate the dissimilarity, which as *man* and *woman* pertains to humanity. We need a wider scope of feminine terminations in order to express the offices of women, as they enlarge their sphere of usefulness. We shall refer to this in another paper; now we have ventured to substitute *man* clerk and *woman* clerk, instead of *male* and *female*. The last are longer by one letter each, and neither definite nor dignified.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.—Professor Blot has lately repeated his valuable lecture on the art of cooking.

That the ladies of Philadelphia, who had the privilege of listening to his sensible discourses, gained much useful information is certain; but ignorant domestics may fail to carry out the orders which they cannot comprehend. The women and girls employed in American households need an opportunity for special improvement in the knowledge of their duties.

School of training for household work. Such a school is needed in every American city. Why cannot Philadelphia lead in this great domestic philanthropy? Good cooks are being wanted all over our country. *Cookery* would be the most important department. A restaurant might be connected with this cooking school, where ladies, who come from the populous environs of this great city to pass a day, might always find refreshment. If this restaurant were wisely managed, it might furnish dinners for families. The advantages of a judicious system, such as Professor Blot teaches, would soon enable such an establishment to become popular and profitable, and thus aid in supporting other branches of instruction, such as that of chamber-maid, waitress, nurse, etc. A laundry would also be profitable, and an intelligence office necessary. In short, such a "Training School" is the great want of Philadelphia. If the hundreds of ladies, who heard the lectures of Professor Blot, would interest themselves in this plan, it would be sure to succeed.

CHESTNUT STREET SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES.

—Parents desiring a thoroughly good school for their daughters will find this, under the charge of Miss Bonney and Miss Dillaye, one of the best in Philadelphia. The course of instruction is thorough, and the system exceedingly good.

"Physical education receives special attention. Thorough ventilation, calisthenics, a walk in the morning and in the afternoon are among daily school duties. To these may be added lessons in riding, swimming, and dancing. The natatorium and lessons in calisthenics are under the personal and constant care of a physician, who regulates the kind and degree of exercise with direct reference to the health of the individual pupil."

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, September—December, 1869.—We are compelled, in our notices of this excellent weekly, to condense many numbers into a few lines of comment; but every new *Living Age* would give us abundant opportunity for appreciation and praise. We have read *Littell* for many years, and no other eclectic in the country can approach it in the variety and interest of its contents. In each number is generally one story, one or two articles upon important subjects from the quarterlies, a number of shorter and lighter papers upon the topics of the day, and an excellent selection of poetry. The most famous men of the country have commended this excellent magazine.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—We have returned many poems, as desired by the writers, because we had not room, and this month have only accepted the following: "Winter on the Sea"—"My Lost Friend" and "The East."

These articles are declined: "Dora"—"Song"—"Beautiful Hills"—"Gates Ajar"—"A Memory"—"Visit to the Parsonage" and "Before the Battle." "Omega" was sent as requested.

NOTICE.—Manuscripts must in all cases be accompanied with the name and address of the authors, and stamps for their return, if not accepted. The utmost care will be taken and all possible expedition used with regard to them; but it must be understood that the Editor is not responsible should a MS. be mislaid or lost.

Literary Notices.

From D. ASHMEAD, Philadelphia :—

THE ILLUMINATED CHRISTIAN YEAR. The artist of this curious and costly work, Miss Jean Lee, has given us a new pleasure. This young lady has, by her fine taste and enthusiastic perseverance, succeeded in proving her genius for the unique Art of Illumination. "The Christian Year" is a higher effort of her mind and of her art than was shown last year in the much admired work—"Nothing but Leaves." In her illumination of the "Collects," she touches the deep affections of the Christian heart. The publisher well deserves the warm approval these beautiful books are winning.

TOM HARDING AND HIS FRIENDS. By Nellie Eyester. The fourth volume of the "Sunny Hour Series," describing Tom's experience at sea, and his visit to New Orleans.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS. *Comprising Two Hundred and Seventy-Four Receipts, for Cooking, Preserving, Pickling, etc.* By A. L. O. M.

From OLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAWFELFINGER, Philadelphia :—

JACK AND FLORIE; or, The Pigeon's Wedding. By Harriet B. McKeever. A very pretty book for children, illustrated by numerous colored plates.

TWISTED THREADS. By M. D. Nauman, author of "Sidney Elliott." An American novel of moderate merit and interest.

SLOAN'S ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW AND BUILDERS' JOURNAL. We have received No. 6 of the second volume of this highly useful periodical. It contains a view of the new United States Naval Hospital, Annapolis, Md., now in course of erection.

From HENRY C. LEA, Philadelphia :—
STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY. *The Rise of the Temporal Power. Benefit of Clergy. Excommunication.* By Henry C. Lea. Our thanks are due to the author of this learned and ably-written volume for the copy now before us. Endeavoring to confine himself to points illustrative of the temporal aspects of ecclesiastical history, Mr. Lea has sought to present facts rather than to draw inferences. His work is one that will be read with especial interest at the present time.

From HENRY CAREY BAIRD, Philadelphia :—
DIRECTIONS FOR COOKERY IN ITS VARIOUS BRANCHES. By Miss Leslie. This is Miss Leslie's old standard and renowned cookery book, which has now reached its sixtieth edition.

From J. P. SKELLY & Co., Philadelphia :—
FARMER BURT'S SEED. A True Story. By Mrs. E. E. Boyd.

AUTUMN LEAF STORIES. By E. M. J. Two nicely illustrated, interesting, and morally instructive stories for children.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia :—
PETERSON'S NEW COOK BOOK; or, Useful and Practical Receipts for the Housewife and the Un-initiated.

From A. WIXON, Philadelphia :—
THE OLD FRANKLIN ALMANAC FOR 1870. No. 11. With astronomical calculations, statistics, chronological tables, and much useful matter for the household, counting-room, and manufactory.

From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia :—
MAGDALENA. Translated from the German of E. Marlitt, author of "The Old Mam'selle's Secret," etc.

THE LONELY ONES. (*The Solitaires.*) Translated from the German of Paul Heyse.

Two interesting novelettes reprinted from *Lippincott's Magazine*.

From ALFRED MARTIEN, Philadelphia :—

A MENDED LIFE; or, the Carpenter's Family. By Mrs. Joseph Lamb. This is a pleasant and instructive story of humble life. It is prettily bound, and will make a nice present for the children's library.

MAPLEVILLE BOYS. By Miss C. M. Trowbridge. Another story by the authoress of "Dick and his Friend Pidos," which has always been a favorite with the children. Good Doctor Norton, his friends the boys, and his work among them will, we think, prove as interesting.

From CHARLES DESILVER, Philadelphia :—

THE BOOK OF DRAWING-ROOM PLAYS AND EVENING AMUSEMENTS. By Silas S. Steele, Dramatist. Private theatricals are becoming everyday more popular, and the lovers of that amusement will gladly welcome this beautiful book.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia :—

BIBLE ANIMALS. By the Rev. J. E. Wood, M. A., F. L. S., etc., author of "Homes without Hands," etc. This book contains a description of every living creature mentioned in the Scriptures. However indirect or vague the allusion, reference is made to it, and the text made clear as to what animal was meant. The book is exceedingly interesting, not only as a description of the animals of the East, but as giving us a clear insight into the habits, ideas, and prejudices of the ancient oriental nations in regard to these animals. There are one hundred excellent illustrations in the volume.

LADY GERALDINE'S COURTSHIP. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Illustrated by W. J. Hennessy. Engraved by W. J. Linton.

SONGS OF LIFE. *Selected from many Sources, with Numerous Illustrations from Original Designs.*

These two beautiful volumes have reached us too late for notice before the holidays. The first of these is too well known to require other comment than a reference to its elegant and tasteful appearance. "Songs of Life" contains a large and varied selection from the very best of English and American poetry, and the illustrations, engraved from drawings by many of our most distinguished designers, are highly creditable.

RAMESES THE GREAT; or, Egypt 3300 Years Ago. Translated from the French of T. De Lanoye. This volume gives us historical and traditional facts concerning Egypt in the days of its magnificence and power. There are numerous illustrations. It belongs to "The Illustrated Library of Wonders," now in course of publication by Messrs. Scribner & Co.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia :—

THE ROMANCE OF SPANISH HISTORY. By John S. C. Abbott, author of "The French Revolution," etc. We have here, in a compact form, a narrative of the more strange and wonderful, though well-authenticated events in Spanish history, from the earliest times down to our own day. The book is one of exceeding interest, and, as a popular history of the Iberian peninsula, supplies a want that has long been felt.

WRECKED IN PORT. *A Novel.* By Edmund Yates, author of "Kissing the Rod," etc. A pleasing writer, though not taking rank among the first of English novelists, Mr. Yates finds many readers. His works are of that semi-domestic semi-sensational order which, never sinking into dullness, are yet seldom guilty of the extravagances of the genuine sensational novel of the day.

HISTORY OF JOSEPH BONAPARTE, *King of Naples and of Italy.* By John S. C. Abbott, author of "The History of Napoleon Bonaparte," etc. Of the popular histories by the Abbott brothers, President Lincoln once said: "I have not education enough to appreciate the profound works of voluminous historians, and if I had, I have no time to read them. But these give me, in brief compass, just that knowledge of past men and events which I need." In the present interesting volume, giving an account of the momentous scenes in the life of Joseph Bonaparte, and of the social and political relations existing between him and the great Napoleon, Mr. Abbott seems to have spared no pains to be accurate, while aiming to give a concise narrative adapted to the wants of just such readers as President Lincoln—men who, in the midst of a busy career, have no time to wade through ponderous folios in quest of knowledge which they yet feel they must possess.

GREEK GRAMMAR FOR BEGINNERS. By William Henry Waddell, Professor of Ancient Languages in the University of Georgia. This grammar claims to be "a school-boy's book, intended for a school-boy's use," in acquiring a knowledge of the elementary principles of the Greek language. Everything in it is to be committed to memory by the pupil, there being nothing in the shape of notes, observations, remarks, etc., to be marked by the teacher for omission. This, in a Greek grammar, is a desirable novelty, and will be appreciated by both teachers and scholars.

A BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK; or, A Country Family. By the author of "Found Dead," etc. An English novel of considerable merit, and by an author not unknown to fame. It belongs to Harpers' Library of Select Novels.

WILD SPORTS OF THE WORLD: *A Book of Natural History and Adventure.* By James Greenwood, author of "The Adventures of Reuben Davidge," etc. This is undoubtedly one of the most complete and entertaining books of its class we have ever read. It is a rich storehouse of curious and interesting facts and anecdotes relating to the history, habits, instincts, and modes of hunting of some twenty or thirty of the principal animals of the world, the pursuit of which, either for excitement or gain, is recognized as among the wild sports followed by men, civilized and savage.

HAYDN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES, *relating to all Ages and Nations.* For Universal Reference. Edited by Benjamin Vincent, Assistant Secretary of the Library of the Royal Institution of Great Britain; and revised for the use of American readers. This useful and valuable book has long been popular in England, where, some three years ago, a twelfth edition was called for. That edition received numerous corrections, and much new matter was added; thus rendering it a digested summary of every department of human history down to the very eve of publication. In the present American edition a vast amount of fresh material, especially in regard to American subjects, has been incorporated, while this "chronicle and chronology of the World's Progress" has been brought down to the year 1870. We can heartily recommend it as the best and completest work of the kind ever published.

LOST IN THE JUNGLE. *Narrated for Young People.* By Paul du Chaillu, author of "Discoveries in Equatorial Africa," etc. Narratives of discovery and adventure always have special attractions for the young, and we are glad that one of our well-known travellers has prepared a second volume suited in subjects and language to meet the wants of juvenile readers.

MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER. *A Novel.* By Justin McCarthy, author of "The Waterdale Neighbors," etc.

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH: or, Maid, Wife, and Widow. *A Matter-of-Fact Romance.* By Charles Reade. Another volume of Harpers' cheap edition of Reade's works.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF. By S. Baring-Gould, M. A., author of "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," etc. Part I. *Heathenism and Moaism.* This book, we are told, is written from a philosophic and not from a religious point of view, the philosophy of its author being, we infer, the positive philosophy of Comte. "The question of the truth of Revelation," writes Mr. Gould, "is one which I do not touch. * * * I hope in this volume to show what are the religious instincts of humanity: in the second volume I intend to show how that Christianity, by its fundamental postulate—the Incarnation—assumes to meet all these instincts; how it actually does so meet them; and how failure is due to counteracting political or social causes."

THE PURSUIT OF HOLINESS. *A Sequel to "Thoughts on Personal Religion."* Intended to carry the reader somewhat further onward in the Spiritual Life. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D. D., Dean of Norwich.

MEN'S WIVES. By Wm. M. Thackeray. This volume, containing "Mr. and Mrs. Frank Berry," "The Ravenswing," "Dennis Haggarty's Wife," and "The ——'s Wife," belongs to Appleton's cheap edition of Thackeray's works.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. Monthly Part, No. 8.

From SHELDON & Co., New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS and OLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

SUSAN FIELDING. *A Novel.* By Mrs. Annie Edwards, author of "Archie Lovell," etc. No one who has read Mrs. Edwards' novels will need be told that this, like her previous efforts, is superior to the ordinary class of English and American novels, that it is vivacious and life-like, and, though not strictly sensational, it is yet sufficiently entertaining to secure the interest of the reader at the first, and retain it to the last.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. Part First. By Charles Reade. As far as it goes, this is, to our mind, the best work its author has written, equal in romantic interest to "The Cloister and the Hearth," and far superior to it as dealing with contemporary facts, people, and peculiarities. We shall await the second part with a great deal of impatience, as will also thousands of readers who have been charmed by the dramatic vigor of the narrative, and have taken a living interest, as it were, in the imaginary characters so vividly portrayed.

From CARLETON & Co., New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

PHEMIE'S TEMPTATION. *A Novel.* By Marion Harland, author of "Ruby's Husband," etc. We have no need to tell the readers of the LADY'S

Book that among all the authoresses of America, there are none who excel Marion Harland in vigor and fearlessness of thought and expression, in beauty and delicacy of style, and elevation of tone and sentiment. "Phemie's Temptation" is the story of the trials and struggles of a young girl who is left to make her own way in life; and the author, while writing an entertaining story, has not hesitated to convey many lessons of real profit to her readers, and to state her ideas and opinions boldly on certain great questions of the day concerning woman's labor and woman's wages.

VASHTI; or, Until Death us do Part. *A Novel.* By Augusta J. Evans, author of "St. Elmo," etc. A woman of superior gifts, of rare intelligence, and of extraordinary attainments, we believe all that hinders Miss Evans from producing a novel of real and undoubted merit is the lack of a practical knowledge of life. As it is, her works can never bear close and careful criticism and analysis. They are the productions of one who has obtained all her ideas of life from books, and those books of the most abstruse character, instead of from the humanity around her. In the conversations of her heroes and heroines, she bridges the narrow chasm which divides the sublime from the ridiculous. They are not real flesh and blood persons at all, but caricatures which stalk around, sometimes grimly, sometimes ludicrously, according to the humor of the reader, from beginning to end, neither eating, nor sleeping, nor doing anything like the people in this every-day world of ours. Still, we dare say her publishers will not quarrel with her on account of her peculiarities of style, so long as there are so many people who testify by their admiration of her writings that they mistake the use of long words for beauty and elegance of expression, grandiloquence for eloquence, pedantry for wisdom, priggishness in the heroes of a novel for gentility and high-mindedness, and a morbid condition of mind and heart as an essential to an interesting heroine.

STRANGE VISITORS: *A Series of Original Papers, by the spirits of Irving, Willis, Thackeray, Brontë, Ritchie, Byron, and others, now duelling in the Spirit World.* Dictated through a clairvoyant while in an abnormal or trance state. From perusal of this volume, we have come to the conclusion that, whatever other good one may derive from "dwelling in the Spirit World," it is not perfection in the art of writing. Whether offered in good faith as genuine emanations from the spirits of their professed authors, or only designed, like the "Rejected Addresses," to take off the styles of those authors, these "original papers" are veritable trash.

From LEYPOLDT & HOLT, N. Y., through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THROUGH NIGHT TO LIGHT. *A Novel.* By Frederick Spielhagen. The readers of Spielhagen's "Problematic Characters" will find in this novel a sequel to that work. Notwithstanding its somewhat hopeful title, "Through Night to Light" is, like its predecessor, a story in which the tragic predominates, though, as in the tragedies of Shakespeare, the clown and the jester are not wanting.

From M. W. DODD, New York, through the PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL BOOK SOCIETY, 1224 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

LAMPS, PITCHERS, AND TRUMPETS. *Lectures on the Vocation of the Preacher.* By Edwin Paxton Hood. Second Series. This entertaining volume, which will receive a welcome at the hands of people of all religious beliefs, is illustrated with biographical, historical, and elucidatory anecdotes

of every order of pulpit eloquence from the great preachers of all ages.

From WOOD & HOLBROOK, N. Y., through CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

MORAL, INTELLECTUAL, AND PHYSICAL CULTURE; or, The Philosophy of True Living. By Prof. F. G. Welsh, Instructor in the Department of Physical Culture in Yale-College. This is the work of one who, whatever may be his capacity for advancing the moral and intellectual culture of his fellow-men, has, we know, had sufficient experience in their physical culture to be entitled to claim the title of teacher in that regard at least. It is just in the portion of his work that treats of physical culture that Professor Welsh is most original. Here he can be considered a competent authority, whose utterances may be relied upon with assurance.

A WINTER IN FLORIDA. By Ledyard BULL. Illustrated. This is a tolerably interesting book, referring to a state concerning which comparatively little is known. It is partly historical and partly narrative in its character. The facts it contains, and the information it imparts are useful; but the literary merits of the book, while it has really no serious faults, are yet only of moderate order.

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, through CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFELFINGER, J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., and D. ASHMEAD, Philadelphia:—

THE CABIN ON THE PRAIRIE. By Rev. C. H. Pearson, author of "Scenes in the West," etc.

PLANTING THE WILDERNESS; or, the Pioneer Boys. A Story of Frontier Life. By James D. McCabe, Jr. Two highly interesting juvenile books which demonstrate the toils and hardships endured by the inhabitants of our Western States and Territories. These volumes belong to a new series entitled "The Frontier Series."

DOWN THE RHINE; or, Young America in Germany. A Story of Travel and Adventures. By Oliver Optic. This is the sixth volume of that excellent series of juvenile books called the "Young America Abroad Series."

HESTER STRONG'S LIFE-WORK; or, The Mystery Solved. By Mrs. S. A. Southworth, author of "Lawrence Monroe," etc. This story has for its theme the evils of intemperance, and it is written with an earnestness of purpose that ought to appeal to the reader, and produce much good. Judged as a literary production, it is, however, rather commonplace, and is not likely to attract any great degree of attention.

THE SUNSET LAND; or, The Great Pacific Slope. By Rev. John Todd, D. D. A lively, readable book, which gives us a better idea of California—her exhaustless mineral wealth, her advantages of soil and climate, and her wonderful grandeur and beauty of scenery—than any we have heretofore read. The author discusses the Chinese question with much ability, stating his belief that both Chinese and Americans will be benefited by a free admission of the former into our country.

LIVING THOUGHTS. A beautiful little volume, containing a selection of thoughts culled from the writings of the earnest and gifted, likely to aid those who are striving to lead a Christian life. These thoughts have been arranged under the heads of "Christian Experience," "The Christian Graces," "Christian Effort," and "The Source of Strength."

From LORING, Boston, through TURNER BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

HITHERTO. *A Story of Yesterdays.* By Mrs. A.

D. T. Whitney, author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," etc. In "Hitherto" the delicate and graceful pen of Mrs. Whitney has produced a novel which not only equals her former productions, but even exceeds them in its clear insight into girl nature and womanly wants and needs. As wide asunder as the two poles from the conventional sensational novel of the day, it is neither a juvenile story, though girls approaching womanhood may read it with profit.

LUCK AND PLUCK; or, John Oakley's Inheritance. By Horatio Alger, Jr. The first of a series which will be called the "Luck and Pluck Series," and which, if we judge from the volume before us, will possess rare charms for the boys.

ROUGH AND READY; or, Life among the New York Newsboys. By Horatio Alger, Jr. This is the fourth volume of the "Ragged Dick Series," and will give country boys an insight into city life.

THE SOPRANO. A Musical Story. By Jane Kingsford. This is a feelingly told American art story, plain yet lively in style, and unmarred by any of that strained sentimentalism so characteristic, especially of the German novels and sketches of the same class. The narrative is one of deep interest, while throughout the entire book there is a profound reverence for music, especially of a sacred character, which seems to us quite strange in one who professes to have been a member of a church choir and chorus singer at oratorios.

From the NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND PUBLICATION HOUSE, New York:—

COMMUNION WINE AND BIBLE TEMPERANCE. Being a Review of Dr. Thos. Lauré's article in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* of January, 1869. By Rev. Wm. M. Thayer.

From THE AMERICAN NEWS CO., N. Y.:—

GOING AND SON. A Novel. By "Monk." The plot and characters of this story purport to have been taken from the midst of New York life. If this be so, New York life is something which might be vastly improved in a moral point of view. The story is strictly a sensational one, and in style, though somewhat turgid at times, is yet that of a practical writer.

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through ALFRED MARTIN, Philadelphia:—

HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN EUROPE IN THE TIME OF CALVIN. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D. D. Vol. V. Dr. D'Aubigné's first historical series has become almost classical, as the orthodox Protestant account of the Reformation down to the time of the Confession of Augsburg. A second series has lately been published, carrying down the history of the movement until the final crystallization of beliefs. The division into series is made only for convenience: the narrative of the ten volumes is continuous. One or two more, we learn from the preface, will complete the work. The series will be valuable alike for professional theologians and for the general reader.

BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS. By John Kitts, D. D. Four Volumes. Dr. Kitts's name is familiar to the Bible students of the last generation. He was a voluminous writer on Scriptural subjects, and his works have a more popular tone than the heavy Commentaries. This book, for instance, is designed to furnish "a daily course of Scriptural reading and reflection for one year." It is divided into weeks and days. The Bible is divided into four portions, one for each of them, and the verses chosen for each day are read and explained. The work fur-

nishes, therefore, a manual of "Sacred history, biography, geography, antiquities, and chronology;" and will prove a most useful companion to the Scriptures themselves.

SORROW. By Rev. John Reid. Since the Countess de Gasparin's work on Human Sadness, more than one volume on the same or a kindred subject has appeared. None as yet have approached in power or beauty to the prototype. It was, perhaps, impossible for any but a woman's hand to touch the sensitive chord into music. The present volume is beautifully bound and printed.

THE SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL. By Rev. Duncan MacGregor, M. D. A series of sermons preached at St. Peter's church in Dundee, Scotland. The only link of connection between them is the authorship. Dr. MacGregor is an eminent Scotch clergyman, and this handsome volume will no doubt meet with great acceptance.

From the Authoress, MRS. MARGARET HOSMER:—
THE VOYAGE OF THE WHITE FALCON.
A YEAR IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Mrs. Hosmer, who has written two successful novels—"The Morrissons," and "Ten Years of a Life"—is now devoting her fine talents to the service of her country in the way by which the heart of humanity can best be reached; she is writing books for the young—"published by the American Sunday School Union." The two books named above are her last; both are very good, deserving a place in every home and library where children are readers.

From L. STEBBINS, Hartford, Connecticut:—

WOMAN: Her Rights, Wrongs, Privileges, and Responsibilities. By L. P. Brockett, M. D., author of "Woman's Work in the Civil War," etc. Doctor Brockett has prepared a mild, weakly-flavored protest against the spirit of progress which would secure a wider range of labor and usefulness to women. What he finds woman already doing and doing well, he reluctantly consents to, insisting at the same time it is impossible she should ever do as well as a man. But farther than she has already gone he refuses to permit her to go. From the dreadful picture he gives of political life, we should judge that not only would a man be unwilling his wife should enter into it, but that a woman, who had any regard for the manners and morals of her husband, would be equally desirous of secluding him from its pollution.

From the HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Connecticut:—

THE COURT CIRCLES OF THE REPUBLIC; or, the Beauties and Celebrities of the Nation. By Mrs. E. F. Ellet, author of "The Queens of American Society," etc. We have been favored with advance sheets of this work, which promises to be quite an entertaining addition to the lively, gossip, personal literature to which it belongs, stored as it will be with characteristic anecdotes of the celebrities and beauties of our national capital. It is to be illustrated with original portraits, engraved on steel in the highest style of the art, and will be sold by subscription only.

From LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., London, through D. ASHMEAD, Philadelphia:—

RHYME AND REASON. By S. Stockton Hornor. A neat little volume of pleasantly-flowing verses, which cannot fail to be appreciated by those who love the beautiful and the true when adorned by the charm of graceful and harmonious rhyme.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

FEBRUARY, 1870.

OUR EMBELLISHMENTS.—The steel plate this month, "Feeling the Patient's Pulse," is a choice picture. If we interpret the design correctly, another physician is needed to make the pulsations correct. Love is the all-powerful potion necessary to be administered in this case. It will bring back the healthful glow to the pale cheeks of our beauty.

The fashion-plate comes next; a tinted picture of "The Snow Man" for the juveniles, and a colored plate of an antimacassar, a description of which will be found on page 184. The usual variety of wood-cut fashions and other articles will be found in their proper places.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The January number of Godey's inimitable magazine is out. It would require superhuman versatility to say anything new about this work, which has been praised in all moods and tenses of commendation, and which *deserves it all*. When he "folds his robe about him and lies down to pleasant dreams"—in his last eternal rest, his place will be worthily filled, and our daughters and granddaughters will still delight in the *LADY'S BOOK*—long may it be, however, before that gentle, manly heart shall cease to beat on earth.—*Democrat*, Hoboken, N. J.

We certainly do appreciate the renewed efforts this year of our old friends in endeavoring to increase the number of names on their club lists. This increase has been far more than last year. In many cases, parties who only sent us a club of five for 1869 have increased it to ten for 1870. This shows the hold that the *LADY'S BOOK* has taken on the mind of the people. We return thanks to those who have sent us this increase to our subscription list.

MISSING NUMBERS.—Subscribers will please take notice that a missing number must be applied for at once. We are often applied to several months after the publication of a number for a missing number, which may have been lost by lending or some other way. If not applied for at once, it will not be sent.

COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS.—It is the duty of every one to take his own town or country newspapers. Any person who does not take the papers is certainly "out in the cold" as to the great events that are happening in this world of ours. A newspaper and a magazine in a household make everything and everybody connected with it cheerful and happy. In taking a magazine, you want one that contains good stories, excellent essays, receipts for the kitchen and boudoir, drawing lessons, model cottages, fashions, and everything else that can please the older and younger branches of the family—and such is the *LADY'S BOOK*.

THEN for the feminine portion of the family circle. The *LADY'S BOOK* by all means, for what would sisters, sweethearts, and wives do without Godey, who for a lifetime has reigned all but supreme in the world of fashion; and who this month returns from his long sojourn in Paris, richly laden, we may well imagine, with all that is worthy of note to enrich the *LADY'S BOOK*, which, in his absence, has been so gracefully reigned over by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, a lady quite deserving of the title of queen in the realm of good taste, as Eugenie is of empress in the world of fashion. What can we, or rather, what need we say more than advise respectable papas, loving brothers, and gay gallants, to write forthwith to Louis A. Godey, Esq., *LADY'S BOOK*, Philadelphia, who will furnish further particulars.—*Camden* (N. J.) *Democrat*.

FREIGHT ON LETTERS AND PREMIUM ON DRAFTS.—We wish our subscribers distinctly to understand, that when they send their letters by express company they must pay the freight, and those who send drafts must pay the premium. We advise subscribers to remit by mail a post-office order or a draft payable to the order of L. A. GODEY. Should either be lost, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

We ask attention to the advertisements of Monsieur Drevet and Madame Van Coeckelberghe, which will be found in our advertising department. The former is an old acquaintance, with whom we have transacted business for years. He is prompt and true, and every reliance may be placed upon him. Mr. D. has an able assistant in Mr. Wildey, an English gentleman, and it would be a difficult matter to decide which is the most polite—the Frenchman or the Englishman. In Madame Van Coeckelberghe, ladies visiting Paris will find a most able assistant. She will save them a heap of money and a great deal of time. She is an American, and a daughter of a late officer in the old U. S. Bank.

WISCONSIN, 1869.

DEAR GODEY: I have received your *LADY'S BOOK* for January, and surely it deserves the highest of praise, and every young lady ought to cherish it as a dear and instructive companion. It has been a true friend and adviser to me, and served to cheer many lonely hours in my country home. Your portrait will do great honor to my album; many thanks for your thoughtfulness in presenting it to us.

Yours respectfully, N. P.

FURS.—In purchasing furs a sure test of what dealers call a "prime" fur is the length and density of the down next the skin; this can be readily determined by blowing a brisk current of air from the mouth "against the set of the fur." If the fibres open readily, exposing the skin to the view, reject the article; but if the down is so dense that the breath cannot penetrate it, or at most shows but a small portion of the skin, the article may be accepted.

It is full of freshness, life, and vigor. By those who have taken this household favorite, the question is often asked: "Who can do without Godey?" Children love it, gentlemen admire it because it is the favorite of the ladies, and the ladies cannot do without it; therefore every family should have it.—*Democrat*, Chatfield, Minn.

ALL ABOUT A HAT.—And a great deal may be said about a hat. It is pretty well known that in April, 1869, we went to Europe. Of course we took a hat; we wore that hat on the passage—when, one night, an awful fate befell it. It was in the upper berth; a trunk was there; a lurch of the vessel, and our hat was crushed. It was a sad looking hat—a melancholy spectacle when we rescued it—looking like a smash-down opera hat; we thrust our hand in it in despair, but "what to our wondrous eyes should appear," it resumed its old shape, hardly the worse for its mishap. We wore it when we arrived in old Europe, and through old Europe. On one occasion, a hot day, it was lying in the car on the opposite seat; at a station some ladies got in, and one who was not a fairy in weight sat down on our hapless hat; down it went again; again did we apply the restorative, and, like a vessel that pitches, it came up again. We landed in this country after seven months' absence; we still wore that hat, and it is still good-looking. We ought to have mentioned that it was made by Jones & Temple, No. 929 Chestnut Street, who want to purchase it of us and put it under a glass case, but no money can purchase that hat.

"CHRISTMAS DAY. The night before and the night after." A beautiful little book, and does great credit to the publishers. Everybody should have these delightful little poems. As Mrs. Toodle says: "They are handy to have in the house." Price 50 cents, postage free. Address Turner Brothers & Co., 808 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

EUGENIE.—Some gossip writes: "The Empress of the French speaks and writes French quite incorrecly. Whenever she gets excited, she uses a great many Spanish words in her conversation, and when really angry, she will, at last, only speak Spanish. The servants at the Imperial Court, therefore, when saying, 'The empress has talked Spanish to me,' mean 'She has scolded me.'"

AMUSEMENTS.—Let none decry innocent amusements; they are the means of much real good to the human family. Social merry-makings, not intrinsically sinful, are good and healthful indeed. Let the laugh, and innocent joke, the song, the tale go round, for blessings follow in their wake. Many have naturally cravings for excitement, which, if not satisfied in the manner referred to, will lead their subject to scenes of sensuality, from which only wretchedness can flow. The producers of innocent amusements and recreation for the people are, then, benefactors of their fellow-men.

It contains something of almost everything of interest to the ladies; literature, pictures, music, fashions, receipts, etc., all are presented in a most convenient and attractive manner.—*Journal*, Salem, Ohio.

We have received from Paris "The Absent One," poetry by S. S. Hornor, M. D., music by Giunti Bellini. The words are very pretty, and the music sprightly and melodious. We are not aware that it has been republished here, and it would be a good speculation for some one of our musical publishers to reproduce it.

FOUR first-class magazines for \$6 50:—

Godey's Lady's Book	- - -	\$3 00
Arthur's Home Magazine	- - -	2 00
Once a Month	- - -	2 00
Children's Hour	- - -	1 50

\$6 50

FRENCH TELEGRAMS.—We give two telegrams; one received, and the other sent by ourselves. No. 1 was sent from Bordeaux to Paris. We wrote it: "Madame G., Hotel de Capucins, we will be home to-night about eleven." This is the version as received: "Mde. G., Hotel des Carcius, Vvut be home to-nught about eleven." No. 2 was received by French cable: "All vell and protperous—pleasant voyage."

POSTAL MONEY ORDERS.—Apply to your postmaster for a postal money order. No more losses by mail.

"The postal money order system established by law provides that no money orders shall be issued for any sum less than \$1 nor more than \$50. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz: For an order for \$1 or for any larger sum but not exceeding \$20, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of \$20 and up to \$30, the charge shall be 15 cents; more than \$30 and up to \$40, the charge shall be 20 cents; over \$40 and up to \$50, the charge shall be 25 cents."

MRS. WHITNEY, 314 South Third Street, Philadelphia, teacher of piano and guitar. Terms.—\$15 per quarter.

A MILE OF CABINET ORGANS would seem a large number; yet, if the instruments manufactured and sold by the MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN Co., during the past year alone, were placed close together in a line, they would reach a distance of more than three (3) miles; or, if arranged three (3) in a tier, would make a solid wall, nine (9) feet in height, around the Boston Common. We hardly know which is the more surprising—the demand now existing for these Organs, or the improvements made in them the past few years. That which was formerly a weak and ineffective instrument becoming possessed of such qualities of tone and variety of expression as to command the unequivocal praise of artists and connoisseurs both in this country and in Europe. It is not strange, therefore, that the Cabinet Organ is fast taking its place as the favorite parlor instrument among all classes of society.—*Boston Traveller*.

Always fresh, bright, beautiful, and interesting. Without extraordinary merit this periodical could not have maintained for nearly forty years the high place which it has held in the public esteem.—*Democrat Northwest*, Napoleon, Ohio.

SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS.—Short-sightedness is the natural and hereditary tendency of city eyes, produced by the constant self-adaptation of its organ to the short distances which are the subjects of its habitual experience in large and thickly-settled towns. It must make a vast difference in the constitution of the eye, in a lifetime, to say nothing of successive generations, whether it is concerned in looking at a brick wall twenty feet distant across the street, or at mountains and forests miles away, as would be the case in the country. In the old cities of Europe that have been inhabited, perhaps, for fifty generations, the majority of the inhabitants are near-sighted.

AN exchange says: "Georgia has a patent churn which allows the lady who operates it to nurse her baby, read GODEY, and bring the butter in eight minutes."

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY occurring this month, a good present to make would be a year's subscription to the LADY'S BOOK. No more useful Valentine could be sent.

SHORT CUT TO MISERY.—Begin by fancying that no one cares for you, that you are not of use to anybody—a sort of nonentity in the household, where your place would not be missed, but easily supplied. Ponder on your want of beauty, and lead yourself to believe that no one can love a plain face, or think you agreeable because there are others more charming. Fancy that every one who looks upon you makes a mental comparison which militates against you in favor of some one else. Imagine that every word said in jest is only meant to cover a deeper and more painful one—that every article of wearing apparel you don is criticized and ridiculed. Do all this, and your tendency to morbidity of feeling will so increase that in a very short time you will become one of the most miserable of human beings.

THE Cheapness of the LADY'S BOOK, in comparison with the lower-priced magazines, has always been conceded. The reading matter is of a higher order, the plates are more numerous, the music is all original, and cannot be procured until after we have published it; the same of our model cottages and drawing lessons. And the fashions! where can you find their equal for truthfulness!

ABOUT GLASS, AND CHINA, AND THE LIKE.—Glass was discovered at an early epoch; many improbable stories are handed down to us on this subject. The first regular historical record is that given us by the author of "Researches among the Egyptians," which teaches us that at Diospolis cups were made, and glass cut and gilded with admirable skill; colors were even made to change as you looked at them from one tint to another; and Winckelman, in his "History of Art," adds that the ancients understood making glass much better than the moderns. However that may be, the Phœnicians for a long time monopolized all the trade in glass, and, according to Pliny and Strabo, the manufactories at Sidon were in a very advanced state, and those of Alexandria, under the Ptolemies, enjoyed an equal fame. The art of glassmaking passed from Italy to France, and later from France to England; that is to say, in 674, at the time of the construction of the Abbey of Wearmouth, the church belonging to which was built by French masons and architects after the Roman fashion. The French workmen, says the venerable Bede, ornamented the windows of the church and monastery with glass, and taught the English how to make it.

France and Frenchemen have been very famous in connection with the class of productions with which we are now concerned. There is Paillassy, whose interesting history reads more like a romance than plain matter of fact. Here is a morsel of it:—

"In 1539, one morning in May, the inhabitants of the town of Saintes were surprised and displeased to find a new family had come to establish itself among them. But dislike soon gave place to admiration. The inhabitants of Saintes learned that the head of the family was named Bernard Paillassy, a man renowned for his paintings on glass, and from that moment all feelings of enmity and jealousy disappeared. Perhaps the people thought of the windows of their poor church. Matters went on very well for some time, until Paillassy, now having been two years at Saintes, saw a cup of some sort of composition very beautifully turned and finished, and became immediately possessed with the idea of making a vase of similar construction.

"Under the influence of this idea he abandoned the employment which had before supported his family, spending all his time in kneading earth, and afterwards baking it. But his first endeavors were unfortunate, and poverty with all its horrors entered his house. No matter, Paillassy struggled on, sustained by a hope that, although a beggar to-day, to-morrow he may have more gold than his strong box will hold. But many to-morrows came, and no gold. His wife complained bitterly, and his children, their eyes streaming with tears, clasped their thin hands, and implored him to resume his old profession of painting on glass, by the profits of which they had lived so comfortably, but all in vain. Twenty years passed in this manner. The genius of invention, a long time deaf to his cries, at last laid the crown of success upon his head. Success, that magic sound to the ear of genius. Paillassy had the faith which never deceives. The rumor of his discovery spread far and wide. Poverty fled from his house. Henry III. sent for him to Paris, and gave him lodgings in the Tuilleries; it was here that he obtained a patent for the invention of *Royal rustic pottery* of all sorts. He was now known by the name of Bernard of the Tuilleries.

"The invention of the fine opaque and solid enamels is due to the French. John Toutin, a jeweller of Châteaudun in 1630, was the first, it is said, who made enamelled jewels. This style of painting, improved by Gribelin, his pupil, and afterwards by Dubré and Morliere, whose rings and watches were much sought after, led to the idea of attempting portraits in enamel, the execution of which was in a somewhat different style from those done at Limoges under Francis I.

"Enamel is a particular preparation of glass to which various colors are given. The art of enamelling on earthenware and metals is very ancient. According to the early historians the bricks of which the walls of Babylon were constructed were enamelled with various figures. But this art remained long in a

simple state, from which it did not rise until the time of Raphael and of Michael Angelo."

Mirrors were originally of polished metal, as is well known; but eventually they came to be made of glass, coated with a preparation of quicksilver. Early specimens are, under favorable circumstances, by no means undesirable acquisitions, as they can be placed in positions where ordinary objects are scarcely suitable:—

"The art of making looking-glasses originated at Venice, which city furnished all Europe with them, until Colbert persuaded many of the workmen, who were Frenchmen, to return to France, and sent them to the manufactory founded in 1661 by Eustache Grandmont and Jean Antoine Autonneuil, which was in a languishing condition, not being able to compete with the Venetians. He built the large houses used for that purpose in the Rue de Reully at a great expense, and made the whole establishment a royal one, so that, from that time, the French looking-glasses were equal to the Italian, and some of them are superior in size and perfection to any in the world. A workman, named Thevart, became master in 1668, made great improvements, especially in the size. The establishment was then removed from Paris to Saint Gobin, in Picardy, where a few years since eight hundred workmen were employed."

But what shall we say of porcelain? Here is a rapid glance at its history:—

"The art of making porcelain originated ages ago. The Egyptians were acquainted with it, and we know that they used the same process as we do; so that it is probable that the art passed into Asia, and thence to China, where porcelain, called *tsé-ki*, was common, as well as in Japan, four hundred and fifty years before Christ. The Portuguese imported this beautiful manufacture into Europe in 1517. They called it *loca*, whilst we, somewhat strangely, have borrowed their word *porcelana*, signifying a cup or porringer. The Chinese kept the precious composition a secret; but Barton Boettcher, chemist at the court of the Elector of Saxony, discovered it in the seventeenth century by combining different earths for the purpose of making crucibles. The rumor spread into France and England, where every chemist set to work to make porcelain, but in vain; until at last M. Tschirnhausen discovered a composition to all appearances similar to that in Saxony. He confided it to M. Homberg, in France, but they both died without having made the secret public. Reaumur guessed at the articles which must enter into the composition of the Chinese porcelain, and published some very just ideas concerning them and the means of employing them. He made some imitating the Saxon exactly, and thus gave France a useful art as well as a new branch of commerce; and it was according to his directions that the Marquis of Fulvy, Governor of Vincennes, established there a porcelain manufactory in 1738; but the success attending it was not equal to the zeal of the institutor, for the marquis lost all his fortune by it. In 1766 Louis XV. purchased the now almost desolate establishment, and transferred it to Sèvres. Maëquer and Montigny, excellent chemists, enriched it by a composition uniting all the qualities necessary for making first-rate porcelain, being no other than the *kaolin* and the *petunse* of the Chinese earths, of an extreme whiteness, discovered in 1757 by M. Valleria at St. Yriex in Limousin. The manufactory at Sèvres then attained its great celebrity."

Sèvres! What a magic effect this word produces upon all genuine lovers of porcelain and kindred products. Its artists have won an imperishable name, and its marks and monograms are most carefully registered. Of the past we can very briefly speak, but, as we are inclined to be historical, we append a few notes and opinions about Sèvres:—

"It was at Sèvres," says M. Capéfigue, "that Colbert established a vast manufactory, where antique vases were modelled, and Chinese and German urns imitated; the best paintings copied, hunting-scenes, battles, and natural flowers of brilliant colors. Fifty workmen were convoked from various parts of Europe; everything was reduced to rules, and experiments tried upon the earth and water used. The Sèvres china acquired a great reputation over all Europe. The king sent presents

of it to every court, and it became a gracious offering at the conclusion of the treaty. The Sèvres manufactory was a subject of pride to Louis XIV.'

"Napoleon betrayed no less solicitude for the prosperity of this fine establishment, the direction of which he intrusted to the learned mineralogist, Brongniard. In 1805 the fabrication of soft porcelain was entirely given up at Sèvres. Nevertheless, it must be confessed, as M. Brongniard very judiciously remarked, it required more research and more genius to compose this artificial porcelain, which is the result of the simple mixture of two natural materials, kaolin and felspar. After this reform the new director of the Sèvres manufactory applied himself particularly to the composition of hard porcelain, giving a whiteness and delicacy never previously obtained. In 1803 the Sèvres porcelain was embellished by the superb green chromium, a metal discovered by Vauquelin.

"To M. Brongniard's wise direction were owing the improvements made in the chemical mode of painting on glass, a new style of painting, which is done by mixing the metallic oxides with a flux composed of glass with lead.

"It was under the empire that historical subjects were first represented upon porcelain, and especially upon very large vases. The painter Van-Ors was called to France in 1811 to paint flowers upon porcelain, and in this branch of art he was distinguished as much for the richness of his shading as the brilliancy of his coloring. The fine paintings upon porcelain by Drolling, Lauglace, George, Constantin, and, above all, Madame Jaquetot, are well known.

"M. Charles Dupin speaks as follows: 'By means of the new method of painting upon porcelain, perfected as it now is, the finest masterpieces of the greatest masters, which are liable to decay in the course of a few centuries, may be copied and consigned to posterity in a most beautiful and imperishable form. Mineralogy and chemistry have lent their aid to render this execution less expensive, more faithful, and more delicate than mosaic imitations.'

We copy the following notice from that able work, *The Journal of Health*, published by Dr. Hall in New York:—

"The magazine and the newspaper have become the family teacher, are excluding better and safer reading; and it becomes every parent, who has a regard for the religious welfare of his children, to see to it, that the publications which are placed on the parlor table CAN BE TRUSTED as never having, by any possibility, any word prejudicial to the religion of the Bible. Many there are which avoid these things in the main, but every now and then give a secret stab or malignant side thrust, all the more effective for evil by the measure of influence gained over the reader by reason of the general better tenor of the teachings. Graham's Magazine now discontinued, Arthur's and Godey's are all safe monthlies in the direction named, and some others. We certainly know that some of the most pretentious prove by their occasional utterances that, at heart, their conductors are enemies of the Christian religion. It will be our earnest and steady endeavor that such a charge shall never be truthfully laid at our door.

THAT WAS a very pretty conceit of a romantic father, whose name was Rose, and who named his daughter Wild, so that she grew up under the appellation of Wild Rose. But the romance of the thing was sadly spoiled when she married a man by the name of Bull.

I HAVE in my family a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine that has been in almost daily use for the past ten (10) years, and not a thing has ever been done to it in the way of repairing; not a screw loose, or any part of it out of order, in all that time. It has been used in making coats, vests, and pants of the thickest woollen goods, besides doing all kinds of family sewing, and is now, this day, the best machine for work I ever saw.

GILBERT PRATT.

Old Saybrook, Conn.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for February.—This is a beautiful number, containing, as was promised, nearly twice the amount of music formerly given. Look at the contents: La Chatelaine, brilliant Polka Mazourka, by Carl Faust; Beautiful set of Quadrilles, six pages, from Offenbach's opera of Orpheus; Katy's Letter, pretty semi-humorous song by Lady Dufferin; The Happy Gypsy Girl, charming new English song by George Linley; Saint Valentine's March, easy arrangement for beginners; As Lifted in the Wilderness, new Sunday School Hymn, harmonized for four voices with Organ or Melodeon accompaniment. To the yearly subscriber all this music costs but 33 cents, or \$4 per annum, and we are safe in asserting that nowhere, excepting in the *Monthly*, can the the same variety and quantity of real sheet music, from engraved plates, be purchased for four times the price.

The following were given in the January number, commencing the eighth yearly volume of this periodical. The Fairy Sprite, brilliant Salon piece by Mack (of itself worth 60 cents in the stores); Little Maggle May, beautiful song by Blamphin; Say my Heart, new song, with English and German words, by Abt, author of When the Swallows, Ivy Green Polka; Pulling Against the Stream, easy lesson for beginners; and Still Closer to Jesus, new Sunday School Hymn, harmonized for four parts. We will send these two numbers, as samples, free of postage, to any address on receipt of 75 cents, confident that no one who gets them will fail to subscribe for the balance of the year. To insure the volume complete subscriptions should be sent in at once, as we shall not continue the plan of keeping on hand a large quantity of back numbers.

Terms and Premiums.—Single numbers 40 cents. Yearly subscription, \$4. For every two new subscriptions at one time we send as a premium \$5 worth of the latest sheet music, which can be ordered from our new catalogue to suit the abilities of the performer. Catalogues sent on receipt of the \$3. Clubs of five, without the premium, \$15. The *Musical Monthly* and GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK one year, without the premium, \$6; or with the \$5 premium, \$7 50. The *Monthly* will be sent one year free to any one ordering \$6 worth of music direct from us. Address orders only to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

A GENTLEMAN of Philadelphia saw an advertisement that a receipt for the cure of dyspepsia might be had by sending a postage-stamp to the advertiser. He sent his stamp, and the answer was, "Dig in your garden, and let whiskey alone."

AN amusing circumstance occurred in a singing-school some time since. A Mr. Paine was the teacher and a Miss Patience one of the pupils. In the course of the evening the teacher gave out the tune set to the words—

"Come, gentle *Patience*, smile on *Pain*."

The pupils were so excited by laughter that it was found impossible to sing the line. Soon the teacher gave another, in which were the following lines:—

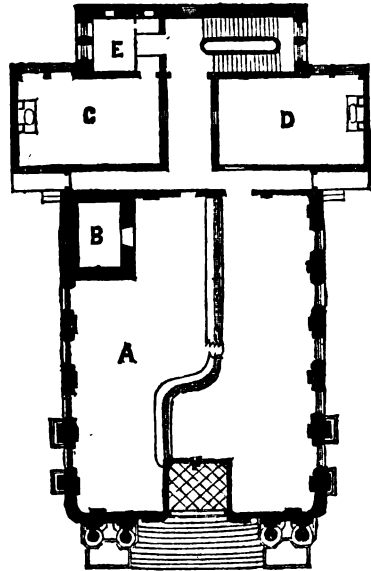
"Oh, give me tears for others' woes,
And *patience* for my own."

The risibilities of the school were so affected that all singing was deferred until another occasion.

BEST BOOK FOR EVERYBODY.—The new illustrated edition of Webster's Dictionary, containing three thousand engravings, is the best book for everybody that the press has produced in the present century, and should be regarded as indispensable to the well-regulated home, reading-room, library, and place of business.—*Golden Era*.

SAVINGS' BANK AT PITTSBURG.

Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 430 Walnut St., Philadelphia.



Description.—A office of receiving and paying teller, B vault, C cashier's room, D president's room, E closet.

We give in this number the design of a bank, the erection of which we are now superintending in Pittsburgh. It possesses a handsome front, built of pink Quincy granite. The steps, which are over twenty feet in length, many of but one piece, were cut out by J. Cumber & Co., of this city. The superstructure of the front and return sides is of the finest quality Connecticut brown stone, executed by Mr. Wm. Gray—also of Philadelphia—in the highest style of art. On the front we find two lions guarding the entrance, each eight feet long; they are being made by our best sculpturer in a superior, first-class style. The female Cariatides over the door-jams are to be made over life size, so that viewed in perspective they will appear natural. Over the door is a large dollar, and beneath the words "Savings' Bank." The sculpture is all of the highest art and the finest material. Scrolls and ornamental carvings form the head of the main entrance, and the front, when finished, will be the finest in the country. The design is entirely original.

The sides and rear will be of brick with freestone dressing; the cornice and roof will be of galvanized iron; the flowing base, wainskirting, and the counters will be of white Italian or black Irish marble, executed by Mr. Gray. The iron work is by Wm. B. Scalf & Co., of Pittsburgh; the plumbing, which is of a very superior order, is by Halpin & Co; the brick work by Boyd & Son; the vaults by Bank & Barnes; the smith work by Marshall & Bro., all of Pittsburgh.

The frescoing and the large walnut doors in the front, with bronze panelling in relief, are not yet under contract. The building is progressing rapidly, and we expect the whole to be finished in twelve months. It will cost less than \$200,000, and it is a work that will last for ages. An idea can be formed of the massiveness of the front, when it is known that the brown stone alone weighs fourteen hundred tons.

EVERY BUSINESS MAN should subscribe to Peter-son's Counterfeit Detector and National Bank-Note List, price only \$1 50 a year.

A MURDEROUS SEA-FLOWER.—One of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking indeed very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster, with ever so many long petals of a light green, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, like those of the aster in your garden, but wave about in the water, while the opelet generally clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it could eat anything grosser than dew or sunlight? But those beautiful, waving arms, as you call them, have another use besides looking pretty. They have to provide food for a large, open mouth, which is hidden deep down amongst them, so well hidden that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fishlet touches one of the rosy tips, he is struck with poison, as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other beautiful arms wrap themselves around him, and he is drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose and wave again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they had never touched a fish.

A GENTLEMAN was making comparisons between men and women, derogatory to the latter. And among others he said: "Man is strong, and tough, and towering, like the oak; while woman is weak and drooping, like the willow." Whereupon a young lady retorted: "If the willow is weak, it is often used to bind up other wood." The gentleman had nothing more to say.

A CINCINNATI genius advertises for a situation, saying that "Work is not so much an object as good wages." He ought to have a place in the police force.

A WIT being requested to say a good thing, laconically responded, "Oysters!"

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE writes: "I would say to all young ladies who are called to any particular vocation, qualify yourselves for it as a man does for his work. Don't think you can undertake it otherwise. And if you are called to a man's work, do not exact a woman's privileges—the privileges of inaccuracy and of weakness."

USE OF LEMONS.—When persons are feverish and thirsty beyond what is natural, indicated in some cases by a metallic taste in the mouth, especially after drinking water, or by a whitish appearance of the greatest part of the tongue, one of the best "coolers," internal or external, is to take a lemon, cut off the top, sprinkle over it some loaf-sugar, working it down into the lemon with a spoon, and then suck it slowly, squeezing the lemon and adding more sugar as the acidity increases from being brought up from a lower point. Invalids with feverishness may take two or three lemons a day in this manner, with the most marked benefit, manifested by a sense of coolness, comfort, and invigoration. A lemon or two thus taken at tea-time, as an entire substitute for the ordinary supper of summer, would give many a one a comfortable night's sleep, and an awakening of rest and invigoration, with an appetite for breakfast, to which they are strangers, who will have their cup of tea and hearty supper.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Address "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Mrs. H. W. C.—Sent pattern November 16th.
Miss S. T. W.—Sent lead comb 16th.
E. H.—Sent lead comb 16th.
S. M.—Sent lead comb 16th.
Mrs. W. A. R.—Sent hair chain by express 20th.
D. S. T.—Sent rubber gloves by express 20th.
E. W. R.—Sent braid by express 23d.
Mrs. W. B. H.—Sent pattern 23d.
Miss F. M. O.—Sent sleeve buttons by express 26th.
Mrs. L. K. W.—Sent infant's dress 26th.
Mrs. N. G.—Sent pattern 30th.
Miss L. T.—Sent pattern 30th.
Miss E. V. P.—Sent pattern 30th.
Miss M. D. R.—Sent lead comb December 7th.
M. E. W.—Sent pattern 7th.
Miss K. S.—Sent pattern 7th.
Mrs. L. B.—Sent pattern 7th.
Mrs. H. S. H.—Sent pattern 7th.
Mrs. J. S.—Sent pattern 7th.
Mrs. N. H. P.—Sent rubber gloves 7th.
Mrs. W.—Sent pattern 7th.
Miss M. C. O.—Sent lead comb 7th.
S. M. W.—Sent pattern 7th.
Miss J. L. McL.—Sent lead comb 7th.
Miss J. L. G.—Sent rubber gloves 7th.
Miss O. A. H.—Sent pattern 7th.
Miss D. H. H.—Sent shoes by express 7th.
Miss F. M. O.—Sent articles (box) by express 7th.
Miss M. T. W.—Sent pattern 16th.
H. E. S.—Sent pattern 16th.
Mrs. J. W.—Sent pattern 16th.
Mrs. L. D. A.—Sent pattern 16th.
Gerald, New Haven, Conn. No answer to our letter.

A Woman's Friendship, by M. L. D. No letter with MS.

Prayer and Promise, by Anna Lawrence. No address given in your letter.

Eighteen and Twenty-eight. No stamps sent for return postage.

Eliza Jane. Death of the Old Year. No letter. Disinherited. Declined. No stamps sent for its return.

My Sacrifice. Declined. No stamps sent for its return.

The Lover's Absence. Declined. We give one verse:—

Oh sweetest love Sofia
I am thinking of the now
And when we acquainted was
Then each to each did bow

Kate Clyfton's Revenge. No letter received with MS., and no stamps.

Mrs. M. J. P.—I. Pronounce it as if spelled Trooso. 2. Westchester Co., N. Y.

Fannie B.—An invitation to "call any time" means no time; and therefore the absence of the young lady was excusable. But there can be no excuse for the inhospitality of her mother to a party who had travelled fourteen miles to see her daughter.

Irene Morris.—Yes. But if the inquiry is made in reference to contributors, we are obliged to say that we do not at present need any.

Inquirer.—"Jesus's bark" is the name originally given to the bark of the cinchona. It was first discovered by the Jesuits in use among the natives of South America about the year 1600. Many marvelous tales are told of the way in which the virtues of cinchona were first discovered by the natives of the country, but they have been proved erroneous. Its remarkable power in curing fever and ague, and its efficacy as a general tonic have rendered it one of the most valuable drugs possessed by man.

M. A. F.—Among princes or nobility a marriage with a woman of inferior rank, in which it is stipulated that she and her children shall not enjoy the rank or inherit the possessions of her husband, is called a *morganatic* marriage.

Betsy.—Your pictures should be dusted lightly with cotton wool or with a feather brush.

A Mother.—In clothing your infant, the chief object to be attained is lightness, looseness, ease, and moderate warmth.

Skater.—If the chest be irritable, it is neither salutary nor easy to skate against the wind.

C. M. G.—1. It is a matter of taste. 2. Tonics and a change of air are usually the best remedies.

A Subscriber.—Pay no attention to such advertisements; they are all humbug. It can be seen at a glance that the sending of a stamp will not pay the advertiser for the trouble of writing a reply.

Anxiety.—There is but one way for you to improve, and that is to practise daily from good copies.

Frances.—The present you suggest will be both useful and pretty.

Jessica.—Gum-arabic starch is used for putting a starch on linen.

May.—The story was written by a lady.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

The Publisher of the LADY'S BOOK has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the LADY'S BOOK, the Fashion Editor does not know.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail

here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—House dress of Havana brown silk poplin, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with two ruffles, headed with ruches, and bands of velvet fastened with buttons between. Puffed tunic, trimmed to correspond. Plain corsage, cut with revers; coat sleeves, with puffs at top.

Fig. 2.—Evening dress of white tulle. The front of skirt is made plain; the back is trimmed with a ruffle, bound with green silk, with puffs above, divided by green rosettes. The upper part of skirt is puffed and trimmed with bands of silk, which also extend in front. Low corsage, with bertha to correspond. Green sash. Hair arranged in curls, with flowers and cigarette of white and green.

Fig. 3.—Visiting dress of blue velvet, with an underskirt of quilted blue satin. Casaque of black velvet, trimmed with a band of sable fur, with revers of blue quilted satin; two heads ornament the left shoulder. Blue velvet bonnet, trimmed with a band of fur. Black velvet muff, trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 4.—Suit of elderberry-colored serge. The skirt is trimmed with three ruffles going down and one up, divided by a ruche. Casaque cut rounding in the back, and trimmed with one ruffle, headed with a ruche; the upper part is cut in points, and trimmed to correspond. Hat of felt of the same shade, trimmed with white feathers, and a small green one in front.

Fig. 5.—Dinner dress of rich purple silk, cut to form a deep train in back, and trimmed with handsome thread lace, headed with a narrow velvet band. An apron with revers, trimmed with lace, ornaments the front breadth. Corsage cut with a basque, scalloped, bound with velvet and a chenille fringe. A waistband and large fan-shaped bow in back. The corsage has two small capes, trimmed to correspond; coat sleeves.

Fig. 6.—Dress for little girl of black velvet; the edge of skirt is cut in scallops, bound with satin. Low square corsage, bound with plaid satin. White chemisette and sleeves. Underskirt and sash of plaid satin.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of maroon-colored silk, made with one skirt, trimmed with narrow ruffles. Cloak of maroon-colored velvet cloth, bound with satin. Maroon felt hat, trimmed with velvet flowers and long gauze veil.

Fig. 2.—Carriage dress of black velvet, made with a trained skirt trimmed with black lace, headed by a fancy gimp. Casaque cut to form an overskirt, trimmed with chenille fringe and gimp. The waist part is trimmed with lace. Hat of black velvet, trimmed with lace.

Fig. 3.—Visiting dress of brown silk, made with trained skirt with puff in back, and trimmed with velvet bows up the sides. Brown velvet jacket, trimmed with lace, and open at the throat, and without sleeves. Brown felt hat, trimmed with velvet and feather.

Fig. 4.—Suit of black cashmere, made with two skirts, the lower one edged with two scalloped ruffles. The upper one scalloped, and trimmed with three ruffles put on at intervals. Jacket belted in, and trimmed to correspond. Black silk bonnet, trimmed with the same.

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Fig. 5.—Suit of purple silk poplin, made with two skirts, the lower one trimmed with a deep ruffle, headed by a box-plaited quilting. Overskirt looped up and trimmed with a ruche of the same; the ornaments are made of velvet. Plain corsage, trimmed to correspond. Purple velvet hat, trimmed with feathers and lace scarf.

Figs. 6 and 7.—Fashionable winter boots. Now that short costumes are permanently adopted for out-door wear, great variety is noticeable in boots, and great care is taken in their manufacture. The accompanying engravings illustrate two of the newest styles of high or Polish boots. Fig. 6 is made of black kid, the front and heel being black patent leather; the lining is fur, and there is a border of black fur round the top and down the front. The boot is tied in front with bows of black ribbon. Fig. 7 is made of a fancy material in imitation of quilted serge. It is trimmed, as the preceding boot, with fur, and the front is fastened across with cord and buttons.

Fig. 8.—Gauntlet glove of white, embroidered in colored silks.

Fig. 9.—Gauntlet glove, trimmed with swan's down.

Fig. 10.—Gold ear-rings, composed of red and yellow gold.

Figs. 11 and 12.—Edging, Vandyke braid and crochet.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Bride's dress of white corded silk, made with two skirts, the lower one trimmed with a plaited ruffle. The overskirt is puffed in the back and trimmed with two rows of point lace. High corsage, with bertha formed of puffed illusion, edged with lace. Coat sleeve, trimmed with lace. Veil of illusion, and small half wreath across the front of head.

Fig. 2.—Metternich cape for a girl of nine. This cape may be made either of the same material as the dress with which it is worn, or of fine white or striped cloth. It is trimmed with a plaited ruche and pinked-out frill, and fits the waist at the back by means of a band that passes under the arms at each side through a small slit, and fastens in front underneath the cape.

Fig. 3.—Chignon of long and short curls and one long thick plait hanging down in the middle of the back. The chignon is completed by a bow and coronet of tortoise-shell. The front hair is arranged in short curls.

Fig. 4.—Coffure arranged in puffs to entirely cover the head, finished by two long curls in back.

Fig. 5.—Infant's night dress of fine cambric muslin, made with a yoke, and skirt cut full. Coat sleeve.

Fig. 6.—Gentleman's morning shirt, made with plain linen bosom, and cuffs ornamented with several rows of stitching.

Figs. 7 and 8.—Necklace cravat of velvet, with satin ribbon, bow, and locket. The mode of folding and sewing on the ribbon is seen in Fig. 8.

Fig. 9.—Sailor costume, for a boy from four to eight, to be made in marine blue cloth, and braided with black.

Fig. 10.—Knitted cloak with cape for girls from two to four years. This pretty cloak is knitted with blue and white fleecy wool. The border, which is finished off into a Vandyke edge, is worked with white wool. The hood is gathered in the back by a rosette of ribbons. Cut first a good paper or muslin pattern, and try it on. Begin the cloak with the white border, which edges the front and lower edge, and which is knitted in one piece; make a founda-

tion chain corresponding to the edge of the cloak; take a *crochet à tricolor* needle, and work with white wool. Then take the wooden knitting needles with which you are going to work, take 1 loop on the needles in every chain stitch of the foundation, as you do in the 1st row of *crochet à tricolor* (on our pattern about 880 stitches), and knit in rows backwards and forwards. 1st row. Purled. 2d. Knitted. 3d. Alternately purl 2 together, throw the wool forward. 4th. Purled. Purl every stitch of the preceding row formed by throwing the wool forward. Repeat from the 1st to the 4th row, but knit 2 stitches together after the 70th stitch from the beginning, and before the 70th stitch from the end, in every row. These 70 stitches on either side form the border for the front edges; the decreasing, which are always repeated at the same places, and which must meet on 1 stitch of the front edge and 1 stitch of the lower edge, form the lower corners. After the first repetition of the pattern, knit the stitches of the front edges in such a manner that the next 3 rows appear knitted on the right side; the following 5 rows are knitted on both sides of the work, but continue to work on the stitches of the lower edge the pattern described above. The stitches of the front edges are cast off in the 17th row; on the remaining stitches purl 1 row, knit 4 rows, but in these last 4 rows knit together on each side 3 stitches where the stitches of the lower edge and the selvedge stitches of the front edge meet; knit together one of the selvedge stitches with one of the stitches on the needles. In the following rows this takes place as far as the upper edge of the front parts. Then take blue wool, and knit the ground of the cloak in a spotted pattern, which consists of the 2 following rows: 1st row of the ground (right side of the work). Knitted. 2d. Alternately knit 3 together, knit 3 stitches in the following stitch: knit 1, purl 1, knit 1. Then knit again 1 row, and repeat the 2d row, only the 3 stitches which have been formed in 1 stitch must be knitted together, and 3 stitches formed in the next, so that the pattern is alternated. The work must be decreased where there are seams in the paper pattern. When you have got to the arm hole, divide the back and front parts, and knit each part separately, increasing and decreasing according to the paper pattern. The front and back parts are then sewn together on the shoulder. The sleeve is begun on a foundation chain of 40 stitches; knit then 3 times the pattern of the border, then purl 1 row, 2 rows knitted, 1 row purled; then work on the sleeve with blue wool in the pattern of the ground till it is long enough. Sew the sleeve together, and sew it into the cloak, so that the seam of the decreasing is under the arm. The hood is worked partly in halves; begin each half on 76 stitches, knit first the border like that of the cloak, and then with blue wool the pattern of the ground, but leave on each side of the border the 30 stitches unnoticed which form the front corners of the cutting-out of the neck, and increase on the slanting side of the pattern as much as necessary. The remaining stitches of the border are knitted together with the stitches of the ground, 1 or 2 stitches at the end of every row, so that all the stitches of the border are knitted off with the last row of the hood. Then take all the stitches on the needle, and finish the hood in one piece. The two slanting sides of the hood are then gathered closely in the middle of the back, and edge the hood, the cloak, and sleeves with the following border in two rows: * 1st row. 1 double in one selvedge stitch of the border, 3 chain, missing 1 selvedge stitch. 2d. 1 double on the middle one of the 3 chain, 1 double on the middle of the preceding row, * 2 chain, 5 chain, 1 double on the middle of the

next scallop, 2 chain, 1 double in the following scallop. The hood is then gathered round the neck, sewn on to the cloak, and bound with blue silk ribbon. Sew on a ribbon rosette in the middle of the back, and draw a ribbon through the Vandyked border. The waistband is likewise knitted with white and blue wool. It is edged with Vandykes of blue wool. It fastens with a rosette in front.

Fig. 11.—Muff, with a pocket, made of gray curled Astrakhan fur in the shape of a travelling bag. It is lined with quilted blue silk, and trimmed with gray silk cord and two large gimp tassels.

Fig. 12.—Muff of white fur. The muff is eighteen inches long, nine inches wide when spread out. Lined with quilted white satin, trimmed with small bows of white satin ribbon and tufts of Angora fringe.

Fig. 13.—Muff of white fur (dog's fur imitating ermine), with black tufts, of the same size as the preceding. It is lined with quilted blue silk. The muff is ornamented at the sides with long tufts of white Angora fringe, and on the outside with bows of white satin ribbon and bronze buttons.

Fig. 14.—Muff of black velvet, with strips of fur, lined with quilted black satin. This muff measures twenty-five inches round and twelve inches across.

Fig. 15.—Muff of dark brown leather, with strips of fur. This muff measures eleven inches across and twenty-four inches round. It is lined with quilted brown satin.

Fig. 16.—A new sort of pelerine of white cashmere to throw over the shoulders. This pelerine, pointed and with hood, is ornamented with embroidery pattern in colored silk and rosettes of silk to match.

Fig. 17.—Night-dress. This form is very serviceable, as it is cut so that the upper part can be lined. It is cut square at the throat, where it is trimmed, as likewise the band down the front and the cuffs, with fine Madeira embroidery.

Fig. 18.—Ladies' night-cap, made of fine linen, and edged with narrow worked edging.

Fig. 19.—Ladies' chemise, with embroidered yoke. This chemise is buttoned on the shoulders. The yoke is heart-shaped in front, and consists of strips of plaited Nainsook, strips of embroidered Nainsook insertion one inch wide, and strips of embroidered Nainsook three-fifths of an inch wide. The sleeves are ornamented in the same manner.

Fig. 20.—Square chemisette, with small tucks, trimmed with insertion and lace.

Fig. 21.—Ladies' skirt of black satin, trimmed with a bias facing of green and blue plaid satin, ornamented at top with fancy loops of satin.

Fig. 22.—Night-gown for lady of fine long cloth. The yoke is pointed, and composed of tucks and insertion; a pointed piece is formed on cuffs to correspond.

HATS AND BONNETS.

(See Engravings, Page 131.)

Fig. 1 is a Paillassé hat of black felt, bent in at the top, and having the brim turned up and bound with black velvet. It is trimmed all round with folds of black velvet, and in front is a plume of black and white ostrich feathers, with a white aigrette, the white feather extending round to the back of the hat.

Fig. 2 is a bonnet, composed of four long bouillons of black velvet, intertwining with each other. The front is edged at top with a narrow black lace, and on the left side is a large rose with buds and leaves. Brides of black spotted tulle.

Fig. 3 is a round hat of brown felt, bossellee or bent in at top, having the brim turned up at the

sides, and lined with velvet of the same color. It is trimmed all round with three bands of brown velvet, and at the left side are bows of the velvet, a large green butterfly, and brown ostrich feather, starting from which a long lappet of brown gauze is suspended, and may at pleasure be carried round the neck. At the right side are bows of brown velvet.

Fig. 4 is a bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with bows and flowers of sky-blue velvet, with buds, foliage, and green leaves. At the back is a twisted band of sky-blue velvet. There are broad strings of blue satin ribbon and also a continuous bride, formed of narrow black ribbon, edged on each side with black lace.

Fig. 5 is a bonnet of ruby velvet, having on the left side a large bow of the same material. The front edge is covered with black lace, which is prolonged on each side forming the brides, which fasten with bows of scarlet velvet at the bottom. Besides this there are loose floating strings of scarlet velvet, and at the top of bonnet is a black ostrich feather, which is long enough to fall partly over the chignon.

Fig. 6 is another bonnet. The front consists of a band of black velvet, edged on each side with narrow black lace, and partly covered with an arabesque design in jet beads. In front is a large pink rose with buds and leaves, and on the left side are several loops or bows of black velvet. Strings of black velvet, fastening under the chin.

Fig. 7 is a bonnet of black velvet. The front is trimmed with six bows, edged on the outer side with black lace, and in the centre is a large full-blown rose. The back of the bonnet is formed of a loose frill of black velvet, edged with lace, and starting from the top, and falling over the left side, is a spray of foliage with four long trails, each terminated with a rose bud. The continuous bride is of black lace, headed with a band of black velvet, which is plain at the sides, and plaited in the centre part, and on the left side, at the point whence it starts, is placed a small spray of rose buds and foliage.

Fig. 8 is a hat of black velvet, with a broad brim turned up at the sides. The edges and the top of crown are all trimmed with three rouleaux of the same velvet; on the left side is a large rose, mixed with fullings of black lace, which lace is prolonged at back to form the edging to the brides, which are of black spotted tulle, and fasten under the chignon with a bow of black velvet.

Fig. 9 is a Fontanges hat of sky-blue velvet. The brim is turned up at the back, and the hat is trimmed all round with white lace and also with two upright frills of similar lace. The top is covered with white tulle and a white ostrich feather, and the right side is a large rose with buds and foliage. At the back, starting from under the turned-up brim, is placed a white lace lappet.

JACKETS.

(See Engravings, Page 134.)

High bodices are still worn close to the figure; the sole innovation appears to be that the backs are fully as much trimmed as the fronts. The accompanying engravings illustrate a few of the prevailing styles.

Fig. 1.—Green silk bodice, trimmed with fancy gimp and quilted ruffles of the same.

Fig. 2 is a brown poplin bodice. The trimmings consist of a satin rouleau of the same color and black lace.

Fig. 3.—Black silk bodice, trimmed with fancy satin trimming. This bodice is cut surplice.

Fig. 4 illustrates a black silk bodice, trimmed with blue and green striped velvet; the sleeves corre-

spond, and the tunic worn with this bodice is ornamented in the same style.

Figs. 5 and 6 show a white cashmere bodice trimmed to simulate a jacket. The lower part is striped with several rows of narrow black velvet, and the jacket is simulated with a broad line of velvet edged with points of either silk or satin.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

THE cold winds of this month make us think of the comfort of furs, and reminds us we have not spoken this season of those now necessary additions to the *toilette*.

Fur garments are necessarily small, in order to be in keeping with the short costumes now in vogue. Otherwise there is but little change from last year's styles. A set consists of a collarette, or boa, and muff; cuffs are only made to order. A collarette of graceful shape, called the Favorite, is shown in all the different furs. It is rounded behind, with long tabs in front, sloping broader toward the belt, and finished with tail tips. The Marie Antoinette collar is similar to this with narrow straight tabs. Plain collars are slightly pointed back and front. Boas are especially popular with young ladies. They are two lengths; the short boa a yard long, and a more dressy boa, measuring two yards, to be fastened at the throat with fancy buttons, or else wound around the neck. Round muffs are smaller than we have ever seen them; the most comfortable are stuffed with elder-down, making them soft, light, and warm. For different styles of muffs, reference can be made to the extension sheet of this number. Mink continues to be the standard fur. Sable is, of course, richer and more valuable; but good mink yields the preference to no other fur for style, service, and adaptability for all occasions. Sets of Russian sable of fine long fur are made in a plain pointed collar and a round muff of larger size than is worn in other furs, trimmed with fur tassels. These sets are very elegant, and cost \$1000. Fine Hudson Bay sable is a most desirable fur; a long boa of dark natural color, not dyed, and a round muff, softly stuffed with down, are handsome and elegant styles for a set. Seal skin is very popular; sets are made of it, also sacques.

A sacque of fine seal is an object of desire this season, as few garments are at once so elegant yet so unpretending, so suitable for plain and for dressy costumes. The short, loose sacque is the style most worn, but young ladies of fine figure have tight-fitting basques made to order. If the sacque is not provided with a turned-down collar, a short boa should be worn, as the standing bands have an unfinished appearance. Astrakhan and Persian are used for plainer furs. Royal ermine is worn for calling, matinees, and evening wear; it is the prettiest fur that can be worn by children.

The handsomest opera cloaks are Metternich circulars of silvery white plush, as soft and warm as fur. A large circular, with Watteau fold in the back, is of white, spotted with crimson. A circular of elder-down, as white as a snow-drift, has a Vandyked border of the down, colored a dark brown. A beautiful *sortie de bal* is of a new cloth, white lamb's wool back, with a silken surface that seems to be covered with fine *soutache*. The shape is an improved burnouse, rounded in front, and laid in deep plaits behind. It is trimmed with a fringe of white chenille and gilt. A very beautiful sacque is of white satin, finely quilted in diamonds, and lined with cherry-colored silk; it is bordered with a deep band of white Russian hair.

As there are many gay weddings to take place at

this season, a few words on dresses, etc., may not be amiss to our fair lady friends. Wedding dresses of white velvet, either plain or uncut, are considered the most elegant for this season. They in our eyes form a stiff-looking dress, not in accordance with our ideas of a light, graceful *toilette* for a bride. A very beautiful dress is of soft, rich corded silk, edged on the bottom of skirt with a narrow satin flounce, headed with a deep flounce of *point-appliqué* lace. This is the mode of arranging a lace flounce, for, if it is put on the edge of skirt, it is liable to get injured. A half high corsage, either round, square, or heart-shaped, with plain sleeves frilled at the elbow, and a train of three yards, not longer. A frill of tulle and point lace, interspersed with orange buds, surrounds the neck and sleeves. A tulle veil four yards long and three or four yards wide; the corners are rounded, and either cut plain, trimmed with a *ruche*, or hemmed. Long kid gloves, fastened with six buttons, reach almost to the elbow. A tulle flounce, closely plaited, can be substituted for the lace one, and an overskirt of tulle, looped up with flowers.

Brides who are no longer young select delicate pearl-gray silk for a wedding dress. A tulle veil and orange flowers accompany this bride-like color. A bride who has been a widow does not wear a veil. Full trousseaux of lace contain a shawl, flounce, handkerchief, *barbe*, fan, parasol cover, and narrow lace for garniture. The shawl is draped to form a veil at the wedding. A bridal fan has pearl sticks exquisitely carved, and mounted with point lace; the monogram of the bride is wrought in the centre of the lace. *Tarlatan* is in favor for bridesmaid's dresses. It is made with a train and tunic almost covered with plaited flounces. New floral sets are vines of rose-buds, or of scarlet geranium, forming *bretelles* on the corsage, and, instead of a sash at the belt, there is a rose with buds and two long drooping sprays. Upon a trousseau we will not attempt to speak, as every person must regulate the number of articles which are contained by their means. One word of advice we will give, however. Brides of small means who can have but one silk dress should choose a black one, as it is stylish, serviceable, and suitable for all occasions, and should be married in a travelling dress and hat. The dress should be of poplin, cloth, or serge; the hat of felt or velvet to match in color. All conspicuous colors, trimmings, and everything that will proclaim bridehood should always be avoided.

Parisians are attempting to revive pointed waists for evening dresses; they as yet do not meet with favor here, as they necessitate the giving up of the now important addition to every *toilette*—the sash. However, fashion is given to change, and the new corsage will probably be adopted in time.

House jackets of different kinds are very much worn, a new style is called the *châtelaine*. It is tight-fitting. Behind there is a rather long postillion *basque*, arranged in three plaits; in front it is double-breasted, open, with wide revers, and cut square at the waist. This jacket is made of black cashmere or fine cloth, and ornamented with a rich braid pattern worked in black and gold. When made of colored material, as a dress bodice, it is deeply trimmed with velvet, as the *marinière* jacket, which is also double-breasted and open, with revers, but which is quite loose, and has no *basque*. The *marinière* is mostly made of white cloth or cashmere, trimmed with black silk, rep, or velvet.

To wear with jackets and bodices thus open *en redingote*, with revers, we see the *marin* collars of the same shape, also open very widely, so that the throat remains quite open. We hope this fashion

will go out with the winter, for it is neither pretty nor becoming. To our taste, the redingote dress or jacket is pretty only upon a white chemisette, either simply plaited or trimmed with embroidery and Valenciennes lace.

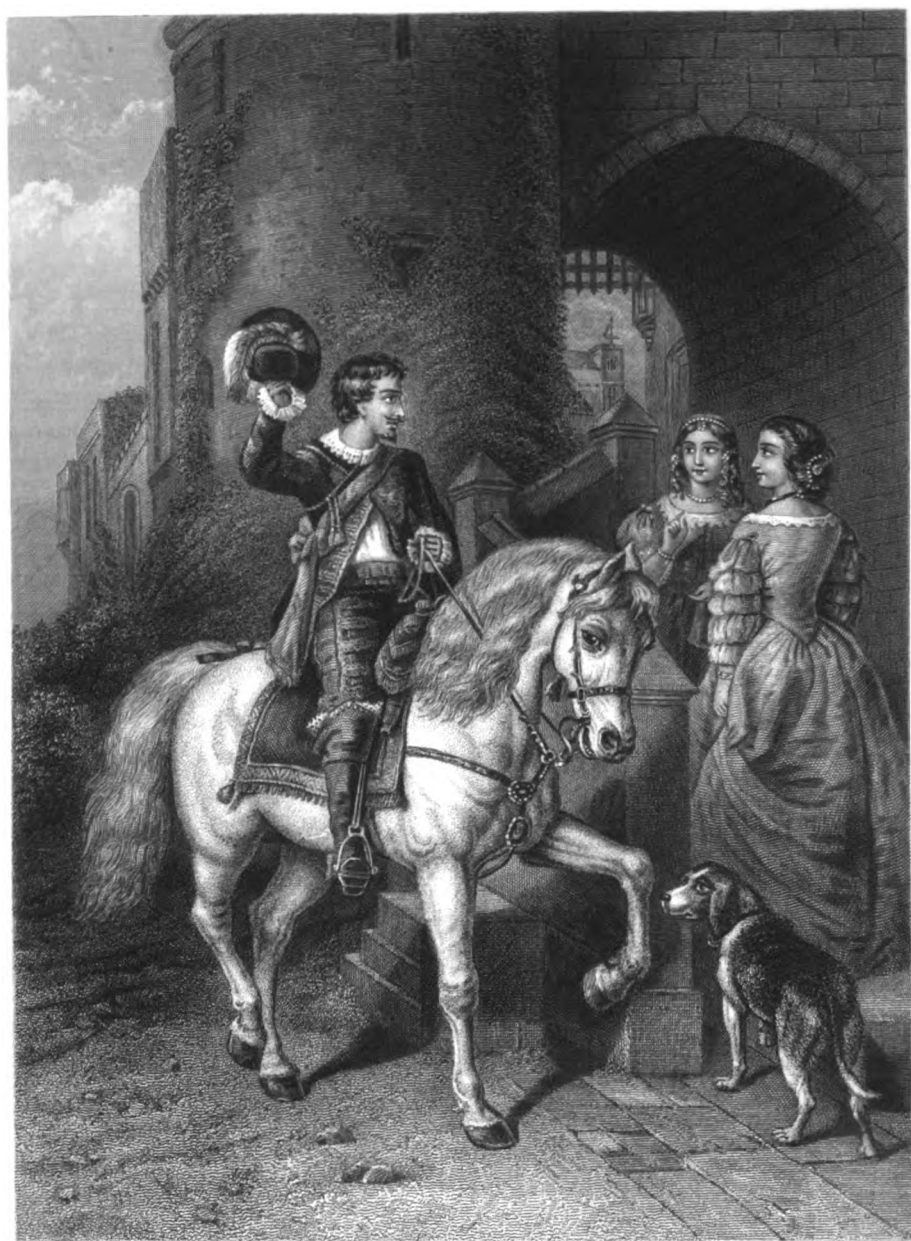
Bonnets continue as small if not smaller. In fact it seems that the bonnet, properly so called, with crown, border, and strings, is fast disappearing altogether. What remains of it cannot last long; it is now reduced to a mere diadem smaller even than the ball coiffures of a dozen years ago. The hair being raised higher than ever on the top of the head, though now drooping very low down in the neck, there can be no very material change in bonnets, which still occupy a very small space on the front of head, leaving the back and ears entirely uncovered, except for the tulle veils, which become large in the same proportion as the bonnets themselves become small.

A novelty in the way of hats is the Tyrolese hat. This fashion was first sported by gentlemen who copied it exactly from the Tyrolese peasants. The ladies have also taken a fancy to them, but wear them excessively small, of soft gray felt, and vary the trimming according to fancy; but in general it is formed of wide ribbon and an aigrette of peacock, pheasant, or heron's feathers. So tiny are these hats that one would really think they were meant for the marionettes of a puppet show. Ladies stick them on the top of their heads, very much forward, without attempting to make them fit. Next to the Tyrolese the tricorn hat is most in favor. It is made of black velvet, trimmed with feathers or gilt braid, the latter being worn to a certain extent this winter.

For the complete costumes, which are still so popular, the tight-fitting *paletôt* is likely to continue the most popular covering. These *paletôts* have a waistband, with a very large bow of the same material at the back; it is draped over the dress. The upper part, or bodice, is frequently covered with a small pelerine or fichu, also made of the same material, or perhaps merely simulated by the trimming. Cashmere and serge are very much employed for these costumes. Also the new material called Oriental satin, which is all wool, or wool and silk. These (so called) satins are of a beautiful tissue, thick and soft, woven of two colors, one of which is brilliant and the other black, or very dark. In wool the Oriental satin is generally violet, blue, green, or crimson, shot with black. In wool and silk it is black or dark brown, shot with copper red, gold yellow, or silver white; the brilliant colors being very glossy silks, and the dark ones wool. The Panama tissues are also very fashionable and of very good wear. They, like the Oriental satins, are of two colors, but instead of being shot they form an almost imperceptible chess-board pattern, and when draped they have, like the shot materials, very pretty effects of lights and shades. All the above materials are generally trimmed with velvet and with fringe, which trimmings by no means exclude flounces and flutings, which are more fashionable than ever.

Fashion favors jewels of chiselled red gold studded with jet. These are an imitation of the ancient Norman jewels. The Louis XVI. jewels of enamel with small precious stones of all colors are also very fashionable, as well as the Byzantine jewels in old silver, whose chief value lies in their artistic chiselling. The two most eccentric fashions of the season are the Tyrolese hats and the small *sabots*, pink, black, or white, worn as ear-drops. Another fanciful jewel is the sleeve link representing two half masks, one gilt, the other of black enamel, or two cards—the queen of spades and the knave of diamonds.

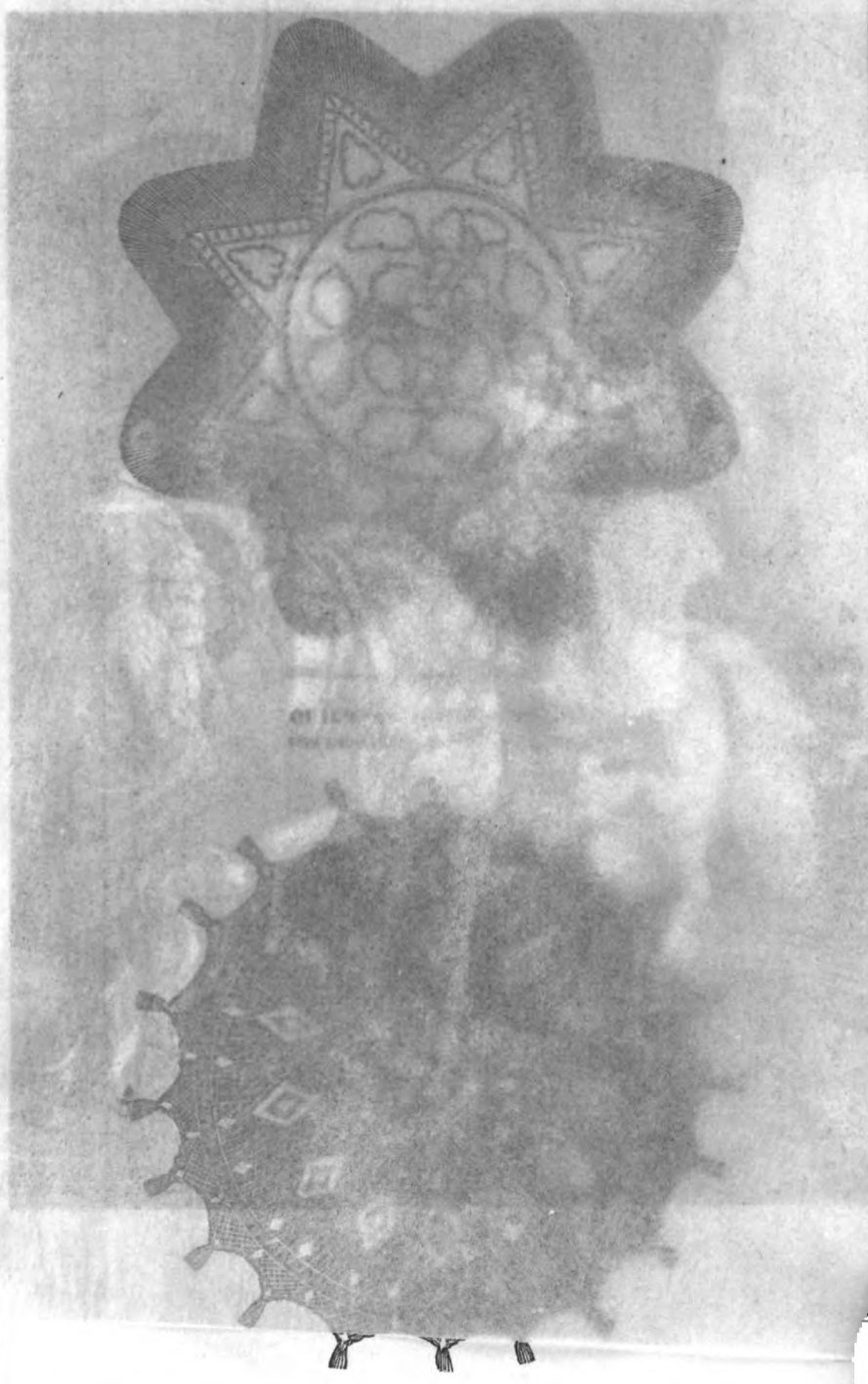
FASHION.



THE END OF THE WORLD.

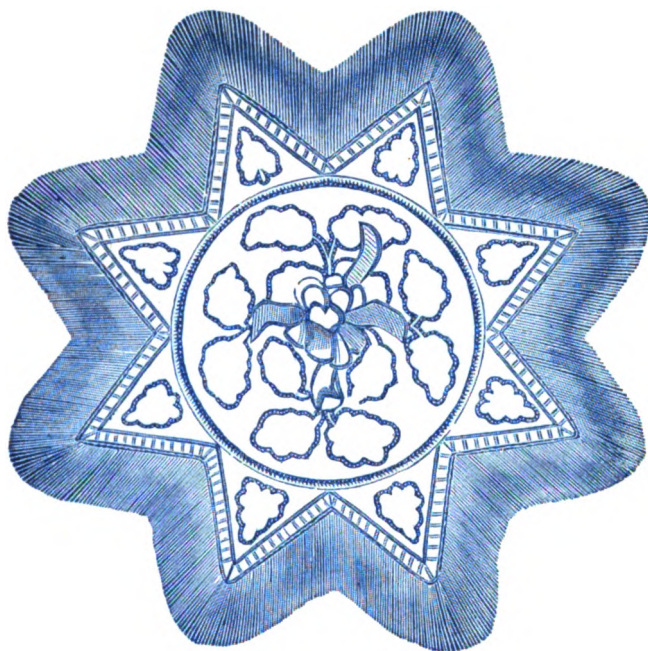
TOILET CUSHION.

(See Description, Work Department.)

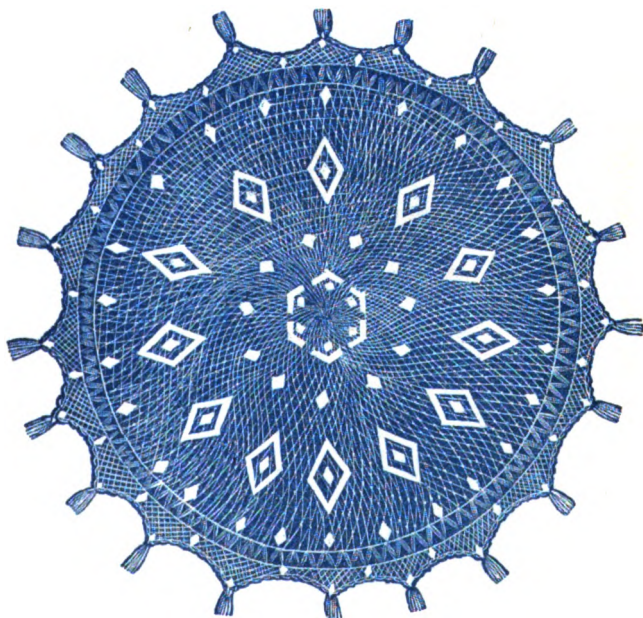




TOILET CUSHION.
(See Description, Work Department.)



ORIENTAL TABLE-COVER.
(See Description, Work Department.)



FASHIONABLE COSTUMES.

(See Description, Fashion Department.)



FIG. 1.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 12



Fig. 11.



Fig. 19.



Fig. 12.

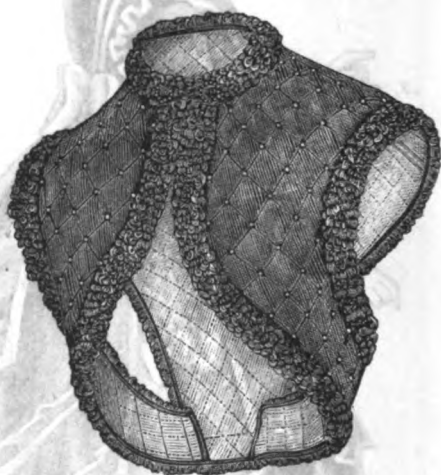


Fig. 13.

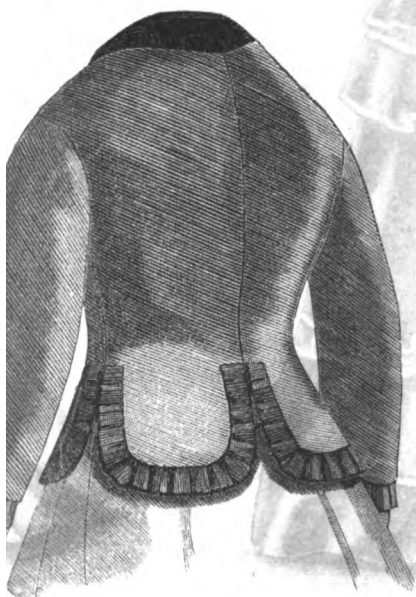


Fig. 6.



Fig. 10.



A MARCH DAY.

To My Mother.

CLINTON MAZOURKA.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

BY MRS. LIZZIE BOWERS.

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PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of three systems. The first system begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system includes a trill (Sva.) and a forte (f) dynamic. The score features various musical notations including eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and triplets.

CLINTON MAZOURKA.

8va.....

f

f

D. C.

The musical score is arranged in five systems, each consisting of a treble and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The first system includes a dynamic marking of *f* and a *8va.....* instruction above the treble staff. The second system also includes a dynamic marking of *f* and a *D. C.* instruction at the end. The third, fourth, and fifth systems continue the melodic and harmonic development of the piece, with various musical notations including slurs, ties, and repeat signs.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

(See Description, Fashion Department.)



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXX.—NO. 477.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1870.

THE VANES.

BY MARION HARLAND.

PART II.

TALK ran high in the Vane family when it was known upon what grounds Doctor Wilbur refused his consent to his daughter's union with his sister's son. He had struck a blow at prejudices and usages venerable with age, and made respectable by their practice. Democracy was rampant, indeed, if they were to be judged by the rules of health and life governing common mortals. The gist of their arguments reminded me of a plea for suicide I had read somewhere: "What Cato did, and Addison approved, cannot be wrong." What Vane had done, and never thought of repenting and censuring, should be above the reach of other men's criticism. Indiscriminate marriages had long been adjudged by them to be confusion, destructive to the best interests of the best society, and, for their custom of straining their blue blood yet thinner and finer through a succession of sieves of like tissues and make, they have the precedent of royalty itself.

The lovers were everywhere pitied, and the inexorable parent blamed, by his warmest friends. Even my aunt took him roundly to task for his eccentric opinion and barbarous persecution of two people who were made for each other, while her husband quarrelled outright with the bold alien who dared cast discredit upon the customs and principles of his honorable house. I was surprised that my father stood his ground. Not that the cavils of neighbors and the reproaches of relatives failed to stir his resolute soul, but that he bore up against Addie's sorrowful eyes and waning bloom. They had one talk—a long one—the particulars of which I never learned. But my father renewed his caution to me, when it was over, not to betray to her the secret of her mother's misfortune. She went about the

house very quietly after that; not mopingly, she had too much spirit to play the languishing maiden, but with a sober mien and a slower step than her old light bound from stair to stair and fleet tread through the rooms. Her ripening had come suddenly. Rick still visited the house, although he seldom saw her alone. They were too honorable for clandestine interviews, and it was my father's command that their betrothal should be ignored by the household and our visitors. He had a difficult part to perform, but he did not shirk it. His demeanor to Rick was, if possible, more affectionate than ever. At all seasons and in all companies he treated him as his best-beloved nephew and as a pupil of whom he was very proud, yet, with respect to his pretensions to his daughter's hand, he was inflexibly dumb.

Rick made a last attempt to move him to a reconsideration of his sentence when the time came for him to go to Paris, for it was thought good in the family council that he should study in that city. I could not but sympathize with the poor fellow when he declared the prohibition of a consinly correspondence unkind and unworthy of his uncle. "The utmost concession I could win was the remark that, should our feelings and intentions remain unchanged at the end of two years and a half, we could do as we pleased, since his legal authority over Addie would be at an end. This is a sorry preparation for exile and hard work."

This was told me in Addie's presence, and when she came toward him with swimming eyes and a would-be hopeful smile, that was yet more eloquent of heart-break than any other expression I had ever seen upon her face, and he opened his arms involuntarily, I ran away and shut the door behind me. I was a coward, and to my father a traitor, but I could not help it. They should have the memory of this sadly-dear parting to live upon during their separation. I think Addie always loved me better

thereafter, but we never referred to my breach of faith. Rick wrote to me every few weeks, and I invariably handed his letters to my father, then to Addie.

Her name occurred now and then. "My love to uncle and to Addie." "Tell Addie I wish she were here to see the Louvre." "I visited the *Place de la Concorde* last night by moonlight, and longed for you and Addie to enjoy the scene with me." Nothing more pointed and tender ever crept into the brotherly epistles, and in the two years of his trans-Atlantic life, he did not see a scrap of her handwriting besides the mementos he took with him.

"They have behaved well, father," I said, on the day of his return to Briery.

"You take it for granted, then, that their purpose is unaltered?" he said, quickly, understanding my meaning, although we had not named the subject to one another in eighteen months.

"I do," I answered.

"Has your sister told you this?"

"Never. As you desired, we have refrained from talking about Rick or their prospects."

He breathed more freely. Did not I say awhile ago that women's instincts are to be trusted rather than men's? Of course, I was right in my prognostications. Rick preserved a profound silence with regard to his love and his intentions until Addie's twenty-first birthday. Then, he walked into his uncle's study, and informed him respectfully that he meant to be married in a month. My father bore the blow like the great-hearted man he was.

"You take this step under my protest," he said, firmly. "But, since resistance is useless, I shall make none. You must live here, and I now offer you a partnership in my practice. It is a fair opening for a young man."

Rick broke down at that. He sobbed like a child in telling me the story, and I can well believe that he spoke the simple truth in describing how he knelt at the feet of his more than father, and besought his forgiveness before he asked for his blessing.

Well, they were married, and the Vane clan turned out *en masse* to the wedding. Congratulations rained upon the happy pair in a jubilant shower, and the whole affair was discussed as a romance with the legitimate ending, "And they were happy always afterward." Not a mingling was hinted, not even when the extraordinary resemblance of bride and groom was the theme of remark. On the contrary, the circumstance that they might be mistaken for twins made the affair all the more interesting. According to the Vane code, marriage within all lawful degrees of consanguinity was accounted a safe investment of affection and reputation. In these degenerate days, the sacredness of many so-called good families

were wofully in need of scouring, while theirs remained untarnished.

For my part, I was heartily glad Addie had married the man of her choice, pleased to have Rick for a brother, and I know that my father was measurably comforted for the miscarriage of his plan for sundering them by the sight of their domestic felicity. Their tempers were too generous for resentment, and the most vindictive of beings could not have studied revenge, subjected, as they were, to his ceaseless benefactions—the loving kindness that surrounded his children like an atmosphere at all times and places.

The first cloud in their sky lowered suddenly and blackly when they had been married ten years. Their third child, a healthy, handsome boy of two years old, sickened at the close of a summer's day, and died in forty-eight hours, almost before we could feel alarmed at symptoms which, to my inexperienced eye, menaced nothing more serious than a brief and not painful illness, such as is common to children of his age in warm weather.

"It is unaccountable to me that he, with his splendid constitution, should make so little resistance to the disease," I remarked, when left alone with my father beside the beautiful clay. "He succumbed with scarcely a struggle."

"Splendid constitution!" retorted he, bitterly. "He had none. How could he have? His noble physique was nothing better than a brittle shell. Nature is implacable."

I asked no explanation. I understood him but too well, and—may I be forgiven—I thought him cruelly harsh in judgment, rough in speech. Yet he mourned the boy as if he had been his own, and when the next babe born to the bereaved parents, after lingering through five months of sickly infancy, let go its feeble grasp upon a life that had been all anguish, and his successor was seized with violent and fatal convulsions after a slight fall that would not have drawn a cry from a robust infant, the grandfather was the wisest and tenderest earthly comforter the mourners had.

Four years elapsed between the death of the fifth and the birth of the sixth child, a hearty girl, whose rapid growth in strength and size was a continual solace to the anxious mother. Not that she imagined in her day of darkest despondency that there could be any connection between the facts that she and her husband were not only blood-relations, but the offspring of a long, unbroken line of intermarriages between the nearest of kin whom the law permits to wed with one another, and the succession of afflictions that had changed the summer of her existence to a dreary autumn. But the frequency of sorrow's visits had made her timid. Baby Sophie brought back the faded light to the mother's eyes, the glad ring to her voice. For three years the patter of her feet, her laugh and her prattle, her winsome and her saucy

pranks, filled the house with music, and supplied an endless theme of talk and encomiums to her elders.

She had never been prettier or more engaging than when she climbed upon "papa's" knee one winter afternoon as we all sat about the parlor fire, and, after exhausting her repertory of tricks and caresses, and exciting many a laugh by her merry and intelligent repartees, fell asleep upon his shoulder. He let her rest there until supper was announced, then moved to lay her upon the lounge. I saw him start and bend over her as her cheek touched his hand, and, unperceived by Addie, he motioned me to get her out of the room. I easily succeeded by naming some household errand, accompanying her myself, and leaving my father with Eick. The result of their consultation was not long kept secret. Our bonnie birdling was in a high fever, which, from the hour of its development, laid a hold upon the brain, never relaxed until the tortured, tossing head, the writhing limbs, were frozen in death.

Four short graves in the family burying-ground under the willows, and in our hearts a great stillness, an aching not to be told. Yet I wished since that the mother had died then, while the woe was fresh upon her, and gone to keep her darling's company in that happy, dreamless sleep. I think she could not have lived through the year succeeding baby Sophie's departure but for the love that bound her heart to those of her living children. Any parent might have been proud of them. Amy—we believed in family names, you see, after the manner of other noble houses, and Addie would bestow her mother's and sister's upon her first-born—was nineteen when her little sister was taken from our arms. "A Vane, every inch of her," said the scores of elderly relatives, who considered themselves not for the defence and glorification of the ancient name. I could not see her with impartial eyes, but those who did declared that in beauty she had no peer in the country, and it was renowned for the number of fair women within its borders. She had the clearly-cut features and large, liquid eyes, the blonde complexion, and bright chestnut hair which had made her grandmother the belle of her day, but in vivacity, as in depth of mind, she far excelled her prototype. These were her own mother's gift, and an unspeakable comfort to my father's holling heart, when it thrilled with unspoken fears awakened by her marvellous resemblance to her he had mourned for almost forty years. Ernest, Addie's only living son, was strongly stamped with the Wilbur traits, and, although but seventeen, gave promise of eminent scholarship and a career worthy of his lineage. We had abundant reason for rejoicing in these thrifty young branches of an ancestral tree, and our love had thus much of selfishness in it that when Beverly Randolph, one of the down-country family of

that name, and the heir of a fine estate, followed our girl home from her first season at the White Sulphur, we were for a time ill pleased. All the influence of his personal attractions, which were not few, and the well-substantiated reports of his goodness of heart and unblemished character, were needed to reconcile the quartette of guardians to the prospect of losing our treasure.

I marvel now, in looking back, that my father held his peace, when, at Beverly's third visit to Longridge, the engagement was announced, and in solemn conclave—as was the Vane custom—we seniors made the young man welcome to the inner circles of our home-sanctuary. Such a radiantly happy couple as they were then, and upon their bridal eve, one seldom sees twice in a lifetime. I will say, for the credit of the connection, that love-matches were the rule among the Vanes, and marriages of convenience regarded with marked disfavor. It may have been the spectacle of this perfect bliss, moving my father's heart to boundless pity, that wrought with his love to seal his lips and induced him to withhold the warning he had not scrupled to sound when Richard had wooed his daughter. Perhaps, he argued that since the Randolph line had, nowhere in the past, interceded ours, there was less to be dreaded in the possible results of this union. Or, it may well have been that he hoped the curse had worn itself out, or that, having slumbered through one generation, others might pass away without its reappearance. It is certain that he nor Richard ever intimated to the exultant bridegroom what might be his wife's inheritance, or their children's.

They were married in June, and in place of their coming to us at Christmas, we accepted their pressing invitation to pass the holidays at Riverdell—the old Randolph homestead, a hundred miles distant from our plantation. It was no trifle to any of us—sober, quiet-loving elderly people that we had come to be—this winter journey. But we were more than repaid for fatigue and inconvenience by the sight of our darling's delight at the meeting, and the pleasure of seeing her in her own house—the graceful mistress, the worshipped wife, and yet our own affectionate, unspoiled child.

I love to remember how she flew down the broad flight of stone steps when our carriage stopped at the foot, unmindful of the fast falling snow-flakes that powdered her sunny hair and silk dress; how she hung about her grandfather's neck, and called me "Dear, dear old auntie!" in a laughing sob, and how, while Beverly, with the punctilious courtesy that gave a charming flavor of old-time gallantry to his manner, escorted his mother-in-law—his proud young head uncovered, as in the presence of royalty—up the steps, across the broad portico, and so on, up the staircase to the door of the chamber prepared for her, Amy and Ernest, their arms

intertwined, brought up the rear of the little procession, chattering gleefully as when they were respectively eight and six years old. We had a quiet, happy evening. Beverly was a thought graver than are most Southern youths, but he appeared to relish the more, on this account, his wife's unflinching flow of spirits, her lively rattle and frolicsome ways. I caught him, several times that night, watching her with delighted fondness, that was to me additional surety of the continuance of her domestic blessedness. He lost nothing, not the lightest word, that fell from her lips, and basked in her smile with a supreme content that would have been amusing had it not been beautiful. She sat upon a cushion at her father's feet, her arms crossed upon his knee, her eyes, wide with pleasure and soft with love, passing from one beloved face to another; her every feature and gesture so expressive as to prepare us for the fervent exclamation that broke from heart and lips when some one made a motion to retire.

"Oh, dear! I wonder if it is a sin for any one to be as happy in this world as I am! Why, papa," as his hand was laid among her curls, and he smiled down into the face flushed into tearfulness with the earnestness of her emotion, "I think GOD never blessed another mortal as He has me. I have not an ungratified wish, not the shadow of a care, and such plenitude of mercies that I am frightened, sometimes, in numbering them over. GOD make me thankful enough for His marvellous kindness!"

With that the head dropped upon Richard's breast, and she lay in his arms, crying heartily, like an over-excited child. We all crowded about her—Beverly nearest, as was his right—and, with tender chidings and playful fondling, checked her hysterical weeping.

"Is it hysterical, really?" she said, in such comic distress as made us laugh, when she was somewhat composed. "I had rather you would tell me I have the smallpox, papa. I shall never respect myself again."

She was bright as an April noon, as, leaning on her husband's arm, who seemed afraid to let her quit his side for an instant, she kissed us all "good-night," and went away to her chamber, still supported by him. Upon the first landing she stopped to throw us a kiss, as we stood below in the hall, and repeating, with a droll grimace of vexation and shame, "Hysterical! think of it!" vanished from our sight. We heard Beverly laugh after they reached their room-door. His admiration and lovely assiduity of attention satisfied even us who thought nothing too good for her.

She was all right again next morning, so far as we could tell. It was Christmas day. The storm had ceased and the sunshine lay brightly upon the snow that covered the road, and bedecked the trees in hoar-frost. There

was a general distribution of presents to high and low. The servants received theirs in the dining-room from their mistress' hand, and she accompanied each with some pleasant word; some assurance of kindly feeling or commendation, worth more than the presents, well-chosen and valuable as they were. We had a social breakfast—just ourselves—at which Amy amused us by sporting her husband's gift, a diamond brooch and ear-rings—her mother's, a lace shawl—and Ernest's, a pair of bracelets—in whimsical defiance of fashion's laws controlling morning costume. She looked very bewitching, however, in her blue cashmere wrapper, her pretty trinkets hung about her. She was not to exert herself that day, Beverly ordered, as the gentlemen went off for a forenoon's partridge-shooting, and her mother and myself were not backward in impressing the injunction upon her.

"There was to be a large party at Riverdell that night, but with her efficient corps of servants there was really nothing more for her to do than there was for us. The housekeeper had been an *attaché* of the Randolph family for fifteen years, and was thoroughly competent to her work. We would have had Amy lie upon the sofa and chat with us until she got tired, then doze until it was time to dress for dinner. But there was no such thing as managing her, we soon discovered. She behaved, as the saying is, like a witch, and a very erratic one. Up stairs and down, she roved and ran; to the kitchen to direct the cooks and consult with the housekeeper, who humored and petted her, as did everybody else; to the green-house, where she drove the gardener out of his senses by breaking off armfuls of fragrant and blossoming boughs—lemon, verbena, geranium, and orange—to decorate the parlors.

"Nothing is too good or precious to be used in your house," she pleaded, when we expostulated with her upon this wasteful and needless spoliation. "Then, it was such fun to see poor Johnson's face! I thought he would have dropped dead when I refused his knife, and bit off the branches. I believe he would have preferred I should gnaw at his fingers instead."

"It was very foolish and unkind, dear child," replied Addie, seriously.

Whereupon the offender made a saucy mouth, and flew off "to apologize to the king of the conservatory," she called over her shoulder as she went. Three minutes later, we saw her walking the piazza, carolling a popular song, bareheaded and without a shawl. Addie called her in and began to scold in earnest, but was assured that "the day was mild as May, and the house like a furnace for heat."

"I am afraid we have not controlled this madcap as we should have done," said her mother to Beverly, upon his return. "But she is sadly spoiled, I find—far less tractable than she used to be."

"If I am, I know who is responsible for my degeneracy in morals and manners. Fie! Bev! I am ashamed of you!" she cried, running up the stairs before him, although he begged her not to go so fast.

"What an impish thing she is, to-day!" said Addie, laughing. "She is fairly intoxicated with happiness, the darling girl! And she grows more beautiful every day, doesn't she, papa?" as they sought their dressing-room.

It adjoined mine, and the murmur of their cheerful talk came pleasantly to me while I made my toilet. I knew the theme was the same that occupied my thoughts, and that their hearts were, like mine, full of thankfulness for the unbroken flood of sunlight poured over one rich, beautiful life.

Amy was queenly in apparel and figure that night, very lovely and gracious in demeanor while she stood to welcome her guests to her husband's homestead. The wild merriment of the morning was chastened into matronly vivacity; the mischievous, elfish expression had given place to a smile that was winning without being gleeful. We—her admirers, *par eminence*—encountered one another by adroit accident, in corners and other retired places, and exchanged whispered praises of her mien and conduct, agreeing—it is superfluous to say in what verdict. It was the hour of our triumph, because it was hers. When the arrivals were over, she moved through the crowd, tactful and vigilant, dropping a lively sentence here; proffering an introduction there, and, it was easy to see, converting new acquaintances into friends rapidly and completely, as she had done in her childhood's home.

Then, a Christmas reel was formed, and she was led out by a distinguished Congressman, with "a front like Jove's," the particular star of the occasion. She enjoyed the compliment of his homage—delicately yet unequivocally expressed—enjoyed it as she did most other agreeable things, heartily and with the *naïveté* of a girl of fourteen. She did not dance in the next set, nor yet in the third, lest she might seem negligent of her guest's pleasure in seeking her own; but she took the floor for the fourth, having, as her partner, a gallant ex-governor, who had not hesitated to pronounce her the finest woman he had ever seen between tide-water and the Alleghanies. People looked hard at them as they stood up together—he courtly and handsome, despite his whitening locks, and she—I will use the term that came into my mind as the music called them to their place—fearfully beautiful. Her eyes were glittering globes, so delicate and brilliant were they; her complexion heightened as by a burning fever; her lips parted in eager curves they did not lose even in her smile.

"I never beheld the evidence of such intense vitality in another creature," said a gentleman—a doctor, by the way—to me. "Existence is

unmixed happiness to her. It is a luxury to be and to breathe."

Richard was standing by me, and although he smiled at the praises of his daughter, he moved uneasily as the other physician walked off. "From what Addie tells me, I doubt the prudence of all this excitement," he said, aside.

I was past the age of prudery—a gray-haired auntie, to whom doctors and mothers spoke freely.

"She certainly ought not to dance again, the giddy puss!" added the father.

The set over, she promenaded directly by us, hanging on the arm of the venerable beau, talking with much animation of countenance and action. Her tone struck me disagreeably. It was shriller than usual, and her articulation so hurried as to be, at times, unintelligible. Rick noticed it, too, for he arrested her with an apology to her cavalier which was nearly as peremptory as polite. "My child," he said, in a low voice, but audible to me, "this is not wise. You will injure yourself, and you distress us. You must not dance another set."

She looked up at him in bewilderment.

"For your husband's sake I say this," he subjoined. "You are risking his peace of mind and your own health. Sit down in some quiet corner and rest."

"Rest!" with a singular laugh that stopped the blood in my veins and heart. "I will! By and by, by and by." She sang the words to a wild, fantastic air, and stopped, as I imagined, to kiss her father's hand; then swept on, throwing a salute to us from her gloved fingers.

I was shocked to see how pale Richard was, and half-exclaimed at it, but he hushed me instantly.

"Not a word here. But when you can leave this, come to my room; I must speak to you."

I rejoined him in less than five minutes. He sat in an arm-chair, faint and ghastly, and was only able to hold up to my view his right hand, *bitten to the bone*.

I bathed and dressed it as well as I could, without inquiry or comment, brought hartshorn and cologne, and lastly a glass of wine.

"Did you see her eyes when she did it?" he said, when this was swallowed. "Oh! that she, too, had died in her cradle."

How it all rushed back upon me. That autumn morning twenty-three years ago, and another father's moan: "Heaven help me! I would sooner bury her alive." This was the echo, long delayed, but terribly distinct and faithful.

There was no time for mourning, little for consultation. She must be watched, and by us. Husband and mother should be kept in ignorance, if possible, with the rest of the crowd below, until this miserable farce was played through. Then—but of that when the

duty of the hour had been fulfilled. How we went on with it I cannot tell. It is a shuddering dream in the retrospect, with one wildly-beautiful face and its gleaming eyes as the central point of thought and vision, and close beside it the pale, high-bred physiognomy of the father, smiling at her jests, while he dexterously covered incoherent and extravagant sallies, his bandaged hand thrown carelessly behind him. I am sure that I chatted, and, I believe, laughed, and suffered, until the last adieu was said, the last carriage had driven from the door. I fancied the ground sounded hollow under the wheels, and that, now and then, the floor was sinking beneath my feet.

"Our child is not quite well, love," Richard said to Addie, in his gentlest accents. "Auntie and you must get her to bed without delay. Good-night, my darling!" taking her in his arms, and kissing twice the mouth that had wounded him. "Be a good girl, and do as papa bids you."

She obeyed meekly and silently. In quitting the room, I heard Richard's next words:—

"Ernest, you had better leave us. Your grandfather and I want to speak to your brother."

Dazed as I was, the conviction darted through my brain that the parent's torture had just begun.

"Was it wise or kind to break the awful truth to Beverly last night?" I said, reproachfully, to my father, on the morrow which was as the night to yesterday's sunlight.

"It was necessary," was the short reply. "He must be continually upon his guard. He blamed us very severely—poor fellow!—for not having told him everything before his marriage. And he is right."

Nevertheless, I never loved Beverly Randolph so well after I heard it. He was very kind to our afflicted one, very solicitous, very wretched. I know his heart well nigh broke when the two physicians advised her return with us to her old home, and he owned that the pressure of other duties would keep him upon his plantation during much of the time they decreed she was to spend with us. She did not care, she said, wearily, when appealed to as to her willingness to leave him. The reaction from the excitement of the Christmas festival was a sullen melancholy, so opposed to her temperament and habit, we could hardly believe the object of it our docile, yet spirited pet. She did not weep when, after spending two days at Longridge, her husband bade her farewell in the very room in which they had been married six months before.

"I shall see you again in a fortnight," he faltered, still holding her to his bosom, and covering the impassive face with kisses. "Shall you be glad to have me back?"

"I don't know. Let me see you squeeze me too hard," she said, smiling. And

when released, she seated herself on the side of the parlor that did not command a view of the drive, where the carriage awaited him.

Nor did she appear to miss him in his frequent absences. She said but little at any time, and that only in reply to our questions, and Beverly's name—once forever upon her lips—never passed them now. It was seemingly less than nothing to her that he was with her during the physical agony and mental perturbation of the long, long June day, in the twilight of which the weak wail of their baby vibrated upon our ears. By a preconceived arrangement, it was he who took the little creature to her bedside, unfolded her arms that he might lay it within them, and begged her—his voice choked and changed by tears—to look at it and speak to him.

"It is ours, my sweet wife. Our dear and beautiful little son. You hoped it would be a boy, you remember."

We drew closer, yet keeping out of range of her eyes, holding our breaths in the intensity of our suspense, and praying, as people never pray save in extremest peril and dread, that God would take pity upon him, upon us, upon her, the blinded, distraught lamb of His fold and ours. For this was the crisis in the opinion of all the medical authorities we had consulted. There was a possibility—a slender chance, but precious beyond all other earthly hopes—that, with the mystery of birth, the light might dawn upon the darkened mind. As I have said, we had arranged this little scene beforehand—ordering the minutest details with thoughtful care, saying to ourselves tremblingly, but with a brave show of hopefulness to each other, that the sight of the babe, whose coming she had anticipated as a new and crowning glory to her wealth of blessings, would restore the wandering reason, awaken the dormant affections. We had heard of such instances, studied and talked them over until we were almost persuaded that her insanity was but one feature of an abnormal state of body. One and all, we had counted the days, then the hours, prior to the event which was to return our beloved one, clothed and in her right mind, to our waiting hearts and desolate home.

It was dusk, and we had set a lamp where the light showed us the figure upon the bed and that which bent over it. One could hear the deep of silence answering unto deep in the room as the husband's broken petition for more than life sank and died into them. It was not faintness or syncope that delayed the wife's reply. My father signed as much to us when he had stolen behind her and laid his fingers upon her wrist. Her pulse was even, her color good, and breathing regular. But her eyes roved unmeaningly over him and other objects in the apartment without reverting to her child. One hand toyed with a fold of the coverlet, and her lips moved whisperingly. They were not

often still while she was awake, but we could distinguish nothing she said.

"Amy," repeated Beverly, more distinctly, laying his arm upon the restless fingers, "do you know me?"

I shall always believe that the beaten, straying reason, led, perchance, by some pitying angel, essayed at that instant to regain the home from which it had been driven. Her eyes steadied themselves upon the face above them in dire perplexity and trouble, that was compounded of amazement and fear. Still it was Amy's look, and it was her voice that replied: "Yes. You are Beverly Randolph, the man who married poor Amy Vane, are you not? But, but," the perplexity deepening, "then, who am I?"

Beverly controlled himself manfully. "Darling!" He spoke gently and lovingly, although the surges of passionate emotion—hope, fear, rapture, and anguish—threatened to suffocate him. "You are my wife, the dearest being in the universe to me. We love each other, Amy. You recollect and believe this now, don't you, my blessing?"

Just then, while the scales of fate were beginning to turn under the priceless burden of our newly-found hope, the baby, he who was to have been the saviour of his mother, and to us the bearer of exceeding joy, began to cry. Red fire blazed in the wistful orbs, the lurid gleam of angry astonishment. A bitter and blasphemous execration fell from her tongue, and, gnashing her teeth like a wild beast, she seized the infant with both hands, and would have hurled it against the opposite wall, had not my father, more watchful or expectant of evil than her husband, caught it as she let it go. Then she began rave. * * *

It was mid-winter before we could gain our own consent to place her in a public asylum for the insane. The glimmer of consciousness we had seen sustained our false hopes against the evidence of sense and sight. She grew worse daily—less amenable to control, more violent in language and conduct—but we clung to one idea with the tenacity of drowning wretches. Granted that there was but one chance in a thousand of her recovery. Should she have but a single lucid interval, we ought to be near her at the conspicuous moment. Grief and horror at finding herself in durance under paid guardians would terrify her into incurable madness. We kept her securely then in her old home, watching her by day and by night, never leaving her alone for a second. Beverly transferred his plantation to the care of his youngest brother, and lived altogether with us.

It is not so easy to be quite just to my nephew-in-law as I could wish it were. To be frank, I rather resented his behavior to us after that fatal Christmas night. He dealt no recriminations upon those who had, as he considered,

deceived him. Indeed, he clung to us and to his wife with the dumb patience of one stricken beyond the power of healing, yet who must live on without comfort as without hope. Our compassion for him helped us to bear with his reserve, his fits of coldness, and moody reveries. I suppose we should have been grateful for his forbearance and so much of forgiveness as was evinced by his residence under our roof. At least, so my father said, and he was the wisest of us all.

It was Beverly's turn to watch in Amy's chamber on Christmas Eve. He had been greatly depressed all day, and at supper complained of headache and a heavy cold as an excuse for not eating. Nevertheless, he would not resign his task to another, although plied with importunities to do so. He was sternly conscientious in every respect, and I fancied—it may be uncharitably—the more inexorable in the discharge of the duty he owed his wife because it was so irksome, because he shrank from seeing or taking care of her as from handling the mouldering remains of one formerly beloved and fair. The Amy he had wooed, and who had slept in his bosom for a brief half-year, was utterly and forever dead to him. The wreck he tended was a hideous caricature.

She was sleeping when he entered upon his vigil, and, seating himself by the shaded lamp in the chimney-corner, he tried to forget the misery of memory and bodily indisposition in the perusal of a new book. He had pretended to read for perhaps two hours, during which the patient had not stirred, when sleep fell irresistibly upon him. It was two o'clock when he was aroused from the slumber of fevered exhaustion by the touch of a cold wet hand. His wife stood before him in her night-clothes, dripping with water, her teeth chattering in a chill.

"I've been in the well," she said, hollowly, but without agitation. "I thought the time to die had come, so I jumped down. But then they told me I was mistaken, and I climbed out upon the stones. I wasn't ready to be judged, they said. Look at my hands."

They were cut and bruised by the sharp rocks, as were her feet; her stockings and gown were stained with moss and mud. She had feigned slumber, watched her husband lock the door and secrete the key, and, while he was unconscious, possessed herself of the latter.

The next week her grandfather and her father took her to the asylum. Her mother and I went with them. I have been there three times a year since to see that she was comfortable and properly looked after. For the past ten years I have gone alone. My father and Richard Vane are dead. Addie is a confirmed invalid—childish in mind, almost helpless in body. Ernest is married, prosperous, and

happy, doing well his part in his day and generation.

I seldom see or hear from Mr. Randolph. He is a rich man and fond of his only child. His sister keeps his house and takes care of little Beverly. My heart yearns over the boy as it does not for Ernest's three healthy, merry children, although they are very dear to me, and will inherit my property at my death. But his father objects to his visiting us often. "It will have an unfortunate effect upon his spirits," he fears, and he lives in constant fear lest the lad should learn that his mother is alive. "Nothing could be more inexpedient," he urges upon us.

We cannot gainsay it. His marriage was the ruin of his life. He knows it and so do we. Yet nobody else dreams of blaming us for allowing the marriage. Least of all do our kinspeople. And the Vanos are an honorable race.

HOUSEHOLD PETS.

BY L. F. MOWER.

GOD bless Mr. Henry Bergh! May blessings descend in overflowing measure upon the field he labors in! This prayer is often in my heart, and my natural fondness and admiration for the entire brute creation are so great, that I would not dispute the theory that the Great Creator permits an after existence wherever He has permitted life. Yet, in the face of this, if I could, I would have a "Society for the Prevention of Animals as Household Pets." It is averred that their fidelity, which so often exceeds that of human friends, is an equivalent for the almost idolatry they in some cases receive; but that quality is only possessed by those noble specimens that have but their due share of regard from man (too seldom that). One does not meet them in the drawing-room. I have seen two Maltese cats receive a tender, loving consideration, that, had it been transferred to the children of the same household, I should have congratulated them, and held the mother in deeper respect. I have seen a father pass almost rudely the sweet home greeting of his fair child, to fold warmly in his arms a favorite grayhound. We have all at times been made very uncomfortable in the houses of our friends by the sudden uprisings—violent draughts of cold air, etc., incident to the attendance upon pet animals—while tiny human feet stagger with their weary march, the conceited parlor favorites look with complacency from the windows of stately equipages. It is sad, however, that this excess of affection for some particular dumb creature, while it tends to wean one from human kind, will not always insure just treatment for the whole race. Wee to the evil one who dares offer one shade of cruelty to any one of God's creatures! But, while "The cry of the Cuckoo" is not only sounds from England's

across our western world, and moans wildly in our cities, oh! let not *their* baby heads be displaced by a race that the Creator has made with other designs.

THE YEARS THAT ARE GONE.

BY C. B.

SWIFTLY as the sunset brightness
Fades from out the glowing west,
Leaving clouds of ashy grayness
Where the sun has sunk to rest.
So, from out my life once joyous,
All the glory disappears;
Leaving but the ghosts of memory,
And the joys of vanished years.
Return, oh, ye years! ye beautiful years!
Return, oh, ye years that are gone!

Thickly as the shadows gather
Over mountain, earth, and sea;
Resting with a shroud of darkness
Where the sunshine loved to be.
So around my lonely pathway
Deep and dark the shadows fall,
And no sounds but dreary echoes
Answer to my spirit's call.
Return, oh, ye years! ye beautiful years!
Return, oh, ye years that are gone!

Before me lies a troubled ocean,
Starless, rayless, drear, and dark,
On its waves in restless motion
I must launch my fragile bark.
'Tis the future, and all blindly,
Alone, unguided, I must roam
With my spirit's cry still ringing
Over billows white with foam.
Return, oh, ye years! ye beautiful years!
Return, oh, ye years that are gone!

And as o'er the swelling waters
Drifted by the sweeping blast,
Swiftly, blindly speeds my shallop,
I turn one look upon the past.
Lo! a strain of music tender
Followed by a path of light,
Floats awhile in peaceful splendor
Slowly sinks into the night.
'Tis the mem'ry of the years,
The beautiful years that are gone!

LINES

On finding a flower of the SANGUINARIA CANADENSIS (Bloodroot), in the month of March, on the banks of the Schuykill River.

BY EMANUEL PRICE.

ERE the forest is dressed in its mantle of green
Or the storms of the winter are past,
The bloodroot its pale pearly blossom upheaves
In the cold cheerless forest amidst the dry leaves
Which protect its frail form from the blast.
It looks like a snowflake old winter has left.
A plant of so tender a form.
One would almost imagine it would have been best
To have let such a delicate plant been at rest
Till the weather was genial and warm.
But He who created made all for the best,
Still bestows with a bountiful hand:
While we, his frail creatures, through folly and pride
Often feign to be wise, our own folly to hide,
And condemn when we can't understand.

MARRYING A WIDOWER.

BY FLORENCE HARTLAND.

"SHALL you attend Mrs. Anderson's grand party, to-morrow night, Emily?" asked her friend Carrie Simpson of Emily Graham, as the two sat before a cosey fire in the latter's chamber. "They say it will be a superb affair; all the girls are on the *qui-vive*, for you know Mrs. A.'s parties are always so exclusive and *recherché*, that 'tis really considered quite a distinction to be one of her-guests."

"No," was the careless reply of the young lady addressed, as she played with the silk tassel of her handsome morning dress, "I think it very improbable that I shall go. Fanny will attend, and, for a novelty, I promise myself a quiet evening at home. Fanny is always so stupid and dull the day after a party that I despair of getting any information from that quarter, so do come round directly after breakfast on Thursday, and tell me all about the dresses, flirtations, etc."

"Flirtations!" echoed the vivacious first speaker, theatrically; "don't mention them, Emily! To think that I, the incorrigible little Simpson," as I hear myself called; I who have tilted lances so successfully on many a hard-fought field, should after all be ignominiously routed by that horrid little Esmonds, is really too much for my philosophy! And you are the Brutus who assisted in my downfall. Let me tell you all about it," continued the lady, settling herself more comfortably in the large cushioned chair she occupied. "You know, Emily, I made a violent dash upon young Harry as soon as the arrival of the rich young Southerner at the Fifth Avenue House was made known to our set. I always had a decided *penchant* for magnolias and orange bowers, and, considering this a favorable opportunity for gratifying my taste, I made my lazy brother John call on my intended victim and invite him round to dine. I was wreathed in smiles, and wore that moon-on-the-lake *moiré* which Tom Cranston had declared irresistible. Well, Harry was evidently *struck*, and continued his visits until I was beginning to feel triumphant, when, unfortunately, Mrs. Archer gave that never-to-be-forgotten party. Mr. Esmonds was to take me, and I made superhuman efforts to look my best. Mamma was taking a nap, papa and the boys were down town; so I gave James strict orders to admit no one, and ran up stairs, two steps at a bound, to put my hair in crimping pins. About five o'clock this interesting operation was completed, and just then the door-bell rang. Running out in the hall and leaning over the balusters, I heard James say, as if in answer to some request, 'Yes, sir, I will send the flowers up to Miss Simpson immediately.' Then the door closed and I, of course, thinking the person, whoever it was, gone, ran down to take the flowers from

the servant. Hearing a slight noise in the front parlor, and thinking he had gone in there for something, I entered very eagerly, with—'Where are the flowers, James? who sent them?' when lo! to my horror and amazement, standing by the centre-table with a book in his hand was the elegant and stylish Mr. Esmonds. O Emily, just imagine it! There I stood, facing him, in a tumbled, frowzy morning wrapper, with eyes almost starting out of their sockets, face I'm sure as red as a Giant of Battle rose, and my head bristling all over with crimping-pins, looking precisely like an angry porcupine! My lord turned pale from astonishment, and cast his aristocratic eyes slowly over me; then I flew from the room and raced up stairs. It seems that after leaving the bouquet the gentleman had gone to the parlor in quest of 'Lucile,' which I had promised him. I certainly never looked better than at Mrs. Archer's that night; wore my pink tarletan and prettiest laces with tuberose in my hair, which, by the way, was as wavy and fascinating as possible. But the charm was broken. I think the pink tarletan and stylish chignon were entirely overshadowed by the picture which existed in Mr. E.'s imagination of the dowdy little fright in the tumbled gown and vicious looking head fixings. I saw that my star had set after his first waltz with you. I might have regained the ground so ignominiously lost but for that dance, so you see now how you assisted in my destruction! Really," exclaimed the young lady, after pouring forth this lengthy tirade, "I do feel *rather* tired, but still have sufficient strength left to ask if you do not consider me a very *nonpareil* of a friend to overlook this conduct on your part, and still honor you with my companionship?"

Emily could not help laughing at this ridiculous narrative, although her cheek did flush up rather hotly at its conclusion, for Harry Esmonds' devotion to herself was too marked to be mistaken, and she knew that on his arrival in New York he had been very attentive to Carrie Simpson. She loved her wild, rattle-brained friend, for she knew what some never suspected, that underneath that gay, thoughtless exterior beat a warm, sincere heart. She did not guess now, though, well as she knew Carrie, that there was an undercurrent of real feeling and wounded pride running through this wild, purposely exaggerated narration. Carrie had really been attracted by the young stranger's handsome person and the dash of *insouciance* in his manner, and had shown her preference for his society rather too plainly, perhaps, considering that he had not declared himself her suitor. But the unselfish honest girl never once thought of blaming Emily for entrapping one whom she had begun to regard as her lover. Neither did she blame him; he had done nothing dishonorable, and Emily's beauty was certainly dazzling enough to be-

witch any man. Emily herself thought nothing about it. She had supposed Carrie only amusing herself by a flirtation with Esmonds, and if he chose to come over to her—Emily's—standard, and swell the list of her adorers, she really felt that she was doing her friend no injustice in accepting his attentions. She was too accustomed to the homage of all who approached her to be flattered much by this new conquest at first; but, without being remarkably intellectual or erudite, he was a thoroughbred, good-looking, dashing youngster; played some on the piano, and sang a fine tenor; besides, he was known to be rich; so Mr. Esmonds was quite the rage in town, and as Emily pretty soon became aware that her new beau was looked upon as a decided catch, she paid more attention to him than she had hitherto done, and ere long found, to her own surprise, that she was rather more interested in the game than she had at first supposed possible. The night before Carrie's visit to her friend, he had called on Emily, and as they sat in the luxurious drawing-room with the gas turned down, and the mellow moonlight streaming in at the deep window, near which Harry had drawn their chairs, he had come very near making a formal declaration. Emily was too experienced in such affairs, had passed through the "trying ordeal" too often, not to be well aware of what was coming, and she very gracefully warded it off by introducing a new topic; but she knew perfectly well that at their next private interview the subject would unavoidably be renewed. She had promised that if she attended Mrs. Anderson's party Mr. Esmonds should be her escort, and this was in reality her reason for staying at home.

The unsophisticated reader must not suppose for an instant that this fashionable young lady of the nineteenth century really desired to ward off so flattering a proposal altogether, in order to save the gentleman the pain of hearing that his ardent love was unrequited. Our grandmothers might have done such a thing; but in this enlightened (?) age when "dirt," "dashing," "fast," are the epithets that young women generally covet, and each one vies with her neighbor in the number of her conquests, of course such a proceeding on Miss Graham's part would have been extraordinary, not to say impolitic. So Emily was simply determined to play with her intended victim a little longer before she listened with well-feigned surprise to his avowal of love, and very sweetly pronounced the little "no" that was to arouse him from his dream of hope and happiness.

This, then, was the state of affairs when Carrie Simpson made her morning call on her confidential friend, Emily Graham, and after this long digression, we return to a snug hiding-place in the lady's superbly appointed sleeping room, where we can conveniently see and hear all that is going on.

"I always keep my choicest bits of information for the finale," Carrie is saying, "so this shall not be an exception to the general rule. You positively *must* go to Mrs. Anderson's. Do you know that 'Rupert,' the long-wished-for 'Rupert,' is actually arrived at last. He only reached New York yesterday in the 'Ocean Queen,' and of course will be at his sister's to-morrow night. Emma Stone says the party is given in honor of his return. I'm *dying* to see him! Mrs. Anderson has done nothing all these years of his absence but prate of 'Rupert's' perfections, his wonderful talents, good looks, etc. His history is certainly romantic. He married when only twenty-two a beautiful English girl, and took her immediately to France and Italy, as her health was delicate. Just a year after her marriage this lady, Alice Clare her maiden name was, died, and the young widower was so inconsolable that he turned a deaf ear to the repeated entreaties of his friends that he would come home, and has ever since wandered about the Continent. He is now nearly thirty, if not quite, as 'tis eight years since his wife died."

"You seem to have gotten his entire history by heart, Carrie," laughed her auditor, "and I've no doubt can give me much valuable information yet concerning this Ajax, who is coming home to slay hearts, I suppose, by thousands. Can you tell me?"

"Be silent, miss!" was the undisturbed rejoinder, "and wait till you hear the sequel to all this. Emma Stone is, you are aware, a particular favorite with Mrs. Anderson, and knows all about the family. She also is a disciple of mine, and considers it, I verily believe, her pious duty to regale me with every bit of gossip she hears, so I am as much *au fait* with the Anderson affairs as she is. Now, I've a plan; I've no doubt this Adonis will come home the most conceited, unbearable travelled monkey imaginable—full of high, foreign notions and French fopperies—shrugging his aristocratic shoulders at American society in general, and American ladies in particular. Now, Emily, wouldn't it be glorious to melt this heart of stone, to bend his stiff neck, and teach him that there's another woman in the world as lovely and lovable as his English choice? You are the very one to bring about this desirable state of affairs. If you cannot touch his heart, it is useless for the rest of us to try; so go you must and shall, to-morrow night, to make a first reconnaissance, and effect a breach in the fortification. Do, Emily, change your mind and go. Seriously, it will be such fun to see Marion Hennegan and Kate Howard angling for this rare fish, that I would not miss it for anything."

"If you so ardently wish it, Carrie, perhaps I may change my mind, and go to take a peep at this admirable Crichton; but as to *breaking his heart*, you know I have always said, and intend solemnly to keep the vow, that I would

never marry a widower. I think it absolutely humiliating to be any man's second choice!"

The young lady's emphatic tones and flushed cheeks fully corroborated the sincerity of this assertion, but Carrie laughed incredulously, as she said, "Wait until you've seen Mr. Alston. If he's only half as handsome as the picture of him in Mrs. Anderson's gallery, I'm afraid I'd not have the moral courage to say 'no' if he had been married as many times as Blue Beard instead of only once!" with which declaration of her sentiments Miss Carrie drew on her No. 6 kids, walked to the mirror to see that her jockey was tied becomingly, and, kissing her hand to Emily, ran gayly off home.

The half-hour succeeding her visitor's departure was spent by Emily in what she usually denominated "one of her brown studies," the result of her cogitations being a sudden determination to accept Mrs. Anderson's invitation for the next night, even at the risk of bringing the game she was playing with Harry Esmonds to an abrupt termination.

The young lady rang for lights in her dressing-room an hour earlier than usual on the succeeding evening. Perhaps, as her maid assisted in robing her for the occasion, she thought more than once about Carrie's enthusiasm concerning the new arrival, and it is certain that she nearly tormented the maid out of all patience by repeated alterations and suggestions connected with the arrangement of her hair, ornaments, etc., before her fastidious taste assured her that nothing was wanting to complete the perfection of her toilet. Her appearance, as she gazed in the full-length mirror, was sufficiently gratifying, for a proud smile curved her lip at the stately, satin-robed figure it reflected. Emily was very beautiful, and she knew it. She had been told so ever since she was old enough to understand what it meant, and when she grew up and went into society, she became at once a reigning belle. This was only her second winter out, but even in this short time her naturally sweet disposition and unselfish nature were becoming spoiled by the constant atmosphere of flattery and adulation in which she lived. She had awakened too early to a knowledge of her beauty and its power, and depended too entirely on that to win the love of those around her, forgetting the priceless, immortal jewel which was daily becoming stained and marred, while the beautiful but frail casket which enshrined it was constantly idolized and adored. Her mother had been a pure, gentle, Christian woman, and from her Emily had inherited many lovely and attractive traits of character, which under favorable circumstances might have developed into beautiful maturity; but, unfortunately for her child, this mother had died several years before, while Emily was off at boarding-school, where she remained until her graduation, which

took place with high honors, when she returned to New York, the petted idol of her father, to preside over the elegant home to which he proudly welcomed her, the only other inmate of the house being a cousin, Fanny Ellis, who had been given a home by Mr. Graham. So the star, *par excellence*, of society, no less than of her home, unaccustomed to the denial of a single wish, witty, accomplished, and very pretty, the elements of true womanhood which the girl really possessed were in danger of total extinction, and she was even glorying in the reputation she had lately won of being the most practised flirt and thorough coquette in her circle.

Beautiful she certainly was as she finished her toilet this evening by clasping around her neck and arms a set of glittering rubies, and murmuring, almost involuntarily: "Marry a widower, indeed! what supreme folly!" swept haughtily from the room and down the broad stairway to take the arm of her escort, who was waiting to hand her to the carriage. The first person she met, after paying her respects to the hostess, was Carrie, who seized her arm eagerly, saying:—

"Have you seen him? Now, you needn't pretend ignorance; of course, you know I mean Mr. Alston. There he is, talking to a prosy little chit, just out of bibe, I believe. The girls say he's *distingué*, and I suppose he is, but still I'm disappointed. Positively his skin is yellow; maybe it's caused by the suns of Italy, or, perhaps, he's sick. I hope so, at least, for in either case, I suppose, it will improve. See! he is taking the young lady out for a promenade. Do observe her, Emily," was added, *sotto voce*. "She looks as though she had suddenly been translated to the society of the angel Gabriel, judging from the ecstatic way in which she is casting up her eyes, and trying to put on the seraphic. Now, it is too bad, when I had planned that you should be the sun around which this new planet should revolve the entire evening, for him to be wasting himself on poor little Anna Barksdale, who has only intelligence enough to walk through a cotillon, and if he talks to her about *la belle France*, would as soon ask him if he had ever danced that 'heavenly German' with the empress as anything else. Have patience, dear; Mrs. Anderson will bring about an introduction shortly, I am confident, and then I shall secure a good stand of observation, and watch the commencement of the campaign."

Still later in the evening, during a pause in the waltzing, when the lady of the house approached with her brother, and, after a smiling introduction, left them alone, Emily remembered Carrie's threat, and it caused her to treat the new-comer with even more than her accustomed hauteur. "He shall not think me at all impressed by his numerous perfections," she

mentally resolved, yet she found herself, at the end of half an hour, yielding to the charm of her entertainer's voice and manner.

He was, in spite of Carrie's disparaging remarks, a handsome man; not so, perhaps, to the careless, indifferent observer, who looked merely to regularity of feature and stateliness of person, but there was about him an air of superiority, not conceitedness or arrogance, Emily was forced to admit, but conscious, innate power and will to do and dare *anything*; and yet, as she glanced curiously up in his cool, dark blue eyes, she felt very sure that the "anything" would only be what was noble and honorable. He was not at all pedantic; did not mention his travels once, but talked pleasantly about books, music, and the latest art celebrities. He was sounding her depth, Emily thought, indignantly, and piqued out of her usual proud indifference, she exerted herself to talk well, in which she certainly succeeded, as the rather bored look, which his good manners could not entirely banish from the gentleman's face, gradually gave way, and his eyes lighted up with more animation than they had shown since his entrance into the rooms. And Emily, too, to her surprise, found herself deeply interested in discussing subjects very alien to the gay scene before them, actually forgetting for awhile her passionate love of dancing in listening to this stranger, who, she remembered with vexed perplexity, had not once during the evening asked her to dance. Once, however, in the midst of an animated talk about some new and favorite poem, the band commenced a Strauss waltz, and Emily stopped abruptly, saying, eagerly:—

"How glorious! Do you not waltz?" Then, blushing scarlet at his amused smile, as he answered "No," she half in pique accepted the invitation of her escort, Harry Esmonds, who was loitering near, looking daggers at the polished stranger, who was engrossing so much of the attention of his lady love.

The waltz was over, and Emily, flushed and exhilarated by an exercise of which she was passionately fond, would have continued dancing; but her partner, with a nervous trepidation he vainly endeavored to conceal beneath his usual gay, laughing exterior, drew her away from the merry throng, through the hall and spacious library, on to the dimly-lighted, exquisitely-arranged conservatory. It was entirely vacant; the first notes of delicious music from the band had drawn away the few couples who had been attracted there by the perfect seclusion and fairy-like beauty of the place, and now the faint tinkle of the fountain, as the waters dripped slowly on the marble, alone awoke the stillness, and the creamy cape jessamines and stately oleanders flung their tropical perfume on the warm air all unheeded and unappreciated.

"It is so deliciously cool here," Harry said,

lightly, striving to overcome his embarrassment, and wear at least the semblance of composure, while he told the beautiful creature by his side the sad havoc she had made in his heart. But failing utterly, and not daring to touch even one of the small hands crossed so idly on her lap, he commenced a hurried story of his love. It was love, warm, sincere, manly, with which she had inspired the generous, impassioned Southerner, deeper far than she had supposed him capable of feeling, and when he paused and waited for an answer, with his handsome, hopeful face upturned to hers, Emily found it a harder thing than she had supposed to tell him that his appeal was hopeless.

But an answer must be given. So, raising her dark eyes to his, she very gracefully and becomingly went through the usual formula on such occasions, assuring the gentleman that she felt highly honored by his preference, but regretted very much that his heart had been given to one whose affections were entirely disengaged, and who must very positively decline his flattering proposal. "I hope, however," was the conclusion of her prettily-turned sentence, "that you will still consider me your friend. I am sorry that your *unexpected declaration* to-night has taught me that I was ever regarded in a warmer light. And, now, will Mr. Esmonds be kind enough to take me back to the drawing-room?" So, rising very quietly and carelessly, without another glance at the dismayed face by her side, she took his proffered arm, and walked back to take her acknowledged place as queen of wit and beauty among all the moving, sparkling throng who crowded the saloons of the fashionable Mrs. Anderson. Strive as she would to throw it off, however, the remembrance of the pained, surprised look on Esmonds' face, as she answered his passionate appeal, clung to her the whole evening; and her own unwomanly, nay, criminal trifling, in purposely winning, only to cast from her as a broken plaything, a heart like this, never appeared so distasteful to her before. "Unexpected declaration!" Once during the evening, while standing near Mr. Alston, these words recurred to her, and a hot, bright glow rushed to her cheeks as she thought what would his opinion—this stranger's, whom, in spite of her preconceived determination to dislike, she yet felt to be a specimen of true manhood—be of her could he know the pitiful falsehood she had uttered. Altogether, Miss Emily Graham's evening at Mrs. Anderson's was not so pleasant as she had anticipated.

Just one month from this time Emily Graham and Carrie Simpson were again *en tête-à-tête*. Carrie had dropped in "for a second" as she was passing, she said, simply to give her "a rap" on account of the "high game" she had been carrying on. "Don't you talk any more, Miss Graham, of not caring to catch a widower! Oh, no! you would not even con-

descend to flirt with a member of the despised fraternity! And yet for a whole month you've done nothing but ride, walk, and talk with Mr. Rupert Alston. Your doings have kept me in a constant state of excitement and expectation. Even the children seem to understand that I am undergoing mental tortures about something in which you are concerned, and every day salute me with something of this kind: 'Carrie, I met Miss Graham and Mr. Alston just now on the avenue;' or 'Mr. Alston took Miss Emily out to the park to-day, he seems very devoted.' What does it all mean? Do you intend to 'marry a widower' after all? If so, my love, I'd advise you by all means not to settle in New York, as the girls have all heard you express your opinion on this subject, and would positively die laughing at such an inglorious renunciation of your old principles. Tell me all about it, dear. Are you flirting, or is your heart really interested at last? Don't be offended at my straightforwardness, Emily; like Rosa Dartle, I only 'ask for information.'"

A very deep crimson overspread Emily's face. "Really, Carrie," she said, haughtily, "I do not acknowledge your right to question me in this manner. Of course, it is utterly preposterous to use my name in connection with a gentleman whose acquaintance with me dates only a month back."

"Of course," quoted Carrie, merrily, not in the least disconcerted by this unexpected reply. "Well, good-by, most reverend madam. I shall expect soon to hear that you have renounced the pomps and vanities of this sinful world, and started out with the widower on a tour to the Feejee Islands to distribute tracts to the natives. Adios!"

Long after Carrie had left her, Emily sat thinking, with crimson cheeks and flushing eyes, of their conversation; and now in solitude she asked herself did she really feel interested in this grave, quiet stranger, who had so lately come in their midst? The blood on her cheek deepened painfully as she was compelled to admit the truth. His earnest manly nature and superior intellectual endowments, above all, his pure and consistent Christianity, had awakened a deeper interest in her heart than she was willing to confess even to herself. In the weeks that had elapsed since their first meeting she had been thrown with him nearly constantly, and, as memory ran back now over these scenes, she felt, yes, she was sure that her beauty and accomplishments had exerted a powerful influence upon his heart.

He had been attracted at first by the girl's striking beauty, but soon her cultivated taste and bright talent surprised and fascinated him; and his own nature was so sincere and truthful, that, involuntarily, when with him Emily had in very shame checked the trifling, frivolous manner, her passport in society, and allowed him only to see the lovely and winning traits

of her character. The consequence was that Rupert Alston, the fastidious, reserved, and exclusive student, he who had thought his heart dead, his best affections hidden away with the lost love of his youth beneath the flowers of sunny France, found himself *loving* with all the intensity of his ardent nature, this beautiful fascinating creature, as perfect a picture to look at certainly as a person need wish for, but evidently, and positively a thorough coquette.

That evening Emily had promised to accompany Mr. Alston to a concert, but she mentally resolved to write an excuse and remain at home. She did this with an indefinable sensation that it was better not to trust herself too much with him, as she was fully determined to crush out this love that was springing up with such quick growth in her heart. *Marry him* she had resolved she never would, no matter how strongly inclination might urge such a thing. Judging from the well-known strength of will and determination Miss Graham possessed, matters certainly did not look favorable for our friend Mr. Alston.

So after tea the young lady took herself off to the large old library, and ensconcing herself comfortably in a reading-chair, took up a volume of Mrs. Browning lying on the table near her, and idly turning over the leaves, she was arrested by that exquisite little poem, "Loved Once." She read it carefully over, then again and again, and fell into a long reverie, only broken at last by a quick pull at the door-bell, and hurried footsteps coming quickly down the corridor toward the library. It was not too late to retreat, so springing up and pulling aside the heavy curtain which concealed an arched doorway between this room and a smaller one, her father's special sanctum, she escaped thence to the hall, and ran up stairs to her own chamber. "Tell Mr. Alston I am unwell and cannot receive visitors to-night," she said, imperiously, to the servant who rapped at her door a moment afterwards; but the man replied, respectfully, "Mr. Alston begs to see you if only for a moment," and the girl, biting her lip with a feeling of scorn or exultation, she did not know which, walked to the mirror, and looked fixedly at the regal figure it reflected.

She had never looked more radiant than to-night in her home dress of garnet merino, made perfectly plain and relieved only at the white-curved throat by a dainty lace collar, confined by a small gold clasp. "*Passably good-looking!*" was her audible comment; then she went down to receive her visitor in her own careless, queenly manner, slightly bowing as she entered the room, without seeming to notice his outstretched hand.

"I beg that you will be generous enough to pardon my intrusion," he said, courteously; "the servant told me that you were slightly indisposed; but I ventured to presume on our friendship and beg a short interview, as I leave

town to-morrow to be absent several weeks. I have brought a last bouquet and the new work we were speaking of lately. You must give me your opinion of it when I return."

Emily was rather ashamed of the cool reception she had given her guest, who after all might not think of her except as a friend, so she thanked him cordially for the exquisite flowers, as she bent her head to inhale their delicate perfume, and then asked him to be seated.

"If I am not intruding," he said, and Emily, on answering "No," soon found herself chatting in the frank, easy way into which they had fallen, and which was so delightful to her.

"And so you love Mrs. Browning?" he said, presently, taking up the dainty blue and gold volume, and turning over the leaves idly as Emily had done. "I am glad you admire her; she is certainly one of the noblest, truest poets that this or any other age has produced."

"Yes," Emily replied, "I love her very much, especially some of her shorter poems. 'Aurora Leigh' I admire less than very many of those simple little pieces which perhaps a majority of her readers overlook, or undervalue. I have heard that you are a fine reader, Mr. Alston; will you oblige me by reading aloud this little poem, one of my choicest favorites. I am sure you will enjoy it, it is so beautiful!" and Emily pointed to the lines she had read, called "Loved Once."

She had given him this purposely, wishing to note the effect of the touching words upon him, and see if indeed he still lingered fondly over the memory of his dead wife. He read beautifully, and Emily sat entranced, with the glow from the coal-fire lighting up the crimson of her dress and lending an additional color to her cheeks; listening almost dreamily to the deep, flexible voice of the reader, as the sad, earnest words fell from his lips. Was he thinking of the fair girl sleeping in her lonely grave far across the blue ocean? else why did his voice tremble and grow husky as he read:—

"Of those who sit and love you up in heaven,
Say never 'We loved once.'"

Or why did he pronounce with such passionate earnestness the last line:—

"They *never* loved, who *dream* that they *loved once*."

In her secret heart she honored and respected him for cherishing thus the memory of the dead, and yet, as he laid the book down, it was with a feeling of dull, dreary pain that she said, looking up in her old impulsive way, "You believe, then, in first and only love?"

"No," he answered, while the swarthy hue of his cheek caught something of the fire which burned on the girl's, "this is not my belief, neither, I think, did the authoress mean to convey such an impression. She means that if we once love a person fondly and truly, that love becomes part of our being, incorporated into our very nature. A new *inspire*

another worship equally pure and ardent as the first; but still the old love remains; still fills up the niche we gave it long ago in the inner chamber of our heart," he went on, musingly, tenderly, as though he had almost forgotten her presence; "we may love one very devotedly, and God may take her from us. In time the wound may heal, and we may take another to our heart. But the old love is not crushed—love is infinite, and need not, should not confine itself to one object. One link in the chain of our affection may be on earth, another is drawing us to heaven."

Emily sat motionless, only the deep crimson which had now covered her entire face and the bright sparkle of her eye betrayed the least agitation.

The gentleman rose and walked to the window, looking out at the cold gleam of the wintry stars. If he had felt any agitation before, he very effectually crushed it during the second he stood there, for, turning presently, he resumed his seat by Emily, and said, quietly enough: "Miss Graham, six months ago I never thought to tell another woman what I tell you now. I came back from Europe a weary, dispirited man, with all the freshness and sparkle of life gone. But I met you and loved you—not better than my lost Alice—that could not be; but with a love equalling that which I gave her. Will you give yourself to me, and let us try together to lead a better, purer life than our past has been? This endless round of dissipation is not your proper sphere; you cannot develop the higher, holier traits of your character in this hollow, artificial atmosphere. Will you come with me, Emily, and let us learn together what a *true* life is?"

Emily had trembled excessively while he was speaking, but now she lifted up her proud, graceful head to meet the gaze of the handsome face beside her, and cool and cuttingly clear came her answer—it was very much what she had told Harry Esmonds. She thanked Mr. Alston for the honor he would confer on her, but it was her intention to remain single for a number of years yet. "I know very little about love, except theoretically; believe I am entirely fancy free; but even were this not the case, I could not accept and return the love of one who had given his earliest and best love to another, and then brought the ashes of his heart to me. I trust you will understand that my answer is irrevocable when I say that I could *never* marry a widower!"

The tender, eager light that had glowed upon the gentleman's face but a moment before died out, and a scornful smile curved his lips, as the girl, with voice that her firm will kept steady, replied. He seemed about to answer in the same tone, but checking himself, bowed to his companion, simply saying, "If this be your answer, I have the honor to say good-evening!" and was gone.

The tiny marble clock on the low mantel chimed hour after hour, and still Emily sat before the fire in the silent library. What had she done? Why did the world seem suddenly so black and cold, and her heart rise up in such angry rebellion at the restraint she had put upon it? She had accomplished the secret intention formed as long ago as Mrs. Anderson's party—had captured the catch of the season, and better still, greater triumph than all, had rejected him! had rejected him, too, in a style that must have lowered his high pride considerably. Emily tried to console herself with all this, but it was a miserable failure; here, with only God and her own conscience for monitors, she felt the false part she had acted. Yes, she loved him; nothing but her strong, imperious will had sustained her through the interview. How grandly he had looked and spoken when bidding her good-by—how different from the perfumed, kid-gloved exquisites who fluttered around her at parties and operas. She felt keenly how true his words were when he said her present life was unworthy of her. And now, when the opportunity was past forever, she felt how blessed and sweet companionship with him would be—how association with such a man would beautify and ennoble her whole life. And for what had she done this? His family was unexceptionable, his fortune large, and himself all that the most fastidious could wish. She had rejected him simply because she had often declared to her gay companions that she *would never marry a widower!* and was *afraid of their ridicule*, although she well knew that not one of them but would eagerly accept so rich a prize. Pride with Emily was the prevailing characteristic, and now that the wrong step was taken, the error committed, she determined, with her usual stoicism, to calmly accept the consequences, even if her heart perished in the struggle. She had taken her rôle, and would faithfully act it out. She had told Mr. Alston that she did not care for him, and he should never know how untrue she had spoken. Other persons had conquered love as deep and strong as hers, and she could do the same.

Did Miss Emily Graham really know what a powerful foe she was entering the lists against?

The year succeeding Emily Graham's rejection of Rupert Alston passed away rapidly in the swift whirl of city life, and in all this time she had not seen him. He had gone to a small estate of his in the northwestern part of the State, and was there giving his attention to farming, so his sister said. "It was queer for Rupert to bury himself from society, but he never cared much for that; and besides he wrote that the scenery around his new home was beautiful enough to compensate for everything else." So said Mrs. Anderson, and society laughed, for it knew very well what was the cause of Mr. Alston's retirement.

And how fared it with Emily? To-night is the anniversary of her last interview with the man whom she had so scornfully refused, and again we find her in the handsome, quiet library. The coal fire burns radiantly; the antique lamp sheds a soft mellow light on the well-filled book shelves and luxurious furniture, illuminates the rare old pictures on the walls, and falls caressingly on the fairest picture of all, the queenly girl sitting listlessly by the table. Her black hair is arranged as fashionably and elaborately as ever, her dark eye gleams as bewitchingly, the bright color glows as brightly on the smooth cheek, and dyes as exquisitely the curved, proud lips, but Emily is changed. As she sits lounging back in the rich velvet reading-chair, there is an air of intense weariness and languor about her, a passive listlessness, wonderfully different from the bright, piquant gayety of a year before. The world said she was changed; the girls especially pronouncing her deplorably altered; "Positively she is losing all relish for her old pastime of flirting." But the gentlemen declared Miss Graham perfectly irresistible, compared her to a clouded star, etc.

"You may say what you please, Carrie," her brother John said, one day, when his sister was bewailing Emily's "mopishness," "whatever style she affects, whether it be to carry on a flirtation during one of those slow, heavenly waltzes which Hoffman's band gives us sometimes (by the by, how gloriously she *does* waltz), or kneel with such saintlike, inimitable grace at Trinity on Sundays, where she looks as Madonna-ish as though she never drove a man to suicide or the bottle in her life, she does it all with an air that not one of you can equal, nor a court belle in all Eugenie's train surpass. If she wants to run all New York *mad*, however, she had best keep up her present pensive, angelic cast a little longer. I wonder if this melancholy be real or only a charming feint?"

"I don't know," answered Carrie; "but Emily has certainly never been like her old self since Rupert Alston left town so unceremoniously last winter. He was certainly desperately in love with her, and I fancied once that she liked him. Perhaps that time she carried her old game once too far, and Mr. Alston may have found her out, and turned the tables on her."

"Nonsense," scouted John, "she kicked him tremendously—everybody knows that. I could have told him before he put his head into that trap that he couldn't carry the game through. I'd heard her say too often how intensely she disliked his brotherhood."

Mr. John Simpson would not have thought Miss Graham's dislike to widowers so very intense, after all, could he have seen her to-night as she sits in the library reading with such tender, love-brimming eyes, "just the soul's sweetest overflow," the little poem treasured so

zealously in her heart since the night twelve months before, when the voice she so longed for now had invested the tender words with such thrilling beauty: "They never love who dream that they loved once." How passionately her heart echoed the passionate words. The fire of this wild, hidden love, which none ever suspected, had burst out, swept away the artificiality and selfishness about her. A true, pure love poured out upon a worthy object will refine and etherealize any character; it was just the thing to arouse all the woman in a girl like Emily. She had tried, battled faithfully, to put this passion down. Her proud nature chafed under it, but the conquering god whom we call Love had entered in and taken possession of her heart. Strive as she might to put him out, he retained his throne and laughed her efforts to scorn. Her haughty pride had at last found its superior, and Emily knew it.

While she sits musing to-night, a servant enters with a letter. She broke the seal, and, glancing over the first few lines, found it to be a Valentine, a sentimental affair from one of her admirers. She read it over, and was about to throw it carelessly aside, when a bright thought seemed to strike her. She had been the erring one, she had acted the false heart, why should she not throw aside conventionality and make a step toward reconciliation? For once pride should bend to love. So, seizing pen and paper, she wrote off the following lines, knowing that Mr. Alston would recognize her hand, and understand the motives with which she wrote. Here it is:—

"Let us be friends again;
Life is so short,
There is so much of pain
Filling the heart.
"Life—it is sad enough,
Love as we may,
And the way dark and rough
Even 'neath its ray.
"Youth—it fades swift away,
Like a bright dream,
Or a bright summer's day
Horne on time's stream.
"Then let us be friends again;
Time will not wait—
Oh! let us be friends again
Ere 'tis too late."

Emily read the simple lines over, hesitated, blushed, got nervous, but finally folded and placed them in an envelope, directing to Rupert Alston, Esq., New York, then pulled the bell rope, and directed John to take the letter to the post.

"Mr. Alston, to see Miss Graham," was the message delivered by Annette, Emily's smiling maid, a few days afterward, as Emily was lounging away an hour in her chamber, starting nervously at every peal of the bell.

Now that he was coming, she felt the awkwardness of her letter. Would he think her unwomanly?

sumed the same air of haughty indifference with which he had told her good-by. She hesitated long at the drawing-room door, but at last turned the knob, and, summoning all the firmness she could, walked into the room. She was extremely embarrassed; the hand she gave him was very tremulous, but he held it fast, and, looking down at the bowed head, said in the same tones that had thrilled her once in the library:—

"Emily, what am I to think? Do you revoke the decision you gave me one year ago? May I hope that after all you do care something for the man you so disdainfully sent from you then? 'Let us be friends again,' you say, but that will not do. I claim a dearer title still. Will you give it me?"

And Emily, with the bright blood flooding all her fair face, and her radiant eyes filled with a tender, happy light that had never lingered in their depths before, placed her hand in his, and said: "Anything you wish." And so the proud belle of New York was won.

"To think," said Carrie Simpson, indignantly, "that Emily Graham should after all marry a widower. I should think she'd be ashamed to look at me. But she was as lovely a creature at her bridal in white satin and lace as I ever beheld, and the groom was as far gone in love as if he had not taken the same vows upon him before. I don't know, ma, what I shall do without Emily. She says after they get back from their tour they are going to that little place of his somewhere in the backwoods, I believe. I asked Emily how she could possibly give up Delmonico's and the Park, but she smiled, and said she thought she could stand the separation. Well, there's one comfort—Harry Esmonds is certainly returning to his old allegiance. And, now that la belle Emily is flown, in spite of dim recollections of crimping-pins, I think he will propose. I shall live among the magnolias of Louisiana yet, ma."

WIT should be used as a shield for defence, rather than as a sword to wound others.—*Fuller*.

THE study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home, and unobtrusive abroad.—*Cicero*.

TIME AND MONEY.—Many people take no care of their money till they have come nearly to the end of it, and others do just the same with their time. Their best days they throw away—let them run like sand through the fingers as long as they think they still have an almost countless number of them to spend; but when they find their days flowing rapidly away, so that at last they have very few left, then they will at once make a very wise use of them; but, unluckily, they have by that time no notion how to do it.—*Garfield*.

A CUP OF RIO COFFEE.

IN 1710 a coffee shrub was sent from the Dutch East Indies to Amsterdam, and planted in the botanical gardens of that city. From this a shoot was sent to Louis XIV. and placed in the Jardin des Plantes. This succeeded beautifully, and from it slips were sent by M. Isambert for the garden at Martinique; but both the slips and Isambert died on the way. In 1720, however, three shrubs, which had been produced in the Royal Botanical Gardens of Paris, were sent to the same destination by Captain Declieux. The voyage was long and tedious, and two of the plants died in transit. The ship's company was put on a small allowance of water, and the captain generously shared his *quarte* each day with his remaining *cafter*, and so succeeded in getting it to its destination. From this single plant have resulted all the myriads of coffee plantations of the West Indies and of Central and South America.

In 1754 a Franciscan friar, by the name of Villaso, placed a coffee plant in the garden of the San Antonio Convent at Rio de Janeiro. In 1809 the first cargo of coffee was sent out.

The three great coffee-growing provinces of Brazil are, stated in the order of their production, Minas Geraes, San Paulo, and Rio de Janeiro. And it is our purpose to make a short trip into the interior of this greatest of all coffee-growing regions of the world.

We suppose ourselves already landed at the city of Rio de Janeiro. Being too late to start to-day, we take rooms at the Exchange Hotel, kept by a most respectable Englishman. We can, however, glance at some features of the coffee trade as it appears in Rio. Our hotel fronts to the southward on Rua Direita, the principal business thoroughfare of the city. As we descend to the street we find ourselves amid the bustle of the business centre of this great metropolis of South America. Turning our faces eastward, a few steps bring us to the Praca do Commercio (the Merchant's Exchange), and adjoining this the Alfandega, or Custom House. At both these establishments all business is transacted between nine A. M. and three P. M. No vessel is allowed to discharge or take in cargo before or after. At the Custom House three or four cargoes of coffee are cleared almost every day, having paid a moderate export duty to the government. Negro drays (each a cart with five stalwart Africans pulling, pushing, and shouting at the top of their voices), mule carts, omnibuses, and hacks are all mixed up in apparently inextricable confusion. But above all the confusion of Rua Direita a stentorian chorus of voices is heard "responding in quick measure to the burden of a song."

Casting our eyes in the direction whence comes this measured succession of musical grunts, we see above the heads of the multi-

tude "a line of white sacks rushing around the corner of Rua de Alfandega" (Custom House Street). Elbowing our way through the crowd, we discover that each of these sacks is borne on the head of "a living ebony Hercules." This is a train of Brazilian coffee carriers. They go in companies of a dozen or twenty each, of whom one selected as captain takes the lead. Their only dress is a short pair of pants, reaching from the waist to the middle of the thigh—the limbs and body being left to the fullest and freest play of the muscles. Each has upon his head a bag of coffee weighing five *arrabas*, or one hundred and sixty pounds; and they move on a measured and rapid trot, keeping step with the double-quick time of some wild Ethiopian ditty. In perfect accord with this we have heard a strange, rattling music, which we now perceive proceeds from an instrument resembling exactly the mouthpiece of an ordinary watering-pot. This is partly filled with gravel, corked up, carried in one hand, and rattled in the time of the ditty, in a style resembling that in which a negro barber plays his whisk, or an auctioneer's boy rings his bell.

The strength of spinal column and the amount of neck muscle that these coffee carriers develop are truly astonishing. We have seen one of them carry on his head a full-sized crate of crockery; and another carry from Rua Direita to the summit of Corcovado (a distance of three miles, and a height of two thousand eight hundred feet), over a rugged mule path, a box containing a ham, a turkey, a leg of mutton, a roast of beef, ten loaves of bread, two dozen of claret, two dozen of ale, two dozen dinner-plates, three large meat dishes, a coffee-pot, coffee cups and saucers, tumblers, knives and forks, napkins, etc., by way of breakfasting and dining a party that made the ascent by moonlight, one fine morning, in order to see the god of day come up from his morning bath in the old Atlantic.

From the time the coffee reaches Rio until it is stowed away in the hold of the vessel, it is all handled and carried by these coffee carriers, and all in sacks of one hundred and sixty pounds each.

After dinner and a turn up Rua do Ouvidor, which is at once the Rue Vivienne, Regent-street, Broadway, Chestnut Street, and Montgomery Street of Rio de Janeiro, though neither very broad nor long, we give orders to be called at five, and retire. We are aroused at the appointed hour, and after our *almôço*, we walk through the city, passing on our way the City Hall, the Mint, the Assembly Building, the Penitentiary, and other prominent public buildings, reaching the *depôt* of the famous Dom Pedro Segundo railway, at the southwest corner of the city, just as the numerous church and convent bells are ushering in the new-born day.

The first forty miles of the road is in a north-westerly direction, over a level plain, mostly covered with marsh and a coarse, file-toothed

grass—the road having little of interest along it after we leave the Palace San Christovao, which is the Emperor's principal residence. This is but three miles out of the city, bordering the railway on the north. The Emperor has a summer palace at Petropolis, thirty-six miles distant, a little above the head of the most magnificent bay in the world.

We hurry along, with few stoppages, until we reach the foothills of the Serra do Mar, or coast range. Thence, in the next forty miles, we make an ascent of four thousand feet, without a single switch-back, the grade being in places three hundred feet to the mile, while some of the curves on the heaviest part of the grade are made to a radius of two hundred and eighty feet. Slowly but steadily we are dragged up, up, up, our "camel-back" engine seeming at times short of breath, and ready to give in. Within these forty miles we are plunged into and thundered through seventeen tunnels, one of which is a mile and a half in length, and cost a quarter of a million sterling. Between these we skirt along, and sometimes over, immense precipices, where we look down into the dizzy depths of the dark and dense Brazilian forests of the ravines and valleys below. As our iron horse stops for food and drink we hear the monkeys and the parrots chattering to each other in an unknown tongue, and the keel-bill and bell bird put in their ringing reply. The old trees are festooned with mosses and decked with the many-hued flowers of the *orchideæ* (air plants), while the sons of these fathers of the forest are stayed on all sides with the rope-like *ipecacuanha*, popularly known as *cipo* in Brazil. Away across the ravine on an opposite slope a sunlit cascade pours its silvery flood into the insatiable depths beneath. We reach the summit at last, where we find an extemporized village of the railroad's creating.

We now start down the western face of the Serras, with brakes down and engine reversed, but for all that going at a frightful degree of speed. Down, down, down we rush, head-foremost, to the banks of the Parahiba, a river which forms the boundary line between the provinces of Rio de Janeiro and Minas Geraes. This mighty railroad was constructed expressly to develop the resources of the interior coffee regions of Brazil, and to bring the fruits of those broad acres to market. Where this road intersects the Parahiba is a great *porto de embarque*, or shipping *depôt* of this *caminhos de ferro*, or railroad.

The mountain air has been bracing, and we are a little tired and much more hungry; so the moment our box is opened we follow the lead of other ravenous ones to the *taverna*. Even here they have the fashionable hours of eating, and though well in the afternoon we are much too early for dinner, so we must order a *segunda almôço* (a second breakfast). We are set down to a grilled roach, some jerked beef, black

beans, farina, fried potatoes, and the inevitable but ever welcome cup of coffee. This beverage is almost a syrup, and yet as clear as brandy. Brazilians know how to make coffee as well as to produce it. But we have not yet become accustomed to the strong and almost bitter taste of this condensed extract of the berry whose mysteries we have come to explore, so we take our coffee *au lait*.

Outside the *taverna* we confront a thousand or more mules, which we are informed have come in laden with coffee from the neighboring province. We make our way to the *Estação*, where we find piled in every direction thousands of sacks of coffee.

We take a mule each and cross the Parahiba to see where all this comes from. Immediately upon reaching the western shore of the river we are plunged into immense forests of coffee. The trees resemble somewhat the *Rhamnus catharticus*, or familiar buckthorn, the color, size, and character of the berries being different, and the coffee plant having far less spines. The trees are planted about six or eight feet apart each way, and grow naturally from twelve to thirty feet high, although, for the sake of convenience in gathering the fruit, they are seldom allowed to attain a height of more than ten or twelve feet. This region of country is very hilly, and the soil is light, dry, and silicious, the prevalent opinion being that coffee will not thrive in moist ground. If, however, you shall have time, on your return to Rio, to visit Bennett's, in the valley of the Tijuca, just go up to the bath in a spur of the valley, and you will find growing close by the water-side a *café* many times larger and more prolific than any we shall see in Minas Geraes.

The shrubs are transplanted with care from the nursery at one year of age, and in two or three years thereafter become fruitful, and will continue to produce two crops per annum for ten to twenty years. An occasional tree bears well for twenty-five or thirty years, and instead of two there are often three gatherings from the same trees during the year. The tree is an evergreen, while the blossoms are a most delicate white, emitting an exquisite fragrance. We find on the same tree, and, indeed, on the same twig, the blossom, the newly-formed berry, the green and matured fruit. When ripe the berry very closely resembles the cranberry in external appearance, though somewhat larger. Each berry contains two seeds or grains of coffee in the centre of the pulp, with their flat sides or faces opposed to each other. Each grain is covered with a tough integument or membrane, and they are additionally separated from each other by a layer of the pulp interposing.

Each tree produces from one to eight pounds of berries, the average being about three pounds. It is now the gathering season, and we see hundreds of negroes in every direction; some shak-

ing the berries upon gathering-sheets spread on the ground—others picking the fruit directly from the trees. A negro will pick about an *aroba* (thirty-two pounds) of berries per day. These are dried by being spread upon pavements or level tables of ground prepared for the purpose, which pavement or table is called a *terrene*. These should be sheltered from the sun. As the fruit dries the pulp forms a sort of shell or pod, as we perceive in examining some that have been longer gathered, and which being perfectly dry are now being passed through a coffee huller, a machine in which a fluted roller is closely opposed to a breast-board, between which roller and breast-board the berries are made to pass. The pulp is washed away, leaving the beans free. These are again dried as before, after which the tough membrane is removed by a somewhat similar process with heavy rollers. The chaff is next separated by winnowing; and the coffee is now ready to be bagged and stored, or taken to market.

Coffee, like some other articles of commerce, is greatly improved by age; and for this reason we find immense quantities of it stored for a time, although the difference in market value between the old and new does not pay the interest on the money. Mocha coffee, it is said, will attain its best savor in three years, while Rio, St. Domingo, Laguayra, Maracaybo, Costa Rica, and all other American coffees require from twelve to fifteen years to perfect their flavor.

STRICKEN.

BY MRS. L. F. S.

They say I'm mad! I am not mad!
I'm wild, 'tis true, but wild from grief;
My heart is very, very sad,
And death to me would be relief.

They say I'm mad! Could they but know
The agony that tears my heart,
Or paint the utter, utter woe,
Or even feel the secret smart!

Could they but know that he, to whom
I pledged my heart and hand, had fled;
That death, cold death, had bid him come,
And now he's numbered with the dead,
They would not wonder that I'm wild,
Or even more, that I am mad!
Could they but know how he beguiled,
They would not wonder that I'm sad!

They say I'm mad! And I am mad!
O God of Heaven, God of love!
Grant that I, when life is fled,
May find sweet peace in heaven above.

And, Father, if it be Thy will,
Oh! take me now, say, "Spirit, come,"
That in the grave I'll know no ill,
That grief may perish in the tomb.

* * * * *

'Twas morning then, but now 'tis even;
Her prayer is answered, her spirit's fled,
Her soul has soared above to Heaven,
Her form lies buried with the loved one—dead.

IN AMBUSH.

BY INO CHURCHILL.

"THERE, girls!" said Cousin Susie, as she looked out of the sitting-room window, "it sprinkles, and I know we are going to have a delightfully rainy afternoon. I am heartily glad of it, for I am surfeited with sunshine, and gay dresses, and beaux, and all that sort of thing. Come, let's get our work and see if we cannot accomplish something. The rose-buds on my sofa-cushion will blossom out before I can finish the pansies."

Rather pleased with a change, though it was the usually distasteful one from indolence to industry, all my cousins tripped away to their rooms, and soon flew back again, strewing chairs and tables with bright-colored worsteds, that were to be worked deftly into the coarse canvas, or formed into comforters for their friends. Witty speeches and gay laughter fell from sweet lips, and gleams of crimson and orange shot from taper fingers, and fell in clustering blossoms, amid the fanciful confusion of scattered rose-leaves and tangled mosses.

I sat apart, half gloomily, that my feelings should be so much in harmony with my surroundings, when I had resolved to devote the very next rainy day to an especial purpose. In all my three weeks' visit to my cousin's, not a cloud had obscured the sky before, and it would not seem that there had been occasion for social murkiness, with the six bright happy faces dispensing smiles like sunshine. But somehow, there had gathered a something at my heart, as intangible as the floating morning vapor, that at times seemed to condense and threaten an overthrow at the most unpropitious moments. And I secretly determined on a good cry on the very first day we should not be likely to have company.

My aunt had invited myself and three cousins who lived in a distant city to spend the summer with her and her two daughters, who of course were cousins to us all; and pen would fail to describe the frolicsome times we had thus far enjoyed, or depict what still lay in undeveloped plans, to be successfully carried out in the future.

"Come, Jessie, where's your work?" said Cousin Susie to me, after they had all settled themselves to their liking.

"I am not going to work," growled I, in a most uncompromising tone.

"Oh, well, you lazy thing, go to the library and get the most bewitching book you can find and read to us."

"Or read either," snapped I, provoked that I really wished so much to contribute my share to the general enjoyment.

All the girls looked up in surprise at my unusual display of temper; but, after a few good-natured attempts at railleury, they left me to my own agreeable musings. If they had only

teazed me to the border of desperation, my task would have been much easier, and I would have cried from downright anger; but when I rose to leave the room, they called out for me to come back soon, so naturally and kindly, that I had half a mind not to go at all. But, then, my determination! If I let such an opportunity pass unimproved, I might not soon have another, and I did not dare risk such a general inundation as would occur were there not an occasional outlet through which the waters of suppressed feeling might gently flow and prove a fertilizing rather than a desolating power.

Arrived at my room, I locked the door, drew the curtains sufficiently to produce a gloomy light, arranged my chair satisfactorily, and laid out four embroidered and perfumed handkerchiefs, thinking I might as well do the thing genteelly, if at all. My surroundings were certainly depressing enough; everything had taken on a grayish light from the forlorn disposition of the window drapery; even the brightest flowers in the vases seemed gradually sinking out of life, and the more delicate ones had faded away altogether; and Billy, the pet bird, gave a few twilight twitters and folded his wings carefully down, and drew the opaque film over the saucy brightness of his eyes.

I rocked disconsolately to and fro, my handkerchief spread suggestively over my lap, while my feelings obstinately remained at the altitude of a barometer in a summer drought; no threatening cloud or seeming dampness affecting its fixed exalted state. Once or twice I was exasperated to find my lips parted in a sympathetic smile as the merry laughter of my cousins floated up with the fragrant air. They laughed and chatted on, and there I was neglected and forlorn in my own room. The rain outside had degenerated to a miserable drizzle, and really, everything was so wretched! I drew a deep sigh, that set the vine leaves fluttering, and woke Billy from his sweet dream of happy bird-land.

"Let me see," said I to myself, "what was it I meant to cry for, if I ever got a chance? Well, there was the time when that two hundred-weight of assurance and good-nature, namely, Mrs. Lightfoot, planted her number seven with exasperating emphasis on my most cherished and cotton-wrapped corn; but that was all over, and I was too much of a woman to cry for a physical pain that was already passed. Then what superhuman powers of self-control I was obliged to exert when that great awkward Mr. Tompkins upset a dish of oysters all over the front breadth of my delicate and becoming lavender silk. But then I was not so materialistic as to weep for the destruction of a mere earthly garment, after the first involuntary impulse. Let me see," and I rested my chin despondingly on my hand, "I know I came near bursting into a most humili-

ating flood of tears that night at Clara Alton's party, when my chosen swain passed obliviously by me, and bent over that sickly-looking Antonia De Laney, with her foolish French accent and affected ways. But then Charley had not much stability of character, and only a few straggling whiskers by way of beauty."

"Heigh-ho! I wish I had some onions; it is said, if rightly applied, they will induce humidity under the eyelids; and it does seem as if something ought to be done, for I certainly had enough to cry for. I have not wept in so long, I fear the fountain of tears has dried up, or the cuticle moisture become arid. Ah, yes! I remember in deserts, sometimes, how terrible the reaction is, when the heat becomes intolerant to itself, as it were, and engenders an antagonism that, like the besom of destruction, sweeps everything before it to an exhausting desolation, that leaves no power or wish for life. What if a simoon as swift and sure were lurking in the overwrought tissues of my brain, to burst forth, at length, in a dry, scathing breath, grown fiery and relentless from its very condensation."

I grew alarmed; my feelings must be relieved from their high pressure, cost what it might. So I deliberately conjured up all the sad fancies that could enter one's head; supposed myself cut off in my happy youth from all its enjoyments and pleasures, laid myself wearily out on my dying bed, and became my own chief mourner at my own untimely end. But even in that sad contemplation, my eye caught glimpses of a brightness that left no space for tears. Then one after another I laid my friends low, with an unsparing hand, minutely inspecting each phase of emotion that glanced across my mind, to see if the seed of genuine grief was in it, and, before I knew it, one solitary tear, the result of all my heart-rending, oozed out from beneath my lashes. I let it roll down my cheek without molestation, and experienced a feeling of intense satisfaction as it came in contact with my lips, and I found it was the genuine article—extremely salt, though not particularly bitter. At any rate, the feeling thus produced was a thing to be cherished, and I went assiduously to work at its cultivation, succeeding beyond my wildest hopes; saturating my handkerchief to the last degree of wetness, and resorting at last to my nicely ironed apron.

Oh, how I felt, and how I cried! The unconscious girls below adding every moment to my distress by their mirth and song. Their buoyant life contrasting so strangely and harshly with the five pallid faces upturned for the last sorrowful look in the cypress-wreathed chamber of my imagination. Oh! oh! how dreadful! How could anybody ever laugh again? And I bowed my head once more in an overwhelming torrent of grief. All at once the bird sang out in full joyous tones, and, on looking up, I found the rain had passed away, and the beams of the

setting sun were struggling through the curtains. Then I heard the girls prancing through the hall, with exclamations of joy and surprise, that seemed hardly demanded by the reappearance of his scorching majesty.

But I concluded I had cried enough. Uncle would be home to dinner in an hour, and I must not interfere with the family arrangement, that all should be promptly at the table at the second stroke of the bell. And more than this, I began to feel a vacuum in the region of my stomach; not that I was vulgarly hungry, but the load that had been removed from my heart through the pleasant medium of tears, left an unoccupied space, an aching void. So I stretched my handkerchiefs ostentatiously on the towel-rack to dry, bathed my face, brushed my disordered hair to melancholy smoothness, and went down. The family were already seated, and I crossed the room with a rapid step, and dropped into my seat without looking up.

"What is the matter, Jessie, dear?" inquired auntie. "Have you received bad news?"

"No, aunt, nothing at all is the matter," I replied, with a little spasmodic action of the throat.

"Then may I introduce you to the son of my dearest friend, the gentleman we have been expecting, you know? Mr. Arthur Talbot, my niece, Miss Jessie Seymour."

I glanced across the table, encountering a pair of very black, searching eyes, which seemed almost to contradict the few graceful words that issued from beneath the jetty moustache, gave him a little jerking nod in reply, and plunged desperately into the business before me, believing, with Solomon, "that there is a time for all things," and this was the time to eat. I once or twice caught a quiver of Mr. Talbot's eyelids when there was nothing at all to smile at; to be sure he did not once look at me, although he was directly opposite, yet I am perfectly certain he saw every enormous mouthful I swallowed, and could vouch for the six glasses of ice water that followed in quick succession. Perhaps he thought me amphibious, but I did not care. Poor, ignorant man! how should he know of the hydraulic pressure I had been subjected to, or guess of the dripping cambric that attested to my woe, or how like a squeezed sponge I felt, every pore agasp for the hygienic element?

I was just as angry at him as I could be, and much more angry at myself. There had been a playful rivalry carried on among us girls as to the capture of this gentleman. All my cousins had seen him before, and they agreed that he could not be won except by beauty, and, although they affected to despise his love for anything so fleeting, they every one sat about seeing how irresistible they could make themselves. Poor me! The only pretensions I made to beauty were the exceeding fairness and deli-

cacy of my complexion, that Cousin Susie was wont to say "held beneath its tender bloom a blue tracery that seemed like pensive shadows chasing sunny thoughts." There were no shadows lurking there *now*, at any rate, nothing but the most vivid glow. My one mark of beauty had betrayed me into positive frightfulness; my delicate, sensitive skin having the rasped look consequent upon a condensed influenza, and no orange-flower water of renowned distillation could restore its smoothness. If my complexion had been a good, thick, leather-looking one, it would have withstood any amount of rubbing without a scarifying effect. I'm tired of beauty that's only skin deep. My eyes were my next best feature; they had been called *melting* by one of my admirers, and I thought the compliment at least based on truth. I could not help wondering if melting ever meant watery, or if water could be disadvantageously diluted.

It did seem as though that meal would never end; everybody had so many witty things to say that the duty of mastication was of slow accomplishment, except in my own case. I might have devoured the younger brother's fatted calf, and then had ample time for digestion. Oh, dear! they did move back at last, and we all adjourned to the cool, spacious parlors. The girls reclined gracefully on sofas or ottomans; I sat erectly on my chair in calm disdain of all the frivolity around. My cousins kindly sought to make me forget myself, and all the ladies and gentlemen, who came in as privileged visitors, politely ignored my doubtful claims to polished society, and endured a considerable degree of snubbing before they left me to myself.

James, the waiter boy, came in and lighted the gas, tuning it down to conversational dimness, and then there occurred one of those awful pauses, consequent upon such a movement, just as my feelings were welling up for another overflow. I did not understand the matter at all. That water I drank must have resolved itself most speedily to tears, or else my cloudiness rivalled the rainiest April in powers of condensation. I would have given the world if I could have escaped from the room; but I was so far from the hall door, and that exasperating Mr. Talbot sat so near that he could see the workings of my face if he should chance to look that way, which, by the by, he did not seem inclined to do. With a great effort I kept my emotion down, until the brilliant conversation was resumed, and then the choking sobs and blinding tears *would* come. How should I ever cross that room with so many eyes upon me?

I rose desperately and staggered a few steps, when my hand was gently taken and laid on a broadcloth sleeve (you see my wretchedness had not dulled my perceptions), and I was very tenderly supported to the door.

"Poor child!" I heard aunt say; "she must be homesick."

And Miss De Lancie lisped: "How very interesting."

I could have thrown my arms around my companion, whoever he was, for his delicate kindness; but when he led me through the door of escape, Mr. Talbot's voice in sympathizing cadence said: "Good-night, Miss Seymour! I trust you will soon be comforted," I experienced such a conflicting tide of emotions that I feared the result would be fatal.

After awhile Cousin Susie came to my room with a composing draught "Aunt had sent me at Mr. Talbot's suggestion," Susie said. It seemed with all his other accomplishments he was a bit of a doctor. I swallowed it to please my cousin, and, long before the lively group below had separated for the night, I was sleeping like a wilful child, with now and then a sob to tell that, but for exhausted nature, I would be weeping still.

I woke in the morning refreshed, as is the parched earth after a summer shower; every stain washed away, every infectious breath purified, all hint of sorrow or depression overpowered by the new fresh life infused by the gladdening beams of the gloriously inspiring source of light. I could have danced on the sunbeams, or have floated away on a thistle-down, or have been anything bright and beautiful that was happy too. I could not help feeling, as I descended to the breakfast-room, that I was attractive. There is a power in happiness that lends a grace to its possessor that no mere beauty of form or feature can counterfeit. My cousins all came forward with a kiss, and, though they made no allusion to my last night's folly, I felt assured they were most glad to have me back my own cheerful self again.

"Come, girls," said aunt, "we must do our best to make our meal a pleasant one; your uncle and Arthur breakfasted very early, and went trouting."

"Oh, dear!" said Lizzie Archer, "how provoking. I have spent an hour arranging my hair so carelessly that the dark-eyed gentleman would think Nature had her own way with my ringlets. I have a mind to put them all back in papers till he returns."

I am afraid there were a good many sighs smothered under the dainty morning dresses. To me his absence was a relief, if; indeed, I had thought at all about him. But when he did come, late in the morning, looking so wickedly handsome in his becoming sporting suit, with a string of trout, as evidence of his skill in angling, on one arm, and Antonia De Lancie on the other, I felt as angry and disappointed as any one so happy in one's self, and so indifferent as to him, could possibly be.

He gave us a polite greeting in passing, and Miss De Lancie with us, under the droop-

ing, graceful branches of the old willow, while he went to his room "to make himself presentable," he said.

I don't think I did that French Antonia justice when I said she was "sickly looking." She was not to be read through at a glance, I found. She was peculiar in her composition; half French and half Italian, I judge, as she had the accent and versatility of the one, the magnetic eyes and languid manner of the other. Superficial as to beauty and goodness; powerful, penetrating, and profound in all that was evil and designing. She was always a welcome visitor at my aunt's, having spent many summers with one of the village families. But she and I seemed to repel each other, though I could not explain my dislike for her, or tell why my eye always sought hers with that peculiar fascination that leads us to look at that we wish to avoid.

She had not noticed me, except with one of her languid glances, and she was describing in her musical jargon her delightful walk by the trout stream, when she accidentally stumbled upon Mr. Harcourt and the pleasant stranger she had met at our house the evening before. And how, when uncle had been obliged to leave, he left his fishing apparatus with her, begging her not to angle for anything but trout. "As if," she said, with a deprecating motion, and a meaning gleam from her half-closed eyes, "as if I meant to catch anything less classic." French —! There was another word beginning with "f" that I thought of, but I suppose it will not do to use it.

Mr. Talbot's coming out in his fresh white linen suit put an end to her die-away ecstasies. He shook hands with all the other girls, and gave as his excuse for not meeting them at breakfast uncle's desire for his company. Then he looked doubtfully at me, evidently awaiting an introduction.

"Why, you ungallant knight," exclaimed Lizzie Archer, "have you forgotten, or do you not know, the distressed damsel you befriended last night?"

He stepped forward, with a dash of color in his face that was by no means unbecoming, and said: "I beg Miss Seymour's pardon. I acknowledge I was not prepared for so beautiful a transformation."

I disliked him intensely, but he was certainly very graceful in all his ways, and I could do no less than offer him my hand, as he bent his dark eyes upon me.

"Miss Jessie," lisped that Italian-French girl, "perhaps I ought to tell you how great a champion you have; indeed, he established himself autocrat of the evening, and would allow no music after you had left us, lest mirthful tones should not accord with your feelings, and plaintive ones but render you more sad; as tender of your heartstrings, *ma belle*, as though they

were stretched across the lattice for every chance zephyr to try its skill upon."

I cannot undertake to imitate her manner of saying this; no combination of letters could convey the insinuating suavity, the covert sneer, so like the lurking sting concealed in the rich sweetness of the honeycomb. I felt the quick blood deepen in my cheek and neck, as I tried to offer some suitable apology for marring the pleasure of the evening by a want of control over my own feelings. I am afraid I did not succeed very well in expressing myself, for Mr. Talbot took my hand again in a sort of protecting way, as though he expected another outburst, and said, lightly, though his eyes grew dark:—

"I am sure the ladies will agree with me, that but for your absence, and the cause for it, we had no room for regrets; pleasant converse and interchange of thought are oftentimes more sweet than a song that bears on its melody nothing deeper than imaginary bliss."

I am sure I thanked him for so kindly relieving my embarrassment, and I did place him a little nearer on a level with my friends, but even then I could only see his head above the surface of my heart, and I might as well acknowledge, that, save by a sort of protecting courtesy and a spiritual recognition of my presence, that never seemed to fail him, whether he saw me or not, he did not take any particular pains to elevate himself to any higher position in my favor.

Of course he was not our only bean, there were plenty of young gentlemen always ready to escort us everywhere we went, and Miss De Lancey, to the great annoyance of my cousins, always managed to secure Mr. Talbot to herself, and he seemed nothing loth.

I had not half understood her; she seemed to have unemployed capabilities always at command. She could make herself most dangerously beautiful; the peculiar, ambushed lustre of her eye, glittering and changing in serpentine fascination and beauty. The liquid, languishing sweetness of her persuasive tones, growing at times bewildering as the fatal music issuing from poisonous fangs. And then, the gleam of hatred, so deadly in its meaning, that sometimes darted swift as the lightning's shaft from under her half closed eyelids, if ever she felt she was being thwarted in what she had evidently set her wily heart upon, namely, the capture of Mr. Talbot's hand and fortune.

In the few weeks that followed my introduction to that gentleman, I grew absolutely to dread her lightest glance. It seemed to pursue me everywhere like an envenomed barb, that was secretly searching out the seat of life, with its insinuating, imperceptible feathery point. I scarcely felt that I was myself, with that clinging sense of danger that seemed ever ready to close around me, and that other growingly precious sense of protection counteracting the

baleful, malignant power, as pure holy spirits restrain by their presence those that are envious and diabolical. I could not see that the others shrank from her, and I did not like to speak of my antipathy. One day I questioned aunt about her. She replied: "They did not know much concerning her, except that she was an orphan, and resided with a relative in New York. Five years ago, while passing through the village, she had been taken very ill, and stopped at Mr. Slade's house as the most convenient, and she had spent some portion of her summers there ever since. She seemed to have a moderate income of her own, and was well educated and accomplished, so there was really no reason why the girls should not associate with her, although she was in some respects a stranger."

The day after this conversation was the one appointed for our horseback ride along the lovely, romantic river-road to a town some fifteen miles distant. We were to start about nine in the morning, and return so that the pleasantest part of the way might be traversed in the shadowy twilight. Not one of the party had anticipated more real enjoyment than myself. I was so fond of the exhilarating exercise, and so loved the wildwood breeze. I hardly slept during the night, so pleasurable were my thoughts of the coming day. I rose before the other girls, and went out to see what promise the morning gave, and found all I could wish, and more, in the clear, soft atmosphere and the cloudless sky. I sat me down on the rustic seat in the garden and sang with the birds my hymn of praise. A rich, deep voice, almost tremulous with its weight of gratitude, took up and repeated the refrain, and I turned to find Arthur Talbot beside me.

I was not well pleased that he should take me unawares; but it was no time for trifling words, with the fragrance of praise fresh on my lips, and I only spoke of the emotions the scene inspired. He seemed absorbed and somewhat troubled, and after a while I asked him if he were ill.

"No," he said, "he had been out since the dawn, and was on his way through the garden to the house to inquire if I had risen."

I looked surprised, as well I might; but he did not immediately make known his wishes, and I revolved in my mind what he could possibly want.

"This is the day for our ride," he said, at length.

"And a most glorious one," I replied. "I feel I can hardly wait for the hour to come. Will it not be delightful?"

"Yes," he said, abstractedly, with a half dissatisfied look.

"Mr. Talbot," said I, suddenly, "you said you were seeking me, and you look troubled; will you please tell me if I can do anything for you?"

Then he told me that his enjoyment of the pure morning air had led him two miles or more from home, and while passing a small house that he had scarce noticed, so hidden was it among the trees, he had heard a wail of distress that wrung his very heart. While he was pausing, uncertain what to do, a woman with a wild, frightened look ran out of the door, and catching hold of his arm, begged him to go for the doctor, as her daughter was dying. Having some knowledge of medicine, he told the woman he was a doctor, and would see what could be done.

He found the daughter, a fragile girl, writhing in paroxysms of pain, the action of some mental anguish, he thought, upon the overwrought physical frame. A vigorous application of some remedies at hand soon restored her somewhat, and he left her under the influence of a mild anodyne. They had only moved to the place that week, were without neighbors or friends. The girl's father had gone back the day before for some articles they had left, and for a woman to assist them; the girl having grown suddenly worse, and the mother incapable of doing what was necessary, as her hands were rendered nearly useless by the rheumatism.

"And now," said Mr. Talbot, looking into my face, "this girl is too frail to survive the effects of a powerful narcotic, and friction is the only thing that will prevent her relapsing into that fearful state again. Of course a woman's hand must administer this treatment. I have been to a dozen places, and I cannot find a woman able to leave her family on so short notice. One promised she would certainly go at dusk to-night. Your aunt, of course, cannot leave her large household, and I confess I was afraid to ask the other young ladies."

I opened my lips to speak, but he smiled, and said:—

"So I came to you. At my first meeting with you I saw enough to learn that there were depths of feeling in your heart that, once stirred, were not easily quieted, and I came to ask if you would undertake the task, should your aunt not disapprove?"

"Most cheerfully," I replied; "but I fear I am not competent. I never acted as nurse."

"In this case nothing is required that you cannot abundantly give, and, even were it otherwise, I should be near to assist you."

"No, no," said I, hastily, "Miss De Lancia will never forgive me if I deprive her of her escort."

He looked a little annoyed. "I was not to accompany her," he replied; "when I found Mr. Channing had forestalled me with the one I wished to invite, Lizzie Archer kindly consented to console my disappointment."

Ah! then he intended to invite me. I am not at all sure I should have accepted his escort, but I felt my face crimson as I bowed my acknowledgments. Lizzie, she had not

told who her attendant was to be. He must go now, at any rate; if he and I were both absent, Antonia would place a construction on the fact that would render her more to be dreaded than before, and I'm sure Mr. Talbot had reason for opening his great eyes a little wider than usual when I in a very excited manner begged him not to fail being with the party.

"Go now, please," said I, "and state the case to auntie, but do not enlighten the girls, perhaps it may detract from their pleasure to know the truth. I wish to remain here a few moments, and then I will come."

He rose and went a few steps, then came back, as if intending to say something more, but his usual command of words seemed to fail him, for he only said, "Miss Jessie," took my hand a moment, as he bent his dark eyes upon me, then turned and walked rapidly toward the house.

Oh, dear! I could not help sighing a little over my disappointment, and a little selfish thought shot guiltily across my mind, "If he had only asked some of the rest." My foolish fit of weeping that miserable night had betrayed me into no end of trouble. Then I thought of the sick girl confined in her room this lovely day, and soon grew to feel that my sacrifice was very light compared with her actual suffering. I took a slip of paper from my pocket, and wrote a short note of apology to Mr. Channing. I did not compassionate him much; he could now devote himself to Lottie Abbot's friend who came yesterday, and won so many of his admiring glances.

At the breakfast-table nothing was talked of but the beauty of the day and the proposed ride. Every possible pleasure and advantage was discussed and enlarged upon. Mr. Talbot did not enter very largely into the conversation. I was conscious he was reading the expression of my countenance, "always too speaking," my friends said. I'm afraid once my lip quivered a little when Susie turned to me, and asked "if the prospect rendered me speechlessly happy."

After the meal was over, they all ran to their rooms, although they had full two hours to make their toilets. Aunt and I talked the matter over a little, while Mr. Talbot went for the carriage. He lifted me in, after me a large basket, which, he said, "held my provisions; everything was in disorder at the house where I was going, and it was important that my strength should not fail." He made me promise to take the cordial his own hands had prepared for me.

To hide my embarrassment, I ventured to ask him "why he had not become a physician, he took such an interest in all who fell under his care?"

"It was for that reason I abandoned the study. I had not the courage to witness so much suffering that I was powerless to relieve."

"But as a lawyer you see suffering, only in a different form, perhaps?"

"True, true, we may see sorrow everywhere, if we but open our eyes, and I do not shrink from doing what I can to alleviate it. But I never can forget the look I saw in a mother's eyes when I accompanied a physician to the bedside of a sick child. Death had put his signet on the infant brow before the doctor was called; but the look of reproach the poor woman gave him, as it breathed its last before our eyes, haunted me for months, and I changed my course of study."

Even now it seemed he could not speak of it without pain, for, as I looked through my tears at him, I saw his eyes were misty. How tender and kind he was! Strange I did not like him better. When we arrived at the house, and I saw the frail being I had come to comfort, my selfish regrets all vanished. "Poor gentle thing! dear, broken lily!" I could not help saying, as I involuntarily kissed the pure brow.

The effects of the anodyne were passing off, and she opened her eyes, so like wet violets in their shadowy depths, and smiled faintly upon me. Mr. Talbot felt her pulse, gave me the necessary directions, said he would come for me at twilight, if I still insisted on his leaving.

I bid him go, and not allow a thought of me to mar his pleasure. I dropped my eyes quickly under his gaze. What was there in his eye that made me tremble so? I must overcome my foolish fear of him. I had no more time to think of myself or him that busy day. All my powers were called in requisition to care for the sick one, while her mother, in her clumsy, almost helpless way, endeavored to make the house seem more home-like.

They did not seem so very poor, only stricken. There seemed abundant provision for their comfort, they only lacked the power to realize it. The woman was grateful in her manner toward me, but very reticent. She only said they had come from New York to the country that Mattie might have change of air and scene.

Mattie herself spoke not at all, except when starting from a half sleep, she would cry out: "Will, dear Will! come back to me." And at other times moan out: "Never, never, never."

Once she clutched at a locket in her bosom, but seemed unable to open it. I touched the spring for her, and caught a glimpse of a noble youthful face with a wealth of dark hair. She gazed at it till I thought, and almost hoped, her spirit would melt away in the loving contemplation.

The day had gone almost before I knew it, with no signs of busy life outside to mark its progress, and naught now but the setting sun and the circling sweep of the ground swallows to tell of its wane. In the very quietude of the surroundings, Mattie must find tranquillity and peace. I think I had done her good, for she

had no symptoms of delirium, and Mr. Talbot said, when he brought the woman who was to take my place, that the immediate danger had passed, he hoped, entirely diverted.

Oh! how weary I was when he lifted me into the carriage. I had hardly the power to answer his questions. I think I had imparted all the electricity in my body to the sick girl, for I found that nothing but continued rubbing would keep her quiet. I soon forgot her and everything else, and, when I came to myself again, I was lying on Mr. Talbot's shoulder as quietly as though it had been my mother's arm. I started up with an exclamation of dismay and apology.

"You fell asleep in so uncomfortable a position that I thought you would not mind if I placed your head on my sister's resting-place," he said, gently.

But I *did* mind. I could feel the brush of his silken beard across my cheek even then, and the scarlet blood crept up in shame.

He seemed to take a brother's right in controlling me, for, as he lifted me from the carriage, he said: "The family are at dinner, but you are too weary to meet them. You must retire immediately, and we will tell you of our ride to-morrow." I was too fatigued to demur, and he supported me through the hall and up the stairs to my room. "Good-night!" he said, raising my fingers to his lips. "You will dream of the angels to-night, for they have been near you all day."

As I entered my room, my cheek flushed again, for I was sure I saw an evidence of his care in the little table spread for me, with a cup of fragrant coffee, evidently just placed there, for it was smoking hot, and a trout most delicately browned; that, and a slice of sweet light bread, were all I was to eat on retiring. What a clever doctor was spoiled by the influence of that woman's eyes upon his tender heart!

The next day they told me all about the charming ride, and consoled with me for my lost pleasure; but somehow I got the impression that there was some drawback to their perfect enjoyment, unacknowledged to themselves, it might be; at least, they did not speak of it to each other or to me. And Antonia shrugged her shoulders significantly, and attempted a new rôle each hour.

When she came back in the afternoon, as was her wont, Mr. Talbot was sitting under the old willow beside me, with his arm thrown carelessly around the back of my seat. I doubt not he seemed very much interested in me, for he had been to see Mattie, and we were talking of her, and his eyes took in the tender light they always assumed when he was in earnest. He did not see Antonia as she passed by to the croquet ground, and took up one of the mallets, but I saw and felt her look, and a shiver ran through every tissue of my organiza-

tion. For half an hour she played without attracting his attention, though her syren laugh rippled out more than once, as the mermaid's song floateth over the sea. I will not deny but I half-enjoyed, though I feared, her discomfiture, and I was still looking at her when I saw her give a dexterous movement of the mallet that seemed accidental, then she shrieked out as if in pain, fell back gracefully upon the lawn, and apparently fainted quite away.

All was confusion for a moment. Mr. Talbot's instincts were all alive, and with one bound he reached her, lifted her head and laid it on Susie's lap, as he endeavored to ascertain the cause of the swoon, if such it was. I thought there was the slightest possible curl of his nether lip as he put his fingers on her wrist. His touch might have set her pulses quivering, however, for the glowing carnation, too vivid to be altogether feigned, shot over her face, and set in full-blown roses on her cheeks, and her languishing eyes opened slowly and rested on Mr. Talbot's face with an expression bewilderingly beautiful in its intoxicating flattery, its helpless, touching appeal.

He felt the look, I know, for he asked sympathizingly if she were hurt. She indicated her left arm. He loosened the delicate sleeve, and bared the exquisitely-moulded member with a dainty touch, as though it were sacrilegious to handle it. But an examination was necessary, and he soon gave his opinion that no bones were broken; but, when she shivered and closed her eyes when he pressed her wrist, he said it must be badly sprained.

He raised her to her feet, laid her well hand upon his arm, and throwing his other arm about her waist, supported her to the house. We all followed, and as he laid her down on the sofa, she shot from under her velvety lids a look of triumph that made my eyes blaze and my fingers tighten until the nails pressed into the flesh. I turned away with a feeling in my heart that made life seem too altogether sad to be worth the living. How strangely sad and happy days are mingled in together! The laughter and the sigh strung on one golden cord like variegated buds our childish fancy blended.

For two days Antonia did not come to us, and Mr. Talbot called to see her, with Sue and Lizzie. I did not go, nor would I send a word of sympathy, unprompted by my heart. The third day she came, her arm held up by a broad scarlet ribbon, like the one that held back the shining masses of her hair.

"We must excuse her toilet," she said, "her hair would not accommodate itself to Fashion's mandate without helping hands, and she was obliged to let it take its own way."

I know by its peculiar wave, that it had been braided into innumerable tags; but whether she did it or not, I could not tell. No gentleman, though, and so it did

not matter, except that it gave to her an added picturesqueness and charm, most effective because so simple. She seemed to invite Mr. Talbot's petting by every graceful movement, so half pitiful of its own helplessness, so prettily dependent on his superior strength. I felt most palpably the development of my own muscles and sinews, especially in my arm, every time I glanced at her as she hung upon him.

But he did escape her long enough to whisper to me, "That if I would not mind a half hour's walk at dawn the next day, he would be most happy to take me to the 'lily pond,' to witness the glorious sunrise."

"I would be most happy," I replied. "Were the other girls going?"

"No, he wished to give me a sail to compensate me in some degree for the loss of my ride."

I had only time for a smile in reply, for Miss De Lancie's bandage had become loosened, and Doctor Talbot, forsooth, must arrange it.

(Conclusion next month.)

AN HOUR AGO.

BY CORRELLA.

The sunlight was shining an hour ago,
A flood of gold over hill and vale;
Now, through the stillness the night winds blow
Softly through starlight yet faint and pale.

The clouds were brilliant an hour ago—
Gilded, and crimsoned, and purpled o'er;
Over the evening light, now, they throw
Shadows as dark as the "nevermore."

I was so happy an hour ago,
Now, I sit all by myself in tears;
It was but a little thing, I know,
That lifted the veil from "silent years."

A little word, and so lightly said,
Why should I grieve o'er a careless tone—
Oh, but it makes me think of the dead,
And the life they left me, all alone!

I came in out of the sunshine clear,
My soul with beauteous hopes aflow;
I dreamed of finding its sweetness *here*,
Alas! *that* was just an hour ago.

I tear my heart on the same sharp thorn
Forevermore, as I have to-day;
Alas! it is a sad thing to be born
Full of sweet thoughts I must hide away.

It is a wearisome lot to pour
On the desert sand the overflow
Of the soul's best feelings, evermore,
Where never one leaf or flower can blow.

It is a wearisome lot to tread—
A life whose pathway is strewn with pain;
Oh, how it makes one miss the dead,
And long to be with them soon again!

WISDOM is the talent of buying virtuous pleasure at the cheapest rate.—*Fielding*.

NOTHING that is not a real crime makes a man appear so contemptible and little in the eyes of the world as inconstancy.—*Adison*.

"SO COLD."

BY LEONORA.

THE brilliant light of the chandelier danced upon the gilt bindings of books upon the wall, now and then casting broad, golden shafts upon the glass doors; it glinted upon the glittering frames of portraits hanging upon the panels between the bookcases, and silver-burnished the bronze and marble busts of distinguished *literati*, scattered here and there. And it touched coldly, it seemed, the marble-like brows of two men who sat glaring upon each other across a table piled with tape-bound packages. How strangely alike they were! One a *solid* man—a man who wore, it seemed, an iron mask, a living embodiment of bonds and deeds, and "very hard cash." The other, younger by twenty years or more, with the same broad brow, the same steady, piercing eye, but more kindly; the same firm, compressed lips, but fuller and fresher. Yet they were unlike. The younger face wore a purer, more exalted expression, indicative of true nobility of soul; a face one would trust unquestioning. For a moment the two, so wonderfully alike in feature, so different in expression, glared upon each other.

A long and unprofitable argument, in which the son for the first time opposed the iron will of his father, was now about to be closed, and the shrewd banker saw in the undaunted eye of his son no signs of yielding. The elder broke the silence:—

"Herman, like a wise son you have always followed your father's counsel; has anything but good resulted from it? Look around you, and see the young men who, wise in their own conceit, have gone after their own inclinations, slaves to vice and pleasure. Would you exchange places with any one of them?"

"I have always obeyed you," said the son, proudly, "because hitherto you have demanded only possibilities. The affections will not submit to rule."

"Have you an attachment?" asked the banker, quickly, and fixing his keen eyes upon his son.

"I have not."

"Very good!" the ghost of a smile pulled at the granite corners of his mouth. I say *ghost*, because a smile upon that countenance was a phenomenon, and perhaps it was a spectre of his murdered youth. "You will then find no difficulty in forming one for the beautiful Constance Raine. Her father was the friend of my youth. When you and Constance were children we made a compact to unite our families and fortunes through you. Here it is, written, signed, and sealed."

The young man took the package, broke the seal, and read it through without change of countenance. It had been drawn up by a lawyer, and so wrapped in obscure technicalities

as to make the meaning dubious, but for the coupled names, "Herman Halstead and Constance Raine."

"It is useless," resumed his father, "to tell you why I ask an *immediate* compliance. You are well acquainted with the precarious state of our finances at present."

"And is it altogether honorable to barter ruin for prosperity?" something akin to a sneer curved his youthful lips.

"We are not ruined. It is to save us from that that I have been pleading with you so long. If you refuse to fulfil this compact, and thus mend the broken wall, my son, we'll soon have the bank tumbling about our heads."

The young man arose, straightened himself to his full height, as if to rid himself of some oppressive feeling. Perhaps he imagined the bank *was* tumbling about their heads. His father eyed him keenly. He feared^a his son was bracing himself for some obstinate purpose, and resolved to hasten a decision.

"Herman, you see me an old man, furrowed by toll and care. It was for your sake that I tolled, that I might leave you what my father left me—a proud and honored name; but misfortune overtook me. It now rests with you whether this care and toll shall all have been in vain. Give me your decision now, Herman." He leaned his head wearily upon his hand and sighed. Perhaps he *was* weary, perhaps cunning.

"You have been a faithful father to me, sir," he said, hastily, as if fearing to trust himself to longer reflection, "I yield."

The banker arose and grasped his son's hand. "Thank you," he said, "you have lifted a mountain from my shoulders. I'll start to Raine's to-morrow. Will you go with me?"

"Excuse me, sir, you will no doubt transact the business as well without me." He turned abruptly and left the room. The banker looked after him with a thoughtful face, then plunged vigorously into his tape-bound documents.

Herman strode down the hall and out into the street. He felt that he had committed a wrong in yielding to his father's mercenary plan, and he wanted to get away from himself. He came back, however, less agitated, more thoughtful. "A bride!" the thought was new and unwelcome. The cup of youthful pleasure was yet fresh upon his lips. He felt no need of a helpmeet; there was no void within his heart to be filled only by the love of a trusting wife.

The bridal morning dawned dreary and cheerless; the sky was an unbroken gray monotony. Constance sat at her window gazing down the aisle of stately trees which overshadowed the gravelled carriage road. She was a noble-looking girl—fair and stately in her costly bridal dress; her golden-brown hair bound with bands of pearls instead of the myrtle wreath; and her pale but beautiful face overcast with an expression of heavy thought, so deep as to seem

like apathy. She held in her hand a miniature of Herman which his father had brought her. She had looked upon the frank, honest face, and thought how easy a task it would be to love him. And yet the future, oh! how uncertain. He had never seen her. Would he, who had looked upon the fairest of women, be pleased with her who knew nothing of the world?"

"Why don't you talk, Constance?" said a bright-faced girl, who fidgeted upon an ottoman at her feet. "One would suppose that you had nothing upon earth to interest you, and that this, of all the days of your life, was the most commonplace. What are you thinking about? I should like to know what one's emotions might be who is so soon to be married to a person they have never seen."

"I cannot tell you, Ada," she replied; "I have no words to express my feelings. This apathy is strange and unnatural. It seems I have lost all capability of thought or emotion."

Mr. Raine's youth had been one of such extravagance and folly as brought early satiety. At the death of his wife he had retired with his two children, who were small, to his present elegant home, provided for them the best of masters, and here they had grown up in almost entire ignorance of the goings on beyond their "loophole of retreat." Pure and innocent they were, but unfitted to grapple with any of life's difficulties and temptations, which come alike to all.

"Only ten minutes," said the volatile and rosy beauty, as she looked at her watch for the fiftieth time in the last half hour.

The time passed in silence. Then the roll of wheels is heard, and a carriage is seen glancing through the green foliage. Constance clasped her hands tightly together, and a deathly pallor overspread her face, "Leave me just a moment, Ada."

With a glance of wonder and sympathy Ada left the room, and she was alone. A convulsive trembling seized her, and she wrung her jewelled hands, but uttered no cry. She heard steps upon the stairs; a moment she bowed her head in prayer, then, calling all her strength and womanly pride to her aid, she awaited their coming, outwardly calm and composed. The door was thrown open by her father, and a gentleman in a gray travelling suit stood before her. With a quiet, searching glance, he fastened his dark eyes upon the noble girl who stood before him with sweeping bridal veil and bands of pearls glistening in her golden hair.

"My daughter Constance, Mr. Halstead."

He stepped forward, took her trembling hand, and said, as he bowed deeply: "Forgive me for intruding before the appointed hour without permission. There are a few words I wish to say to you." He paused abruptly; the door closed, and they were alone.

She sat down upon the sofa from which she

had arisen upon his entrance, and Herman took a seat beside her.

"I wish to hear from your own lips, before it is too late," he said, taking her small hand in his, and gazing earnestly into her face, "that this marriage is not distasteful to you."

She raised her eyes, for the first time, to his face. For a moment the two looked into each other's eyes; her's dilated with a wild, vague terror, his calm, steady, and searching. She could read nothing in that grave face, but it calmed her, and, withdrawing her gaze, she said, proudly: "My father, I fancy, would have used no compulsion had my wishes opposed his."

"Thank you!" he replied, pressing her hand gently. He paused a moment in deep thought. "It is my wish that you consider yourself as free after marriage as before. That you can, at present, feel no attachment for a person who is a perfect stranger to you, I know. It shall be my earnest endeavor to make the chain as light as possible to you until you feel it no longer a burden. Your apartments will be separate from mine. Your privacy shall never be intruded upon by me, except by your permission. And remember, I am *always* subject to your command." Once more he pressed her hand, arose, and looking upon the proud, beautiful face for a moment, left the room. "How cold, how stately, how proud!" he mused, as he followed the servant to his dressing-room.

Constance, left alone, clasped her small hands and held them toward the sombre sky as if imploring aid. "I obey my father," she murmured; "all will be well. We shall love each other some day; oh, I know we shall!" but the cry was not one of hope, but despair. "He seems so cold. Is he marble? Will he never speak to me tenderly? Oh! has he a heart?" Ada was softly entering the room, and Constance turned and smiled sadly upon her. They were about to be separated for the first time in their lives. The tender-hearted, impulsive girl sprang forward, and, regardless of the costly dress, threw her arms about her sister and wept bitterly. But Constance had no tears. Her heart seemed a frozen fountain, into which no warm sun-rays of hope shone.

Three months have passed; months of restlessness and remorse to Herman, and of darkness to Constance. Punctiliously they had performed the requirements of etiquette. In society Constance was much admired for her majestic appearance and splendid toilet. But she was "so cold," said the people; and so it is often said of those who are only sad. She saw her husband gay, and apparently with an unclouded heart, flitting here and there with smiles and bright words for all but her. She did not know—unsophisticated child as she was—that the gay mask was worn over a heavy heart. Their domestic isolation was kept a

secret from the world. Not even the servants knew that they met only at the table. There they conversed courteously upon literary and general topics. Herman found his wife learned to an unusual extent, but reticent; only expressing herself independently when forced out, and then in measured, unenthusiastic tones. He thought her a statue without life or fire. Truly, the fire smouldered deep beneath heaps of dead ashes.

The few evenings passed at home were spent in the solitude of their own apartments. Their sitting-rooms adjoined, with a sliding door between, which was never moved, except, perhaps, by servants. In this room Herman read and smoked—and at night making a couch of the sofa—slept. This evening he was bending over a book, striving in vain to fix his wandering thoughts, but in reality thinking of his lonely wife. Indeed, the thought of her was seldom absent from his mind. He saw that grief was wearing her life away. What could he do to make her happier? Would she accept his sympathy?

Her sitting-room door was accidentally ajar, and he resolved to go and speak with her. There was no one in the room, and he looked curiously around. Every article of furniture was familiar to him; but the heliotropes, the lilies of the valley, and the fuchsias upon the window sill, the little beaded slippers upon the ottoman, the embroidery basket, and all those pretty trifles which adorn a lady's private rooms, were new, and objects of interest and curiosity to Herman. As he stood in the centre of the room, thinking of the sad, but beautiful woman who spent her lone hours here, he heard a suppressed sob. With a light step he reached the open door of her dressing-room, but saw no one. A closer scrutiny, however, revealed to him through the lace curtains of a deep bay window Constance kneeling with her head bowed upon her clasped hands. He felt it to be no place for him, and with a noiseless step hastened away. He closed the door softly, and sat down in his own room to deep and earnest reflection. The results were seen in his kinder and less formal manner toward her upon the next day, and which lifted a portion of the shadow upon her face, and made her less stiff and ceremonious.

The evening following they attended a concert. As they were leaving the hall, pressed by the crowd, some one, unconscious of their nearness, said: "How cold and formal is Herman Halstead toward his bride, and she such a splendid woman! I used to fancy he would make a tender, devoted husband."

"Ah!" was the reply, "there are such things as marriages of convenience. I hear that she has an immense fortune." The speakers moved on, and the remainder of their conversation was lost in the crowd.

Herman looked quickly at Constance. He

saw that she had heard. Her lips were compressed firmly, but there was such a look of terror-stricken grief, such intensity of agony, as made him tremble with alarm. In silence he conducted her to their carriage, sat down beside her, and taking her two hands pressed them to his lips tenderly. Oh! how he pitied her, but what could he say in self-justification? But she could not endure pity; better coldness, she was so proud. And snatching her hands away haughtily, she said:—

"We will have no acting, if you please. You professed no love for me at our marriage, nor I for you. I had no cause to expect it, and whatever misery I may endure from that fatal step, it is of my own choosing. I do not wish you to alter your treatment of me."

He looked upon the proud face with this thought, "Cold, oh! how cold." But his answer was: "Forgive me, and thank you for reminding me of my promise. It may be some comfort to you—they say misery loves company"—with a scornful laugh, "to know that I too endure torture." Then his voice changed to deep and passionate tenderness. "Constance, it wrings my heart to see your happiness so wrecked. Young, beautiful, and an heiress. What a career of pleasure spread out before you—all crushed. Oh! how I regret that fatal, fatal step."

He heard the quick-drawn breath, saw by the dim light the misty splendor which for a moment filled her hazel eyes. Then the countenance hardened. For one forgetful moment she dreamed of love. Then the suspicion, which had to-night been forced upon her, crushed the new-born hope. Hitherto she had believed Herman, like herself, the victim of parental authority. Now she even doubted the sincerity of his words, she had so recently learned how well emotion may be counterfeited. "Trouble yourself no longer on my account," she said, coldly. "There are thousands who endure more than I, and He who heareth the raven's cry will help me."

"Is there anything I can do to make your life happier?"

"Nothing. I thank you for the kindness you have always shown me."

He bowed his head silently. Her calm resignation in accepting the joyless life spread out before her, and gratitude for the mite of love bestowed upon her by him who owed her a life's devotion, touched him deeply, but her statuesque reserve kept him silent.

A few evenings after we find them at an elegant and select entertainment; Herman the gayest of the gay, Constance, as usual, queenly and solemn. Mr. Channing, a distinguished editor and a handsome man—who evidently was not unconscious of the fact—standing somewhat apart from the crowd, observed the youthful couple with a shrewd, politic eye. Presently he speaks to Herman, who presents

him to Mrs. Halstead. What there was in the polite and affable address of Mr. Channing to excite his suspicion, Herman could not say, but he found time in the midst of his mock flirtations to watch them covertly. He saw Constance at first listless and distraite; the next glance revealed her slightly flushed and nervous, so slightly as to be detectable only to an interested observer like Herman, who was now becoming uneasy. Again she cast a swift glance from beneath her lashes upon the handsome and agreeable editor, and such a smile overspread her countenance. "How very lovely she is!" mused Herman, "but she never smiles like that on me."

"Ay, and perhaps you have never said such things as Mr. Channing is saying to make her smile," said the little monster of the emerald eye. Then he looked at the editor more keenly. He observed the clear, pale complexion, the well-developed forehead, the firm but expressive mouth, and the keen gray eye full of thought and power. Once he met the eyes of his beautiful bride fixed upon him critically, just as she would look at any other person to whom her attention had been called, and he knew the editor was talking about him.

It was rather late when Herman notified Constance of his desire to go home, but, with a charming smile toward Mr. Channing, she said, naively: "How this evening has flown."

Herman would have liked to knock that editor over, but contented himself with abusing him as they drove home, which aroused all the native stubbornness of Constance's character, and they reached home in a state of positive alienation.

Their life of formality was broken up. Again and again she met Mr. Channing. The gossips talked as gossips always do, and Herman grew desperate. Not that there was anything in their manner for gossip or desperation; there were not two more courtly and irreproachable personages to be found in fashionable society. This sort of life was becoming unendurable to Constance. In solitude she bound up her heart with fervent prayer, and abroad masked her sorrows in indifference, too proud to let the world know her weakness. But her wretched midnight vigils were telling upon the beautiful face. "I cannot endure this long," she said. "I shall either die or go mad."

A few days after she directed her steps toward Herman's apartments. She had never entered them, and now a nervous timidity seized her. She knocked softly. Herman's voice told her to come in. She opened the door and entered. He made no exhibition of surprise, though he wondered much what had brought her. He saw with pain the marks of suffering upon her countenance.

"If you have no objections," she said, timidly, "I should like to go home for a week or two."

A new remorse seized him, remorse for remembered harsh words and personal wrongs, as he listened to this meek request from the quietly woman. "Constance," he said, reproachfully, "have you so soon forgotten the promise I gave you of perfect freedom?" He arose and walked to the window, striving to clear his brow of the unutterable misery he felt to be settling itself there, then came back and fixing his eyes earnestly upon her, said: "Constance, you are free. If you wish it, you shall have a divorce and be released from your trouble."

She looked upon him with a face of blank, cold terror; the color faded from her cheek, the misty softness vanished from her frightened eyes; only a moment she looked, then covering her face with her hands burst into tears.

"Constance," he said, in a troubled voice, "what do you want? You are not happy; is it in my power to make you so?"

She lifted her eyes at length; there were sorrow and tenderness in them. "Do as you wish," she said.

"Constance, I will have no such answer," with an eager, impatient gesture. "Tell me quickly."

"Then," she replied, slowly, "such a thought had never crossed my mind. I do not wish it on my own account."

How frail she had grown. She leaned her head wearily against the purple velvet cushion of her chair, the long lashes drooped listlessly, and there was a settled gravity about the small mouth which spoke of protracted suffering. He sat down by her, and, taking her slender hand in his, said: "O Constance, if you could only love me a little, just a little—I do not expect a return of half the wild, mad passion of my own ardent temperament, we are so differently constituted—there would yet be happiness for us both."

She looked upon him in amazement, the swift color rising to her cheek. "Herman, are you speaking the truth?"

"Do I really, truly, devotedly, ay, *madly* love you, do you mean? I do, as God is my witness."

Never before had Herman seen the countenance of his wife so radiant. He clasped both her small hands in his, and bent toward her eagerly. "You do love me a little?"

"Not a little," she replied, shaking her head archly, "but very much, even as you have said."

In a moment a strong arm was around her, and the lips of her husband were pressed to hers in the ecstasy of a lover's first kiss.

How the people wondered over the sudden change in the young married couple; he so tender and devoted, she so charming and gay. But the editor wondered not. He only smiled grimly at the gossips, and was as attentive as ever to his favorite.

ACTING CHARADE.

CHECKMATE.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

Characters.

MR. CORNELIUS HEATH, an elderly gentleman, devoted to chess.
 MRS. CORNELIUS HEATH, an elderly lady, devoted to her son.
 MINNIE HEATH, their daughter, aged ten.
 ISABELLA HARCOURT, MR. HEATH'S ward, a young lady with a will of her own.
 HARRY HARCOURT, ISABELLA'S brother, aged twelve, also a ward of MR. HEATH'S.
 ALBERT AMORY, ISABELLA'S lover, a young sailor.
 JAMES, MR. HEATH'S footman.

SCENE I.—CHECK-

SCENE.—The parlor of MR. HEATH'S house. Curtain rises, discovering MR. HEATH seated before a table, with a chess-board and an open book before him. MRS. HEATH, seated at the other side of the stage, is sewing.

Mrs. Heath. (Sighing.) Oh, dear!

Mr. Heath. (Reading from the book, and moving a piece on the chess-board.) This move puts the queen in check.

Mrs. Heath. (A little louder than before.) Oh, dear!

Mr. Heath. (Moving another piece on the board.) Either way the queen is in check; to the knight if I move the pawn, to the castle if I take away the bishop.

Mrs. Heath. (Quite loudly.) Oh, dear!

Mr. Heath. (Looking up suddenly.) Did you speak, my love?

Mrs. Heath. Speak, indeed! I'm sure nothing less than a blast from a speaking trumpet would rouse you, when you get out that hateful book and chess-board.

Mr. Heath. This is such a beautiful game, my dear.

Mrs. Heath. Nonsense! While you are studying your beautiful games, I have all the torment and worry of the household upon my shoulders. I am nearly worn to death.

Mr. Heath. Why, my dear, I was not aware—

Mrs. Heath. No, of course you were not aware of anything but pawns, and bishops, and castles.

Mr. Heath. But what is tormenting and worrying you?

Mrs. Heath. Isabella Harcourt.

Mr. Heath. My ward?

Mrs. Heath. Yes, your ward; a great hoydenish, romping country girl, who won't wear a dress like anybody else's, lets her hair hang in great long blousy curls like a milkmaid, talks slang like a stable boy; and now, to crown all, coolly informs me that she is engaged to be married to Albert Amory, a common sailor that she met in Maizeville.

Mr. Heath. Engaged to be married! Why, my dear, you surely told me that Reginald—

Mrs. Heath. Now don't drive me crazy at once. Of course I supposed Reginald was se-

cure, if he proposed, and I counted upon her fortune for the dear boy's future support. If she had only come to me in the first place, as soon as her father died.

Mr. Heath. But you know, my dear, her father expressly desired that she should go to Maizeville, to her uncle's for four years, to restore her health.

Mrs. Heath. Well, she is healthy enough now; vulgarly so, I think. Just listen!

Isabella. (Behind the scenes, sings very loudly.)

"I should like to marry,
 If that I could find
 Any little husband
 Just suited to my mind!
 But he must be handsome,
 And he must be good!
 Or I'd send him right about,
 Yes, indeed, I should!"

Mrs. Heath. That's a pretty song for a young lady of eighteen, now, isn't it?

Mr. Heath. I think her lungs are quite sound.

Mrs. Heath. She is a bigger Tomboy than her brother, at this moment. She quite defies me. When I told her she must give up this low sailor fellow, she informed me that her uncle approved of the match, and she would marry him if she had to elope to do it.

Mr. Heath. Elope!

Mrs. Heath. So I have had to watch her constantly. Fortunately, Mr. Amory has gone away now for a few days, so I can feel at ease for a little while.

Enter ISABELLA, in a walking dress. She wears a short sack with pockets in front, into which her hands are thrust. If a young lady can be found for this part who can enter whistling, it will add to the effect.

Isabella. (Aside.) Now what is Mrs. Heath doing here at this time of day? I thought she was safe in her own room.

Mrs. Heath. Pray, may I inquire, Miss Harcourt, what you have on your walking dress for?

Isabella. Certainly you may inquire.

Mrs. Heath. Well?

Isabella. Quite well, I thank you.

Mrs. Heath. I asked you what you had put on your walking dress for.

Isabella. Oh! I put it on to walk in.

Mrs. Heath. Did I not expressly forbid you to leave the house unless I accompanied you?

Isabella. You may accompany me if you like. I am going as far as the post-office. It would be rather an accommodation if you would hurry a little in getting ready.

Mrs. Heath. I never heard such brazen impudence in all my life. You will not go out to-day, Miss Harcourt.

Isabella. (Aside.) Check number one. How can I get this letter in the office?

Mr. Heath. (Abstractedly.) The pawns are very important when the larger pieces are held in check.

Isabella. So they are! I have it! (*Throws off her hat and sack.*) There are more ways of killing a cat than those imagine who choke her to death with pudding.

Mrs. Heath. I never heard such disgusting vulgarity in my life!

Isabella. Well, if you'll grease your ears and button them back, you can hear some more.

Mrs. Heath. Mr. Heath, how long am I to be insulted in my own house.

Mr. Heath. (*Absently.*) Certainly, my dear, it is your own; settled on you when we were married.

Mrs. Heath. I asked you if there was no check to be put upon this girl's saucy tongue?

Mr. Heath. (*Reading.*) The knight thus gives check to the queen.

Mrs. Heath. (*Rising.*) I declare, between you, you are enough to drive one mad!

[*Exit MRS. HEATH.*]

Mr. Heath. (*Rising.*) My dear! my dear! I am sure I did not intend—dear me, she is vexed! I must go and see what is the matter.

[*Exit MR. HEATH.*]

Isabella. Ha! ha! ha! Poor fellow! He's not henpecked any. Oh, no! And now for my letter. Albert must know how the land lies. Thanks to Mr. Heath's hint, I remember my pawn. Harry is devoted to Albert, so I will take him into my confidence.

Enter MINNIE.

Minnie. (*Sobbing.*) Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

Isabella. Why, Minnie, what is the matter?

Minnie. O Belle, you know my big wax doll that opens and shuts its eyes, this way. (*Standing erect, facing audience, and winking very fast.*)

Isabella. Yes, I know.

Minnie. Well, she's all melted on her cheek and nose by the fire. (*Sobs again.*) They went and built up a rousing big fire in the nursery and never moved her chair away.

Isabella. What a pity! Where's Harry, Minnie?

Minnie. In the nursery, doing a sum.

Isabella. Well, don't cry any more, Minnie, and I will give you another doll twice as big as that one.

Minnie. Truly?

Isabella. Yes, truly. Now won't you do something for me?

Minnie. Yes, indeed I will.

Isabella. Won't you go to the nursery and send Harry to me. Tell him to come quick, and not tell anybody that I want him.

Minnie. I'll tell him. [*Exit MINNIE.*]

Isabella. (*Taking a letter from her pocket*) He must mail this for me, and get Albert's. (*Rummaging in her pocket.*) Where is my post-office check? He can't get my letters without that. (*Emptying her pockets.*) Here's my handkerchief, and trunk key, and bird whistle, and piece of chocolate, and Jewsharp, and piece of

um, and thimble, and comic song-

book, and nigger concert tickets—I'll give those to Harry—and pocket comb, and here it is! my post-office check.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.—MATE.

SCENE.—*Same as Scene I. Curtain rises, discovering MINNIE seated on a low seat nursing a large wax doll.*

Minnie. You beautiful darling! Who would have thought that Belle had had you in that great white box ever since she was a little girl herself. Why, you are most as old as I am, you dear pretty dolly!

Enter HARRY, walking on tiptoe.

Harry. Minnie!

Minnie. Why, what is the matter? You look so funny.

Harry. Funny?

Minnie. Yes, so serious and important.

Harry. Minnie, can you keep a secret?

Minnie. Oh, yes; tell me, quick!

Harry. (*Drawing two chairs forward, facing audience.*) Well, come sit here by me, then, and put away that great ugly doll. (*Sits down.*)

Minnie. Ugly! She is perfectly beautiful.

Harry. Is she? Put her down, anyhow.

(*MINNIE puts the doll carefully upon the sofa.*)

Minnie. (*Sitting down beside HARRY.*) Now tell me the secret, quick!

Harry. Sister Belle's got a bean.

Minnie. Pshaw! I knew that long ago. It is brother Reginald.

Harry. No it ain't! That's the fun of it! And he is coming to see her to-day, when your mother is gone to the concert. She had a letter from him this morning; I got it out of the post-office, and he is coming at four o'clock, and—and—ain't it fun, Minnie?

Minnie. Fun?

Harry. Why, yes, humbugging old—your mother so! She is going to marry him, you know; and only think, Minnie, he's been appointed mate to one of the biggest ships in New York.

Minnie. What is a mate, Harry?

Harry. I don't know, but it is something very grand, for Belle clapped her hands when she read it, and told me right off.

Isabella. (*Behind the scenes.*) You can show any one who asks for me into the parlor, James.

Harry. Oh, Belle is coming! O Minnie, let's you and I get under the table and see them make love. It's not listening, you know, because Belle told me all about it, and I told you.

Minnie. But—

Harry. Come, quick, or they'll catch us.

(*HARRY drags MINNIE to the table and both hide under it, pulling the cover down to conceal them.*)

Enter ISABELLA.

Isabella. All well so far. What a jewel Harry is, to be sure. He will be delighted, too, if we succeed in eluding Mrs. Heath's vigilance. Dear Albert! I wonder if a mate can take his wife to sea with him.

Enter ALBERT.

Albert. Dear Bella!

Isabella. (*Rising to embrace him.*) Dear, dear Albert!

Albert. You are well, darling?

Isabella. Yes, dearest, and you? You look a little pale, my own love.

Albert. Only fatigue, dear Bella. I travelled all night, you know?

Isabella. Do be careful of your health, for my sake, dear.

Albert. Did you receive my note?

Isabella. I did.

Albert. And will you consent, darling?

Isabella. You know I promised, Albert, if my guardian opposed our marriage, to elope with you. I will keep my word.

Albert. (*Kissing her.*) My darling!

Isabella. I have now some five hundred dollars in money, and lots of jewelry. This will suffice us until my guardian is reconciled to the match, and pays my allowance.

Albert. Do you suppose I mean to live on your money, pet? Did I not write to you that I am now mate of the Albatross, and she does not sail for six weeks. She is undergoing repairs now, in New York harbor, so we can enjoy a long honeymoon before we sail.

Isabella. Oh, dear! does the mate have to go to sea?

Albert. Well, generally.

Isabella. Then you can't be mate. You must stay at home.

Albert. We will talk about that after we are married. You will be all ready this evening, and I will have a carriage waiting. Steal out when I whistle: "Down the burn, Davy, love," and we will take the midnight train for New York.

Isabella. I will be all ready.

Mrs. Heath. (*Behind the scenes.*) With a gentleman in the parlor?

Isabella. Oh! there is old mammy Heath. How can you get out?

Albert. (*Going to the window.*) Here is a grape vine frame, and I am a sailor. Good-bye till evening. (*Opens the window and goes out as if upon the grape vine frame.*)

Isabella. I haven't time for a row with Mrs. Heath, I must go pack my satchel.

[*Exit ISABELLA.*]

Harry. (*Peeping out from under the table.*) Come out, Minnie. (*Comes out.*)

Minnie. (*Creeping out.*) O Harry! Oh! when I'm a grown woman I mean to have a beau and run away to New York. Wouldn't it be fun?

Harry. (*Very gravely.*) Minnie.

Minnie. Well, Harry?

Harry. Let's you and I run away now. What's the use of waiting till we're grown up? I can take care of you now. (*Imitating ALBERT.*) Dear Minnie.*

Minnie. (*Rushing into his arms.*) Dear, dear Harry.

Harry. You are well, Minnie, darling?

Minnie. I am well. But you? You look a little pale, my dear love.

Harry. I am only tired, my Minnie. I am going to travel all night, you know.

Minnie. Do be careful of your precious health, for my sake, Harry.

Harry. (*Taking out his pocket-book.*) Let me see, my pet, how much money I have got. (*Counting.*) Ten, fifteen, twenty-five, fifty—one dollar and fifteen cents, two postage stamps, and a button.

Minnie. I haven't got any money, but there is my set of corals and the bracelet Reginald gave me last Christmas.

Harry. Splendid! We shall do famously. Shall we elope to-night, Minnie, dearest?

Minnie. Yes. We can follow Belle, you know.

Harry. Oh, yes. They are going in a carriage, and I can catch on behind.

Minnie. But I can't.

Harry. Can't you? Well, I know where the New York depot is, any how, so we can walk.

Minnie. Where can we go when we get to New York, Harry?

Harry. Oh! we'll speak to Belle when we get on the cars, and I'll get Albert to have me made a mate too.

Minnie. But Albert said a mate had to go to sea.

Harry. He said *generally*; perhaps they'll let us stay at home.

Minnie. But if they won't have you for a mate, Harry, what then?

Harry. Well, then, I must open a store like Uncle William's, and sell dresses, and shawls, and such things. You can have all you want, Minnie, for nothing.

Minnie. I like that best.

Enter MRS. HEATH.

Mrs. Heath. What are you children doing in the parlor?

Harry. (*Drawing himself up.*) Children! (*Aside to MINNIE.*) We know what we know, don't we, Minnie?

Minnie. Yes, we do. And heaps more beside.

Mrs. Heath. Go up to the nursery, both of you.

Harry. (*Aside.*) She'll soon see if we are children. I am an engaged man.

[*Exit HARRY.*]

Minnie. (*Taking up her doll.*) I'm going.

* The whole of the conversation following must be as close an imitation as possible of the conversation between Albert and Isabella.

(*Aside.*) I wonder what she will say when she hears I'm a married woman in New York. Children! (*Aloud.*) Come, you precious, darling dolly, come. [*Exit MINNIE.*]

Mrs. Heath. Dear me! I'm sure one's own children are worry enough, without having those of other people to look after. Now there's Reginald going to let Isabella's fortune slip through his fingers, because he won't force her inclinations. And Mr. Heath is no help at all. But to-morrow Miss Hareourt goes with me to Saratoga, and I hope I shall have no more of this sailor lover of hers. She informed me to-day that she had heard he was going to be mate of the Albatross. Now, if I can only keep her contented at Saratoga till he sails upon a good long voyage, she will be sure to forget him before he comes back.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE III.—CHECKMATE.

SCENE.—*Same as Scene I.* MR. HEATH seated at a table, with a chess-board and open book before him. MRS. HEATH reading. *Curtain rises slowly. After a moment's pause, a clock is heard striking midnight.*

Mrs. Heath. Twelve o'clock! (*Yawns.*) What a long, tiresome evening this has been. But it will be the last for some time. My dear!

Mr. Heath. (*Absently.*) Yes, dear.

Mrs. Heath. I think, considering that this is my last evening at home for a month or six weeks, that I had a right to expect a little attention from my husband.

Mr. Heath. Yes, dear. True, true, I have been a little absorbed, I believe. So you are really going to-morrow?

Mrs. Heath. Dear me! I have told you fifty times that I must get Isabella away before that low sailor fellow comes back again. He may come home any day, but he will not find her here.

Mr. Heath. But he may follow her to Saratoga.

Mrs. Heath. If he knows she is there. But I will take good care that he does not know.

Mr. Heath. But you cannot stay in Saratoga forever.

Mrs. Heath. Of course not. But we can stay there until his vessel sails. Oh, my plan now is perfect, and Reginald will win the heiress yet!

Enter JAMES, leading HARRY and MINNIE; HARRY kicking and struggling, MINNIE sobbing loudly. HARRY wears his overcoat and hat, and has in his hands a bat, and ball, and a pair of skates; MINNIE carries her waz doll.

James. If you please, ma'am—

Harry. Let me go, you great, hateful fellow! (*Twitches away from JAMES.*) The next time you want to elope, Miss Minnie, you may go by yourself. If it hadn't been for that great

heavy doll, we would have been in time for the train.

Minnie. It ain't a bit heavier than your ugly old bat and skates. The idea of taking skates in summer.

James. If you please, ma'am—

Harry. You be quiet, you old meddling fellow!

Mrs. Heath. I should like to know what all this means?

James. Yes, ma'am. If you please—

Minnie. You don't know anything about it.

Mr. Heath. (*Reading and moving a chessman.*) This prevents the knight from protecting the queen.

Mrs. Heath. What are you children doing out at this hour?

Minnie and Harry. If that horrid old James—

James. Indeed, ma'am—

Mrs. Heath. (*In a loud, angry tone.*) Silence, all of you! James, where did you find these children?

James. At the New York depot, ma'am, where I went to see my cousin off.

Mrs. Heath. And, pray, what were you two children doing at the New York depot?

Harry. I was eloping with Minnie, and, if she hadn't dragged along that great hateful doll, we might have been in New York by this time.

Mrs. Heath. Eloping! What on earth does the boy mean?

Minnie. He means running away to get married, mamma.

Mrs. Heath. What is the world coming to? Take them up stairs, James, where they will stay for one week on bread and water.

Harry. I won't go.

Minnie. I will, for (*yawning*) I'm so sleepy I can scarcely keep my eyes open.

[*Exit MINNIE.*]

Mrs. Heath. You can go down stairs, James. [*Exit JAMES.*]

Mr. Heath. (*Reading.*) This clears the board of all the unimportant pieces, and brings the game to a focus.

Mrs. Heath. (*To HARRY.*) And, now, I would like to know, sir, what excuse you can give for your conduct?

Harry. I don't see why Minnie and I shouldn't elope as well as sister Belle and Albert Amory.

Mrs. Heath. Your sister and Albert Amory! Eloped! When? Where?

Harry. To-night, to New York.

Mrs. Heath. I shall certainly faint. Do you hear that, Mr. Heath?

Mr. Heath. What is it? Did you speak to me, my dear?

Mrs. Heath. Speak to you! Don't you hear what this awful bad boy says? After all my plans, everything arranged so nicely, here this dreadful child says his sister has eloped to-night with her low sailor lover.

Mr. Heath. So all your schemes fall to the ground.

Mrs. Heath. It is too vexatious. Go to bed, you bad boy.

Harry. (Yawning.) Well, I believe I will.

[Exit HARRY.]

Mr. Heath. The queen is lost now.

Mrs. Heath. I wish you would put by that horrid chess, and tell me what I am to do.

Mr. Heath. Do, my dear? Why, if your fine plans have proved useless, and the game is lost, you must do as I do.

Mrs. Heath. What is that?

Mr. Heath. Submit to a checkmate.

[Curtain falls.]

GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS IN DRAWING.

Fig. 38.



LESSON XI.

FIGURE AND OBJECT DRAWING (Concluded).

In a former sketch, we have given a specimen of the mode of delineating the foliage of an oak-tree. We now give another, in which the tree is the principal object (Fig. 38). The further branches are made darker, which brings out the nearer ones. The pupil will see, from this sketch, how the effect of water is given with very little trouble.

In sketching the copy in Fig. 39, the circular part of the bridge should be drawn in first, then the upper part and outline of the whole; thereafter the foliage at the top, taking care

not to make it too dark, as it should appear to recede from the eye. It may be taken as a general rule that in distances shadows become lighter, on account of the atmosphere more so than lights, the dark parts being the first to lose their distinctness. The copy here given is treated with a broad effect of light. The few strongly marked weeds give an effect to the whole. The reflections in the water are indistinct, in consequence of its being a running stream.

Having gone thus far in drawing from objects, we now conclude this part of our subject. Having laid before her the rudiments or basis of the art, we leave it to the perseverance of the

Fig. 39.



pupil to make further progress, as pencil-drawing will form a good foundation for the higher branches of art, as oil and water-color painting.

SPANISH BREAD.

THE bread in the South of Spain is delicious ; it is white as snow, close as cake, and yet very light. The flavor is most admirable, for the wheat is good and pure, and the bread well kneaded. The way they make this bread is as follows : From large round panniers filled with wheat they take out a handful at a time, sorting it most carefully and expeditiously, and throwing every defective grain into another basket. This done, the wheat is ground between two circular stones, as it was ground in Egypt 2000 years ago, the requisite rotary motion being given by a blindfolded mule, which paces round and round with untiring patience, a bell being attached to his neck, which, as long as he is in movement, tinkles on ; and when it stops, he is urged to his duty by the shout of "*Arre, mula,*" from some one within hearing. When ground, the wheat is sifted through three sieves, the last of these being so fine that only the pure flour can pass through it ; this is of a pale apricot-color. The bread is made in the evening. It is mixed with only sufficient water, with a little salt in it, to make it into dough ; a very small quantity of leaven, or fermenting mixture, is added. The Scripture says, "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." The dough made, it is put into sacks, and carried on the donkeys' backs to the oven in the centre of the village, so as to bake it immediately it is kneaded. On arriving there, the dough is divided into portions weighing three pounds each. Two long narrow wooden tables on trestles are then placed down the room, and now a curious sight may be seen. About twenty men (bakers) come in and range

themselves on one side of the table. A lump of dough is handed to the nearest, which he commences kneading and knocking about with all his might for about three or four minutes, and then passes it on to his neighbor, who does the same ; and so on successively until all have kneaded it, when it becomes as soft as new putty, and ready for the oven. Of course, as soon as the first baker has handed the first lump to his neighbor, another is given to him, and so on till the whole quantity of dough is successively kneaded by them all. The bakers' wives and daughters shape the loaves for the oven, and some of them are very small, and they are baked immediately. The ovens are very large, and not heated by fires *under* them ; but a quantity of twigs of the herbs of sweet marjoram and thyme, which cover the hills in great profusion, are put in the oven and ignited. They heat the oven to any extent required ; and, as the bread gets baked, the oven gets gradually colder, so that the bread is never burned. They knead the bread in Spain with such force, that the palm of the hand and the second joints of the fingers of the bakers are covered with corns, and it so affects the chest that they cannot work more than two hours at a time.

IF we know ourselves, we shall remember the condescension, benignity, and love that is due to *inferiors* ; the affability, friendship, and kindness we ought to show to *equals* ; the regard, deference, and honor we owe to *superiors* ; and the candor, integrity, and benevolence we owe to all.—*Mason*.

INTELLECT and industry are never incompatible. There is more wisdom, and will be more benefit, in combining them than scholars like to believe, or than the common world imagine. Life has time enough for both, and its happiness will be increased by the union.—*Turner*.

MY STORY; AND WHY I DID NOT WRITE IT.

BY E. F. H.

A GREAT rambling yellow house, and only two of us in it; none too much money, either; and when I begged for a new Sunday bonnet, and mother declared that the old one must do, I couldn't help crying. All the girls had come out in their new summer bonnets as fresh as roses, and I declared I could not and should not wear that hateful old dud, with its faded green ribbon, streaked in blue-green and yellow-green alternately, where it had displayed itself to the sun, or hidden away in loops; with the old creases and needle holes, that all the water and hot irons in the world could never obliterate and render fresh and smooth again. Had not I already turned and twisted it, first on this side, then on that, for four summers? and I thought it was beyond human endurance if I was compelled to wear it again. And now the city styles had come, tipping the little baby-looking bonnets on the top of the waterfalls, and no coaxing or inducements of mine could persuade my old-fashioned bonnet to assume the right air, and perch itself where it ought in obedience to the dictates of fashion. Hadn't I spent two mortal hours before the glass in my own little chamber, Sunday noon, when mother thought I was learning my Sunday-school lesson, practising on getting my waterfall up on the top of my head, instead of in the low bag in my neck, in which I had been wearing it? And then when I took the old bonnet, with its red trimmings, looking so hot and flaming that lovely June Sabbath, and perched it on the top in true city style, the result was so overpowering that I couldn't help giggling hysterically, chagrined and perplexed as I was. I took a small glass from the next room—Benny's room it used to be—and, standing with my back to the large one, in a way perhaps not altogether new to the human race, I peered in eagerly to see the effect.

Oh, dear! there was my waterfall sure enough, straining each particular hair from its very root up to the proper height; but the bonnet! oh, it looked like nothing on the earth, or in the water under the earth, and I'm sure like nothing in the heavens. There was room enough in the crown of it, where it towered up above my head without touching it, to carry my dinner pail in, and the ears came round behind and nearly met just where they ought not to be, while the front view was entirely martial, and I could think of nothing but a statue of Minerva I had once seen with a helmet on her head; it came down to my eyebrows and towered up in the air to an altitude of, I won't say how many degrees. But I consoled myself with the thought that perhaps I had "done" my hair a little too high, so when I heard mother's voice in the entry telling me to get ready

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for Sunday school, I scrambled my hair down into its bag again, and putting on the despised bonnet in its ordinary humdrum fashion, I heaved a sigh not altogether of despair—although it was strongly tinged with that ingredient—and beguiled my way to church with calculating just the distance up one's cranium the waterfall must attain in order to accommodate itself to one's head gear, resolving to take notes of the other girls, and improve upon my former attempt.

On Monday morning I commenced the first thing over the wash-tub, as soon as we had finished breakfast, and mother was good-natured again, for she had been a little annoyed because she overslept, and she feared Mrs. Tompkins would get her clothes out before we did. It took considerable manœuvring and much extra smartness on my side, to get mother into her usual pleasant mood, but at last she came round, and when I ran up stairs and got my white brilliant sack, which had seen its third summer, and declared I was going to do it up for next Sunday, she smiled on me approvingly.

"That's right," she said; "it does look a little yellow, though it was folded up in blue paper; but things always do yellow so by laying. I'm glad you've got it, Sallie, for it always looks so cool and pretty."

Now was my chance. "Yes, mother," I said, scrubbing diligently at the washboard, instead of the clothes I was pretending to wash, to hide my nervousness, "and now all I shall have to buy will be a new ribbon. I shall try and alter over the old bonnet, for it isn't a bit the shape they wear now; but I suppose I can't have a new bonnet and ribbon both, though I need it bad enough. I've worn the old thing, summer and winter, for four years, and all the other girls have new ones every year. There's Laura Brainard has two a year. She asked me the other day how much longer I was going to wear this old-fashioned thing, and said she guessed Mrs. Shem wore it into the ark, and she made some of the girls laugh by saying that Mrs. Noah bequeathed her bonnet to *you*. I can't bear her; but oh, mother, your great big bonnet does look so old-fashioned! I do wish you would have a new one. Why can't you?"

"My daughter," said mother, calmly, but in that tone which carried a swift presentiment of denial to my heart, "we cannot afford to be fashionable so long as we owe so much, and have hardly money enough for the necessities of life. How should we look coming out in gay new bonnets and no flour or potatoes in the house? Where I am to get the money to buy the food for us to eat I don't know, now the fishing vessels don't bring us in anything. And there is that dreadful debt lying on my mind all the time, that must be paid. No, Sallie, you and I can't afford to be proud as long as we are

so poor; we shall have to make our old things do a little longer."

After that I moped all the forenoon, dropping tears enough into my wash-tub to "set the colors" in the most uncertain piece of dry goods that could have lain there. But I would not give it up so, and by degrees I came to the conclusion that I must in some way earn the money myself, for a new bonnet I must have. And how to earn it was the question. My education had fitted me for a school-teacher, but there was no vacancy in the village, and mother was unwilling to have me go from home. Suddenly it flashed upon me, why not earn my living with my pen, as so many women were doing, perhaps of no better natural talents than myself. I'll do it, I thought, fired with the idea. I can write as good a story as half those who write for the magazines. I know I can do it, and I've heard that the pay of writers is very liberal, nowadays. I dare say I can support myself handsomely. Accordingly, I lay awake at night several hours, with dim plots and impossible heroes and heroines flitting through my mind, until sleep came and whirled the whole scene, stage and actors, into oblivion, and I knew nothing more until the next morning's sun shone bright into my room.

How I hurried with my work that next day—washing dishes, ironing, and baking, with a celerity that astonished mother, and led her to make the remark to some invisible person, that she "wasn't sure but Sallie would make something yet," for I had never taken kindly to housework.

After the dinner dishes were washed, and the kitchen all tidied up, mother announced her intention of going into a neighbor's to sit awhile, which was exactly what I wanted, and I was soon seated in cosy quietness, pen in hand, ready to make my fortune.

I had quite decided upon the style of my story, and glibly enough my pen dashed over the paper as I portrayed my chief characters in glowing colors. Such faces, and forms, and manners, were never before united in one glorious whole, I imagine. There were to be two embodiments of perfection of the feminine gender, of whom one was dark, proud, haughty, wonderfully beautiful and queenly; the other slight, aerial, graceful, a little fairy, in the perfection of a blonde. She should be bewitchingly childlike, carrying all hearts by storm; while a splendid hero, all arranged with pale face and classic brow, dark hair tossed carelessly back in rippled waves, magnificent from his wondrous eyes to the very curl of his moustache, was to be the bone of contention between them. Having a standard hero in my mind, I could easily describe him as all this in appearance, while he was also to be one of nature's noblemen at heart. Never ruffled, never trifling, but always dignified and grand, he would have but to be obeyed, and yet he should

speak in such a winsome manner as should make every one who listened his willing and loyal slaves forever.

So the curtain rose; my actors made their *début* with most graceful bows, and then came a dead pause. Because I could not manage to make them talk as they do in books. Every sentence that fell from the lips of my lovely Blanche was not only childish, but insipid to the last degree. My queenly Edith, whom I had represented as flashing out sparkling repartees, and astonishing savants by the depth of her lore, chaining to her side all who approached her, seemed to have been struck dumb, for not a witticism could she be forced to utter, except one poor joke, which sounded so supremely silly that I drew my pen across it the moment it had passed her lips; and as for my hero, Mr. Ralph Worcester, I could for the life of me, only force him to lean against a pillar or the corner of the mantel, and "gaze" (Eng. *stare*) with those wonderful eyes of his. Once or twice he opened his lips to utter some trite aphorism, which made him seem like a stupid, commonplace man, which was far from what I intended, and I stood aghast at the discovery that my hero and heroine were turning out to be everyday-sort-of-people, who sounded just like real life when they talked, and not a bit like books. But I would not give up, and for an hour I persevered in recording conversations (?) in this style:—

"Ralph stood leaning his elbow on the mantel, his dark eyes fixed on Edith, who sat in her magnificent beauty near a work-table with some trifle of elegant embroidery in her hands. The red light from the grate danced over her face and figure, lending a glow to her usually pale countenance, while her eyes caught from it a dangerous brilliancy. She glanced up to meet his eyes fixed upon her with an expression that caused a swift blush to mantle her face.

"Just then the door opened, and Blanche came dancing into the room. She had been out, and the keen frosty air had given an exquisite tinge to her lovely face, surrounded by its wealth of golden ringlets. Her azure velvet hat, with its snowy-floating plumes, was perched jauntily on the side of her head, and the dainty furs encircling her seemed to say she was one of those whom the winds of heaven must not be permitted to handle too roughly. She came straight to the fire, saying, in a tone of childish *naïveté*—"

Here is where this story ends. I caused my little Blanche to make nine distinct remarks on that particular occasion, not one of which sounded in the least like any heroine of whom I had ever read. Then I turned the tables, erased the last sentence, bade Mr. Worcester, smitten with her childish beauty, utter some remark, but speech came not to his finely-chiselled lips. And the proud Edith sat as resolutely silent.

What could I do? I had described all three of these personages as fascinating in the extreme, but the reader would be obliged to take

my word for it, as nothing I could force them to utter would carry out the illusion. Where do authors make their characters just what they represent them to be? Where do they get this conversational talent, so rare in life, so common in books, which makes the whole romance reading world as deeply in love with the hero or heroine as was the legitimate object of affection in the tale?

At last I gave up in despair. It was evident that this style of story-making was not my forte. When I do arrive at distinction as a story writer, I shall be obliged to employ some distinguished novelist to do the conversations while I prepare the parties for the conflict, and arrange details generally. Having decided that this was not my style, my mind naturally began to be exercised as to what sort of writing would be best suited to my capacities.

Something suggested Miss Prescott to me. Now, Miss Prescott is one of my favorites. There are a vigor and originality about her writings that I like. She is abrupt and vague, but her mere suggestions form word-pictures, and the whole scene is before you in a minute. Her conversations are decidedly out of the common way. Pithy and short, they learn one to guess at their full meaning, thus keeping the attention on the alert. True, she is posted on every conceivable subject, but I will ape her, without touching on any subject whatever, and then no one will know how much or how little information is left in reserve. Also, I had concluded to change my patronage from the Philadelphia magazines to the *Atlantic Monthly*. I had heard they paid their contributors \$5 per page. What couldn't I do with the money I would earn? not only everything that mother and myself would need to wear, but several items in the way of furniture, badly enough needed, flitted before my eyes; a nice, soft, gay-colored lounge for mother's weary limbs to rest upon; and I even went so far as to imagine a pianoforte standing demurely on its elephantine legs against the long bare side of the best room.

The vision dazzled my eyes, and again I seized my pen. Now every one is aware that the progeny of the *Atlantic Monthly* are generally christened with remarkable names, therefore I was obliged to devote another hour to trying to think up a name that should attract attention and excite curiosity. At last, I decided upon one I thought to be the very thing, and here it is:—

WHY SHOULD I NOT?

The talk was of affinities. Flo cast a bewildering glance at me, and said, just under her breath: "You'd like to find yours; come, now, confess."

"That depends!"

"Ah! you're afraid to confess it, lest it shouldn't agree with previous ideas, but I know you would, nevertheless."

I looked at Flo. She was lovely, certainly, and a certain little bewitching recklessness in

her air made her the more attractive; for wasn't my Dulcinea (the one who *should* have been my affinity, but, alas! was not) the least bit in the world prudish and reserved? I grew reckless in looking.

"I confess," I cried, "I *should* like to find her, but what could it avail me now? Fate has decided events for me."

"Say not Fate, rather say Avarice." The words came out hotly from the scarlet lips, which were wreathed into an expression of satire, not entirely foreign to them.

"What you will," I cried; "still, the matter is decided."

"Let us suppose, then," said Flo, changing her tone abruptly, and tearing slowly petal by petal the tuberoses she had all along been toying with—

That is the end of story second. The epitaph on this story is, "Died for want of breath," or, in other words, its enterprising proprietor became bankrupt of ideas just then. To my astonishment I found I was verging on metaphysics, which was slightly ridiculous, as I had promised myself I would eschew all subjects on which I should have gone beyond my depth at the moment of starting upon them.

Nowise daunted, I concluded to change my tactics altogether, and write a sensation story, thus:—

A RIDING FOR TO GO.

We were on the back seat, Del and I, each clinging frightened to her side of the carriage; she screaming with all her strength, I still as death, determined not to make a sound. Phil acted as driver, if driver he could be called, grasping the reins of those two unmanageable steeds with all his strength, which was as nothing in the balance with theirs, tearing along as they were as though they would never stop. Phil's face grew white as death. I saw him wind the reins again around his hands, and I saw, too, how deep the indentations made on those members already by the terrible strain. I looked at Del. To my amazement she was putting one foot out of the low side of the carriage.

"Del," I screamed, "what are you doing? Surely you're not going to jump?"

Her sole reply was to put out the other foot, clinging with her hands to the side of the carriage, while she found anchorage for her feet.

Phil looked around, and I shall never forget the white agony of his face. "Del," he cried, "don't jump! Don't try to. Sit still; they cannot go at this fearful pace much longer. They must stop before they reach!"

He did not finish his sentence, but it flashed upon me what the ending would have been. The river! it lay not far off, directly in our way. Del remembered it, too, for she burst into renewed screams and groans.

"Oh! what shall I do? The river! the river! O Susan Gray, I am going to jump," and with that, having landed one or both feet on the carriage step, she collected her voluminous skirts in one little trembling hand, and in a moment more was clinging to the outside of the rocking carriage whirling along at such a terrible pace.

"Pull on the left rein, Phil," she screamed. "Pull," and as the mad horses for a moment obeyed the sudden impetus, even though their

driver implored her at the same moment not to jump, she took advantage of a momentary widening of the space between the wheels to give a spring, and, as we dashed on, I could only see her stagger a few steps, and fall forward on her face.

A groan burst from Phil's lips. "Sue, Sue, will you stay? Shall we leave her?"—

Now what was I to do? I leave it to any sensation novelist to state what was proper to be done. What I want to know is, what would one naturally do if she were run away with? Never having been run away with myself, I was quite ignorant, and, again, could one jump from a carryall in that way if so disposed? And still again, if one did, would it be likely to kill or injure seriously? And farther, would it be the most like book people to go on, or jump out ourselves in the same perilous manner, allowing the horses to finish their trot alone? And another difficulty, Philip was to have been my hero. I was the legitimate object of his affections, but he had become bewitched with the pretty Del. Must he leave me and rush to her? Another objection, I should not like a hero who was incapable of managing a span of horses, so I drew a big cross over the whole story, and set about getting tea.

Not wholly discouraged either, I found my brain prolific of ideas, which might be sorted, arranged, and made something of at a future day. But an inspiration came to me while I was washing the dishes. Of all living writers, Dickens is my favorite. Who has ever described American peculiarities and characters (ignoring American notes), bringing to light the fallacies in our institutions, making ridiculous the absurd love of money, and showing that it had become such a mania among our people? Why not have an "American Dickens?"

Fancy a brilliant satire that should set the whole literary world agog. Searching out iniquity in high places, daring to hold up to the contempt it deserves the purse-proud aristocracy of the McFlimsey set, and the harassing attempts of those less high in the social scale to step up higher. It should be so close, so true to life, that each should say to his neighbor, "It is thou," never dreaming that it meant himself as well, and all critics, silenced by its wit as well as wisdom, should give its unknown author the name of the "Dickens of America."

And why should not I attempt it? The very thought inspired me, and after tea I began. That is to say, I resumed my pen, but where to begin was the question. In my secluded corner of the world, I did not see very much of life in its grand phases. The petty affairs of village life were not at all what I was about to dissect. But I had read much, and I determined to avail myself of all I knew in that way. So, after a few moments' deliberation, I decided

begin with the business portion of the comedy, and thus gradually come to the point. Angly :—

"Hobbin & Dobbs was wide awake at an early hour in the morning. Hobbin & Dobbs was never caught taking off its shutters, like the nightcap of a very lazy child, at eight o'clock in the morning, like too many of the great warehouses of the city. So far from that being the case, the rules and regulations of the store had for their very caption, centre-piece, and finale, 'Early, early, early,' in enormous capitals. 'The early bird catches the worm,' is a time-worn saying, but it caught new force when uttered by Hobbin & Dobbs.

"So from the spare old cashier, who sat at his desk with a pen behind each ear, to the tiny Dick, who opened the door and ran of errands, all were obliged to be astir at an early hour. Perhaps this infringement upon a morning nap came with such crushing effect upon no one of the many clerks and porters as upon one Timothy Kemp, Esq., who always came in rubbing his eyes, and looking as though he had only brought one or two of his senses along with him, and had left the others behind him to finish out their nap. Even Mr. Crane, who sat on the high stool next him, and was up nights with a sick child, had a gloomy collectedness that made him seem like ten times the business man he really was; but his trials were just nothing to those of T. Kemp, Esq., who did a little in the fine gentleman way, and was consequently obliged to be up late at nights calling on his lady friends, whose number, as he privately informed Mr. Crane, was so large that it took him four weeks to get round in calling upon them. Besides, the duties of receiving friends pressed heavily upon him; for how can one receive his gentlemen friends attired in a gorgeous dressing-gown with tassels at the waist, and a still more gorgeous smoking-cap on his head, negligently smoking his meerschaum, and not offer to his friends? And doesn't smoking always make one dry? And really, how could he help sending out to buy the treat that he knew would drain his purse of the money he already owed for his room rent, even though he knew what a stormy scene was in store for him with his landlady if he failed to pay?

"A fellow must dress decent if he expects to go into society, and really the firm ought to pay us enough to meet these little incidentals," muttered the unfortunate youth to a fellow-clerk, after a particularly sleepless and harassing night, which had followed a particularly gay and festive evening, of which T. Kemp, Esq., had been the acknowledged lion. But the unsympathizing clerk did not lend his ears to the grievances of this pet of fashion, and, looking about for some one to whom to confide his grievances, his eye chanced to fall on the little Dick aforesaid, who looked up to him, with a species of veneration amounting to awe, as one who was on familiar terms with nearly every family on Fifth Avenue and Madison Square, which was not precisely the case.

"Indeed, this young gentleman, for want of a better listener, had on several occasions vastly entertained his small friend with various particulars in his private history; such as showing him, in the dead privacy of retiring behind a desk-lid, such an astonishing number of neckties of all the hues of the rainbow and many other colors, which he remarked had been made for him by the fair fingers of his lady friends, carelessly mentioning that these were just nothing at all to what he had at home. He even darkly hinted that a certain young

lady, who was 'very fond of him,' threatened to poison herself, because he wore a crimson tie her cousin made for him, instead of the scarlet ones she had herself made. Indeed, he made little Dick's eyes roll up in his head to a fearful extent by adding solemnly that he had no doubt but that she would have been a corpse at that moment, if he hadn't pacified her by assuring her that it was wholly a mistake; he intended to have worn scarlet. Also he showed visiting-cards—real, printed cards—with these words on them:—

T. KEMP, ESQ.,

(With HOBBIN & DOBBS.)

16 H Block, New York City.

So that whether it was actually Hobbin & Dobbs who were in the employ of T. Kemp, Esq., or T. Kemp, Esq., who condescended to be 'with' Hobbin & Dobbs, his small admirer could not for the life of him decide."

Here endeth the fourth lesson. Not by any means for want of ideas, however, but because the "American Dickens" foresees that this story could not come within the limits of any magazine or paper, but must be carried out into a book.

The "A—— D——" foresees also that it would not be possible to enlarge upon each character, and give a glance at each one's home and business life—hunt up a Tilly Slowboy and a little Neil, a Sally Brass and a faithful Agnes (all different in kinds, of course, but possessing peculiarities as wonderful)—without taking much time and pains, and, perhaps, travelling over half of this continent. It is possible, however, that it may be more profitable if published in book form, particularly if it ran through many editions. Therefore, the remainder of this brilliant satire must be withheld from the impatient and clamorous public until the "Dickens of America" shall be able to complete it. Possibly, it may be published under the title of "Our Common Acquaintance," but it is by no means positive.

Meanwhile, sealed proposals may be sent by the various publishing houses of the United States, who are ambitious for the honor of publishing said wonderful volume or volumes, to "Miss Sallie Browne, care of publisher of Godey's Lady's Book, Philadelphia."

As houses well stored with provisions are likely to be full of mice, so the bodies of those that eat much are full of diseases.—*Diogenes.*

WHAT you leave at your death, let it be without controversy, else the lawyers will be your heirs.—*Osborn.*

THE happy man is he who distinguishes the boundary between desire and delight, and stands firmly on the higher ground—he who knows that pleasure is not only not possession, but is often to be lost and always to be endangered by it.—*Lander.*

RICHARD SCOTT.

HIS FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES.

BY EDGAR WAYNE.

I.

OUR tale is not of the mighty and the great, the high-born and the proud. If among such only there could be found incidents for a story, this were indeed a weary world; since ninety-nine persons in a hundred have no such pretensions. Our hero, though belonging to the great majority—the common folk—may, however, figure as a merchant prince before we have done with him. In its main incidents this history is true, and Dick Scott and his daughters are possibly to-day among the readers of this magazine.

Richard Scott—in the boy's vernacular, Dick—for who ever heard of a boy at school known by his true name?—puzzled over Pike and Daboll, in arithmetic; and Lindley Murray, in reading and grammar; and Noah Webster, in the mysteries of the spelling-book, in a New England district school. The erudite school committee pronounced the word "*deestreek*;" and on this trivial circumstance turned Dick's fortunes and misfortunes. He was the son of a widow; and although he had neither brothers nor sisters, he had cousins half a score.

These cousins were the children of parents "well-to-do;" but Dick's mother found it difficult to make both ends meet, and life, indeed, was to her a hard road to travel. Yet, with the earnest perseverance and the loving, and hopeful ambition in which widowed mothers strive for their children, she labored hard that her son should not want any advantage which a mother's effort and self-denial could procure for him. She did not, however, spoil her son; or, like too many injudicious parents, impose upon herself privations, in which he took no share. She set before him the position which she desired for him; and taught him habits of self-reliance, industry, and prudence. By assisting his mother in a thousand ways, he bore no small proportion of the expenses of their little household. His hook and line, plied at odd hours, furnished many a dinner. His little garden was faithfully cultivated, and all the waste vegetation was turned to account in feeding the pig which defrauded the butcher. The raisins in their puddings grew upon the hills on whortleberry bushes, and the sharp barberry furnished pickle and preserve. But we must not be minute in recounting particulars, which our New England readers can supply for themselves, and which all others can imagine. Where there is a will to be frugal, honest, and independent, whether in town or country, there is always a way.

Dick wore, with the courage of a martyr or a devotee, the well-saved and well-patched garments which his poverty imposed; and went without shoes with the stern dignity of a bare-

footed friar. He would still have gone to school, even if he must have gone wrapped in a meal sack. Before him was the glorious hope of something, he knew not exactly what; and the school annoyances and boy's buffets were to him only as the prelude to high honor at some day. The *deestreek* school-house was, in his imagination, the vestibule of the Temple of Fame. This idea was, however, hardly to be considered original with him, since it was the subject of the frontispiece to his spelling-book.

Mrs. Scott, his mother, was a woman of good education, and of a grade of intellect superior to that of the family into which she had married. Her husband's relations could not help respecting and loving her; nor could they fail to admire the manner in which she was training her son, nor to appreciate the honest independence with which she avoided being burthensome to her husband's family. She gave to Dick, by her advice and direction, and by the influence of her conversation and example, home opportunities far superior to those enjoyed by his companions. If Dick was the best scholar in the school, he owed his proficiency to his mother.

And if, as years went on, he came to regard his schoolmates with contempt not always concealed, that was, perhaps, only a natural retaliation. They despised his outward poverty, and he looked down on their inward emptiness. If he regarded the schoolmaster himself as no paragon of learning, it must be confessed that his estimate was not far wrong, though prudence would have kept the nature of his sentiments toward the worthy pedagogue a secret. If he considered the school committee to be rather on the order of dolts, it was surely not to be wondered at. They were solid men—so far as their pecuniary means were considered. Dick Scott, who lived under the daily reproach of poverty, could be excused for somewhat severely scanning those whose intellectual acquirements rested upon their wealth. Boyish criticism, pert and flippant, is, however just it may be, intolerable. The parson, who was a member of the committee, *ex officio*, could not forbear a smile at the boy's vagaries, though he was prudent enough, for his own interest, not to betray his keen enjoyment of the poor scholar's satiric character.

All these things were against Dick. His mother, more judicious, managed, while she well understood and appreciated the calibre of her neighbors, still to retain their esteem and friendship. But Dick was a boy, and until kind Nature contrives some way of introducing the human creature upon the stage of life, fully developed in body and in mind, and, from the hour of birth, full freighted in experience, boys will be boys. And they must submit to all the incidents and consequences of the troublesome condition; inflicting their quack-

eries upon their mates and upon their elders, and suffering the penalty in return.

Now, among the Scotts, there was a king of Scotts. He ruled his own household, for he had no wife. He ruled all the Scotts by virtue of his broad acres, his cash, and stocks, and bonds, and mortgages. And, under color of affection for him, all the Scotts, to quote an old joke, loved the very ground he walked upon. He ruled the town, since he held persuaders, in the form of claims, upon a sufficient number of voters to control any election. Of course he was one of the school committee, as his name was stereotyped upon the ballots of the citizens for every office which he could hold. He was as much a lordling, by prescriptive right, as if he had been born to command, and his birthright had been recognized.

Uncle Scott really liked our hero's mother, and, in his consequential way, rendered her a great deal of welcome assistance. He would have patronized her, but she had a graceful mode of so receiving his kindness, as, while she showed her gratitude, to force him, in despite of himself, to feel obliged to her for accepting his courtesy. He might even have attempted to marry her, but she left no opening for such a proposition; and all the other Scotts lived in a constant state of apprehension and of manœuvring against such a consummation.

Uncle Scott had his own ideas of generosity and of public spirit. These ideas, though to himself vast, were not astounding to other people. We are afraid that Uncle Scott was what the Yankees call a "nigh," or a "stingy" man. He could have liked young Dick as well as his mother, for the boy's industry and frugality were after his uncle's own heart. And what Dick did from dire necessity, and the hope of bettering his condition, his uncle regarded—for he could see no other motive—as done for the love of money. In Uncle Scott's mind that love was the root of all good, instead of all evil. All the other Scotts, however, brothers and sisters, and nephews and nieces, took care that Uncle Scott should lose no circumstance of poor Dick's ill report. They certainly extenuated nothing; but the rest of the injunction, to set down naught in malice, was not heeded by them. So poor Dick did not rank, on the whole, very high in the favor of his bachelor uncle.

II.

So stood matters in a certain year, just when the annual school examination was pending. Mr. Scott had increased the public expectation and interest, by announcing that he should present a prize to the boy who should be pronounced the best pupil in the school. It was a great matter to Dick; not indeed to be declared the best by men whose opinion he did not greatly

value, but really to be the most proficient. He had diligently applied his hours to study. The parson, sympathizing with his laudable ambition, had given him gratuitous lessons in the branches which the not very extended curriculum of the school did not include. Every disinterested person took it for granted that Richard Scott would win his uncle's magnificent prize without a contest, whatever that prize might prove to be. But the schoolmaster was inwardly resolved that Dick should do no such thing, if he could prevent it. And Uncle came to witness the ordeal, of which he was to be one of the arbiters, heartily hoping that Dick would fail. For, on the evening before, the graceless lad had been only restrained by his mother's eye, from openly scoffing, in his uncle's presence, at teacher, committee, and the whole thing.

When the trial took place the contestants were soon narrowed down to two, Dick and another. All that could be done by the teacher, who conducted the examination, was done to favor Dick's rival. And Uncle Scott interrupted with cross questions—cross in a double sense—which put him on exhibition, rather than the scholars. The obedient committee, seeing which way King Scott leaned, were too loyal not to favor their master, though in so doing they also exhibited themselves. The parson was on pins, and in mortal terror for his favorite; for Dick managed to make the ignorance of his examiners awfully ridiculous. The parson, the doctor, the lawyer, the pedagogue, the boy himself, and his mother, were the only persons who could appreciate the points of the ludicrous exhibition. The schoolmaster could not indeed take in all; but he could not fail to perceive that he himself was in no small degree shown up before the lawyer, the doctor, and the parson, and he vowed in his heart that he would throw the young tartar if he could. What the judges desired to do was palpable enough; but, awed by the village professionals, they did not quite dare to do it, and the sympathy of the audience was entirely with our hero. As a way out of the dilemma, King Scott proposed that the decision should be left with the minister, trusting that, at the very worst, the reverend gentleman would pronounce the issue undecided, and the honors equal.

But the parson, abetted by the unspoken though evident support of the doctors of medicine and of law, though one-fourth of his salary came from Uncle Scott, and though he knew exactly what he was expected to say, had the unparalleled audacity to decide in Dick's favor. There were dark looks in the faces of the committee, but pleased countenances over all the rest of the house. For the boy had fought a good fight and won it.

And now Uncle Scott was forced to redeem

his word and present the prize. He had intended a speech, but was not equal to the occasion; and with a few, and those not very hearty words, he arose, and, calling Dick, presented the lad with a SILVER HALF DOLLAR! He paused for a reply, if, indeed, the successful contestant, overpowered by the great man's munificence, could find words to make one.

Dick solemnly bowed. And holding up the coin, so that all might take in its vastness, he modestly expressed his doubts whether he were entitled to so magnificent a premium, particularly as so much undue favor had been extended to him in the contest, and the judges had evidently been with him all along. And he concluded by saying, "I therefore return to you the ample token of your liberal heart, with the understanding that the princely sum shall be invested in good securities, and the annual interest be applied to the purchase of a medal, to be called the Scott Medal, and presented to the most deserving pupil in the *de-ees-treeck school*!"

Mrs. Scott nearly fainted. The parson was seized with such a fit of coughing as would have justified a modern congregation in sending him abroad for his health. The audience, joining the scholars, with no fear of King Scott before their eyes, broke out into laughter loud and long. The examination was over, and it is hardly necessary to say that Richard Scott went no longer to the "*dees-treeck school*."

And now Dick had time on his hands, but more care than time. The time he did and could employ, in assisting his mother and in improving himself. He dared to hope that there might be some town in America where there was no uncles and cousins to put him down; and in which, after a year or two had given him the approach to manly appearance, he might even aspire to the dignity of a teacher himself. And he hoped, beyond that, to become lawyer, or doctor, or even minister; for he was familiar with the history of the men who, under adverse circumstances, have fought their way up.

But he was filled with care and anxiety by the perplexity of his mother. She, good woman, was daily badgered by people anxious to know what she would do with "that boy." She had no fear that Dick would not do well enough for himself and herself too. But the pearls of their twilight thought, and the prophecies they read together in the evening ashes; the dreams of fame and competence and honor which comforted the mother and child in their poverty, she could not bring forth to be trodden under unfeeling feet. So when asked, she answered nothing. And the question was still put, half in reproach, "What *will* you do?" Death, the great demonstator, solved the riddle, so far as the mother was concerned. Mrs. Scott died—and her doing was done.

III.

SHARP lads turn sharp corners. There is an old proverb which says of the clever lad, "He will either make a spoon or spoil a horn." Quite as many horns are spoiled as spoons made, we fancy, by those who exhibit undue precocity, except when they are blessed with very judicious parents. If they have the misfortune either to keep indiscreet guardians, or to lose good ones, there is great fear for them.

Richard Scott, when he entered upon manhood, was neither doctor, nor lawyer, nor clergyman. He was a journeyman shoemaker; as good a trade as any for one who has a liking for it, and who holds to the maxim, that whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. Dick had no liking for his business, and did not care whether his work was done well or not.

At the time when his mother passed away, all hearts were softened to the dying widow and her orphan child. Uncle Scott, who was not, when left to himself, a bad or an unkind man, consoled her last moments with the promise that he would care for her child, and see that he was suitably provided for. The world and the flesh are subdued among decent people by sickness and death, and everybody meant well by poor Dick for at least a month after his mother died. But the personage who is usually named in connection with the flesh and the world, and who is called, in derision, the "gentleman in black," is apt to work his way in as the mourners lay aside their weeds. He comes even before, if there is any condition of dollars and cents in the way. "What will *you* do with the boy?" was the question which interested parties now began to ask his uncle, since his mother had ceased to have any voice upon earth. Uncle had less difficulty in answering than mother had found. The question was chiefly put by Dick's aunts and cousins, at and by the instigation of the third member of the firm World, Flesh, & Co., well known in all old legal indictments. The same spirit of the adversary prompted the answer. Uncle Scott, who had been duly appointed Richard's guardian, bound him apprentice to a shoemaker.

Richard's objections to the business selected for him were thought ridiculous by everybody, his friend the parson alone excepted; and the parson knew that the secret hopes of Richard were better kept secret, and buried with his mother. And the more Richard rebelled against the provision made for him, the more exasperated grew that protean creature—the public. The village was unanimous against a beggar who would be a chooser; against an ingrate who despised the kindness of his friends, and who objected to an arrangement which insured him a good home and a good trade. But those twilight conferences of the boy and his mother, those radiant hopes which had cheered them in their poverty, how could he give them up?

And if his mother could look down upon him—an idea he dreaded now much as he once had cherished it—if she could look down upon him, *must* she see her statesman a shoemaker? And in his boyish inexperience, he could not keep the secret of his mother's aspirations and his own.

"All right," said his uncle. "You can go to college on the interest of the money your mother left you."

This was a cruel thrust. But, then, had not Uncle Scott, when his mother's affairs were settled, advanced a dollar and a half cash to pay the balance of the last debt she owed? And had not Dick's aunts and uncles jointly contributed to give him a "bran new" suit, to say nothing of the plenishing of his scanty wardrobe from those of his cousins? And had not he boarded and visited around six weeks among them, doing nothing, except all the work which a hired farm boy would have done? College, indeed! Well, it was wonderful what a modest choice beggars could make!

Poor Dick! He had nothing but to submit. The good minister comforted him with the hint that he ought to follow his studies, even over the lapstone, and promised to continue his assistance to him. So for a while the boy strove to be content, though the jeers of his shopmates somewhat annoyed him. But the weight of his cruel disappointments fell on him at last, when one cousin saluted him in the street with "Good-morning, *Doctor* Awl!" Another addressed him, "*Esquire* Lapstone." And one graceless varlet called after him, "How does your reverence like the care of *soles*?" It was awful. But then Mrs. Scott, his mother, had been dead three whole months, and how could it be expected that boys should respect the orphan's grief longer than that, especially when they overheard all that their parents said upon the subject of poor Dick's daring, unconscionable, and presumptuous conduct? It was a rough experience. But Richard was not quite a fool, and so resigned himself to his fate, and tried to make the best of the misfortune he could not help. Had his mother been alive to guide him, he would have found solace in his books, and availed himself of the good clergyman's assistance. But he had a greedy ear for flattery, and soon began to regard himself as already "somebody." He was reader, orator, counsellor, and judge of appeals in all questions which came up over the "waxed ends," whether the points in dispute were history, biography, geography, religion, or politics. He sank, at last, upon his laurels, and settled into a contented "good fellow," great in the shop, if he could not shine in Congress. But all his shopmates declared that he might have risen to that and more, if he had only had fair play. Dick grew fat on such food, was satisfied with his lot, and even became almost civil to his uncle.

Sharp boys, as we have said, turn sharp corners. Richard Scott had turned his, and was on a rapid descent. The child's ambition had been broken; and for the golden dreams of his boyhood, he was now content to accept the wretched alternative of going below himself for the admiration which he coveted. You must have seen many such wrecks, if you have used your eyes, in pot-house oracles and tap-room umpires.

Dick's uncle died. The man was buried, and his will was read. Dick was among the legatees, and his legacy was—that same half-dollar! The young man was almost stunned with anger and mortification. He moved not, said nothing, heard nothing more. The legal verbiage of the remainder of the document sounded in his ears, but made no impression on his senses. He was shut up within himself, and his mother seemed to come and comfort and encourage him. The bustle at the conclusion of the reading awakened him from his reverie. He walked out of the house, no one presuming to speak to him, and from that hour his mind was settled, and his heart resolved. He would not be conquered by the mean and miserable arts of those who had supplanted him. His own conscience told him that he had given them in his conduct but too good a base for their envious operations, and all the man in him was stirred up to defeat their unfriendly expectations.

The half-dollar was tendered to the legatee, forthwith, though no legacy is due under a year, at least. The executor maliciously said that he thought he might take the risk in a case like this, as the means of the estate were ample for this disbursement. If the man expected either a surly, a witty, or a complaining reply, he was disappointed. Dick accepted the half-dollar, punched a hole in it, and nailed it to his bench. "While I keep this," said he to his shopmates, "I shall not be out of money. And we won't mention Uncle Scott again, if you please."

His companions thought that Richard was paying more respect to his uncle's memory than it deserved, by keeping himself aloof from all his old haunts. As time wore on, they saw a deeper purpose. Some thought he was "growing serious," as they discovered that he was at the minister's house once or twice a week. Others thought that he was studying law, as he had been seen several times to go to the squire's. We may anticipate a secret, which in due time was proclaimed upon the rooftops. The squire, like all country lawyers, was a conveyancer, and agent for procuring money. The first small mortgage (these things always begin in small sums, as small leaks sink great ships), which was executed on the Scott property in the hands of his cousins, was drawn in favor of Richard Scott, Squire Lapstone, Doctor Awl. We need not follow all the steps by which the young man retrieved himself.

But the half-dollar marked the second sharp corner round which Richard turned; this time up hill instead of down, and, wonderful to say, but true, the up hill was the easier. Try it, young man, and you will find it so.

Richard's legacy proved more valuable to the legatee than any other named in the will of Thomas Scott, yeoman, deceased, testate, and paid over by the executor with will annexed. It was the foundation of the fortune of Richard Scott, Esq., whose name is good for tens of thousands; and whose fine literary and artistic taste, and whose elegantly yet chastely furnished mansion, show that, because a man can make a shoe, it does not follow that he knows nothing beyond his last. The minister, his lifelong friend, rejoices in him pecuniarily as one of the most liberal and public-spirited men in his parish, and morally and religiously edifying the church. And all men honor his generous and discriminating philanthropy.

The half-dollar is still in existence. Richard Scott had a mind once to adopt it as a trademark. But just then he happened to read Dickens's "Hard Times," in which is portrayed the folly of Mr. Bonnderly. He avoided the disgusting egotism of boasting of the difficulties which beset his early path, and never speaks of his childhood and youth, except to honor the mother, to whom he declares he owes everything that he is or has. He is a living illustration of what mind cultivated may do in ennobling a man, and what true strength piety may give to character. Without pretence, he walks his way honored in a community which does not trouble itself about his origin.

The only boasting we hear concerning Richard Scott is from a set of broken-down cousins, who are as proud of his reputation as if they had made it for him. So they did, indeed, but no special thanks are due to them. If they pay his interest, well for them; and if not, he does not press them. The whole combined estates bid fair to fall of their own weight into his possession some day; but the property will not all stay in his family, if he can find any poor Dicks among his cousins' children, or any deserving daughters.

I LOVE HER.

(Inscribed to Miss BETTIE K., of Violet Dale.)

BY B—.

I LOVE her! Yes, the warm life-blood
That in these veins of mine doth stir,
Should in one red unbroken flood
Gush from my heart for her.

I love her—love the very air
That fans her cheek or waves her tress,
The glove her little hands doth wear,
The earth her little feet doth press.

The rose that decorates her head,
And every shrub and every flower
That's bruised by her gentle tread,
Is sweeter from that very hour.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

CARDINAL CAPE (TRICOT).

Materials.—Eight ounces of violet, two ounces of black, and one and a half of white 4-thread fleecy wool, a few small skeins of black wool twisted with white silk, eighteen medium-sized black beads, two or three wooden tricot hooks No. 8 (Bell gauge), of the same length.

THE violet foundation of this pelerine is worked in tricot. The under border is worked separately, and sewn on afterwards.

Begin at the under part of the foundation with 279 stitches for the width, and work the first 11 rows plain; in the 12th row commence the requisite decrease, by which the pelerine gradually becomes narrower over the shoul-



ders, and fits close at the throat. For this the 5th and 6th stitches on each side in the 12th row must be worked up together; then always after 13 stitches the two following must be worked up together. Upon this always after every 4 rows the 5th and 6th stitches are worked up together, and again decrease, as in the 12th row. By this means the spaces between are gradually reduced to 1 stitch, and from the 2d decreasing line care must be taken that the stitches knitted together from the middle of the back (with regard to the right and left front part) go in opposite directions. Therefore, in the first half, as far as the middle of the back, work always the stitch standing after, and in the last half the stitch standing before, with the stitches rising in straight lines from the under decreasing stitches. Continue this until 43 rows are worked, and in the 44th row leave the

10 end stitches untouched. In working off leave the 10 front stitches on the hook.

45th row. Work up and off the worked-off stitches of the preceding row.

46th. Besides the 10 end stitches previously left leave 3 more, and retain also 3 more at the beginning upon the hook. Work these 2 last rows alternately as far as the 52d row, and in the 48th row continue the decrease as far as possible.

53d. With this row work up and off all the end stitches as far as the end of the 44th row. Draw a violet wool cord of chain stitch, one and a half yard long, through the front perpendicular stitch threads of this row, and to the ends of this cord fasten woollen tassels of the same color 6 inches long, and twice bound round at the upper part with black wool twisted with white silk.

For the under border begin with 19 stitches for the breadth. For this crochet 20 single with black wool, and now work so that the under scallops represented in the design go towards the right hand obliquely, as before mentioned.

1st row. In tricot work the first 6 stitches with black wool, then, take a white reel and work up the following 6 stitches with white, then take a second black reel and work up the 6 following stitches with black, and take a second white reel and work the remaining stitches with white. All four reels

remain on the work, and the stitches are always worked up and off with the same reel.

2d. Like the 1st, that is, the loop remaining upon the hook from the last stitch of the preceding row forms the first stitch of the new row; then work through the 2d perpendicular stitch thread lying in front, and so on.

3d to the 7th. In these five rows the scallop advances outwardly 1 stitch downwards; therefore, always at the beginning of this row, instead of working through the second, work through the front stitch thread standing outwards. There remain, however, as shown in the design, 6 stitches of each color, and the scallop gradually widens at the end from 1 to 6 white stitches.

8th and 9th. Plain, namely, working through the 2d stitch thread, and always 6 stitches of each color.

10th to the 14th. As the scallop must be again worked back in this row, work through the third instead of the second perpendicular stitch thread. For this the end stitch must be reversed at the first 3 times, 6 stitches always upon the first stitch of the other colors; and the white stitches at the end are reduced to 1 stitch.

15th and 16th rows like the 1st and 2d, and so on for the whole width of the bottom of the pelerine, which contains 18 scallops; then crochet on the scallop side of this a row of double stitches with violet, and over these little scallops with white wool * 1; double in the nearest 3 chain, passing over one under stitch; repeat from *; into the top of the white work little scallops with black wool twisted with white silk; * draw 1 loop through in front of the nearest double, and work off both by putting the thread round a fresh 3 chain, and repeat from the last *.

In the middle white scallops work according to the design a running pattern in feather stitch with black wool twisted with white silk; with the latter work also the little feather sprigs with a black bead in the middle in the upper white scallop; sew the border to the pelerine, and then crochet up the front 5 rows of double stitch—the 1st violet, 2d white, 3d black, 4th white, 5th violet. In working these double, inclose both the horizontal stitch threads upon the hook. The trimming for the throat is also worked separately, and sewn on. For this make a chain of 80 stitches with white wool and tricot, 1 plain row over it. In the next row work up with white wool, and work off with black twisted with white silk. In working off these stitches draw 3 loops always through the front before the following stitch of the hook is worked off with it. Work a similar pattern on the under side; for this turn the work, and crochet again through the front perpendicular stitch threads of the 1st row with white wool, and work off as before with black twisted with white.

GAITER FOR LITTLE GIRL.

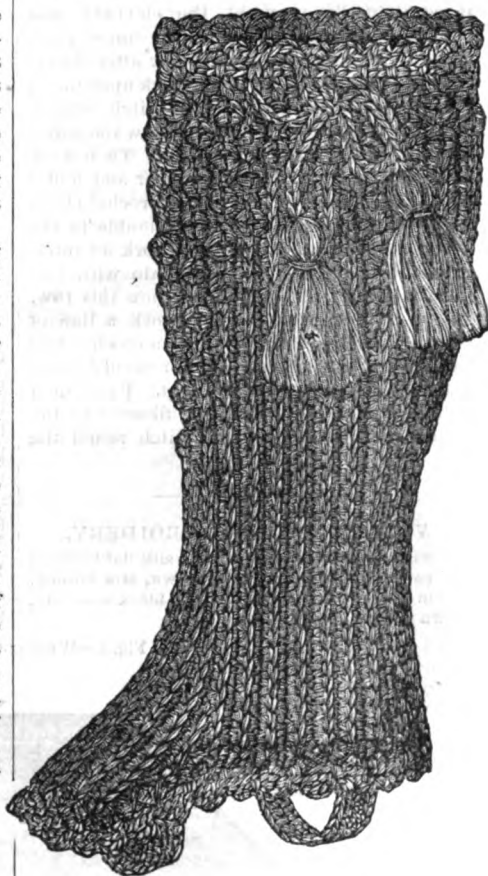
Materials.—One ounce and a quarter of white Bertha wool, one skein of rose-colored flosselle, crochet hook No. 13, bell gauge.

WORK in rows forwards and backwards. The upper part is ornamented with little shells, increasing in number towards the front of the gaiter.

Commence with fifty stitches. The chain should be loose. Work the first row plain in double stitch, increasing one stitch in the last, sticking always in the back thread. The first pattern is worked at the end of the second row. For this lay the thread round the needle, stick over the first row into the last stitch but three—the forty-sixth stitch of the first row—and draw a loop through. When there are four of these double loops formed by sticking in the

same stitch upon the needle, take them from the needle all together with one chain, then crochet another chain, and conclude the row with three plain stitches. The upper edge is in straight lines. At the under edge as far as the middle, increase one stitch at the conclusion of each row.

At the end of the fourth row, work two shell patterns in reversed order, and afterwards the



remainder in the same manner. The first of these two patterns commences in the sixth stitch, reckoning backwards from the edge; the latter must meet the last edge stitch but one.

6th row contains three shell patterns separated by three double.

8th. Work six double to form the beginning of the gore, work back upon these six stitches, and at the end make thirteen chain to begin the front of the foot; upon this chain work thirteen double, then six double upon the six stitches of the gore, and six stitches further on to lengthen it. Work back again to the end of the foot.

From here work as far as the front middle of the gaiter three entire rows forward and two

back: In the first of these three rows forward, work five shell patterns, six in the second, and eight in the third; then continue the work in the same manner in the opposite direction until you have reached the row with one shell.

The back of the gaiter requires twenty-two rows with the patterns arranged in two little scallops. Each scallop begins like the front with one shell. The longest pattern row contains five patterns. All the rows are worked in straight lines except the eleventh and twelfth. In order to widen the upper part, turn the work in the eleventh row after thirty-eight stitches; and in working back upon these, crochet a shell pattern in the last stitch but one.

When these rows are finished, sew the gaiter up lengthwise on the wrong side. Then work one row of double round the upper and under edge. For the under conclusion, crochet picots containing five chain with one double in the first chain. At the upper edge work an interrupted treble row. Make a chain with two little tassels at the ends to run into this row. Above the interrupted treble work a line of picots as before described. Then crochet two narrow straps, consisting of four rows of double, and fasten them under the foot. Each shell pattern has a cross stitch of floselle in the middle, and a line of cross stitch round the edge of the foot (see design.)

WRITING-CASE.—EMBROIDERY.

Materials.—Brown woollen reps, silk flat braid in two corresponding shades of brown, silk cordon, also in suitable colors; card-board, black silk cord, brown ribbon, etc.

are arranged in the same manner, the outer square of which is five inches and a half high, four inches and a half broad. It will be easy to work the scallop ornamented with light silk braid. A large flower fills the middle space (Fig. 1) like the corner flower, or initials may be worked in raised embroidery, surrounded with a kind of foliage in fish-bone stitch, worked with shaded brown silk.

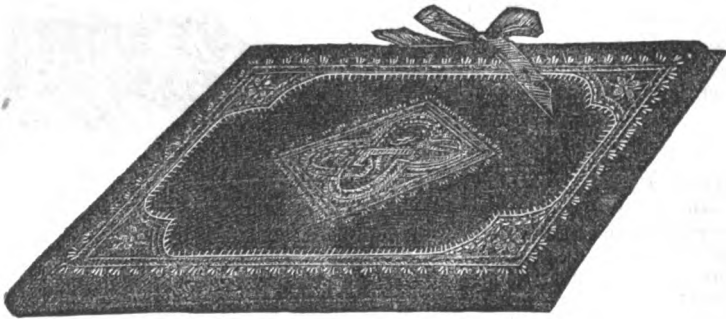
Fig. 2.—Writing-Case—Open.



Our model is embroidered with maize silk, with black stalk stitch and black knots; the fish-bone stitch is of brown silk. Between the two sides of the cover a space is left for two lines of stitching, which forms the back of the book; but these lines must not be stitched until the entire cover is lined with the same material, and a piece of card-board pushed in, which is fastened at the same time.

The inner arrangement of the case shown in Fig. 2 is also of brown reps, and is sixteen and a half inches long and six and a quarter inches broad. A flat piece of card-board, ten inches

Fig. 1.—Writing-Case—Closed.



BOTH the outer cover sides are worked upon brown reps, measuring sixteen inches in length and eleven inches and a half in breadth.

The pattern is braided in black, while stitches of maize silk, three together, ornament the outer edge of the dark braid, and light brown buttonhole stitch the inner edge. The corner flower consists of leaves of raised embroidery, between which are fish-bone stitches of brown shaded silk; the veins and calix knots are maize color. The colors for the middle pattern

and a half long and six inches broad, is gummed underneath exactly in the middle.

The narrow stuff part that turns over is fastened with fish-bone stitch in maize color, and, with the piece of the material that turns over at the sides, forms a pocket for sheets of paper, envelopes, etc. The outer edge of the case is ornamented with silk cord; a narrow ribbon is placed in the middle of the case. For holding the blotting-paper, white moire paper is put in as a cover for the blotting-paper. Little elastic

straps are placed for the pens, etc. The nibs of the pens are put in a little pocket of cloth and pasteboard, which forms the pen-wiper also, see design. At the other end is a pocket for steel pens.

TOILET CUSHION.

(See Plate Printed in Colors in front of Book.)

Materials.—A piece of very fine white Swiss muslin nine inches square, a little rose-colored Shetland wool, a very fine rug needle, a half yard of narrow white braid, and one yard of white silk fringe.

The design (which consists of sprays of leaves in the centre, surrounded by Vandykes, having a single leaf in each), must first be drawn on paper thus:—

Draw a circle 5 inches in diameter, in which draw four sprays of three leaves, each spray occupying the space of one-quarter of the circle. Let the stems incline towards the centre, as seen in the engraving. Now draw eight Vandykes round the circle, in each of which draw a single leaf to correspond with those in the sprays—the leaf running to the point of the Vandyke, which should be about two inches deep.

The design being thus prepared, place it under the muslin, on which trace it with a fine black lead-pencil or a brush, and indigo mixed with thin gum-water.

Now remove the paper, and with the Shetland wool chain stitch the sprays and single leaves in the Vandykes very finely. Take a piece of white braid sufficient to go round the circle, and with the wool slightly and loosely work a row of open buttonhole stitches on one edge of it, and run it neatly round the circle, taking the two ends through the muslin, as it is difficult to fasten braid invisibly. Cut away the muslin between the Vandykes, leaving sufficient outside each to form a narrow turning which must be made on the right side of the cushion. On this turning lay the white silk fringe, and run it neatly round each Vandyke, making the edge exactly cover the mark forming the outline of the Vandykes. Now make a cushion of strong white linen, sufficiently high to allow the fringed points to touch the table; the bottom of it may be covered with rose-colored silk, and the top and sides with white silk or satin. Fill it tightly, but not too hard, and tack the circle round which the braid is sewn to the top of the cushion, allowing the points to fall over. Make a pretty knot of rose-

colored and white ribbon mixed, tack in the centre, and the cushion is complete.

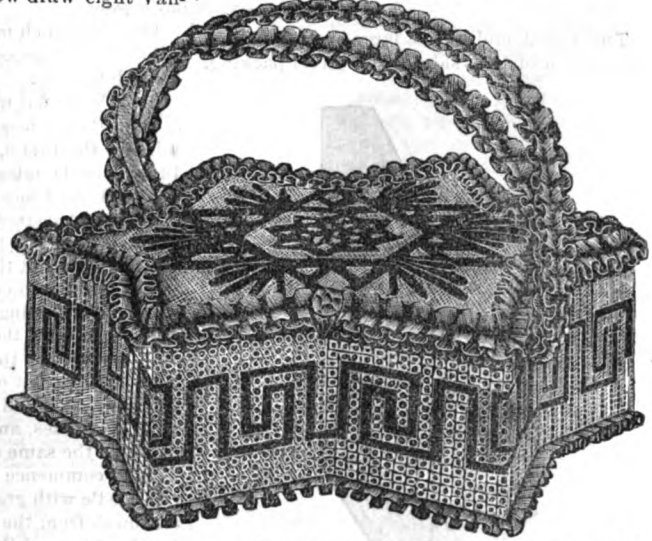
It is impossible to describe the chaste and elegant appearance of this simple cushion when made; and we feel sure our fair young friends will acknowledge it to be a pretty specimen of the many ornamental and useful articles which may be made at very trifling expense both of money and time.

The cushion may, of course, be made to suit the drapery of any room by substituting any other colored wool, ribbon, etc.

WORK-BASKET.

Materials.—Silver glazed perforated card-board (canvas à la jardinière), green chenille, green satin ribbon, four-fifths of an inch wide, green sewing silk, thin card-board; white calico, narrow green ribbon.

THIS work-basket, in the shape of a star, is covered with silver glazed perforated card-



board, which is embroidered with green chenille in the manner seen in the illustration. Cut first the bottom and the cover of the basket of both plain and of perforated card-board; and the border, which must be four inches deep, and long enough to correspond to the outer edge of the star parts, which forms the cover. All the different pieces of card-board must then be covered with calico. Then join the border with overcast stitches on to the bottom of the basket, and ornament the pieces of perforated card-board with embroidery, as seen in illustration. When the different parts are completed, fasten them on to the pieces of card-board with overcast stitches, bind the upper edge of the basket with green silk ribbon, and join the seam by a ruche of green satin ribbon; a similar ruche is sewn on the edge of the cover. The basket fastens with a crystal button and a

loop of white elastic. Lastly, sew on the handles, which consist of strips of perforated card-board, trimmed with ruches of green ribbon.

SHIRT-BOX.

Materials.--Leather or cashmere, either green or brown, silk cordon to match, curled cord, gold cord. If the case be made at home, card-board, white glazed paper, and stiff linen must be added.

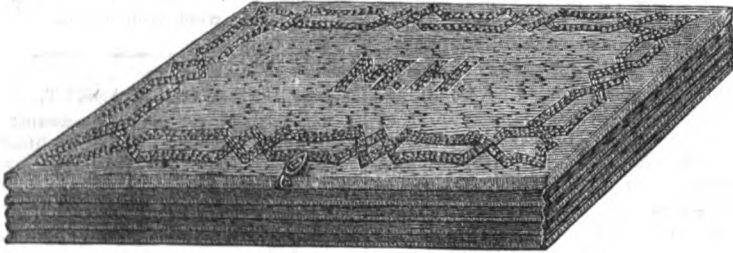
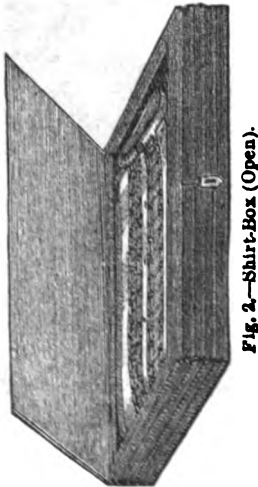


Fig. 1.—Shirt-Box (Closed).

THE box should be just large enough to hold the number of dress shirts required for packing.



It may be made by a lady, but is better purchased of a portmanteau-maker.

It may then be covered with cashmere, leather, or velvet, embroidered. The initials of the owner should be in the middle of the box cover.

ORIENTAL TABLE-COVER.

(See Plate Printed in Colors in front of Book.)

Materials.--Knitting cotton No. 4, three meshes, two fist, one-half an inch wide, the other an inch and a half, and one round mesh No. 14, twenty-seven skeins of Berlin wool, three of each of the following colors: peach, green, plum, yellow, claret, dark blue, pink, light blue, and scarlet, a large rug needle, and a netting

ON a round foundation of 23 stitches with the half inch mesh, net 2 plain rounds.

3d round. Round mesh, plain netting.

4th, 5th, and 6th. The same.

7th. Half-inch mesh, 2 stitches in each.

8th. Same mesh, 1 stitch in each, missing the first, netting the next stitch, and returning to the missed one all round.

9th. Round mesh, 1 stitch in each.

10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th. The same.

14th. Half-inch mesh, 3 stitches in each.

15th and 21 succeeding rounds. Round mesh, 1 stitch in each.

37th. Wide flat mesh, 3 stitches in each.

38th. Round mesh. Net 3 stitches together missing the first 3, netting the 3 next, and returning to the missed 3, continue all round.

39th. Round mesh, 1 stitch in each.

40th and 4 succeeding rounds. The same.

The top part of the cover is now netted, and there remain but the points to net.

With round mesh net 13 stitches, and instead of continuing the round, return on the 13 stitches, missing the last. Continue backwards and forwards on these, always missing the last till you have but one stitch left on the mesh. Cut the cotton and fasten the end; take up the next 13 stitches, and make another point, and continue the same all round the cover.

Now commence the darning. Thread the rug needle with green wool, and insert it in the 5th mesh from the centre (which is where the two knots are visible in one mesh), and darn 3 meshes upwards to the right, filling the meshes closely with wool; then in a line with the first of these 3 and upwards to the left darn 2 meshes, each separately, in order that all the darning may lean to the right.

Having done this there will be one mesh left in the middle of the green Vandyke, which darn in plum color. Darn 6 of these round the centre of the cover. Between the lower points of each Vandyke there will be three diamonds, darn the middle one in dark blue.

Now in the 12th mesh (where the 3 knots are seen in one mesh), with scarlet darn a diamond of 4 meshes to the right; do the same in every 5th mesh all round.

As before, there will be 3 vacant meshes between the lower points of each scarlet diamond, the centre one of which fill with dark blue, and

above the dark blue spot darn a Vandyke of 4 meshes in claret.

In the 36th round of netting darn close diamonds of 9 meshes (leaving a space of 3 meshes between the lower points of each), of different colors, in the following order: peach, green, plum, yellow, claret, dark blue, pink, light blue. There are 33 diamonds required in the round; it will therefore be necessary to work these 8 colors 4 times, which will leave one still vacant; this one may be darned in scarlet.

Miss 3 meshes upwards from one of these closely-darned diamonds, and darn 6 meshes to the right, then 4 meshes in an opposite direction from each point of the 6 already darned, thus three sides of a diamond are formed; complete the 4th side by darning 6 meshes.

There will be 17 diamonds, which may be darned thus: yellow, dark blue, scarlet, green, peach, claret, light blue, pink. Repeat these colors twice, which will leave one to do; this may be done in plum-color.

This will leave an open diamond of 16 meshes (4 each way), the centre 4 of which darn in 2 colors, the two opposite each other in one, and the other two in a good contrasting color.

There is always a slight irregularity in round netting, which will cause the first diamond to appear scarcely even with the last. This, however, cannot be avoided, and is not discernible except on very close examination, and does not at all affect its appearance when on the table. It will also be found necessary to lessen the space between the open diamonds, one mesh in two instances, as if there were two more meshes it would cause an irregularity in the close diamonds.

The top part of the cover is now finished, and the points only remain to be darned.

Between each point darn a close diamond of 9 meshes, the lower point of which will hide the fastening of cotton at the commencement of the netted point.

At the end of every point darn an open diamond of 4 meshes, and knot a tassel in the last mesh of each point composed of 4 strands of each color used in darning.

This cover is quickly done, and has a very foreign and elegant appearance.

NEEDLE CASE WITH EMERY CUSHION.

THIS pretty little case is very practical; it can be carried in the pocket. It is made of card-board of a square shape, about two inches and two-fifths high, with a well-fitting cover, and ornamented with point russe embroidery on glacé silk. The top of the case is cut out on the four sides, as seen in Fig. 1, which shows the case without the cover. Inside the case place a smaller card-board box filled with emery; the top of this box is covered with

glacé silk. Between the box filled with emery and the needle case, place four papers filled with needles, as can be seen in Fig. 1. On the



Fig. 1.—Needle Case with Emery Cushion—Open. Outside the case is covered with colored glacé silk, embroidered with point russe, see Fig. 2.



Fig. 2.—Needle Case with Emery Cushion—Closed.

The pieces of silk are joined together at the corners of the case with fine buttonhole stitch.

LETTER FOR MARKING.



SKIPPING-ROPE OF GRAY COTTON, COVERED WITH RED WOOL.

Materials.—Spanish bamboo or cord, red fleecy wool, gray cotton.

FIG. 2 shows one end of the skipping-rope. It consists of a piece of Spanish bamboo or cord, one yard and thirty-two inches long. The ends must be covered with cotton, so as to form the handle, which are then covered with thick gray cotton, drawn on very tight, and

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

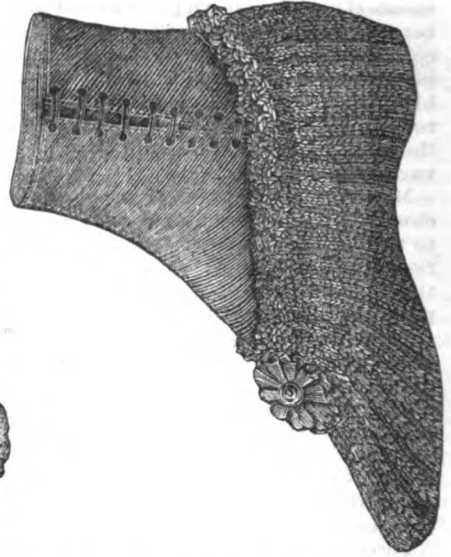


fastened underneath the knob. Then begin to darn the handles, from Fig. 1, with gray cotton, beginning in the middle of the top, and then work on with red wool. When the handle is completed, cover the bamboo or cord with buttonhole stitch of red wool, working over one double gray thread, always working two buttonhole stitches in every other button stitch; loop; these two stitches must be alternated in every round, as can be seen on Fig. 1. Loops of red wool finish off each handle at the bottom.

KNITTED OVERSHOE.

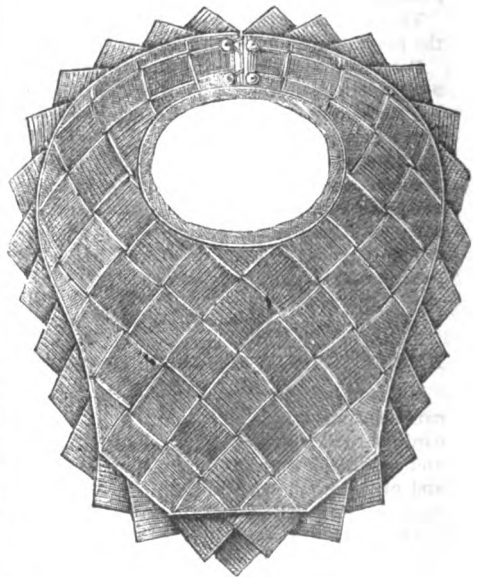
THIS is intended to be drawn over a boot or slipper for evening parties. A pattern should

first be cut of the boot worn, and the shoe knitted from that, in double rip of any plain



color. A cork sole is sewn in at the bottom. The border around the top is of open crochet, in scarlet wool, and a rosette of scarlet on the toe.

INFANT'S BIB.



MADE of quilted *piqué*; the edge finished with narrow points, made of the *piqué*.

Receipts, &c.

AN ARTICLE ON FOOD.

(Concluded from last month.)

Existence upon vegetable food alone is much more common than that upon animal food alone, and, indeed, is the rule with many nations and people, who unquestionably maintain high strength and vigor upon it; it is, in fact, only requisite to look at the grass-eating bull to feel convinced of the possibility of the fact, and, did space permit, it would be easy to cite abundant confirmatory examples; but if man lives on vegetables he must, like the vegetable-eating animal, consume a comparatively large bulk to obtain sufficient nutriment; and so it is, the Irishman and the Hindoo must eat seven or eight pounds of potatoes, or of rice, at a meal. These, however, are extreme instances, for potatoes and rice are comparatively inannutritious, containing much starch and—especially the latter, when cooked—much water; the cereal grains and pulses, on the other hand, possess albuminous principles largely—the gluten of the former corresponding to the animal fibrine, and the caseine of the latter to the curd of milk. Those persons, therefore, whose vegetable food is composed chiefly of the above, require, of course, to consume less, and there cannot be the slightest doubt that man may lead a most active and healthy life upon a grain diet alone, and especially if it be combined with milk. But what is possible may not always be expedient, nor suited to man's circumstances, and on this hinges the argument respecting the nature of food on which man ought to live. No physiologist would dispute, with those who maintain that man ought to live on vegetables alone, the possibility of his doing so, or that many might not be as well or better under such a system than any other; but no physician acquainted with the requirements and constitutions of men generally, who live according to the usages—certainly it may be allowed too artificial—of this and other civilized countries, will allow that a vegetable diet could become the rule to the majority without serious injury. The healthy active countryman constantly exercised in the open air will do well on a vegetable diet, under which the city artisan or man of business, the delicate woman, the pale, perhaps scrofulous, child would become diseased, or sink and die. Their organs of digestion and assimilation cannot extract from the vegetable mass sufficient blood-nourishment, neither do they receive sufficient stimulation from it. It may be contended that the evil is an artificial one, engendered by artificial life; that may or may not be the case, but so the question stands at present, and as man *generally* is circumstanced at the present day, he will best consult his own comfort, convenience, and usefulness, by using a mixed diet, the power to use which has been bestowed upon him by his Creator. He will, if possible, consume albuminous material, animal food in quantity sufficient to supply the waste of his bodily, especially muscular, tissues; but will mingle it with such respiratory food, that is, saccharine, or starchy, and oleaginous substances, as will supply the carbon and hydrogen requisite for animal temperature, without his being compelled to undergo the muscular exertion of the half savage hunter.

In the consideration of the principles which ought to regulate man's food, and which do regulate the nourishment of his material animal body, there has been omitted—for the sake of avoiding confusion—all notice of an important and generally distributed component of the animal frame, the gelatinous, or

Jelly principle. This, which enters mainly into the composition of the skin and tendons, and which forms the animal constituent of the bones, belongs to none of the principles already enumerated; and although it contains nitrogen, is much simpler in composition than albumen. In the form of isinglass, gelatine, or glue, it is familiar to all. As gelatine enters largely into the constitution of the animal body, it must, of course, be a valuable, if it is not an essential, addition to its means of nutriment, when taken in the food, and especially as a substitute for albuminous nourishment, which must, in its absence, be used up in supplying nutriment to the azotized gelatinous tissues. The only other constituents of food it remains to notice are the mineral elements—salts of iron, potash, soda, lime, magnesia, etc., and with them, sulphur and phosphorus; these must be, and they generally are, afforded to the system, along with nutriment generally.

To review the principles which regulate food and nourishment: We have vegetables as the first agents for taking up the elementary forms of matter, and combining and transforming them into such components as are suited to the digestive organs of the vegetable subsisting animal which consumes them, and in which they are built up into the blood-filled animal frame, of muscle, nerve, and bone, ready for the consumption of the carnivora, or flesh-eaters, and to yield sustenance suited to the wants of man. We have these nutrient principles, consisting of albuminous compounds, fitted to nourish albuminous tissues, gelatinous to nourish gelatinous, and saccharine and farinaceous to supply the matter of fuel, and to take part in all the other operations of the system, or to be stored up as fat. Lastly, we have water, the aqueous principle, as the necessary medium without which these varied operations could not be carried out.

To apply these principles to man, we find him so constituted as to be able to maintain health and life on animal food alone, or on vegetable food alone, but we also find him fitted by organization to subsist on a mixed diet, such as is most in accordance with the habits and usages of civilized communities.

In the selection of food, however, it is not sufficient that it contains the principles necessary for the nutriment of the body, but these principles must be reducible by the digestive powers; it matters not that wood fibre nearly approaches starch or gum in composition, or that horn contains albumen largely, if the firm texture is not soluble in the stomach; and the same argument modified applies to food generally—forms, indeed, that consideration with respect to it which comes under the designation—DIET—that is, the facility or the reverse with which certain articles used as food are digested. To the strong and healthy, this is within certain limits a matter of comparative indifference; to those who suffer from weakened digestion—and they are very many—it becomes a matter of paramount importance, as one on which comfort and even life depend. The subject has engaged a large share of the attention of medical men, and is too extensive to be fully treated here; the aim of the author, therefore, is rather to point out the principles on which diet should be regulated, than to descend to special minutiae; and these he is more willing to omit, from the fact that these minutiae are greatly matters of individual peculiarity, which vary in each one; and which must and ought to be matters of well ascertained personal experience.

Thus, we find that some stomachs are perfectly unable to cope with fatty matters, but do well with the acid or saccharine; a certain class, again, seem quite at ease with milk, which throws others into a fee-

ment; even mutton, the most digestible of all meats, has, in a case within the author's knowledge, invariably produced vomiting when eaten, however disguised.

As a general rule, food is digested with more difficulty in proportion to the tenaciousness of its structure, whether owing to natural conformation, or insufficient mastication, or faulty preparation or cooking. Vegetables require more digesting than animal substances, but they remain a shorter time in the stomach itself, undergoing a great portion of the process after they have passed from that organ, whereas animal food leaves it perfectly digested. This is partly the reason why a meal of animal food satisfies hunger longer than one composed of vegetables, but something is also due to the position which the stomach holds with respect to the system generally. If the desire for food is sympathetic with the wants of the body at large, the animal food which better supplies those wants, must do so for a longer period than the other.

Variety in diet is requisite for health. A single article of nutriment, even though it contain all the requisite elements, can scarcely be long used exclusively as food, without injury to the digestive organs, or even danger to life. Brown bread with water is perhaps an exception.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Spiced Beef.—Procure a piece of thin flank of beef, about ten pounds in weight, which salt for about a week. When ready, split it open with a knife, and lay it out flat upon a dresser, having previously prepared six onions chopped very fine, with about ten sprigs of parsley, and the leaves of ten sprigs of thyme, the same of marjoram, two ounces of mixed spice (without cinnamon), and half an ounce of black pepper. Mix all together, spread half upon the beef as it lies before you, then fold it over to its original shape, lay on the remainder of the preparation, roll it up tightly in a cloth, and boil. When done, take it up, remove the string, tie the cloth at each end, and put it upon a dish, with another dish over, upon which place a half hundred-weight, leaving it until quite cold; then take the meat from the cloth, trim and glaze it lightly, and serve garnished with a few sprigs of fresh parsley.

Roman Pie.—Boil a rabbit; cut all the meat as thin as possible. Boil two ounces of macaroni very tender, two ounces of Parmesan or common cheese, grated, a little onion, chopped fine, pepper and salt to taste, not quite half a pint of cream. Line a mould, sprinkled with vermicelli, with a good paste. Bake an hour, and serve it with or without brown sauce. Cold chicken or cold game may be used for this pie instead of a rabbit.

Sauce for Wild Duck.—A teaspoonful of made mustard, a teaspoonful of essence of anchovies, a pinch of Cayenne pepper, a tablespoonful of good mushroom catsup, and a glass of ordinary claret. Mix the mustard and anchovy essence thoroughly in a saucepan, add the Cayenne, then the catsup, a few drops at a time, the claret last; warm up, and pour very hot over the duck, having previously sliced the breast.

Scotch Broth.—Set on the fire four ounces of pearl barley, with six quarts of salt water; when it boils skim it, and add what quantity of salt beef or fresh brisket you choose, and a marrow-bone or a fowl, with two pounds of either lean beef or mutton, and a good quantity of leeks or cabbages, or you may use turnips, onions, and grated carrots. Keep it boiling for at least four or five hours; but if a fowl be used, it need not be put in till just time enough to bring

it to table when well done, for it must be served up separately.

Economical Veal Soup.—Boil a bit of veal that will make a fricassee, pie, or hash; when tender, take out the meat and slip out the bones, put them back in the kettle, and boil gently two hours; then strain the liquor, and let it remain until the next day; when wanted, take off the fat, put the soup into a clean pot, add pepper, salt, an onion, half a teacupful of rice, a tablespoonful of flour mixed in water, dry bread, and potatoes.

A Beef Cutlet.—Take a rib of beef, beat it a little to make it tender, lay it in vinegar for six hours, then take it out, and have prepared bread-crumbs, parsley, pepper, salt, and a little onion; rub yolk of egg over the cutlet, and strew the above ingredients well over it; put it in a tin tray before the fire for an hour and a half, turning it occasionally. Serve it with rich gravy.

Breast of Mutton may be stewed in gravy until tender; bone it, score it, season well with Cayenne, black pepper, and salt; boil it, and while cooking skim the fat from the gravy in which it had been stewed; slice a few gherkins, and add with a dessert-spoonful of mushroom catsup; boil it, and pour over the mutton when dished.

Venison Steaks.—Cut them from the neck; season them with pepper and salt. When the gridiron has been well heated over a bed of bright coals, grease the bars, and lay the steaks upon it. Broil them well, turning them once, and taking care to save as much of the gravy as possible. Serve them up with some currant jelly laid on each steak.

Gelatin of Veal.—Bone a medium-sized breast of veal, take off the scrap, and trim; lay on it two large slices of lean ham, make a forcemeat of one pound of pork sausage, sweet herbs and parsley, the juice and rind of a lemon chopped very fine, a little Cayenne, pounded mace, and the whites of three hard-boiled eggs cut quite small; mix the whole well together, spread it over the ham, and lay the hard-boiled yolks of the eggs along the centre; roll the veal up, and bind it with a tape; sew it up in a cloth, stew gently for four hours, and place it under a weight till cold.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Sweet Biscuit.—One pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, two eggs beaten, a teaspoonful of caraway seeds, and a quarter of a pound of butter. Mix all well together, roll the paste thin, and cut it into round biscuits; pick them, and bake them upon tins.

Quaking Pudding.—Scald a quart of cream; when almost cold, put to it four eggs well beaten, one spoonful and a half of flour, some nutmeg, and sugar; tie it close in a buttered cloth, boil it an hour, and turn it out with care, lest it should crack. Serve with wine sauce.

Almond Cakes.—Rub two ounces of butter into five ounces of flour and five ounces of powdered lump-sugar. Beat an egg with half the sugar, then put in the other ingredients. Add one ounce of blanched almonds and a little almond flavor. Roll them in your hand the size of a nutmeg, and sprinkle with fine lump-sugar. They should be lightly baked.

Lemon Honeycomb.—This is a very simple dish, and makes a pleasant variety on a supper-table. Sweeten the juice of a lemon to taste, and put it into the dish in which it will be sent to table. The white of an egg must be beaten into a pint of rich cream and whisked; as the froth rises it is to be placed on the lemon-juice, and has a light and pretty

appearance. It is desirable to prepare this dish the day before it is required, and a few of the very small ratafia biscuits, strewed over it just before it is sent up, are an improvement.

Puffs.—One ounce of sweet almonds, blanched and pounded, with a dessertspoonful of orange-flower water. Then add two tablespoonfuls of flour, four eggs (but the whites of only two) beaten separately, one pint of cream sweetened to taste with white sugar, and beat all very well. Bake this quantity in six large teacups, and serve very hot with butter and sugar sauce.

Lemon Honey.—Half a pound of sugar, two ounces of butter, one egg, two lemons; grate the rind and extract the juice from both. Put all into a brass pan, and let it simmer from fifteen to twenty minutes.

Very Nice Cakes.—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sifted sugar, half a pound of currants, four eggs, one blade of mace. Mix the sugar and flour together; rub the butter well into the mixture, add the currants, pound the mace, beat the eggs for twenty minutes, form into small flat cakes, place on a well-buttered tin, and bake half an hour in a quick oven.

Apple Cream.—Boil twelve apples in water till soft; take off the peel, and press off the pulp through a hair-sieve upon half a pound of sugar, whip the whites of two eggs, add them to the apples, and beat all together till it becomes very stiff and looks quite white. Serve it heaped up on a dish.

Dutch Cake.—Six ounces of butter and lard mixed, four eggs, half a pound of flour, half a pound of sugar. Beat the butter and lard to a cream, mix it with the eggs well beaten; then add the flour and sugar, both warmed, and a little nutmeg and cinnamon; when well beaten, add a spoonful of brandy, and bake a full hour in a buttered mould in a quick oven.

Wee Puddings.—Quarter of a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of sugar, two eggs, rind of a lemon; beat for twenty minutes, half fill teacups, and bake for twenty minutes.

Short Cakes.—Dissolve half a pound of fresh butter in as much milk as will make one pound and a half of flour into a paste; roll it out about a quarter of an inch thick, and cut it into large round cakes. Cook them in a frying-pan, and serve them hot. They are eaten with butter.

CONTRIBUTED.

Cheesecake Pie.—To one bowl of cheese, take four eggs, add sugar to make them quite sweet; beat the cheese, sugar, and yolks of the eggs together, adding a small piece of butter; beat the whites of the eggs to a froth and add them last; sprinkle cinnamon on the top; if not quite soft enough, add a little milk or cream.

Lemon Pie.—The juice and grated rind of three lemons, three cups of water, three tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, three cups of sugar, three eggs, and a cup of butter; boil the water, and mix the corn-starch with a little cold water, and stir it in when it boils up; pour it over the sugar and butter, and after it cools add the eggs and lemon. Bake with two crusts.

French Cream.—One quart of boiled milk, mix one cup of sugar and yolks of four eggs together; stir them into the milk with one tablespoonful of corn-starch, flavored to taste; drop the whites of the eggs in a pan; stir a little sugar in the eggs, brown them in the oven, and put them in the custard.

White Mountain Cake.—One pound of flour, one of sugar, six eggs, half a pound of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, and one cup of milk.

Indian Cake.—Two cups of Indian meal, one of flour, one pint of milk, two eggs, two spoonfuls of cream of tartar, one of soda, and one tablespoonful of butter.

K. M.

Muffins.—One quart of milk, three eggs, one cup of yeast, a lump of butter the size of an egg, and flour enough to make a batter.

S. H. E.

Silver Cake.—Whites of eight eggs, two and a half cups of flour, two of white sugar, one of sweet milk, half a cup of butter, and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder.

Gold Cake.—Yolks of eight eggs, two cups of flour, one and a half of brown sugar, one of sweet milk, half a cup of butter, and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder.

Icing Cake.—Half a pound of crushed sugar, three tablespoonfuls of boiling water, whites of two eggs; let the water and sugar boil until almost like candy; then drop in the eggs, when beaten stiff, continue to beat while dropping. This is to spread between the cake.

Mrs. J. W. B.

Washing Zephyr Goods.—An item of general interest to ladies is, that all zephyr articles—hoods, breakfast capes, etc.—may be washed without shrinking or fulling, by simply using cold water and Castile soap, instead of hot water, as is generally used. No steaming is necessary afterwards.

Mrs. J. B. C.

Jelly Cake.—One cup of sugar, three teaspoonfuls of melted butter, three eggs, one cup of flour and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar beaten together; add two teaspoonfuls of milk, with half a teaspoonful of soda, just before baking. Bake in thin sheets; spread jelly on, and roll it up while warm.

E. F. K.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Remove Stains from Ivory.—Take a piece of common white chalk, and scrape or pulverize it in order to obtain a powder. Add as much water as is required to produce a paste; apply the paste to the surface of the ivory. If the stains are very bad, two or three, or perhaps more, applications may be required. The result will be a pure white ivory without injury to the polish, or the necessity of scraping.

Bran Tea.—A very cheap and useful drink in colds, fevers, and restlessness from pain. Put a handful of bran in a pint and a half of cold water, let it boil rather more than half an hour, then strain it, and, if desired, flavor with sugar and lemon-juice; but it is a pleasant drink without any addition.

Flaxseed Jelly for a Cough.—A coffee-cup of flaxseed, two quarts of water; boil several hours until reduced to a jelly; strain through a thin cloth, squeeze in the pulp and juice of a large lemon; roll a quarter of a pound of the best raisins, mix them in the jelly, simmer without boiling one hour; strain again, add half a teacup of the best loaf-sugar. Take a tablespoonful every hour.

To Soften the Hands.—Half a pound of mutton tallow, one ounce of camphor gum, and one ounce of glycerine; melt, and when thoroughly mixed, set away to cool. Rub the hands with this at night. It will render them white, smooth, and soft.

To Get Rid of Fleas.—Pennyroyal scattered under the carpet, between the bedding during the day, and worn in small packages about the person or persons where fleas abound, will completely relieve the sufferers.

Editors' Table.

QUESTIONS OF IMPORTANCE.

Two questions are now stirring public thought. That men are not women, and women are not men, will, we think, be admitted by the warmest advocates of extremes on either side. Then, however equal in ability and worth the sexes may be, there must be some difference in their offices and their daily employments.

To ascertain the limits of woman's scope, we must ask what she ought to do, and what she ought not to do. What is for her only to perform in the world's progress, and what is to be left wholly for man? What offices and employments can man and woman advantageously perform together? The first of these questions may perhaps be made clear to many minds, if we consider the instincts given by the Creator to women. That they are more religious than men is proven by their preponderance in all churches; that they are more pitiful, more gentle, more attached to family life, and better fitted to train children, who will deny?

Do not these considerations show woman's place to be in the schools and the hospitals, in the supervision of charities, and especially in the medical profession? Let man "ride the whirlwind and direct the storm;" woman comes after the battle, and heals the wounds his passion or his patriotism has inflicted.

Our positions have been so fully set forth in a letter we have lately received, that we shall take the liberty to make an extract. Our correspondent is a professional and scientific man, whose contributions to philological science are well known.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

"I hold that a nation is, or is intended to be, one great household, and that in the work of the national household, each sex has its own appropriate part. To find out what this appropriate part is, we have only to observe what duty falls naturally to each sex in a private household. The man is expected (1) to provide the income, (2) to protect the family, (3) to do the hard out-door work. The woman has for her duties: (1) to train the children, (2) to attend to the sick, (3) to do the light in-door work. Now, each of these departments of duty has its corresponding department in the national household. Let me put it in a tabular form, and you will see my whole theory at a glance:—

WORK OF THE NATIONAL HOUSEHOLD.

Man's Department.	Women's Department.
Revenue.	Schools.
War, Police, Judiciary,	Hospitals, Charities,
Public Works.	Economic Supervision.

"By economic supervision, I mean a department which has been too much neglected by the State, just because women have not done their proper duty. It is only of late years that any attention has been paid to sanitary and moral requirements in building houses (especially for the poor), in the regulations of emigrant vessels, in prisons, etc. Since women like Mrs. Fry, Miss Nightingale, Miss Rye, and others, have taken up these subjects, something has been done, but a vast deal more remains to do."

The views of our correspondent as to the means of achieving the results differ from our own. We may return to the subject another time. At present we

would only add a few words. When to woman's household and religious duties are added those of schoolmistress and doctress, with a share in the supervision of all public charities, in education, and in all associations, for promoting intellectual and moral good, and for suppressing or ameliorating the evils of humanity, will she not have a field of action wide as her nature requires for its best development? If so, would it not be for the honor and happiness of both man and woman that the former should take up the task of righting "woman's wrongs," and giving her the educational advantages she requires for her own improvement, than that she should rush into the arena of politics, and strive to win her way to them through the rough machinery of suffrage?

BOOKS FOR HOME READING.

WE are often asked to lay down a course of reading for families and for young people. We have already done so, and we refer our readers to our book, "MANNERS," published last year by Messrs. Tilton & Co., for a thorough list of the standard writers in each department. Something more than this, however, may be needed. So many books are every month published and read, and contemporary literature has naturally so many attractions, that a running commentary, continued month by month in the pages of the LADY'S BOOK, in which volumes worthy of family perusal are selected from the mass and briefly described, has been often asked for. It is our intention to give such a summary every month for awhile under the title at the head of this article. It must of necessity be very condensed. If our readers wish a more detailed account, we refer them to publications like the *Publisher's Circular* of Mr. Childs. Here they can find the names of all the new books, literary announcements for the coming season, and a notice of French and English books such as they could nowhere else obtain.

We will begin with a volume which combines natural history, travels, and adventures. The author's name is a German one. The most prominent feature of German knowledge is thoroughness. A German savant is not satisfied if anything remains to be said on the subject, and he often chooses a narrow and precise topic that nothing may escape him. Where the scope of his work is larger, he thinks a lifetime well spent over his treatise. The book we have before us is a striking example. Doctor Hartwig's "Polar World" is a book which must have cost its author years of labor. It is "a popular description of Man and Nature in the Arctic and Antarctic regions of the globe." The natural features of those desolate regions, where man is the only animal of great interest or importance, are graphically described. The inhabitants are sketched, from the Lapps and Samoyedes of the Eastern Hemisphere to the Esquimaux and Indians of Arctic America, and finally there is a detailed and interesting account of the discoverers and explorers by land and sea of the Polar World. Those best known to us, such as Franklin and Kane, have their place and tribute; but still more interesting, because to most of us new, are the stories of Castren, the Finn philologist, and of the Cossack conquest of Siberia by the robber Yermak. To a naturalist, an explorer, or to a general reader, the book is alike interesting

and valuable. To families, for whom we are now catering, the stories of adventure and hairbreadth escapes, with which it abounds, will make it a pleasant companion for the long winter evenings, while it has this great advantage over many exciting volumes, that in every particular it may be depended on. What our boys and girls especially want is more fact and less fiction. Here they receive knowledge as useful as it is pleasant. The book is published by Harper & Brothers.

OUR MOTHER IS NOT GROWING OLD.

BY MRS. MARY CRAM.

Our mother is not growing old,
The garment that she wears
May have a wrinkle in some fold
And here and there some tears.
For flesh and blood are worse for wear
When worn for fifty years;
They show the marks of time and care,
And oft are stained with tears.

Our mother is not growing old,
Her nature keeps its charm;
Her loving heart is not more cold,
As fondling is her arm
As when we clustered by her side
In years long, long gone by,
And looked upon her with such pride,
And only looked that high.

For we were only little ones,
But we are older now;
The grown-up daughters and the sons
Still see the mother's brow;
But we can now look higher up
For pleasant paths we've trod,
And so much sweetness in our cup
Has made us look to God.

We are a happy household band,
With one we loved the best,
Gone first unto the spirit land
To wait there for the rest;
The one loved best, for two were one,
The husband and the wife,
The knot can never be undone
Of such a married life.

And when that blissful day shall come,
When life for each is o'er;
When each one has arrived at home
To separate no more;
The dear face that has long been hid
Beneath the churchyard sod,
Shut from us by the coffin-lid
Will welcome us to God.

But flesh and blood can enter not
That sacred, hallowed sphere,
Oh, most blest is their blessed lot
Who to that rest are near!
Then as our fleshy garments wear
We'll bless each wrinkled fold,
Look kindly on each stain and tear
And smilingly grow old.

For age can only last a while,
God's promise is all truth;
His promise to souls free from guile
Is an eternal youth;
Then let a hymn, a sacred song
To holy age be sung,
For growing old will not last long,
The sainted are all young.

AN EMPLOYMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES.

THE Art School of Mr. Van der Wielen, in the Artists' Fund Building, on Chestnut Street opposite the U. S. Mint, is well worthy of a visit on the part of any who take an interest in the progress of true art in this country. Beginning with first principles, it aims to conduct the pupil through all the legitimate and essential steps of study and practice to the higher branches of finished culture. It is no "Painting in Twelve Easy Lessons" affair, but an honest working school, where all who are willing to apply themselves and go through a certain amount of pa-

tient work, may attain the highest degree of excellence that their native abilities fit them for. The rooms are large, well-ventilated, and admirably lighted; the supply of objects and models full and carefully chosen, and the supervision of the master constant and severely critical. The majority of his pupils are young ladies, many of whom, of course, have simply entered upon the study as amateurs, while quite a number intend making art their profession and means of livelihood.

An experiment in this direction is being most successfully prosecuted in an adjoining apartment, where three ladies, Misses Wyman, Lee, and Beeson occupy conjointly a very desirable studio, which the results of their labors in different departments of art, displayed upon its walls, render also very attractive to the visitor. The first mentioned artist devotes herself more especially to portrait painting, and a striking likeness of her late instructor, Mr. Van der Wielen, sufficiently attests the fact that she has not mistaken her vocation. Miss Lee has given her attention more especially to landscape painting, and shows a number of highly successful studies from nature and color sketches. It is, however, in the cognate art of illumination that she has come more prominently before the public. Several of her works in this line have already been published, and this season one of the choicest of the gift-books is her "Illuminated Christian Year," just brought out by Duffield Ashmead. Miss Beeson is at work on a subject of some difficulty, which, however, she is treating with the hand of a master. It is an effort to represent *Margaret* listening to the suggestions of the tempter. With a considerable insight into human nature, the artist has chosen the time when the poor girl would be most likely to be off her guard, being engaged at her devotions in church. The public will ere long have an opportunity of judging for themselves of the merits of the finished picture. Meanwhile we can but assure any of our amateur readers that they can rarely spend a few spare moments more pleasantly or profitably than in the studio of this trio of pioneers. Should any reader of the *LADY'S BOOK* chance to visit Philadelphia during the season, she will find the Art Studio a place of interest, pleasure, and improvement.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

NEW WORK FOR WOMEN: The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—The quarterly meeting of the Women's Branch of the above society was held yesterday at No. 1320 Chestnut Street. Mrs. Caroline E. White presided, and Miss Elizabeth Morris acted as Secretary.

The report of the president, which was read, set forth that through the assistance the society had received, it had been enabled to perform a great part of its work, and to employ an additional agent, who was very active. The society numbers 500 members, many of them young ladies. The board of managers is not yet full, though several have been added to it, nor is the roll of country vice-presidents complete.

The society has published 2500 little books entitled "Early Lessons in Kindness," 2000 copies of "The Horse's Petition" and "Take Not The Life You Cannot Give," and 1000 picture cards containing the photograph and story of "Gray Friar's Bobby," a Scotch terrier, who slept upon his master's grave for seven years and a half. It is proposed to distribute them gratuitously among schools of all denominations, and permission had been asked of the Board of School Controllers to distribute them in the private schools, which was referred to a committee, and will probably be acted upon at an early date.

We are much gratified to hear of the progress of the society, especially of the Women's Branch. Women are naturally kind-hearted, and the sex ought to be active helpers in the hard task of enforcing

the laws against brutality and cruelty to the creatures committed to our care. We shall refer to the society in another number.

ALL who wish to see women take an honorable place in one of the highest of human professions—a profession to which, in special departments, she is peculiarly adapted—will rejoice in one of the latest decisions of the Edinburgh University:—

"The question of admission of women to the study of medicine in Edinburgh University was lately discussed at great length at the half-yearly meeting, Oct. 29th, of the general council. Professor Mason stated that in the examination which had just taken place women had come better through than the men. On a vote the amendment was carried by a large majority, and women are to be admitted."

FEMININE EDUCATION.—The Ladies' Educational Association of London last year gave two courses of lectures to women. On the course of English literature 102 students attended, and on Physics 58. This year courses of 36 lectures each will be given on Latin, Geometry, French Literature, English Literature, Physics, and Chemistry.

MISS GARRETT has founded two scholarships for women who wish to study medicine in London.

MRS. HENTZ'S NOVELS.—T. B. Peterson & Co. are now republishing, in a beautiful binding and in clear, handsome type, the works of this popular American novelist. Mrs. Hentz's books were public favorites at the time of their issue, and this edition has been loudly called for. Four volumes have been issued, and the remainder are being published at the rate of two each month. We congratulate the many admirers of Mrs. Hentz upon the near prospect of possessing a handsome edition of her writings. There is not a line in their pages that can offend the taste or unsettle the principles of a young girl, while yet there is incident and variety enough to keep up her interest in the story and her sympathy with the characters.

"GREAT MYSTERIES AND LITTLE PLAGUES."—This curious book about children (see Literary Notices, page 291) has novelty and variety that will teach parents some new ideas. We give a few "pickings:—

"A little boy, whose father was bald-headed, was sent to have his hair cut. 'How would you like to have it cut, my little man?' said the artist. 'Like papa's, with a hole in the top,' said he.

"A little nephew of ours went with his sister to school for the first time. They kept him there five mortal hours. On being asked how he enjoyed the school, he answered: 'Petty well, I thank you, but I dot awfully rested.'

"A little girl, having been told by her mother that she was *always* surrounded by guardian angels, grew very thoughtful, and, after drawing a long breath, looked up and said: 'Mamma, do you mean *really* that *all* the *whole* time they are with me?' On receiving a solemn assurance in the affirmative, she exclaimed, with an impatient frown: 'Well, really, I *should* like to be alone a little while, *sometimes*.'"

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted, and will appear when we have room: "Ruth's Aspirations"—"Only Hope"—"Just Now"—"Under the Snow"—and "Not Love."

The following we shall not need: "On the Wings of the Wind"—"A Day of Rest"—"Noontide"—"Spring is Here"—"Song"—"My Only Trust has Fled"—"The End" (The MSS. are returned)—and "C

"A Present Ill may be a Future Blessing" is declined. If the author wishes it returned, will please send *twelve* cents in stamps.

"The Lost Receipt." No stamps to return MS.

"An Angel Unawares." No letter and no stamps.

"Pictures." No letter and no stamps.

"Ellie's Lover." No letter and no stamps.

"My Grandfather's Story." No letter, no stamps.

"A Matter of Rejoicing." No letter, no stamps.

NOTICE.—Manuscripts must in all cases be accompanied with the name and address of the authors, and stamps for their return, if not accepted. The utmost care will be taken and all possible expedition used with regard to them; but it must be understood that the Editor is not responsible should a MS. be mislaid or lost.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

CORNS.

BY DR. CHAS. P. UHLE.

WITHOUT being ambitious of the office or honors of a "Corn Doctor," allow us a word respecting them—not the "doctor," for undoubtedly the generality of people see and hear quite enough of this transitory genius—but of the corns themselves, certainly as great a nuisance.

It is an anatomical fact, very generally understood, that corns are nothing less than indurated and thickened cuticle, and are invariably produced by the skin being pressed and rubbed by hard and irritating substances, as in the case of the integument of the foot by the shoe, and particularly when the part itself is unable to yield sufficiently, in consequence of its seat over a bone, to escape the pressure or friction.

Dr. Coale thus clearly and intelligently illustrates: "If, when unaccustomed to using it, we employ our hands with any mechanical tool, we find that where it exerts a pressure against the skin, a blister is raised; that is, the sensitive skin, and more particularly its papillary layer is stimulated to pour out a fluid which separates the scarfskin from it. If the blister so made be left alone, in a few days it becomes dry, and in time the raised scarfskin peels off, leaving beneath it a new one somewhat thicker and harder than the first. If now we go on using the tool, the spot becomes harder and larger, and, in fact, forms a thick pad for the protection of the sensitive skin. So far it is an admirable and kind provision of Nature to meet her necessities. But Nature, as kind as she is, will not be imposed upon, will not permit herself to be overtasked. If the tool is used too constantly this hardness or *callosity* which she put there to protect the more tender tissues beneath, will become inflamed and painful, and any pressure upon them will cause great suffering. If, in spite of this warning, it is still further and constantly excited, all the unpleasant symptoms will be aggravated to a great degree, and a permanently diseased condition of the parts result."

Now, just what Dr. Coale has been describing, is substantially the history of every corn; the shoe binds or chafes (for chafing, as we have said, will cause a corn as well as pressure, a loose shoe as well as a tight one), and a callosity is created on the irritated part. If the warning is taken, the corn may be prevented and the part will return to its natural condition. But unfortunately at this stage it excites little attention. Even when the pain commences it is generally felt at first only during the daytime, when some extra demand has been made upon the feet; but at night it is easier, and the prospective

sufferer is sleepy, the thing is forgotten or disregarded, and so time passes until a thorough-bred corn is established. If examined at this time a little translucent spot will be observed in the centre. This is termed the core, and upon removing the layers of epidermis which cover it a little cavity is seen, in which it is not an uncommon thing to find a quantity of fluid—like the blister upon the hand above described—sometimes extravasated blood. When these fluids are removed the surface of the under layer of the skin, congested and tender, is seen to be exposed.

The art of the chiropodist consists in dislodging the core or root, as they sometimes term it. They attach much importance to this operation, for, they say, "unless it be removed the corn will return again."

Sometimes corns give rise to serious consequences; when seated upon joints they often induce inflammation of the structure entering into the formation of the articulation. Prof. Wilson, renowned the world over for his superior knowledge upon all diseases of the skin, "once dissected a corn which had made its way into the joint, and had produced absorption of the articulating end of both bones."

Now, as to the treatment of corns, and, first of all, wear a proper fitting shoe, one that is not so tight as to bind the foot, nor, on the opposite, so loose as to chafe it. The importance of this step must be obvious to all when it is taken into consideration that from these causes originates the primitive trouble. It is useless to attempt to get entirely rid of a corn without attention to these precautionary measures, for whatever may be gained by well-directed remedies towards a cure, the corn, if exposed again to exciting causes, will start in its growth as luxuriant and as uncomfortable as ever. There are, however, certain limited measures that are available at all times, and which afford comparative relief. The very best is to proceed as follows: Whenever the corn becomes congested and painful, soak the feet well in warm water at night, and with a sharp knife—a razor is best, and we would advise every one afflicted with corns to keep one for this purpose—pare down all the indurated skin as close as possible without drawing blood, then wet a cotton rag with a solution of cream of tartar—one teaspoonful of cream of tartar to one teacup of water—and bind it around the corn till morning. A piece of oiled silk bound over the whole would be a good addition, if it is at hand. Now apply what is generally known as a "corn plaster" (they may be obtained at any druggist's), and nothing more will you hear from your "cause of all evil" until the plaster becomes hardened and pressed down so as no longer to keep off the irritation and pressure of the shoe. It will now become necessary to apply a new one—perhaps to soak the feet and pare down the corn again—and thus these palliative procedures may be continued indefinitely with entire relief from pain or inconvenience.

Close adherence to this plan of treatment for a reasonable length of time would undoubtedly effect a radical cure of the corn; but in most cases the moment relief is obtained, or the moment the corn is freed from inflammation, corn plasters and their appurtenances are the last things thought of.

As regards the "corn salves," and "cures," and "solvents" which are daily thrust in our faces, we would say, "put them far from you, they are no good; and are gotten up by a class of individuals who have more of an eye to the proceeds than the quality or merits of their medicine." So says Mrs. Grundy.

Literary Notices.

From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

PUCK: his *Viciissitudes, Observations, Adventures, Conclusions, Friendships, and Philosophies*. Related by himself, and edited by "Ouida," author of "Strathmore," "Idalia," "Tricotin," etc. Terribly uncharitable towards women, ridiculously lenient towards men, and with the most distorted views of morality in general, Ouida is undoubtedly a brilliant and original, though somewhat extravagant writer; and we can only regret that so much ability is perverted to ends that we cannot but regard as destructive to the well-being of the social and domestic virtues.

COMPENSATION; or, *Always a Future*. By Anne M. H. Brewster. Second edition. In this volume, a very gracefully told story is made the thread upon which to hang its author's views in regard to the theory, practice, and sentimental aspects of music. It will be read with interest by those whom nature has gifted with those peculiar sensibilities of temperament which are necessary to a full and feeling appreciation of musical aesthetics.

THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE; or, *It Might Have Been*. By Annie L. Macgregor, author of "John Ward's Governess."

HELEN ERSKINE. By Mrs. M. Harrison Robinson. A novel written, we are led to infer, by an American authoress, the scene of which is laid in England. The conversation between the titled characters is lively and interesting. If this is a first effort, and we understand it is, it is a good one.

RUSSET LEAVES. By James Pummill. This is a very acceptable collection of pieces in prose and verse, simple and unpretending in style, yet always graceful and charming, and well worthy of the superior typography and handsome binding in which they appear. The book contains many fine illustrations, which add greatly to its attractiveness.

From CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAPPELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

WESTBROOK PARSONAGE. By Harriet B. McKeever, author of "Silver Threads," "Children with the Poets," etc. This is in some sort a controversial novel, the antagonistic elements being Low-Churchism and Ritualism, of the former of which the author is especially the advocate.

NANNY'S CHRISTMAS.

VELVET-COAT, THE OAT. After the French of Madame Melanie Dumont. By Lois Harnard.

Two very pretty stories for children. The last mentioned, however, is marred by the introduction of quite a number of French words, not to be understood by the common run of children, and which could have been given in English by the exercise of a little ingenuity on the part of the translator.

SLOAN'S ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW AND BUILDERS' JOURNAL. No. 7 of the second volume of this periodical has been received. The Swiss designs for cottages are pretty, and well adapted to certain portions of our country. The article on bridges deserves attention. Altogether the information imparted in the pages of this periodical is calculated to produce a better style of architecture throughout the United States.

From J. P. SKELLY & Co., Philadelphia:—

THROUGH PATIENCE. By Faye Huntington, author of "In Earnest; or, Edith Palmer's Motto," etc. A book for young women, quite attractive in its narrative, and inculcating the beautiful truth

that it is only through patience that we rise to the heights upon which is built the celestial City of God.

From THE AMERICAN OPERA PUBLISHING COMPANY, 19 N. Sixth Street, Philadelphia:—

GEMS OF THE LYRIC DRAMA. Volume I. No. 1. *Fra Diavolo*. Romantic opera in three acts. Composed by D. F. E. Auber. Containing text, overture, and principal music, vocal and instrumental, as performed by English grand opera companies. Edited by Geo. W. Tryon, Jr. This is the first number of a new periodical, to be published once every two months, and devoted to the pictorial, typographical, and musical illustration of the most popular operas as produced by the English opera companies. Every number will contain the libretto of the opera complete, together with a sketch of the plot, and notice of the composer and his works, to which are added sixty-four pages of engraved music, embracing the overture and all the principal airs for voice and piano, and for piano alone.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

NEW RECEIPTS FOR COOKING. By Miss Leslie. Comprising all the new and approved methods for preparing all kinds of soups, fish, meats, poultry, cakes, confectionery, etc. etc., with much useful information on all subjects whatever connected with general housewifery.

From PETER E. ABEL, Philadelphia:—

THE AUTOGRAPH OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, with Fac-Similes of his Signature as appended to various Legal Documents; together with 4000 ways of Spelling the name according to English Orthography. By George Wise. A very curious pamphlet, which will no doubt obtain, as it deserves, a wide circulation.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., and PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE ODES AND EPODES OF HORACE. A Metrical Translation into English. With Introduction and Commentaries. By Lord Lytton. With Latin text from the editions of Orelli, Maclean, and Yonge. These translations of the Roman poet will, perhaps, prove more acceptable to the classic scholar than to the general mass of the readers of poetry. Exact, finished, and elegant, as they undoubtedly are, they scarcely meet the requirements necessary for popularity among those who read English only.

BOUND TO JOHN COMPANY; or, the Adventures and Misadventures of Robert Ainsleigh. With illustrations. A story of India life, full of stirring adventure, and deeply interesting.

OLD TESTAMENT SHADOWS OF NEW TESTAMENT TRUTHS. By Lyman Abbott, author of "Jesus of Nazareth: His Life and Teachings," etc. With designs by Doré, Delacroix, Durham, and Parsons. A series of spiritedly-written dissertations, bringing into prominence certain portions of the narrative of the Old Testament which may be considered as bearing upon the plan of redemption as manifested in the life of Christ. The book is handsomely printed, and contains numerous illustrations of the finest character.

A GERMAN COURSE; adapted to Use in Colleges, High Schools, and Academies. By Geo. F. Comfort, A. M., Professor of Modern Languages and Aesthetics in Alleghany College, Meadville, Pa. In the preparation of this volume, its author has aimed to incorporate the most judicious views and principles of linguistic instruction as held by the best writ-

ters upon philology, and the best practical educators in Europe and America. The course consists of practical lessons for learning to read, write, and speak the German language, familiar conversations in German and English, models of letters, business forms, selections from German literature, a compend of German grammar, tables of German moneys, weights, measures, a brief survey of the history, characteristics, and dialects of the language, and, in short, all that would seem necessary to thoroughly ground the student in the language.

KITTY. A pleasant and finely-written novel, by M. Betham Edwards, author of "Doctor Jacob," etc.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALFRED TENNYSON, *Poet Laureate*. With numerous illustrations. A truly handsome yet cheap edition of the great poet's works, complete, containing "The Holy Grail," and all his latest productions.

MEDORA LEIGH; a History and an Autobiography. Edited by Charles Mackay. With an introduction, and a commentary on the charges brought against Lord Byron by Mrs. Beecher Stowe. Another addition to the Byron scandal literature, which will no doubt attract considerable attention.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. We have received the monthly part, No. 9, for December, of this excellent illustrated journal.

THE BOOK OF SNOBS. By W. M. Thackeray. Cheap edition, in paper.

TITANIA'S BANQUET, PICTURES OF WOMAN, and Other Poems. By George Hill. Third edition, revised and enlarged. We have to thank the author for a copy of this little volume of poems. The fact that a third edition of it has been called for would seem to be a sufficient guarantee that it possesses the elements of popularity. It certainly contains much true poetry, and there is a richness of fancy in "Titania's Banquet" that strongly reminds us of the poets of the Elizabethan era. Mr. Hill, too, is a lover of nature, sympathizing kindly with it in all its aspects, which he depicts with a delicate and a feeling hand.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE WONDERS OF POMPEII. By Marc Monnier. Translated from the original French. This forms one of the "Illustrated Library of Wonders," now in course of publication, and which has already attained so great a popularity.

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York:—

BUTTERFLY'S FLIGHTS. By the author of the "Win and Wear Series." In a neat case, with clean print and handsome binding, Messrs. Carter have issued a series of books for children, which will, we think, amuse and interest them greatly. "Butterfly," a little girl, went to Mount Mansfield, Saratoga, Niagara, Montreal, the seaside, and Philadelphia. We will not deprive our little readers of their pleasure by telling them what she did there; but will merely say that in addition to the amusement they will take in the books, they will learn also all that children care of the places to which Butterfly went, and will hope some day to follow the route of her journey.

WORDS OF COMFORT FOR PARENTS BE-REAVED OF LITTLE CHILDREN. Edited by William Logan. Of this book, Dean Alford says: "This charming book originally sprang out of a bereavement, which has indeed brought forth choice fruit. * * * It is one which would form a pre-

cious gift to bereaved friends, and will be admitted into counsel with the wounded heart at a time when almost all words, written and spoken, are worthless."

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

MIRTHFULNESS AND ITS EXCITERS; or, Rational Laughter and its Promoters. By B. F. Clark, Pastor of the Congregational Church, North Chelmsford, Mass. This is a tolerably fair collection of anecdotes of clergymen, lawyers, doctors, literary men, and others, with specimens of Irish wit, extracts from the writings of Nasby, Josh Billings, and many miscellaneous pleasantries.

THE "B. O. W. O." *A Book for Boys.* By the author of the "Dodge Club," etc. Illustrated. A lively, spirited, and entertaining book, which cannot fail to please the class of readers for whom it was designed.

SABBATH SONGS FOR CHILDREN'S WORSHIP. *A New Book of Hymns and Tunes for Sabbath Schools.* By Leonard Marshall, Director of Music at the Tremont Temple Church, Boston, assisted by J. C. Proctor and Samuel Burnham. With suggestive exercise for Sabbath School concerts.

From ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston:—

THE PRIMEVAL WORLD OF HEBREW TRADITION. By Frederick Henry Hedge. Doctor Hedge is well known as a New England clergyman of cultivation and ability. In this volume he has taken up the Biblical narrative of the first ages of the world, and attempted to show what truth it contains, and how we should understand it. The book is beautifully bound and printed, with the side line so popular in England.

GREAT MYSTERIES AND LITTLE PLAGUES. By John Neal. Mr. Neal's book, as the title suggests, is about children. It is made up of an article called, "Children—what are they good for," a story of a little girl, and a collection of anecdotes concerning the clever and striking speeches of children. These last make up the bulk of the volume, which is adapted expressly for children, and will, no doubt, be popular among them. (See Editor's Table, page 288.)

From NICHOLS & NOYES, Boston, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

PATER MUNDI; or, Modern Science Testifying to the Heavenly Father. Being, in substance, lectures delivered to senior classes in Amherst College. By Rev. E. F. Burr, D. D., author of "Ecce Cælum." In two volumes. Vol. I. The thousands who have been fascinated by the "brilliant pen photographs of the wonders of the heavens," as presented in "Ecce Cælum," will eagerly welcome a new and equally attractive work from the same source. In it he proposes to defend and illustrate both Theism and Christianity from the side of modern science.

From LORING, Boston:—

THE TRUE STORY OF MRS. SHAKSPEARE'S LIFE. An amusing trifle, taking off Mrs. Stowe's Byron mystery article.

From W. J. HOLLAND, Springfield, Mass.:—

PERSONAL BEAUTY: How to Cultivate and Preserve it, in accordance with the Laws of Health. By D. G. Brinton, M. D., Editor of the Medical and Surgical Reporter and of the Half-Yearly Compendium of Medical Science, late Surgeon U. S. V., and Medical Director of the Eleventh Army Corps, Member

of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, etc.; and Geo. H. Napheys, M. D., Chief of Medical Clinics of the Jefferson Medical College, Member of the Philadelphia County Medical Society, author of the "Compendium of Modern Therapeutics," etc. etc. This, perhaps, is the completest work of its class that has yet been presented to the public; certainly none so full and so reliable has been published on this side of the Atlantic. "We have endeavored," say the authors, "to furnish such an abundance of simple and harmless, yet efficient aids for the toilet, that the dependence on secret and injurious nostrums may be dispensed with, and the beauty of the body cultivated more in accordance with the principles of correct taste and sound health than is now the case."

From BROWN & GROSS, Hartford, Conn.:—

WIDOW GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER. By Julia P. Smith. Mrs. Smith has written a novel of American society. She does not name the State to which her characters belong, but from their conversations and various other hints, we suppose it to be either in New England or the West. The heroine is a shy, awkward, dreamy girl, the daughter of a grasping and covetous woman, but learning from her mother rather to avoid than to imitate her example. The book is made up of scenes and descriptions of life in a new country, where the want of polish and high education is compensated by straightforwardness, manliness, and simplicity. We congratulate Mrs. Smith upon the natural and lifelike portraiture, and predict for her book a warm reception.

From the Author, Hanover, N. H., and LEE & SHEPARD, Boston:—

ECCE FEMINA: an Attempt to Solve the Woman Question. Being an examination of arguments in favor of female suffrage, by John Stuart Mill and others, and a presentation of arguments against the proposed change in the constitution of society. By Carlos White.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

MARCH, 1870.

THE March number is up to the highest standard; no falling off. The engravings, both steel and wood-cut, cannot be approached. We are determined that no one of our brethren shall outstrip us. A steel plate, a six-figure fashion-plate, a colored plate of fancy work, a fine wood engraving of a stormy March day, a plate of children's dresses, and the incomparable extension sheet of the latest styles make up the ornamental part of this number. With all these, we give a variety of useful designs in the work department.

Two ladies in Brentfield, Vt., paid subscriptions to LADY'S BOOK to a person calling himself Henry W. Wood. We have no soliciting agents, and have not had for twenty-five years.

THERE has been little, in the way of steel engravings, ever published by us that has given so much satisfaction to our subscribers and the press as that portrait in the January number. We have been tempted to record this fact from reading so many kind letters from our subscribers, and also notices of the press, warmly commending it. Appreciating fully their kind feelings, we tender them our sincere thanks.

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING.—We have received from Messrs. T. S. ARTHUR & SONS a copy of their premium engraving for 1870. It is called "Bed-Time," and will by many be regarded as more beautiful and artistic than "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," their picture for last year, which proved so great a favorite. "Bed-Time" represents a mother with her sleeping babe in her arms, carrying it lovingly to its nightly resting-place; and the artist has given it a tender interest that wins the heart of every lover of children. It is large and richly engraved, and when framed will make an ornament fit to grace any parlor in the land. This picture is given as a premium to all who make up clubs for *Arthur's Home Magazine* (the best two dollar ladies' magazine in America), *The Children's Hour*, or *Once a Month*. Every subscriber to these magazines has the privilege of buying this elegant picture for \$1—the regular selling price is \$2 50. By special arrangement with T. S. Arthur & Sons, we have secured for all who subscribe to, or purchase the *LADY'S BOOK*, the privilege of procuring this excellent picture for the low price of \$1.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—It is very appropriate that the *fortieth year* of this favorite old companion should be signalized by the publication of a portrait of the worthy founder. Mr. Godey's genial figure, with all its merry embonpoint and its wise head-shake, is planted on the frontispiece, and seems to welcome the throng of tried friends and true who have stood by him so long. The picture is a steel-plate, and does justice to Mr. Godey's person by presenting nearly the whole of it. The gay old littérateur is represented sitting at his editor's table, examining manuscripts, and appearing capable of accepting everything before him out of pure good nature. This plate, to most subscribers, will be a cherished memento. Another steel engraving, representing five tableaux of winter all in a group, is very artistic and beautiful. And the magazine is filled with a wonderful Christmas-stockingful of fashions, work-table models, recipes, and all the specialties which have earned its two-score years' success. A story by Marion Harland will be found among the literary contents.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

CAPITOL BUILDING AT WASHINGTON.—We have been presented by Gutekunst with a copy of this picture, which we have no hesitation in pronouncing the most beautiful photograph ever taken in this country. It is even better than that of the *Ledger Building* by the same artist. It is of good size for framing, and a copy of it everybody should have. Apply at 712 Arch Street.

WHAT A WASTE!—"Eugenie spent \$12,000 a day on her eastern trip." Who pays? The people.

"It costs Napoleon \$5000 for a State dinner." Is it any wonder that the people of France complain of the taxes?

MISSISSIPPI.

DEAR SIR: The *LADY'S BOOK* is a *positive necessity* to me, and I watch for its arrival with the greatest eagerness. It has been a welcome visitor at my Southern home from my earliest remembrance, and through it I feel that I know you, and claim you for a friend. S. M.

SEA MOSS FARINE, made from pure Irish Moss, is decidedly a most delicious food, and one that has long been wanted for invalids and children, and those requiring a light and delicate food. It is being used extensively as a table dessert in blanc mange, puddings, cream, etc., and over one hundred palatable dishes may be made from it. Its great convenience and extraordinary cheapness will make it the most popular food sauce in the world. Office of the Company, 53 Park Street, New York.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER ALMANAC, for 1870.—The *Public Ledger* is one of the "institutions" of Philadelphia. The reliability and conciseness of its news items, the high-toned character of its editorials, and the general excellence of its management, have secured for it the entire confidence of its numerous readers, as well as an outside reputation fully equal to that of its more ambitious competitors. The name of its present publisher is a synonym for intelligent enterprise and noble well-doing. With regard to the little pamphlet before us, we will only say that, prepared at an outlay of several thousand dollars, and presenting a vast amount of useful information to Pennsylvanians and Philadelphians in particular, it has been distributed among the subscribers of the *Ledger* free of cost, and is to be continued yearly.

We give the conclusion of a very pleasant letter:—

"The cheerful, benevolent-looking countenance that beamed upon me as I opened the January number, seemed to be really wishing me a Happy New Year. I most heartily return the compliment, and wish you a long and prosperous life." R. W.

A GENTLEMAN recently bought three sandwiches of the sort commonly to be had at railway station restaurants, and had one of them weighed and examined. It was found to consist of beef and bread—two and a half drachms of the former, and three drachms of the latter—in all weighing less than three-quarters of an ounce. A man who cannot cut ham in slices thin enough to cover an acre of ground is never employed in these establishments.

THANKS, MANY THANKS for the glorious list of subscribers we have received this year. It gives goodly token that we shall as usual publish the largest edition of any magazine in the world. The *fortieth year* of *GODEY*! Think of that, *forty years* old! And always ahead in the magazine literature of the day. Where can be found a work so well suited to the ladies of this country? Ahead also in fashions, receipts, architecture, drawing, and editorials, and only \$3 a year, or will be clubbed with the following magazines for \$3 50:—

Godey's Lady's Book	-	-	-	\$3 00
Arthur's Home Magazine	-	-	-	2 00
Once a Month	-	-	-	2 00
Children's Hour	-	-	-	1 50
				\$8 50

LETTER FROM AN EDITOR:—

DEAR SIR: We received the January number, 1870, day before yesterday, and our wife says it is decidedly the *best* number yet issued, and far ahead of any similar work of the season. We think *she* is right in her estimation of the *BOOK*, and shall tell our readers so in our Monday's paper. My wife desires me to thank you for your great kindness to us in sending the *BOOK*. We hope to receive it regularly during 1870.

We called attention on page 99 of the January number to the publications of Kimmel & Forster, New York: "The Flags of the World," held by figures dressed in the costumes of the nations the flags represent. "Dissecting Puzzle of Animals," very interesting to children. "The American Boy and American Girl," figures with a variety of clothing. "The Realm of the Queen of Flowers," an excellent play for children, who can show their taste by making up the prettiest bouquet. "Autograph Annual," prepared for the purpose of inserting the autograph of your friends; a space with a pretty border is allotted to each signature. Address Kimmel & Forster, 254 Canal Street, New York.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY.—The March number is now ready, with the following array of contents, all printed on the finest white music paper of the full sheet music size. A brilliant and beautiful Galop, arranged as a duet for the Piano and Violin, or Flute; a capital new song and chorus for the times, *Push Things*, composed expressly for us by Geo. W. Krauss; *Do Not Forget Me*, popular song by the author of *At the Gate*; *Magdalena*, brilliant and showy fantasia, for good players, by the composer of the celebrated *Maiden's Prayer*; and an easy arrangement, for beginners, of the ever popular *Soldier's Joy*. Here is a list of music which, bought in the regular way, would cost between \$2 and \$3. Subscribers to the *Monthly* get it for less than 34 cents, or, for nothing, as will be seen by the following:—

Terms and Premiums.—Single subscriptions \$4 per annum. Single numbers 40 cents. The January, February, and March numbers (three of the best numbers ever issued) will be sent as samples on receipt of \$1 and three 3 cent stamps for postage. As a premium we send to single subscribers one dollar's worth of new music free. For two subscriptions five dollars' worth of new music from our catalogues free. Catalogues, to select from, by return mail. Any one, with a few musical friends to call upon, can easily make up a club or two, and secure a splendid list of new and fashionable music. The *Monthly* and *GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK*, one year, without the premium, for \$6. Agents wanted in every town and village. Send as above for specimens, with prospectus and terms.

One entire year free.—We continue, for another month, the following liberal and popular offer. Any one ordering direct from us six dollars' worth of sheet music, whether from our own catalogues or not, will receive as a premium the *Monthly* for 1870 free. A fine opportunity to get the best musical periodical published for nothing. Address orders only to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

THE "ALEXANDRA LIMP."—From *The London Queen*:—

"While, as regards other follies of Fashion, we have not yet seen the last of the Grecian Bend before there is developed another form of torture, under the mysterious inscrutable title of the *Alexandra Limp*! The *Limp* is produced (and we do not speak without authority upon this important question) by the removal of the heel from one boot, and the adoption on the other boot of a very high heel—an invention that probably had its origin in the distressing lameness of the Princess who bears the name that has been given to this new folly."

The Princess Alexandra is the wife of the Prince of Wales.

I PURCHASED a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine about ten years ago, and, while learning to use it without instruction, broke one needle; after that for more than nine years, I had the Machine in almost daily use, doing all my family sewing and very much for friends and others, and instructed seven persons in the use of the Machine, without breaking a needle. My Machine has never cost one penny for repairs. I have sewed hours with a workmate babe in my lap, working upon fabrics of the most delicate texture, as well as upon men's and boys' clothes of the heaviest material. I have made garments for the cradle, the bridal, the hospital, and the funeral. Entering into every vicissitude of life, my Machine has become, as it were, a part of my being.

MRS. M. L. PECK.

Mexico, N. Y.

A GOOD WEEKLY PAPER.—An article every one wants. Many persons are misled by the various high-sounding advertisements announcing that so and so will contribute, and the paper will be embellished by splendid engravings. The money is sent, and the dupe is in for it for one year, at least. When he receives his paper, he finds that the stories are often immoral, or of the blood and thirsty order, such as: "The Bloody Pirate of the Enslanguined Sea," "The Woman with Six Husbands," "The Juvenile Highwayman," and others of that sort. After three or four numbers have been received, the subscriber, if he is a man with a family, refuses to take the paper to his house, not wishing to fill his children's minds with such trash. It is as well to take the advice of an older hand when you want to select a good paper for family use, and we unhesitatingly pronounce the *Germantown Telegraph*, published by P. R. Freas, of Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., as an unexceptionably good paper. To a farmer it is invaluable, as Mr. Freas is a practical farmer himself; to the family it is most acceptable, as it contains the best selection of stories that can be found anywhere; and the general reader will find news, editorials of the day, and a synopsis of everything that can make a paper valuable. Mr. Freas has published the *Telegraph* for over forty years, editing it the whole time himself. It would be strange if he had not by this time found out what suits the public taste. Send \$2 50 to P. R. Freas, Germantown, Philadelphia, Penn'a.

An English friend had a pair of pheasants sent him from home a few days since. The family were all commenting upon the fresh appearance of the birds after their long voyage, when the domestic (need her nationality be mentioned?) exclaimed:—"Faith, it's no wonder they're fresh. They was sint by the cable, I know!"

EVERY one thinking of purchasing a CABINET ORGAN should send for the circulars of the MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO., which contain as much matter as a good-sized volume, yet are sent without charge, and postage paid, to all who desire them. They contain not only full descriptions, with correct drawings of the various styles of organs manufactured by this Company, but many interesting explanations of the construction and differences of instruments of this class, showing what are excellences, what defects, etc., so that they are valuable to every one having any thought of purchasing an instrument of this class.

This Company, whose organs have a European as well as American reputation, have recently reduced their prices, and are now selling their Double-Reed Organs with Five Stops, having Tremulant, Knee-Swell, Double Bellows, Centre Pressure Valves, in elegant Solid Walnut Cases, Carved and Panelled, for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. These, it must be remembered, are organs of the best quality, for this Company will not make the cheap instruments which are hawked about the country, but are dear at any price. It is claimed by other makers that instruments of this quality cannot be afforded at this price, but the M. & H. ORGAN CO. declare they are enabled to fix the price so low by their unequalled facilities for manufacture. The great demand for their organs has enabled them to construct ingenious machinery, and to perfect a division of labor, by which they secure not only more perfect work than would be otherwise possible, but this at a reduction in cost. But, be this as it may, this is an illustration of the prices at which they are selling their famous work. If any body loses by it, it will not be the public.

IS THIS CHRISTIANITY!—From the "Woman's Department" of the *Sunday Dispatch* we extract the following. Perhaps if a little of the cost of putting up the splendid white marble front had been spared, they would have been enabled to pay a larger salary:—

"A week or so ago an advertisement appeared in one of our papers to the effect that 'a cashier, with the best of references,' was wanted in a certain bookstore on Chestnut Street. I answered it, and was told to call at a certain hour on a certain day. Of course I went, and found eight or ten other ladies sitting around on the stools, each one looking as though she was wondering what sort of a chance she stood among so many. I was the fifth who was told to walk back. I went, and was asked all sorts of questions as to my ability, references, etc. At last I asked a few questions in my turn. They said: 'The position was a *very responsible* one, as from fifty to five hundred dollars passed through the cashier's hands daily,' that she 'must be able to detect counterfeits, and was responsible for all money passed to her.' She must be there from eight and a half o'clock in the morning till six in the evening, and 'for several weeks of and through the holidays, she would be detained till very late at night.' They preferred a gentleman, but 'could not get one to take the position, as it was *too confining* a situation.' I asked the amount of salary given, and was told that for these ten hours of constant attendance and responsibility they were willing to give the favored lady the enormous amount of eighty-three and two-sixths of a cent per day, or *five dollars per week*. I said I supposed they expected the lady to make a genteel appearance. 'Yes, of course.' Did they know that a lady could not get more than the plainest board for less than four dollars per week? And then if it should storm, and she had to ride to and fro from her home, how much did they think she would have left of her five dollars to keep up this genteel appearance? This bookstore, which is so liberal and magnanimous in giving such a *high salary* to one holding such a *responsible position*, is a fine white marble building, and is the representative store of a wealthy Christian organization and church of our city. I turned from my interrogators in disgust, and with pity in my heart for the lady who was *forced* to encourage them in their parsimoniousness by taking the position on their terms."

"Be able to detect counterfeits." It is very difficult for a man accustomed to handle money to detect counterfeits, let alone a woman at \$5 per week, who sees but little money, and "was responsible for all money passed to her." That is, if she took a \$10 counterfeit note, she would lose two weeks' wages. We do not know what particular Christian organization this establishment represents, nor do we care. We simply ask, Is this Christianity?

A GOODLY array of prominent writers have contributed to our columns this month. Where will you find such a list as Marion Harland, Ino Churchill, S. Annie Frost, Florence Hartland, and many others?

A FAT French lady despairingly says: "I am so fat that I pray for a disappointment to make me thin. No sooner does the disappointment come than the mere expectation of growing thinner gives me such joy that I become fatter than ever."

POSTAL MONEY ORDERS.—Apply to your postmaster for a postal money order. No more losses by mail.

"The postal money order system established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than \$1 nor more than \$50. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz: For an order for \$1 or for any larger sum but not exceeding \$20, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of \$20 and up to \$30, the charge shall be 15 cents; more than \$30 and up to \$40, the charge shall be 20 cents; over \$40 and up to \$50, the charge shall be 25 cents."

PASSING THE TIME.—Going by a clock.

NEW SHEET MUSIC.—*Songs and Ballads*, published by J. Starr Holloway, Philadelphia. Nellie's Dream, beautiful new song by Wallworth. Little Maggie May, very popular. Skating on the Pond, new and sparkling song and chorus. Fairy Voices. Still True to Thee, beautiful song. Mary, My Beautiful Angel. Why I Love Thee, Mack. Say, My Heart, new song by Abt, with German and English words. Price of each 30 cents.

Easy pieces for beginners.—Golden Wedding March. Robin Adair Rondo. Pulling Against the Stream. Walking Up Chestnut Street Polka. Flying Trapeze Redowa. For Ever and For Ever, easy arrangement of this beautiful melody by Converse. Each 20 cents, or six for \$1.

Advanced pieces.—Snowflakes, by Brinley Richards, new edition, elegantly illustrated, 50. The Fairy Sprite, by E. Mack, brilliant and beautiful parlor piece for a good player, 60. Forget Me Not, Fantaisie by Ohm, illustrated, 60. Holiday Hours, bagatelle, handsome title-page, 40. Entrainante, grand Valse de Concert, by Ascher, 50. Cousin et Cousine, Schottische Elegante, by Egghard, 40. Ignis Fatuus (Irrlicht) fantasie by Jungmann, 35. The First Violet, by same, 30. Fantaisie from L'Elisire d'Amere, not difficult, 35.

Any person ordering \$2 worth from the above, will receive the March number of Holloway's *Musical Monthly* free. Or the *Monthly* will be sent the entire year free on orders of sheet music amounting to \$6, at one time. Catalogues free. Address only to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

MARION HARLAND's story of "The Vanes," concluded in this number, will take rank with her best stories. We trust that the lesson she has taught in this story will not be without its fruits.

A FARMER in the neighborhood of Paris noticed that all the hair had been carefully trimmed from off his cows' tails. He was not conscious of having made an enemy; he was at a loss to conceive who could have disfigured the useful animals in this barbarous manner, until his wife discovered on the dairymaid's dressing-table a chignon manufactured out of the hair of the cows' tails. Further concealment being useless, the culprit confessed that not only had she furnished herself with this adornment at the expense of the cows, but that she had supplied a select number of her friends with materials from the same source, for the purpose of manufacturing headdresses of a similar nature, in anticipation of a reunion to take place at the commencement of the new year.

A WRITER in the *Overland Monthly*, describing a celebration at St. Peter's in Rome, says:—

"Unless in full black and in swallow-tailed coat, one cannot pass beyond the nave of the basilica. He is counted but as common and unclean, and doomed to the outer court. On this particular Sunday, as I was pressing my way up to the line of soldiers that guarded the sacred precincts of the choir, I passed one of the best known of American *littérateurs*. He was in simple walking costume. 'What, doctor,' said I, 'where is the coat that you bought in London?' 'In the bottom of my trunk, and it will stay there,' he answered. 'I am too old to turn snob, and shall leave the city to-morrow.'"

Good for the doctor! We may add that if you receive an invitation to a dinner party, with a little note at the bottom, "Full dress," you may certainly infer that the writer made his money suddenly, and is a snob. The old families of this city have no such ridiculous regulation.

In Boston it is said that the color of a certain clergyman's eyes has never been determined; when he prays he shuts his own, and when he preaches he shuts other people's.

We copy the following excellent article upon Wedding Presents from the *New York Ledger*. We are happy to see that our crusade against the custom has produced some effects. It is not uncommon now to see on wedding cards "No presents received."—

WEDDING BAZAARS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

How beautiful is the beginning of wedded life! Not the first bloom of snowdrops and crocus in spring; not the budding and blossom of honeysuckle or magnolia; not the earliest songs of birds, and their sports among the tender leaves but half opened, is so charming to the imagination! If the young hearts are simple, loving, and sincere, there rises before their imagination a series of joys which fills the whole horizon. They know that there is care and labor for every one, but love can gild the one and lighten the other.

It is a world of sorrow; sickness and death befall every one. But what are these spectral thoughts to young hearts that mean to go triumphant over every ill by the irresistible power of love! Even those who have seen their visions melt away, and who have been disenchanted, love to go back for the hour to the old fond delight. They look with pleasure upon two souls leaving the shore for the wide sea, fondly believing that there will never be a wave upon the water, nor a gale in the air. Those even who have had stormy days and a dreary voyage, are glad that the beginning of it should be bright.

There is one point of universal sympathy, the wedding hour of two ingenuous youths. Every one rises out of his dull and drowsing life into his best moods. Every one's eyes look benignly upon the happy pair. Every one would fain throw a flower upon their path, and, if he could, a flower without thorns.

It is under this generous impulse that the custom arose of making presents to the bride. Probably it began in simpler ages than ours, when men were shepherds and husbandmen. The young people must be set up in housekeeping. One, therefore, would give a garment, another a cow, another a piece of furniture. In some villages in Europe, to this day, the young pair walk from the church to their new home by the side of a loaded cart whereon their neighbors have piled all the miscellaneous stuff of a rustic household. So that, when they are settled down at home, almost every article speaks to them a language of kindness from some village friend. In this simple way a rural community set up each new household.

But as wealth increases, and new manners prevail in refined society, it is no longer an aim to furnish the lodgings of love's young pilgrims. The custom of giving presents remains, but the motive changes; and unless great caution be used, such custom degenerates, and becomes offensive. To those who are rich, and "who can repay again," presents abound. While to the less favored, to whom some help would be most timely, little is given. The daughter of a rich man marries a rich man's only son. Every one would fain stand well with them all. Diamond rings, bracelets of great price, silverware of every kind, with and without a use, books, pictures, curiosities of every hue abound, and the long table groans with the needless profusion. There is no thought of setting up in life this joyous pair, for they are full rich already, and able to furnish their costly dwelling munificently. If the motive be worthy of the gifts, how much must these two people be beloved!

But if it be done in a truly charitable spirit, it will not be an ungracious thing to trace these gifts and to unveil the motives which have brought hither such rare and costly things.

The parents, the brothers and sisters, the near relatives, of course fitly bestow these offerings. The near neighbor recalls, when his daughter was married, that the bride's father gave her a silver urn, and surely it would not do for him to be less generous. Under the form of affection, he settles a debt, and says, when all is over, "There, that score is cleared. No one can say that he outdid me." A less favored suitor, of tolerable means, thinks within himself, "He has supplanted me. She more than half favored my addresses. But no one shall suspect by my manner that I care for either of them. Besides, it never does harm to stand well with such people of influence." And so a shining gift goes from his hand.

The lawyer who did the father's business, and ex-

pects the son's, says, "It will never do for me to be stingy on such an occasion. Money given away to such people is money planted." Correspondents and bankers, political friends and partners, must send or suffer. The young cousin who is clerking at a small salary, dare not withhold his gift, and is ashamed to send such an one as comports with his means. He dreads to see his meagre offering outdone by blazing rivals, and so, taking counsel of fear and vanity, he goes against his conscience, and pinching himself for months, he pays for a gift beyond his means. He might be strengthened against a second temptation, if he could hear the bride's father saying, "What! Jacob sent this! The young dog is extravagant. Wonder if he thinks he's rich!"

I seldom take pleasure in looking at the wedding treasure chamber. The gold and silver have no beauty in my eyes. If I am sure that love gave them, and was able to give, the presents cannot be too profuse. But I think of the humble cousins, the poor young men wishing to stand well in society, the outside friends that dare not come without gifts when all are expected to give, and this takes away all pleasure. Each man's gift is marked with his name, that every one may know how well each has done his duty. "Have you been up to see the presents?" is the familiar question.

It is said to think that such presents should be made a matter of calculation, but they are. The very bride does not shrink from calculating the probable gifts. And after the wedding bazaar is closed, an account of stock is taken. For the moment, they are the best friends who have given the most choice and flattering gifts. The meanness of some, the stinginess and neglect of others is severely noted. The fiend has overleaped the wall of paradise, and soiled the brightness and innocence of the early hours of a new life.

There will be many to whom these words will seem severe and unmerciful. But it is in no spirit of censorious criticism that they are written. There is need that men should beware lest pride and vanity eat out the value of those gifts which should come only from love—which should be unconstrained—which should be valued not for what they are, but for what they express.

A PARIS correspondent writes: Let me tell you of a catastrophe which happened recently in the Bois. One of our best "internationals" gentlemen riders was taking his pleasure there—such pleasure, that is to say, as may be had in a Victoria at 2*f*. 75*c*. the hour. Calmly reflecting on good things in general, and his next good thing in particular, he went mooning up and down the shore of the great lake. Suddenly his conveyance halted and roused him from his reverie. Looking up, he saw his steed—a proud animal—consuming something. What do you think it was? Why, only the straw-colored chignon of the lady in the Victoria in front of him. Picture the face of the victim and the look of detestation which she bestowed. After all, he was not to blame; not, indeed, was the horse. If ladies will have straw-colored tresses, they really must be prepared to be eaten up alive by ignorant horses which have, perhaps, been kept a little short, and see the tempting bait dangling before their eyes.

REMARKABLE WORKS OF HUMAN LABOR.—Nineveh was 14 miles long, 8 miles wide, and 46 miles round, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 50 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick and 100 feet high, with 100 brazen gates. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 420 feet to the support of the roof; it was 100 years in building. The largest of the pyramids was 491 feet in height, and 963 on the sides; the base covers 11 acres; the stones are about 60 feet in length, and the layers are 208; it employed 320,000 men in building. The labyrinth in Egypt contained 300 chambers and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round, and 100 gates. Carthage was 29 miles round. Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The Temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of \$60,000,000, and Nero carried away from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles round.

The wife of a New York millionaire has gone to Europe to get the portraits of her three homely daughters painted by the "old masters," of whom she has heard so much.

REMARKABLE MEMORIES.—Magliabecchi, the founder of the great library at Florence, had so wonderful a memory, that Gibbon styled him "memory personified." At one period of his life, Seneca could repeat two thousand words precisely as they had been pronounced. Gassendi had acquired by heart six thousand Latin verses, and in order to give his memory exercise, he was in the habit of daily reciting six hundred verses from different languages. Saunderson, another mathematician, was able to repeat all Horace's odes and a great part of other Latin authors. La Croze, after listening to twelve verses in as many languages, could not only repeat them in the order in which he heard them, but could also transpose them. Pope had an excellent memory, and many persons have amused themselves by looking through his writings, and pointing out how often he had brought it into play. He was able to turn with readiness to the precise place in a book where he had seen any passage that had struck him. John Lynden had a very peculiar faculty for getting things by rote, and he could repeat correctly any long, dry document after having heard it read; but if he wanted any single paragraph, he was obliged to begin at the commencement, and proceed with his recital until he came to what he required. There was a French novelist who, being a printer, composed a volume in type, and thus the book was printed without having been written. Bishop Warburton had prodigious memory, which he taxed to an extraordinary degree. His "Divine Legation" would lead one to suppose that he had indefatigably collected and noted down the innumerable facts and quotations there introduced; but the fact is, that his only note book was an old almanac, in which he occasionally jotted down a thought. Scaliger obtained so perfect an acquaintance with one Latin book, that he offered to repeat any passage with a dagger at his breast, to be used against him in case of a failure of memory.

The following obituary notice recently appeared in a newspaper in Spain: "This morning our Saviour summoned away the jeweller, Siebald Illmagn, from his shop to another and a better world. The undersigned, his widow, will weep upon his tomb, as will also his two daughters, Hilda and Emma, the former of whom is married, and the latter is open to an offer. The funeral will take place to-morrow. His disconsolate widow, Veronique Illmagn, P. S.—This bereavement will not interrupt our business, which will be carried on as usual, only our place of business will be removed from No. 3 Tessa de Teinturiers to No. 4 Rue de Missionnaire, as our grasping landlord has raised our rent."

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.—Many years ago there was a clock made by one Droz, a mechanic of Geneva, renowned for its ingenious construction. It was so made as to be capable of performing the following movements: There was on it a negro, a shepherd, and a dog. When the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute, and the dog approached and fawned upon him. The clock was exhibited to the King of Spain, who was greatly delighted with it. "The gentleness of my dog," says Droz, "is his least merit. If your majesty will touch one of the apples which you see in the shepherd's basket, you will admire the fidelity of this animal." The king took an apple, and the dog flew at his hand and barked so loudly, that the king's dog, which was in the same room during the exhibition, began to bark also, at which the superstitious courtiers, not doubting that it was an affair of witchcraft, hastily left the room, crossing themselves.

Having desired the Minister of Marine, who was the only one who dared to stay behind, to ask the negro what o'clock it was, the minister asked, but received no reply. Droz then observed that the negro had not yet learned the Spanish, upon which the minister repeated the question in French, and the black immediately answered him. At this new prodigy, the firmness of the minister also forsook him, and he retreated precipitately, declaring that it must be the work of a supernatural being. It is probable that in the performance of these tricks, Droz touched certain springs in the mechanism, although that is not mentioned in any of the accounts of his clock.

FASHIONABLE INVITATION.
tain the bill of fare.

Dinner in Paris con-

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

THE GERANIUM. *New and Select Varieties.* Among the many popular plants which are now freely cultivated and sought by our tasteful and enterprising amateurs and lady florists, we know of no section which has as yet superseded the favorite geranium.

From time immemorial, one variety or other of this household plant has been the care of the owner of the south side window; while more recently and since floriculture has become an extensive business, varieties without number have been raised and introduced for bedding purposes, that is to plant the neat beds laid out on the lawn around our city villas and more extensive country mansions. Should there be among the readers of the *LADY'S BOOK* any young amateurs not familiar with the treatment of the new varieties, which we name below, for bedding out, it might be well to say that moderately-sized holes should be prepared and filled with such fresh loam as is obtained by chopping up sods from an old pasture, mixed with about one-fourth of its bulk with well rotted manure. This preparation will be found useful for nearly all plants, especially verbenas and roses. A partially shaded situation is preferable to full exposure to the sun; too much shade is to be avoided. An easterly exposure is perhaps the best. They may be kept in a luxuriant condition in the hottest season by "mulching," or covering the soil with such litter as dry grass, short hay, or spent hops; this keeps the soil cool and moist; a thorough drenching occasionally may be desirable. Of the varieties we think most worthy of note among so many of every shade, we would name the following as distinct and of marked characteristics: **NEW DOUBLE VARIETIES.**—*Madame Lemoine*, of a delicate rose color, very large and double; *Emile Lemoine*, with immense trusses of double crimson flowers, very double, price one dollar each. *Madame Rose Chermuz*, double scarlet, Tom Thumb, price fifty cents. Of the new *Zonale*, or horse-shoe varieties, are *Transparent*, with very large crimson flowers; *Rival*, flowers large, of a velvety dazzling scarlet; *Statesman*, beautiful violet crimson; price fifty cents each. Several new and beautiful varieties of the *Juy-leaved Section* have been introduced recently, which are very desirable for vases, trellises, or baskets. Of these we would name *The Duke of Edinburgh*, beautifully variegated, white and green foliage; *Elegans*, with mauve-colored flowers; each fifty cents. Another feature was recently added to the *Zonale* varieties by the production of foliage, in which golden and bronze tints accompany the horse-shoe markings, giving the leaf a very attractive appearance. Of these the *Beauty of Caldudale* and *Arab* are of very distinct character in the *Tricolor* section. There is none after all to surpass the favorite, *Mrs. Pollock*, with bright, bronzed-red zone, belted with crimson, and edged with golden-yellow. The price of each of the above is fifty cents. By our arrangements for the immediate propagation of these novel and expensive varieties, their price is rapidly reduced soon after importation, and placed within the reach of our ardent fanciers. An additional advantage is that of being enabled to send the above by mail, *post-paid*, at the prices designated. For a full list of *Vegetable and Flower Seeds, New Plants, Roses, Dahlias, Verbenas, Gladiolus, etc.*, refer to *Dreer's Garden Calendar for 1870*, mailed to all applicants on receipt of a postage stamp.

HENRY A. DREER, Philadelphia.

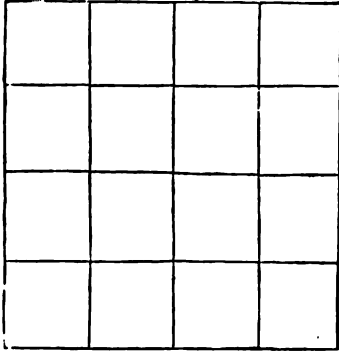
A FLOWER sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is something to love.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

COMBINATIONS OF GEOMETRICAL FORMS.

THIS system of education, invented by Frederick Fröbel, cannot be too highly recommended, on ac-

Fig. 1.



count of its great value and importance. It is the most simple means of awakening and satisfying the natural longing for active exertion, so as to promote in children of tender years the development of their

Fig. 2.

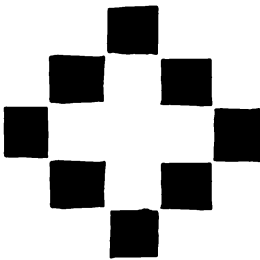
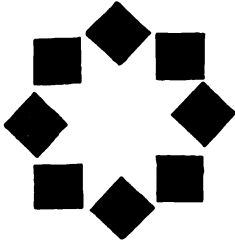


Fig. 3.



bodily and mental faculties by most progressive occupations.

Fig. 5.



To mothers and others interested in the education of children, we should recommend them to cut out a number of squares in card-board, and afterwards

Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.



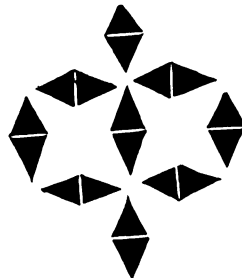
paint them in various colors, and the practice is to make as many different forms as possible; and the eye will soon become accustomed to the most agreeable combinations of colors as well as forms. The above figures will serve as examples, but a variety of others can also be made out of the same shapes. The square, cut one way in two, makes two angular

forms (Fig. 6); the double square, cut in two, makes two angular forms (Fig. 7) different from the preceding; Fig. 8 is another form. These enable the pupil to make a varied arrangement of forms, and to give a more striking effect to the figures or designs. The scholar learns that four triangles, properly placed, form another triangle (Fig. 9); these can again be composed into a great variety of shapes; Figs. 10 and 11 are only a sample of many that may be produced by combination. The plan is an excellent one, as exercising the ingenuity in making figures, but it also gives the first notion of count-

Fig. 9.



Fig. 10.

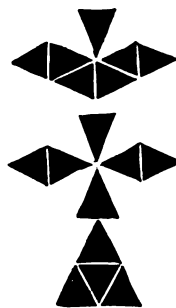


ing and calculating. It will be seen by the glance which we have now taken at this subject that by

Fig. 4.



Fig. 11.

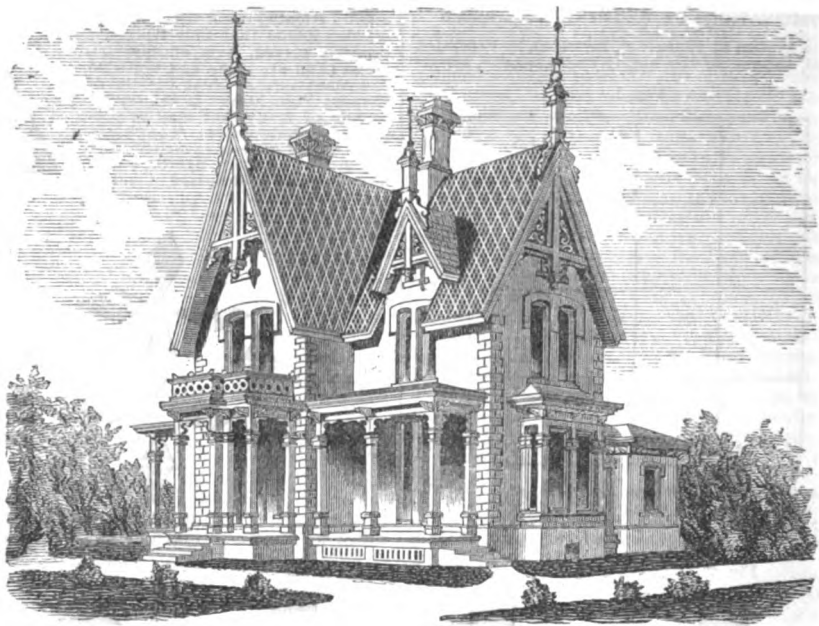


they are able to draw firm lines either with pen or pencil. The value of this must be apparent, for the hand soon follows the eye, and the pupil, by observing natural objects with the geometrical forms with which she is acquainted, will soon be able to delineate an interesting and pleasing variety of designs.

It is very true that precepts are useful, but practice and imitation go far beyond them; hence the importance of watching early habits, that they may be free from what is objectionable.

ORNAMENTAL COTTAGE.

Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 436 Walnut St., Philadelphia.



THE above was designed for Mr. E. S. Mayes, of Lebanon, Ky. The plan is arranged for comfort and convenience, and its form produces a beautiful variety in the outlines of the building; it will also be noticed, by examining the plan, that no waste room occurs. The three principal rooms—sitting, dining-room, and parlor—open directly into the front hall, which, being of large dimensions and of a room-like shape, denotes a liberal supply of room on entering; there is also a beautiful staircase on one side of it. Attached to the kitchen there is a large storeroom, also a pantry. The second story contains four large chambers, each having a fireplace and clothes-press in them; they are all free and private. The house being of a compact and convenient form, great economy of construction is obtained—as few doors, less plastering, and no vacant space to clean and furnish. No back stairs were desired by the party ordering these drawings, but one can easily be placed between the dining-room and the kitchen, if required.

The cottage is being constructed of bricks laid with flush joints, and painted as the red color of the bricks. For such a house in the country or a village, surrounded by shrubbery and backed by large trees, is the most inharmonious of colors that could possibly be used. All the brick and wood work, which it is usual to paint, must have the one color, and lean to nature—by the force of shade, sunshine, and reflection—to gild, darken, and playfully to light up and tint the various parts, which she does with far more and a higher grade of beauty than the patchy red, blues, and other striped colors we so often see disfiguring otherwise good and beautiful designs.

It should always be borne in mind that good architecture is the so arranging of the parts—their projections, heights, and quantities—that they produce the effect of fitness, propriety, and elegance; not in having a handsome cornice, an exquisite bracket or corbel; but a certain modesty should pervade the whole, and nothing stand forward so ostentatiously as to rob the rest of their just powers of attraction. These principles should govern all who call themselves architects, yet how often do we find a house all brackets or all perch, the whole being unworthy of admiration.

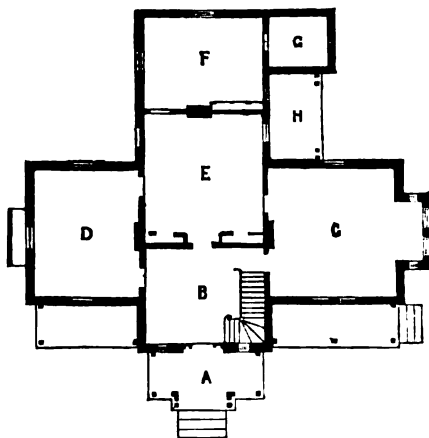
The above design, if built in the spirit of this drawing, will be beautiful, and a gem in any village, town, city, or by-road; but it must be perspectively adjusted to suit different places and surroundings.

We have of late years adopted the plan—to secure

beauty in our works—of making all the details their full or natural size in the drawings, and of getting up the drawing, specifications, and the bills of quantities so full and distinct that it is very rarely, not once in three months, that we receive letters asking explanations of drawings after they receive them.

The above building, finished inside in the same spirit as treated in the exterior, will cost between four and five thousand dollars, with bath, tank, hot and cold water, and heater.

We charge for all full drawings two and a half per cent. This we would charge on \$4500, which will amount to \$112 50, and perhaps save the owner a thousand dollars, securing a handsome house and avoiding, by an ample specification, lawsuits or other disagreeable consequences.



Description of Diagram.—A front porch; B hall, 11 feet 11 inches by 17 feet 11 inches; C parlor, 16 feet by 20 feet 7 inches; D sitting-room, 13 feet 10 inches by 19 feet; E dining-room, 18 feet by 17 feet 11 inches; F kitchen, 16 feet by 17 feet 11 inches; G storeroom, 9 feet 1 inch by 9 feet 1 inch; H side porch.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

ADDRESS "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Mrs. A. S.—Sent pattern December 21st.
Miss K. E. E.—Sent pattern 21st.
Mrs. O. Z.—Sent pattern 21st.
C. O. L.—Sent pattern 21st.
O. B.—Sent pattern 21st.
Mrs. O. W.—Sent pattern 21st.
Mrs. S. E. P.—Sent pattern 21st.
C. H.—Sent articles by express 23d.
Mrs. S. L.—Sent pattern 23d.
Mrs. B. F. B.—Sent chain by express 23d.
Mrs. J. K.—Sent pattern 23d.
Miss N. B.—Sent pattern 23d.
Mrs. E. A. M.—Sent rubber gloves January 5th 1870.

Mrs. J. Q. W.—Sent pattern 17th.
Miss R. M. J.—Sent rubber gloves etc., 17th.
Mrs. A. E. M.—Sent articles 17th.
J. E. K.—Sent pattern 17th.
Nettie, Eulalie, and Flora.—We frequently receive very foolish inquiries, but those received from you are a little more stupid than usual. Here is a sample: "What may be considered a good test of the sincerity of a gentleman's proposal of marriage!—in other words: How often should he be refused before being accepted!"

J. E. W.—You will have to be content with what nature has done for you. Do not use any of the advertised nostrums, they will be sure to do you harm.

Mrs. J. M.—She has.
Agnes, Belleville, O.—Answer too long for this department. Send stamp and your address for reply.
L. E. M.—Clarence is a boy's name.

Agnes.—India-rubber gloves are worn while doing housework to keep the hands soft and white. \$3 50 and \$3 50 per pair, the latter have gauntlets.

Mrs. W. H. N.—Thanks for the leaves from the pepper tree.

Marietta.—Do not believe her. A tale-bearer or slanderer will tell nothing out of good will.

Emily.—It would not be considered wrong for you to send a Valentine. But let it be one you would not be ashamed to claim the ownership of.

Thomas D.—The lady was right. You were wrong in placing your hands upon the polished mahogany, as their warmth and moisture would tarnish it.

R. H. C. writes a lady-like hand, and her punctuation is correct.

Bertha.—We regret our inability to assist you.

Adeline.—In making a morning call a lady may take a friend with her.

Jenny.—Doves should not be fed on peas at all, and only a little hemp daily should be given them. The breaking of their eggs may very likely be accounted for by their not having any chalk in their oage to peck at. The oage in which they are should never be moved while they are sitting, and they should not be much handled, nor their eggs. They never will sit on more than two eggs at once, and often only one will hatch. When they hatch, the parents will feed them with milk in their crops, for which the young ones insert their heads down the parents' throats. The proper food for them is wheat and canary seed, and of hemp only a little, as it is injurious.

Maggie.—We cannot agree with you that long engagements are best; on the contrary, if possible, they are to be avoided. They are universally embarrassing and dangerous. Lovers are so apt to find out each other's imperfections, to grow exacting, jealous, and morose.

"Alas! how slight a cause can move
Discussion between hearts that love."

Mary L.—It entirely depends on the size and form of the face.

Allen.—The ground upon which the office of the LADY'S BOOK now stands was occupied previously

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by the residence of Peter S. Duponceau, Esq. That on which the *Ledger* building was erected was occupied by the apothecary store of Elias Durand.

Matilda.—The only way in which you can ascertain whether or not your visits are agreeable is to carefully note the manner in which you are received; it is requisite also to note whether your visits are returned.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

The Publisher of the LADY'S BOOK has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the LADY'S BOOK, the Fashion Editor does not know.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Walking suit of heavy black *gros grain*, made with one skirt, trimmed with a box-plaited ruffle, bound with bias black velvet. The casaque is trimmed with a ruffle to correspond. Pointed tabs at the sides, bound with velvet and velvet bows. Sash of same. Black velvet hat, trimmed with green velvet flowers.

Fig. 2.—House dress of purple silk, trimmed to simulate two skirts; the trimming consists of a ruffle of the same, which extends down the sides and across the bottom of skirt in back, and forms an apron in front; the ruffle is headed with velvet leaves. Velvet rosettes at the sides, and velvet sash. Plain corsage, trimmed with a square bertha of velvet.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress of black cashmere, trimmed with one ruffle, headed with a band of black Astrakhan. Black velvet cloth coat, trimmed with the same. Black silk bonnet, trimmed with black velvet flowers.

Fig. 4.—Evening dress of pink and white striped silk, with a bias ruffle on edge of skirt. Overdress of white spotted lace; the front breadth is trimmed with rows of Valenciennes lace, and looped at the sides with pink flowers. Low corsage, trimmed with white lace and pink satin, with small basques and sash of satin. Hair arranged in puffs and curls, with pink flowers twined in.

Fig. 5.—Walking dress, with tunic skirt. This walking dress consists of a skirt, tunic, and bodice of black and violet shot woollen poplin. The under-skirt is trimmed round the bottom with a gathered flounce about ten inches deep, headed with two puffs of the material. The tunic is trimmed to correspond, as is also the sash ends and bodice.

Fig. 6.—This pretty Catalan cap is made of muslin, ornamented with muslin flutings, narrow lace, and bows of colored ribbon.

Fig. 7.—This Fanchonnette cap is made of Nainsook, ornamented with narrow strips of insertion, Valenciennes lace, and blue satin ribbon. The strip of insertion is two-fifths of an inch wide, the lace an inch and a fifth. The lappets are arranged in two plaits, after which the colored ribbon rosettes are sewn on.

Fig. 8.—This cap is made of fine muslin, ornamented with flutings and cross strips of muslin. The crown is in the shape of a net, and gathered. The flutings of the border are edged with lace; two cross strips of muslin are likewise stitched on the border. The lappets are also ornamented with flutings and lace.

Fig. 9.—This cap is very becoming to an elderly lady. The crown is formed of bouillons of white tulle over a net foundation. The border is of rich white blonde. The trimming of blue satin ribbon is arranged into a bow at the top, and comes down on either side, and forms the strings.

Figs. 10 and 11 show the prevailing forms of vells. They are made of plain net, with dots embroidered on the foundation, and are fastened to the back of the chignon with a pin made expressly for the purpose.

Fig. 12.—Bow of blue ribbon, with tabs of embroidered muslin, edged with lace.

Fig. 13.—Bow of pink satin ribbon and point lace tabs.

Fig. 14.—Bow of Valenciennes lace and green ribbon rosette.

Fig. 15.—Dress improver, made of horse-hair, with steel springs running down to keep it in shape.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Morning robe of pink cashmere, plaited into a yoke, and allowed to hang loose except where it is drawn up in a pannier puff by a ribbon tied in a bow. The edge of cape is trimmed with a quilling. A small round cape covers the yoke. Coat sleeve.

Fig. 2.—Sacque of brown velvet cloth, bound with satin and trimmed with satin ruches. Brown felt hat, trimmed with velvet, feather, and gauze veil.

Fig. 3.—Opera cloak of white cashmere. The arrangement of this opera cloak is like that of a burous in the back; it is very suitable for young ladies. It is made of white cashmere, lined with white silk, and ornamented with a plaited cross-strip and Vandykes of cashmere. Bows of similar material ornament it in the back. The circular fastens with white silk buttons and loops. The Vandykes are made separately, and can easily be plaited from illustration. The bows are made of strips of cashmere one inch wide, piped with white satin and tassels.

Fig. 4.—Cloak without sleeves, of black velvet, trimmed with guipure lace headed by silk embroidery.

Figs. 5 and 6.—Close fitting house jacket. This jacket may be made either of velvet, silk, or cashmere; opens heart-shaped in front, and is trimmed with velvet revers. It is cut out in six square basques below the waist. The front basques measure six inches, and the back and side basques four inches in depth. They are cut out so as to leave space for a two-inch plaiting of velvet, to be sewn at the edge.

Figs. 7 and 8.—Silk sashes. Fig. 7 is a sash of black glacé silk. This sash is formed of a piece of silk lined with stiff net, forming three deep points—two long ones for the under part, plaited at the top, and the third shorter, turned down over the two others, the whole edged with a pretty knotted silk

fringe. This sort of basque is fastened to a waistband, with a butterfly bow of black satin. Fig. 8 is formed of two wide strips of black satin, each plaited in the shape of a wing; both are fastened together by a loop to a round waistband. Both the loop and waistband are of black silk, arranged in cross-folds and lined with stiff net.

Fig. 9.—The Belgrave shoe, composed of fine kid, open on the top of foot, with bands of silk galoon crossed over the foot.

Fig. 10.—Boot of fine French kid, with patent leather on the toe, up the front of boot, around the ankle and the heel. The patent leather is ornamented with embroidery in white or colored silk.

Fig. 11.—Petticoat for wearing over crinoline, made of fine white long cloth.

Fig. 12.—Pattern for corrage for evening dress, made of pink satin cut low square, and trimmed with white lace. The pannier is made of the same, trimmed to correspond; this is to be worn with a white muslin skirt, trimmed with narrow ruffles and lace.

Fig. 13.—Canexou of quilted satin. Black or colored satin may be chosen. Our model was of blue satin, quilted with white. A pearl bead is placed on each corner of the squares, and the canexou is bordered by a trimming of feathers.

Fig. 14.—Drawers for child of three years old, made with waist, with shoulder-straps. The drawers are trimmed with fluted ruffles.

Figs. 15, 16, and 17.—Pillow-cases. Fig. 16 is a pillow-case of linen, ornamented with a pretty pattern in embroidery at the edge, and finished at each corner with a satin bow. Fig. 15 has a row of stitching, and is scalloped and worked round with buttonhole stitch. Fig. 17, the edge of the case is straight; the Greek border is worked in chain stitch with red in grain cotton; the embroidery is in satin stitch in white. Figs. 15 and 17 show two neat modes of fastening the cases.

Fig. 18.—Embroidered border. This pattern is suitable for borders for curtains, covers, mantel-piece or window-seat trimmings, or berceauette covers. It is worked in *appliqué* of muslin upon net; the muslin is cut away outside the embroidered outlines. Different kinds of lace stitches are worked within the petals of the flowers.

Fig. 19.—Letter for marking.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

(See Engravings, Page 230.)

Fig. 1.—Dress for a girl of ten years old, of blue and black striped poplin. Sacque of black Astrakhan, bound with black velvet. Hat of same, trimmed with black velvet.

Fig. 2.—Suit for a little girl of three years. Dress of white cashmere, trimmed with a band of blue velvet. White cashmere cloak, trimmed with blue chenille fringe; a hood lined with blue silk. White felt hat, trimmed with blue velvet and feather.

Fig. 3.—Suit for a girl of thirteen. Dress of blue poplin. Cloak of blue and green plaid cloth, made with a cape looped up in the back. Black felt hat, trimmed with green and blue velvet, and feather.

Fig. 4.—Dress for a child of one and a half year, of white *piqué*, braided around the skirt. Circular cloak of scarlet cloth, with hood to draw over the head, trimmed with a ruche of the same.

Fig. 5.—Dress for a girl of eight years, of crimson silk poplin, trimmed with four narrow ruffles. Sacque of white cloth, spotted with crimson. The pockets and cuffs of crimson satin, quilted. Hat of white felt, trimmed with crimson velvet and feather.

Fig. 6.—Costume for a boy of eight years. Blouse and pants of blue navy cloth, trimmed with a band

of Astrakhan fur. Blue cloth cap, trimmed with a band of same.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Walking suit of Havana brown silk poplin, made with one skirt, trimmed with a deep flounce, headed with two narrow flounces cut in points, and trimmed with a quilling; a puff heads the flounces. Tight-fitting casaque, cut short in the back, and deep in front, trimmed with a plaited ruffle, headed with two rows of velvet. Small cape, with velvet bow and long ends in back. Brown felt hat, trimmed with feather and long gauze veil.

Fig. 2.—Dinner dress of Metternich green silk, made with a court train; the front of skirt and train are trimmed with point lace. Bows of lace and silk are fastened on each side. Plain corsage, cut square in the neck, and trimmed to correspond. Coat sleeves.

Fig. 3.—Evening dress of white silk, made over an underskirt of lilac silk, trimmed with one plaited ruffle. The overdress is trimmed with *point appliqué* lace; the skirt is cut short to show the underskirt. The upper part of skirt is trimmed with a plaited quilling of the same, with sprays of flowers above it. Pannier puff in back, with ribbon bows and lace below it. Low corsage, trimmed to correspond. Hair arranged in puffs and curls, with string of pearls and flowers arranged in it.

Fig. 4.—Black silk dress, made with a plain train skirt. Mantle forming a pannier puff, with long ends in front, trimmed with a quilling of the same. Black hat, trimmed with scarlet flower and plume.

Fig. 5.—Walking suit of blue cashmere, made with one skirt and casaque. The skirt is trimmed with one ruffle, headed with a puffing. Casaque cut to fit the figure, and trimmed with white fringe and four narrow pipings of white satin. Hanging sleeves, trimmed to correspond, with an ornament in *appliqué* on the back. The same style of ornaments are fastened on the belt in back and also at the back of neck. Blue silk bonnet, trimmed with blue flowers and black lace.

Fig. 6.—Dress for little girl of cuir-colored silk. The edge of skirt is cut in turrets, bound with scarlet, and a scarlet underskirt below. The upper skirt is cut apron front, with puffs at the side, and trimmed to correspond. Low corsage and sleeves, with white tucked muslin chemisette and long sleeves.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

HAVING concluded our description of winter fashions, and it being too soon for the spring styles to be decided upon, we thought a few remarks upon house furnishing would perhaps be agreeable to our readers, as we have received so many inquiries upon the subject. Fitting up a suit of rooms or a house is not the monotonous work it used to be, when the only choice in furniture lay between mahogany and black walnut, in scrolls or flower patterns, and stuffs ranged from brocade to brocatelle and back again. Now, the owner of a house or rooms (and the fancy for living in one's own furnished apartment, stamped with one's own likings, gains among our people daily) may hesitate between the lighter effects of heavy white enamelled wood and the African holly, or the Versailles richness of rosewood inlaid with brass, china, and ivory, or incrustated with ormolu. For persons whose means and desires are for something plainer, plain rosewood, walnut, varnished and oiled, oak, and the plain cottage sets are seen in great variety. The latter are particularly adapted to country houses.

In furnishing, a paper for your room should first be thought of. These are seen in an endless variety of styles, but for a parlor, sitting-room, or chamber, plain tinted walls, with simple gilt band for border, is always in good taste and style. The fine flower panels of frescoing are sometimes imitated by tinting and gilding the walls in panels, and pasting large groups of flowers, cut from the French paper prepared for the purpose, in the centre.

The carpet is next chosen. There is real delight in examining the new patterns of carpets, beginning with the American ingrains, which show good mottled branching figures in crimson and black, or green and black. A hint may be valued by economical housekeepers to the effect that in a carpet store there are always remnants, several of which will be found of the same pattern, and may be used to good advantage for small rooms. The ancient oak patterns have given way to a small figure, like billets of different woods laid together, in orange or drab with dark brown. The English ingrain makes the most serviceable carpet; the best quality has the Brussels patterns. Next are the Brussels, which are most used for general wear, a good Brussels lasting and looking well a long time. These are generally chosen in set figures, or a plain mottled surface in wood or neutral colors, with a border in rich colors surrounding the room. Of the richer carpets, we will not attempt to speak; so much can be said of them, that our utmost limits would not suffice to do the subject justice.

Cushioned furniture is preferred to any show of carved wood, which only appears in the lightest forms. Small walnut chairs are carved into the semblance of bamboo, with slender cross pieces only in the back. Chairs designed to have embroidered cushions have low backs, with ovals in the centre to receive the work, supported by solid but not too heavy bars to the top and sides of the squarely-outlined frame. Low Duchesse, Lamballe, and marquise seats, resembling miniature easy-chairs, luxuriously stuffed and tufted, are used for parlors, and are fitted in various styles. The scarlet or blue satin cushions have a facing of silk reps in neutral tints, with cords finish, combining the two colors. Figured cloths are faced with rich plain plush or terry, and cords are sometimes drawn outside the star and melon tuftings in the creases. The tufting is very thickly done with a long needle, and no button is placed as finish, but the tuft is sunk out of sight. Square, small, and low sofas, with arms the same height as the back, are placed in recesses. These have no wood work visible, but are tufted to the very top. Louis XIII. sofas have slender, straight, or slightly curved legs and arms, and are plain in outline. Duchesse sofas have scroll backs and arms half the height, all heavily cushioned. Howard sofas are the massive, simple English style with square backs, familiar in old country houses. Very high or very low tops are seen on beds. The low French style, which shows only a rail above the ruffled coverlet, is preferred to the high carved canopy bedstead, except in very handsomely furnished houses. The best style of sofa bed lets the back drop to form half the bed. It is cushioned the same depth and width as the seat, is made without arms, and, when dropped, lets fall two legs in place for support. No wood is visible on these sofas, which are finished divan fashion with fringe and brass nails. This is a piece of furniture that should be in every household, as it can be carried about and used in case of company or sickness without occupying much space. Bureaus are low, with large mirror, with small drawers each side; these are used for dressing stands also.

With a few words about curtains, we must close this now too lengthy article. Embroidered Swiss muslin curtains are used in preference to any but fine lace. A set seen was wrought in convolvulus patterns, and each curtain was nearly two yards wide, with broad worked border. A favorite figure is intersecting diamonds. Small dotted Swiss is much liked, with frills and flutings of plain muslin. A substitute for Nottingham curtains, and a great improvement, is found in the machine-made gimpure lace, which is a fine darned netting, with a firmer thread than ordinary. A set of these are almost as handsome as lace curtains, and much less expensive. Chintz curtains are very much used for upper rooms, also the furniture covered to correspond. They are lined with pink or blue cambric, and are finished with three inch flutings and fluted bands. The cornice is a flat board six inches wide, covered with plain chintz, on each edge of which are tacked flutings, and narrow gilt bands are nailed between.

There is always something new to chronicle in cravat bows. The caprice at present is for black *gros grain* ribbon, braided and fringed with gilt, made up not in a stiff regular bow, but with three or four careless loops and pointed ends. Other black bows are fringed with Roman or with Scotch colors, or embroidered with a Pompadour bouquet. Blue bows, with silver ornaments, and white, with gilt, are worn. A tiny bow without ends is worn in the hair to match the bow at the throat. For coiffure bows bright Roman colors are much used by young ladies. Yacht neckerchiefs, squares of raw silk of deepest blue or antique red, are worn again with the small linen collars that are standing behind and turned over in points in front. More than anything else the Marie Stuart frills are worn, especially for the house. These standing frills of clear muslin, edged with narrowest Valenciennes, and finely crimped, are far more becoming than thick white linen collars. Several graduated rows of footing in deep flutes, make a pretty frill for *demi-toilettes*.

Valenciennes lace is used for handsome dresses; crape or white tulle for mourning. Frills to match those worn on the neck edge the sleeves and fall over the hands. These are especially pretty with coat sleeves that are rounded open on the outer seam half way to the elbow. The white frills fill up the opening.

White lace is very extensively used for garniture on very dark silks, and even black dresses. Point, *point appliqué*, point d'Alençon, and Valenciennes lace are all used. A tasteful novelty in lace, is cravat ends or tabs of point lace, to be worn with a brooch at the throat.

Of the large lace collars now restored to favor, the Empress shape, pointed back and front, is most becoming; but the sailor shape and the Marie Theresa square collar are both very much worn. Sheer linen cambric handkerchiefs are trimmed with the merest edge of point lace. Handkerchiefs of Valenciennes lace have diamond medallions of the lace in the corners, and a border of lace around them.

New veils of thread lace, with the border in one piece and not applied, are very small, rounding below, and curved at the top to make them fit over the face without wrinkling.

We have seen a very charming white *toilette* for a little girl two years old. It is of white poplin, the first skirt trimmed with two scalloped-out flounces, each headed with a plait of white satin. A similar plait and scalloped-out fluting simulate a square berth upon the bodice, which is continued into a deep, round basque, forming a sort of second skirt, open in front, and trimmed with two flutings. The sleeves are trimmed to correspond. A sash of white satin

is tied at the back, with two double loops and two lappets. A circular of the same material, and trimming, with a small hood lined with white satin, and fastened with silk cords. This pretty costume can also be light blue, or rose-colored poplin and satin. The coiffure is a tiny Tyrolean hat of white felt, trimmed with velvet and a feather aigrette. For a little girl three or four years old, a costume of blue and white plaid poplin with two skirts. The first is trimmed with a narrow flounce, headed with two bands of blue velvet; the second forming a tunic, with blue velvet facings in front, and looped up with velvet bows at the sides; it is also edged round the bottom with a fluting. The high bodice is ornamented with a square berth formed of a similar fluting. The sleeves have pointed revers.

Little boys up to four or five years old uniformly wear the plaited skirt of cloth, tartan or velvet, or in lighter goods, such as poplin, serge, etc.; with the jacket cut out in small basques all round, and opening in front, either upon a small waistcoat or upon a full white chemisette. Their plain linen collars are often exchanged for the full plaited frill called *piertot*. After the age of the plaited skirt comes the age of Knickerbockers, in fact a more sensible style of dress is now adopted for boys, that of not changing it so frequently with every whim of fashion.

Bows are now universally worn on the head; no lady appears to fancy that her *toilette* is complete without one. They are made in all colors, and to match the dress, but black velvet bows are usually selected by those of simple taste, and exceedingly well do they assimilate with every *toilette*. The bows are made of wide ribbon, and have two loops, and are arranged at the side of the head, and back, designs of which will be given next month. Sometimes they have four loops, and are made of narrower ribbon, but then they are neither so pretty nor so stylish looking.

The coronets of plaited hair seem to be worn higher than ever, many persons wear in front of them those waved tortoise-shell coronets through which a strand of hair is passed.

For evening wear, we have seen some white muslin bodies, made with muslin panners or tunics; which were particularly tasteful and pretty. These are worn over light-colored silk skirts, and are very pretty. We will describe one. It was made of the clearest white muslin, cut square in front, and trimmed round with a frilling of muslin, edged with lace over green satin ribbon. The sleeves came to the elbow, and were very wide and caught up at the bend of the arm with a large bow of green satin ribbon; the tunic was of white muslin, trimmed with the same frilling of white muslin, edged with lace, and puffed up at the back and sides with green satin bows; a green satin sash went round the waist. This style will be adopted in warm weather, to wear over colored silks and grenadines. In our next we hope to be able to give some hints on spring styles.

From the numerous sources of reliable information including the latest advices from the courts of France and London, and the leading modistes in general, the subject of crinoline has had a thorough overhauling, and the unanimous decision is in favor of wearing the hoop skirts at all evening and full-dress *toilettes* in not over two yards circumference at the bottom; while for general use and all out-door *toilettes*, the sizes vary from two to two yards and a quarter. The pannier will also be worn even more fully than heretofore, the hoops swelling slightly at the hips to preserve the shape of the pannier.

FASHION.



Figures of the people in the scene

THE END OF THE WORLD





AN APRIL FRIGHT.

FASH

(See



Fig. 10.



FIG. 5.



Fig. 16.



Fig. 19.

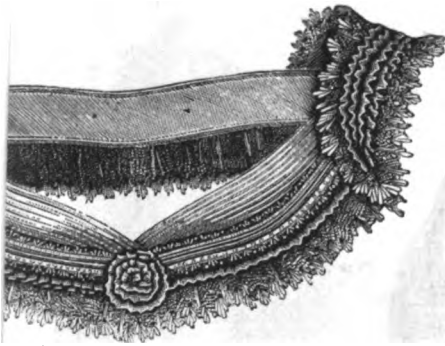


Fig. 17.



Fig. 18.



Fig. 20.



THE CARD HOUSE.

To Little Kettie Allston Magill.

MY FAIRY AT THE BALL.

SONG WRITTEN BY P. H. PETERS.

MUSIC BY J. H. ROSECRANS.

ALLEGHANY ACADEMY OF MUSIC, FRIENDSHIP, N. Y.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of three systems. The first system is marked 'Allegretto.' and 'PIANO.' and features a treble and bass staff with a 4/4 time signature. The second system begins with a forte 'f' dynamic. The third system includes the lyrics '1. Did you see my lit - tle fai-ry? As she tripp'd so light and ai-ry, Thro' the' and continues with musical notation for the vocal line and piano accompaniment.

f

1. Did you see my lit - tle fai-ry? As she tripp'd so light and ai-ry, Thro' the

MY FAIRY AT THE BALL.

limpid, dazzling light Of the hall? With her glos-sy ringlets flying, And her

The first system of the musical score for 'My Fairy at the Ball'. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The lyrics 'limpid, dazzling light Of the hall? With her glos-sy ringlets flying, And her' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

light heart flatt'ring, sighing, And her eyes so sparkling bright At the ball? At the ball?

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'light heart flatt'ring, sighing, And her eyes so sparkling bright At the ball? At the ball?'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

My sweet fai - ry, My sweet fai - ry of the ball.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'My sweet fai - ry, My sweet fai - ry of the ball.'. The piano accompaniment continues. The system ends with the signature 'D. C. Symphony.'

2 Did you see her toss those ringlets,
Driving grief away on winglets,
As she shook her pretty head,
Light and free?
And her pretty gaiters peeping—
Time to merry music keeping—
Spinning time on golden thread
In her glee;
Pretty fairy of the ball?

3 Did you see her smiling brightly,
Sweeping like a nymph so lightly,
Through the merry, merry crowd,
So unwearied?
Did you watch my little posy,
Put her hands in mine so easy,
And didst wonder I felt proud
Of my fairy,
Of my fairy at the ball?

NEW STYLES OF ARRANGING THE HAIR.

(See Description, Fashion Department.)



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXX.—NO. 478.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1870.

KAREN'S RULE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

"I AM sorry to hear all this—*very* sorry!" said Arthur Dorr, sincerely.

He was a fine young fellow of five and twenty, in naval uniform, and his bronzed face told of recent and protracted exposure to sun and sea-breezes.

"More grieved and surprised than I can express," he added, breaking the sad silence that had pervaded the family circle since the utterance of his preceding remark. "I had hoped better things of Ed Livingston."

"Bad company has done it all," said his mother, who never passed unqualified blame upon any one. "It seems he was intimate with a wild set all the time he was visiting our Karen, although we never suspected it. His cousins—Joseph and Robert Livingston—are ringleaders of the band; gay, unprincipled men, with fortunes they are throwing away in every species of dissipation. It is a pity they inherited wealth. They have fair talents, and, like Edmund, are endowed with good looks, and many other pleasing gifts. Money, which they never worked to gain, has been their ruin. Their influence over Edmund has been fearfully strong."

"His wife's should be stronger," said Jane, the eldest sister, didactically. "If his mind or affections were well regulated, it would be."

"What are his means? He is out of business just now, you say?" interrogated Arthur.

The charitable old lady shook her head, but Bessie Dorr, impetuous and free of speech, would not leave the reply to her brother's imagination. "His means are what he wins at the card-table—more shame to him! The cottage in which they live—a lovely place, by the way, with a fine garden attached—was settled upon Karen by Uncle James, for whose wife she was named, you know. It cannot be sold until Willie is of age, or it would have gone with the

rest. It is said that Rob Livingston has lent his cousin large sums of money. I don't know how this may be."

"If it is true, it is the worst feature in the entanglement," observed Arthur.

"I believe it, for my part. Karen never hints or looks a complaint, but various little incidents that have come under my observation during my visits to her, have convinced me that they are often straitened for funds. It is a burning sin and shame that the darling girl should be so villainously treated—she who never knew what it was to have a care or ungratified wish while she was at home. And I do hope, Arthur, that you will make it your business to talk seriously with her husband about his evil courses; give him to understand that she has one protector in the world."

"I doubt the propriety of such a step," said the mother, gravely. "We have no reason to believe that Edmund is ever unkind to his wife. Indeed, she has told me that he has never, in their married life, spoken impatiently or harshly to her; declares that he is indulgent and generous to a fault."

"Oh, yes!" interposed indignant Bessie. "If you listen to her, you will believe him a nonpareil of goodness, honor, and all the leading virtues; will come away questioning within yourself whether, after all, the old-fashioned notions of society upon the subject of wedded bliss are not out of gear, and if men can be moderately decent husbands, who don't stay out at wine and card parties every night, until two or three o'clock; who don't patronize horse-races, and haven't gone to bed intoxicated at least twice a week for a year past. It puts me out of all patience to hear her, when any of us gently intimate that we would be sorry for her if she would let us. I spoke my mind to her last week!"

"Bessie! daughter!" chided the mother, distressed.

"I did, really, mamma! I was spending the

night with her, you see, Art, and she tried not to let me guess that she meant to sit up for her precious lord of creation, or that she expected him home at all before the next day. She sat in the parlor and worked at a pair of slippers for a birthday present for him, and talked of this, that, and the other, as if she were no worse off than any of her married acquaintances, or even than when she was single; and at eleven o'clock she proposed to go up stairs. She kissed me at the door of my room, and wished me sound sleep, with pleasant dreams."

"'I hope you are not easily disturbed,' she said, with smiling hypocrisy, so well done it would have deceived me had I not known too much already. 'For sometimes, in Ed's absence, I prow about the house, on patrol duty, at all unseasonable hours of the night. I fell into the habit when we removed to this part of the town. It seemed so quiet and secluded that I was afraid of burglars—very foolishly, as I know, now. I am never nervous when Ed is at home. He is a garrison in himself.'

"I am no coward, and it wasn't the fear of house-breakers that kept me awake until half past one o'clock, when I heard footsteps upon the sidewalk, then the clang of the gate, and somebody walked heavily across the floor of the piazza. Karen's room was upon the opposite side of the hall from mine, and by the time the late-comer reached the gate, her door opened softly, and she slipped down stairs like a shadow. I was up too, so excited I did not know what I was about, only I had a notion that all drunken men were savage, and I meant to fly to her defence if need should arise. So, I drew back my bolt and stole out into the entry after her. She had left the gas dimly burning in the lower hall, and, peeping over the balustrade, I saw her, in her dressing-gown, unbar the door and let in my noble gentleman.

"'Ah, darling! I am glad you have come!' she said, kissing him and speaking cordially, without an accent of reproach.

"He tried to say something in reply, but he mouthed it disgustingly, and let his hat fall to the floor in attempting to hang it upon the rack. Karen laughed—think of it! in stooping to pick it up.

"'Why, it is quite wet! and so is your overcoat!' she exclaimed, passing her hand over his arm and back. 'Does it rain?'

"'Really, can't pretend to say; s'pose it does!' mumbled the wretch.

"'I am afraid you have taken cold, love!' went on the affectionate, spiritless goose, hurrying off his outer wrappings, for he could not unbutton his coat for himself. 'Another time see that you beg, borrow, or steal an umbrella, for my sake. Luckily, there is a delightful fire in our room. Come right up, and get dry and warm!'

"He steadied himself by the balustrade in setting his foot upon the bottom step, and she

put her shoulder under his other arm, her hand resting on his neck, rather as if she were caressing than supporting him.

"'I am so pleased to have you back!' she repeated, blithely, as they came slowly up, and I retreated to my chamber. 'Not that I have been lonely. Bessie is here, and we have had a delightful evening together. You would have enjoyed her company, too—and her music. She sang several of the new songs you were speaking of the other day. You must hear them to-morrow, for I mean to keep her several days. Softly, dear! don't awaken her. She might mistake us for burglars.'

"Prattling in this merry, careless strain, she got him safely into his quarters. You people—mother, Sara and Janey, and you, Arthur—do not give me credit for any tenderness of compassion for my ill-treated sister," continued Bessie, her eyes sparkling with hot tears. "But I cried myself to sleep that night. Dearly as I love Karen, I would have wept less bitterly had I seen her in her coffin, than as I did, supporting in her weak arms that red-eyed, foul-breathed drunkard, guiding him carefully lest he should break his worthless neck, and rid her life of its blight, rescue their child from impending poverty and disgrace. Yet, next morning, I was almost as angry with her as with him. She came down to breakfast as lively as a cricket—a little heavy-eyed and somewhat pale, but cheerful and talkative.

"'What do you think?' she cried, without a blush or falter. 'Ed came home last night, after you had gone to bed. I can't tell you how disappointed he was when he heard you had spent the evening with me. He was detained later than he expected by business, and walked all the way up town in the storm rather than make me uneasy by spending the night away from home. He has taken cold in consequence, and I have insisted upon sending his coffee up to his room. I mean to keep him in all day, and you must help me amuse him. All men are restless and out of spirits when sick.'

"'Is he subject to these unfortunate spells?' asked I, provoked beyond reason.

"'He takes cold very easily, and generally has some fever with the cold,' she replied, pretending not to notice my sarcastic tone.

"'I thought liquor generally kept cold and wet out,' I said, openly. 'Karen, there is no use in trying to blind me, or any of your friends. Your husband's conduct, in-doors and out, has put concealment beyond your power. We all know what his falling is, and what your trials must be. Your pretty stories and dutiful subterfuges are thrown away when their object is to screen him. And, excuse a sister's frankness, when I tell you that I—that all right-minded people would think the better of you, were you to show some spark of womanly spirit; strive to arouse Edmund to a sense of your wrongs and his great fault, instead of pet-

ting him as if he were the chief of saints, when he comes to you in the condition he was in last night. You encourage him to persist in the downward road, when you ought, with all your might, to drive him back to the right way. But you were always too yielding and amiable—often deficient in moral courage. I am advising you in love and for your own good, my dear child. I dare say, if the truth were known, you have never remonstrated with your husband upon his fatal habit. This is unjust to him, to your child, and to yourself."

"I know you are blaming me, mother! Arthur, I can see by your face that you would have respected her the more had she ordered me out of the house for my plain speaking!" Bessie broke off her story to say, half defiant, half penitent.

"Never mind what my opinion is!" was her brother's ambiguous rejoinder. "Tell us how little Karen sustained your broadside. That is more to the purpose, just now."

"For a moment she colored up so redly, I really thought she was going to resent it," answered Bessie. "Then, she paled and quieted down into a sort of sorrowful dignity, I could not have conceived of her manifesting, if I had not seen it for myself.

"You mean well and kindly, Bessie, and so do the rest of my friends; but you do not understand Edmund or me. I cannot bear to hear you say 'fatal habit.' His temptations are many and powerful—old associations and the ties of kindred, and his own pleasure-loving nature. But there is too much that is noble, and good, and loveable in him, for me to cease to respect him, or to doubt his final reclamation. I must win him back—don't you see? not drive him. If partiality for his lively companions and the dazzle of their pleasures allure him from home, I must leave no means untried to make that home bright and attractive. If they court and flatter him, I must teach him to love his child and me yet more fondly; weave a counter-spell to their arts. I have no hope except in the power of love, Bessie. If I get faint and perplexed at times, it is because my faith is weak for the moment, not that the principle of my action is not sound."

"At that she launched into a dissertation upon the redeeming virtues of her idol, growing more eloquent each minute, until, as I have said, I got out of patience.

"The day will come, Karen," I warned her, 'when you will see that a gossamer veil is not the best thing with which to smother a fire.'

"And she will! If Edmund Livingston were my husband, I would try the efficacy of a wet blanket—that is, a tremendous application of nervous English, undefiled by overstrained scruples and amiable falsehood. And, if after that, he recoiled home at midnight, he would find a dark and empty house awaiting him. I would

not disgrace myself by living with an irresponsible brute."

"Nor I," echoed Jane, drawing herself up stiffly.

Arthur glanced with a smile of inquiry at Sara Roberts, his betrothed, who sat opposite.

She answered, lightly: "You will find most women are agreed upon that subject, I think."

"Hardly, or the records of our courts would not be so full of tales of man's cruelty and wifely endurance. It is to the shame of our sex that these are written—to the glory of yours. None of us can doubt that Livingston is undeserving of the loving kindness he receives. It is a question whether our dear little Karen, young in years and inexperienced though she is, may not be wiser than all her teachers except her own loyal heart. My poor girl! What a dancing sunbeam she was when I went away! I dread to meet her."

Nevertheless, he took a street car next morning and set off for a visit to the sister he had not seen in three years. She was a bride when he took leave of her—a rosy, laughing beauty, the prettiest of the family, as she was the most sunny-tempered. Pet names were her birth-right, and her brother lavished such upon her as were expressive of his delight in her society and appreciation of the happy influence of this "Sunbeam," "Ariel," "Rose-bud," "Hebe," "Flora." He ran over the catalogue with more of melancholy than pleasure. Yet she had married with his full consent one to whom she had been attached from childhood. If anybody were to blame for the union, it was her older and more worldly-wise friends, not she who believed the world to be what her own bright fancies and pure heart had painted it.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when he reached the cottage, a tasteful residence in a pleasant street, and, as he entered the gate, he heard a sudden burst of music from within. It was a popular sonata, well played, and the listener's heart was lightened by the sound. "She cannot be very wretched, if she still takes interest in her practising, nor overworked, or she could not find time to learn new pieces," he reasoned. "Bessie may have exaggerated the evil, after all."

A neat servant answered his ring; but the piano was silenced by the shutting of the outer door, and Karen ran into the hall, radiant with welcome. A start and pause showed that he was not the one she expected to see; then, with a scream of rapture, she bounded forward and threw herself into his arms. "Arthur! Arthur!"

"The same darling sister, and prettier than ever," said he, holding her off presently and laughing in his exultation. "You don't look a day older or duller than you did at sixteen."

"I am glad to hear you say so. I dread growing old, and plain, and stupid, because Ed likes me as I am. Come in," drawing him

into the parlor. "I am expecting him home every minute; I thought it was he when I heard the door close. He will be overjoyed to see you. We talk of you every day, think of you every hour, you splendid sailor lad!"

"I am sure now Bess was mistaken," thought Arthur, studying her ingenuous face as she named her husband. "I shall take the witch roundly to task for the false alarm."

Brother and sister talked fast and freely for half an hour, more seriously and yet more confidentially for another, and Karen sprang from his knee with a laugh. "That tiresomely unpunctual husband of mine shall not cheat us of our luncheon. I wish he had been brought up in the navy, or army, or somewhere else, that would have taught him the necessity of being up to time at meal hours. You shall eat the oysters I pickled for him and the fresh cocoanut cake baked not three hours ago. You must see for yourself what a famous house-keeper I have become. Ed does me full justice in this respect generally, so I am terribly chagrined at his tardiness to-day."

The luncheon was tempting and set out handsomely, although the table was laid before the arrival of her visitor. Her dress was carefully arranged, and a rose-bud and myrtle-spray were twined in her hair. Baby Willie, aged eighteen months, was arrayed in a clean frock and wide blue sash, and his curls were in irreproachable order, that he might be reviewed by "papa."

"Who is ridiculously fond of him," said the proud mother, kissing her beautiful boy. "Yet, I can't blame him."

He, for whom all these preparations had been made, was still absent when the late luncheon was dispatched, and the short February afternoon began to close in duskiness.

"What can detain him on this day of all others?" Karen remarked, twice, walking to the window to watch for the absentee. "He is very much engaged just now, however, settling up his old business and laying plans for the new. You *must* stay to dinner. He will never forgive me if I let you go."

Arthur had an engagement to dine at Mr. Roberts', and Karen was reluctantly bidding him "Good-by" in the hall, when a voice was heard upon the piazza, a stamping and shuffling, then a fumbling about the lock. Bessie's story rushed upon Arthur's recollection at the swift fall of Karen's eyes beneath his involuntary glance of anxious sympathy; but she walked directly to the door and opened it, put up her lips for a kiss, and, holding her husband's hand in both of hers, turned upon her brother a face, whose steadfast love and the smile that lighted it made it to him like that of an angel.

"Darling!" and she said it without effort, "here is our dear brother Arthur, who returned home last night."

"You don't tell me so!" The half-tipsy man blundered forward to seize the wanderer's hand. "Upon my word, I am charmed to see you, old fellow. I was never more agreeably surprised in my life. How are you, and how do you think Karen, Happpuch here, is looking? Pretty well-preserved, hey?"

The same could not be said of himself. He had grown fleshy and rubicund, his eyes were watery, and his articulation was thick. Still, with all these drawbacks, he was a handsome man, graceful and courteous in bearing, through the disguise of dissipation. Karen kept hold of his left hand, smiled up at him as he put his arm about her. Arthur could have torn her from him and borne her from the house and his companionship to return no more, but for the light in her eye, the resolute lines of the girlish face. "He is mine," these said. "I am set for his defense, maybe his redemption. Respect my love and my mission."

"And you have had him to yourself all day, have you, Happy?" continued Edmund. "I should have been in at noon, according to promise, but I was engaged!"

Karen struck in quickly: "I know you were, dear. And Arthur is to spend a whole week with us soon, devote to me all the time he can conscientiously spare from mother and Sara. He is pledged to the latter for this evening, or you may be sure I would not let him off. I am more reconciled to his going, now that you have had a glimpse of him."

Looking back from the street, Arthur saw her, through the parlor window, gently lead her husband into the warm, bright room, seat him in an arm-chair, and, standing by him, stroke his disordered hair, her head bent toward him in playful or loving speech—and tears blinded the spectator's vision as he strode on, his heart burdened with a wonder of compassion, admiration, and affection that could not find vent in words. He did not speak of the scene, even to Sara, but he silenced Bessie's inquiries touching his visit with "Karen knows what she is about. If she cannot reform him, it is useless for anybody else to try."

After her brother's departure, Karen stood, as he had seen her, beside her husband, toying with his hair, and talking of the pleasure Arthur's coming had given her, recounting some of his adventures, and repeating his droll sayings. Her tone was sprightly, but there was pain in the eyes Edmund could not see, and heartache was slowly drawing the blood from lips and cheek. That the man of her choice and love should have lowered himself in Arthur's estimation was the bitterest drop that had yet been distilled into her cup of sorrow. The sight of her long-absent favorite had brought up vividly the scenes of her care-free girl-life, the flush and beauty of her honeymoon, and even her hopeful spirit sickened at the contrast between that picture and this. What

was to be the end of it all—of her pious deceptions, her struggles, her devotion? For two years she had striven to hide her husband's frailty, and to lure him back to home and virtue. Without a doubt or tremor, asking advice of none but of HIM, who she believed was touched with a great and tender pity for the fallen man's infirmities and her trials, she had marked out her path of duty. Without flinching, she had walked in it. She did not think of leaving it now, but, for the first time in their united lives, her heart burned with something like resentment toward the one who had wrought her mortification and anguish. Other men could resist temptation successfully, fight their way back to respectability when they had seemingly lost caste by vicious indulgence. Was he weaker than the majority of his kind, or was his love for her too slight a lever to be depended upon in so important a matter as moral elevation? It was weary, weary toil, this hoping in the face of a mountain of discouragement, this faith unaided by a flash of sight.

"Did I hear you sigh?" asked Edmund, who was beginning to grow silent and dull in the heat of the fire and the luxurious comfort of the easy-chair. The unusual sound had stimulated his drowsy senses.

"If I did, I was not aware of it," Karen recovered herself in a moment. "I believe I am hungry, though. You missed a famous luncheon by staying away to-day. But don't fret, there's a good child, and I'll get up a nicer one to-morrow. Art looks well and handsome, doesn't he? He is the very picture of a noble sailor."

"He looks like his sister," replied Edmund, his hand closing hard over hers, "who never did but one foolish thing, and that was marrying such a worthless rascal as I am. It was a sorry investment, Happuch."

She stooped to kiss his forehead. "I have never regretted it, dear," she said, firmly. The grasp upon her fingers tightened, but nothing more was said by either. The seed dropped in sorrowful love might spring up by and by, or be lost upon the hard soil trampled by follies many and fiends not a few.

There was no sign of germination within the next month. If Edmund's conduct were changed in any respect, it was in longer absences from home, and, when he was there, in spells of gloomy silence that fairly baffled his wife's attempts at diversion. Her hopes had never been at a lower ebb than on an afternoon in April, when Arthur, whose leave of absence was drawing to a close, came out to see her, accompanied by Sara Roberts. He had in his hand a small white basket with a top, which he passed over to his sister before seating himself.

"An addition to the poultry-yard," he said. "Fifteen white Dorking eggs. There is no

finer breed in the market. Sybalt, the great poultry-fancier, selected them for me, so they are fresh, and warranted to break shell all right and in due time. Look at her, Sara. Her eyes brighten as if I had given her a set of real pearls."

Mammoth pearls the eggs did resemble. Arthur, to suit his whim, having packed them in pink cotton wool, such as is used by jewelers, and in regular rows.

"The beauties!" ejaculated Karen, delightedly. "And isn't it the most marvellous coincidence that the staidest matron of my flock is crazy, as she signified to me this morning, to have a nest and eggs of her own? By and by, Arthur, you must go out with me and set these under her. Only, I should like, if I could, to keep them under glass as a parlor ornament. They are so handsome. It seems a pity to hide them away, even in the hope of chickens that will furnish us with abundance of the same."

The three went together to the poultry-yard. It was a section cut off from the garden, surrounded by lattice-work, and lined on three sides with coops of fanciful pattern. Poultry-raising was a hobby with the expert little housewife. Perhaps no one but her brother suspected how often she resorted to the care of her feathered pets as a solace in loneliness, relief from the pressure of suspense or the gloom of forebodings that bowed her to the dust. Each fowl had a place and name belonging to itself, and they flocked about her feet as she entered the inclosure, clucking, screaming, and cackling, flying up to peck at her dress and hands, and one pert young cockerel perching himself upon her shoulder. Karen scolded, her guests laughed, and they made a frolic of setting the eggs under a mouse-colored Partlet, with very round eyes and a top-knot. Arthur marked the "pearls" before handing them to Karen, who knelt by the coop containing the nest, soothing the prospective mother in her arms, while she disposed the purely white ovates in the soft hay.

"*Arthur to Karen, April 15th*," was the inscription upon each, until the fifteenth was reached. This bore the date and, in minute characters: "Do not enumerate juvenile poultry at a period anterior to their incubation."

"You absurd specimen!" exclaimed his sister, as she read it.

"The egg or myself?" he queried.

"Both."

"So far as your humble servant is concerned, he has seldom given wiser advice than is conveyed in that refined version of the ancient adage. As for the egg, I hope it will speak for itself some day."

"Now, Dame Durden," coaxed Karen, smoothing the ruffling top-knot, "everything is ready for you. I am sure you go into your three weeks' retirement with a thorough sense

of the responsibility resting upon you, and the honor conferred by the important trust committed to you. *Pax vobiscum.*"

"What a buoyant nature hers is," said Sara to her betrothed, on their way home.

"Thank Heaven that it is," was the response. "She has enough trouble to crush an ordinary woman."

Karen passed the evening alone when she had put her child to bed. Edmund was absent upon one of the many excursions to which he was invited. This was the trial-trip of a new river steamer, and his wife did not expect him home before eight or nine o'clock at the earliest. She sighed aloud and heavily as the hands of her watch pointed to eleven, and there were still no signs of his return. At twelve, she replenished the fire in the sitting-room, closed the shutters upon the first floor, put out all the lights except that in the hall, and sat down upon the carpet, leaning her head in her husband's arm-chair. She could neither work nor hope longer. Prostrate in heart and spirit, she only wept silently before her GOD. HE knew her misery and her needs, HE alone, and in HIS good time release would arrive. She thought no more of other relief than such as the grave would bring.

She had fallen into a troubled slumber when a bustle and loud talking in the hall called her to her feet. There was only time to rub her eyes open and turn up the light before Edmund entered accompanied by his cousins, the young Livingstons, and Will Lee, the three most objectionable of his very disreputable associates. Not one of them was quite sober, but they were all jovial, relating in one breath to her the mishaps that had befallen the voyagers—the last and worst being their detention upon a sand-bar from six o'clock until twelve. The passengers, having devoured everything edible on board by the middle of the afternoon, had fasted for eight hours, and, when they were landed in town, found every restaurant and oyster-saloon closed for the night.

"So, I have brought them in to get a bite that may save them from absolute starvation," concluded Edmund. "A cup of coffee, hot and strong, for it is confoundedly cold and raw, beginning to rain, too, and something savory in the way of meat or oysters, will be all we want."

"I am afraid I have nothing very nice to offer you, dear," said the wife, endeavoring to hide her dismay at the proposition. "But I will do my best."

He followed and overtook her in the hall. "I am sorry, Happy, but I couldn't get out of it, and we are really famishing," he said, in genuine concern. "I wouldn't have brought them, but they bantered me, dared me, in fact, and I knew I could depend upon your indulgence."

"Whether you can upon my pantry or not, is a more important question," said Karen, forcing a smile. "I have a morsel of steak set away for your breakfast. Willie and I eat nothing but cracked wheat and cream in the morning, you know. There are just two slices of ham besides. Altogether, there is not half enough meat for four hungry men."

"That is unlucky; but you must have oceans of eggs. Your ham will season a big dish-full, and there is nothing more appetizing. I foresee I shall not have cause to regret my trust in you."

Back he went, confident and gleeful, to his comrades, and Karen sought the kitchen. Their only servant had been in bed for hours, and the range was stone cold. Fortunately, materials for lighting a fire were at hand, and it was soon crackling and roaring with a spirit that encouraged the sad-hearted cook. The kettle was put on, the "morsel of steak" inspected and returned to its place as useless in the emergency, the brace of rashers examined doubtfully, and then Karen brought down the egg-basket from the closet-shelf. It was empty. The shock of the discovery revived the recollection that she had that very day lent a dozen eggs to a neighbor, besides having set three hens within the week exclusive of "Dame Durden." "I cannot help it," she said, desperately. "It was unkind in Edmund to bring that crew here. It was insolent in them to come. They mean to annoy and mortify me. I will give them bread and butter and coffee, nothing else."

But she did not put the basket back; stood swinging it from her forefinger, and thinking fast and hard. Edmund would be disappointed and ashamed, and his associates would sneer at him, would choose to discredit the story of the actual poverty of her pantry, misconstrue the meagre array of provisions into a deliberate plan of hers to punish her husband and insult them for their untimely coming and demand. Edmund would be driven further from her, and was not her object by day and night, week and month, to attract him to his home, to make him feel that he could not ask anything unreasonable so long as it was in her power to supply it? "No," she spoke out again; "I cannot afford to anger him. In his least responsible moods, he has never said a surly word to me, never given me an unkind look. He shall not be tempted, now, to doubt his best friend."

She unlocked the kitchen door; threw a shawl over her head, and went out. The night was chilly, and a fine, keen mist was falling. But the light from the open door fell straight down the garden walk upon the latticed gate of the poultry-yard. Dame Durden stared out in sleepy amaze at the yellow flecks shining upon the wet gravel, as the rays darted through the network of the fence, but she cried out hoarsely in her wrath and fright, as a hand ob-

secured the entrance to her coop and groped in the darkness for the treasures over which she had brooded in solemn pride, and, it may be, in hope.

"Sh! sh! poor old Durden!" said the voice she knew so well, gentle, but now sad to tearfulness. "I wouldn't rob you of your darlings if I could help it. It hurts me worse than it does you. There! I have left you three, and you'll try to forgive me, won't you?"

Karen did not look at the eggs as she broke them into the frying-pan. Her eyes were too full to read the pencilled inscriptions had she been courageous enough to risk the attempt. But her countenance was tranquil and hospitable when she appeared in the sitting-room where the quartette of worthies were staying their stomachs and warding off the effects of famine and dampness by a glass of "something hot."

"Edmund, dear!" said the patient housewife, brightly, "clear off the centre-table, please. It is so comfortable here I thought you would not care to go into the dining-room."

She sat down her burden—a tray that looked too heavy for her strength, on which were plates, napkins, knives and forks, and two covered dishes. Installing Edmund as head waiter, she bade him seat the guests, and returned to the kitchen for a smaller tray holding the coffee-service. The gentlemen were placed with much laughing and talking, and the lifted covers revealed ham and eggs, and eggs and toast smoking hot. The dishes were prettily garnished with curled parsley, and their contents were cooked to a nicety. The mistress of the house poured out clear, fragrant coffee at a side-table, and passed it with her own hands, and the boon companions, who were really very hungry, enjoyed their repast as they had never done the most superb dinner at a French restaurant. They praised everything, congratulated themselves and complimented their hostess, until they were satisfied and Karen tired listening to them.

She was thankful she had suppressed her resentment, and sacrificed her pride—almost reconciled the loss of Arthur's gift, when Edmund returned to her after seeing his unseasonable guests out.

"The dearest, sweetest wife in the world!" he said, holding her in his arms. "I am obliged to you, love, and proud of you!"

Had she not said truly that his speech to her was always kind and tender? How many women, whose husbands had no open and scandalous follies, could say as much? She could have cried bitterly, being fatigued, as well as hysterical, but she swallowed the hard knot that was tightening about her windpipe, and smiled. It seemed such an easy matter for her to look pleased and happy she never got half the credit she deserved for shining in the dark.

"I am fully repaid for what little trouble I

have had, if you were content with your homely fare," she rejoined, clearing away the remnants of the supper. "It is not often that my cupboard is so nearly a copy of Mother Hubbard's, bare even of bones."

"You gave us a capital supper! good enough for the Lord Mayor—too good for three graceless bachelors who had laid a bet upon the chances of my getting nothing to eat but a stolen crust, with a Caudle lecture for sauce. There was not the least necessity for an apology, but yours was so gracefully worded and sweetly said, that I could not regret it." His triumph had evidently raised his wife in his esteem, yet he had always been extremely fond of her—admired her above all other women.

Karen shuddered a little in remembering her soliloquy over the empty egg-basket. What if she had carried her hasty resolution into effect, given her husband and his friends what Bessie would have called "a taste" of her just indignation?

"There is no other rule so safe and sure as that of love," she said to her sage little self when she at last laid her dizzy head upon her pillow, "love that suffereth long, yet is kind." Her last waking thought was a thanksgiving to her Heavenly Teacher that she had not lacked strength in the trying hour, and she dared pray, again in hope and faith, that the bitter cup might yet be withdrawn from her lips.

She was sewing in the nursery the following morning, Willie playing at her feet, when Edmund came in. She had kissed him "Good-by" with a pleasant face, but sinking heart, a little while before, and was at that instant trying to resign herself, without repining, to the prospect of a lonely day. He "had an engagement with Bob Livingston."

"He is about to buy a match to that fast sorrel roan," Edmund explained to his wife. "And nothing will do but I must go with him and try it. He is a good fellow, is Bob, and I don't like to seem disobliging."

Karen looked up inquiringly at his reappearance. His hands were full of egg-shells, and his visage wore an odd expression of perplexity and amusement.

"See here, Happy! what I espied on the top of the ash-barrel which Bridget rolled out for the scavenger, as I passed the area gate. Do your wonderful hens lay eggs ready labelled, or have you and your travelled brother been carrying on a correspondence upon this novel style of 'cream-laid, tinted' materials?"

"*Arthur to Karen, April 15th,*" he read from three fragments.

"And upon this is some gibberish—a long string of it—which I cannot decipher," he added, turning another conical bit around slowly. "Do not enumerate juvenile *penalty*!"

"Poultry!" corrected Karen, laughing, to drown the heart-beats she almost believed

must be audible to him also. "It is only some of Arthur's nonsense. He and Sara were here yesterday."

"But how happened he to get hold of your eggs? You did not entertain them in the kitchen, I suppose?"

"Oh, he is everywhere, you know, as full of pranks as a monkey, and that stuff is what he calls a 'refined version' of an old saying. Give it to me, dear. I will keep it and show it to him when he is a gray-haired, weather-beaten commodore."

Even she had been taken too much by surprise to say this without a conscious quiver in voice and laugh, and she fancied Edmund looked suspiciously at her in resigning the broken shells.

"Come home to luncheon, if you can!" she called after him to scatter his misgivings of mystery. "I shall have a miraculous pie—an apple *mêrrique*—just such as you dote upon." Nevertheless, she hardly expected him. She knew to what length of absence and other evil results these horse engagements were generally the prelude. She assuredly was entirely unprepared for the agitated face he brought into her presence, and the passion in the gesture that lifted her from the floor and left her with barely breath enough to remonstrate and question. "You grizzly bear! What has happened?" then, catching sight of his face, she clasped her hands, with an exclamation of terror. "Ed, dearest! what is it?"

For he was crying—this broad-shouldered, six-footer, with a beard like a lion's, and the muscle of a gladiator. Great tears were rolling fast down his cheeks, and he sobbed when he would have spoken. "I have seen Arthur," she understood him to say, at length. "I fancied there was something connected with the supper of last night in your evasion of my questions about those egg-shells. So, chancing to meet him in the street, I asked him for the key. I got the whole story from him. And then I told mine. Dear wife! suffering, loving angel!" He broke down outright.

"And all about a dozen paltry eggs!" Karen began to rally him, but failing ignominiously, sat down upon his knee, put her arms around his neck, and cried more heartily than he. "Edmund! Husband! I would lay down my life to make you happy!" sobbed the soft-hearted little simpleton, who ought, instead of hugging him, to have embraced the opportunity of reading him a rousing homily upon the error of his ways, and exhorted to repentance and works meet for the same.

"Karen!" He so rarely called her by her real name, that the sound of it was strange, and the solemnity of his manner alarmed her. "Karen!" lifting his hand toward heaven, "the Lord do so to me and more also if I do not cut off my right arm rather than ever touch

another glass of liquor! Bear witness to this, for it is not an idle vow!"

He meant what he said, and through pain, thirst, sickness, the fightings within of diseased appetite and outward temptations, of jeers and entreaties and anger from those with whom he had joined hand in hand in the race to destruction, he kept his word to his earthly saviour.

"But it is my opinion that he would have left off long before if Karen had taken a firm stand in the beginning," Bessie always insisted. And in Arthur's absence, nobody contradicted her.

MORAL.

I have but one plea to make in defence of the pusillanimity of my heroine—the glaring improbability and the unprogressive spirit of the story I have told.

It is true from title to conclusion, in everything except the names of the dramatis personæ.

PANSY COQUETTE.

BY MARY M'CROSS.

In the shadow a pansy grew,
Bearing buds of purple hue,
And from the buds the flowers peeped through,
Sweet to smell and pretty to view—
The pansies in my garden.

Five little leaves on each green bud,
And inside these came a close-drawn hood;
The five little leaves were worn like a snood,
Let any one see her face who could—
Coy pansy in the garden.

By and by she opens her eyes;
On her cheeks the maiden blushes rise,
In her own fair face her heart it lies,
And from it breathe out perfumed sighs—
Sweet pansy in the garden.

Her petals numbered five in all,
Three were short and two were tall;
The tall were purple, as for the small,
She dressed them in orange from summer to fall—
Gay pansy in the garden.

She'd a dimpled chin, and she lay awake
With her eyes on the stars, their hearts to break;
The humble bees quarrelled for her sweet sake,
The braggarts sought sweet kisses to take
From the pansies in the garden.

They did her tender heart much wrong;
They kissed too oft and they kissed too long;
They saw she was dying, and off with a song
They flew, but she faded her sisters among—
Poor pansy in the garden.

NOTHING is more precious than time, and those who misspend it are the greatest of all prodigals.—*Theophrastus.*

WHAT heart has not acknowledged the influence of this hour, the sweet and soothing hour of twilight—the hour of love—the hour of adoration—the hour of rest—when we think of those we love, only to regret that we have not loved them more dearly; when we remember our enemies only to forgive them?—*Longfellow.*

LOTTIE'S APRIL FOOL BUNDLE.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

It was the first day of April, clear, bright, and windy. The first of April, be it known, was observed with all due pomp and ceremony in Hanover, the scene of my story. That is to say, boys chalked each other's jackets, left "bogus" packages of goods on door steps, mailed absurd letters, and played all sorts of time-honored tricks upon each other and the community around them. Doubtless there was "fun" for the perpetrators of the jests, or they would have been allowed to die a natural death, but whether the fun was as entirely appreciated by the victims may be reasonably questioned.

On the first of April, 1867 (I like to be particular about dates), Miss Lottie Wilkinson was demurely walking up the main street of Hanover with a little parcel in her hands containing buttons for a new dress. Dress and buttons were of great importance to my little heroine, for money was by no means bountifully supplied in her well-worn portemonnaie, and a new dress was rather an event in her daily life. She was walking quietly along, thinking that if her dress was chosen of a sober mouse color for economy's sake, at least the buttons and braid were blue as her own eyes, and would match the blue ribbons of her hat very nicely. Then she wondered if Bert Gilmore would see her on Sunday in the new suit, and if he admired the combination of mouse color and blue in a walking dress. With such absorbing topics for meditation, it was not wonderful that Lottie had forgotten entirely the day of the month, and stopped with surprise and the pleasure of a discoverer before a bundle lying across the sidewalk, evidently dropped by some one in advance of her. She looked up the street and down, but no one was near enough to be questioned, so she stooped and lifted the package, adding its weight to her own bundle, and continued on her way homeward, hurrying a little that she might examine her acquisition.

"See, mamma, what I found in the street!"

It was not a very tempting looking 'bundle that she held up; not a neatly tied dry goods' package, or a white paper-covered confectioner's store of sweets. It was a carelessly-wrapped, newspaper-covered package, rather long and narrow, and not very large. Still, there was rather an exulting ring in Lottie's tone, as she cried: "See, mamma, what I found in the street!"

Her face fell as a shout came from her brother Tom, a lad of ten, who looked up and, before her mother could answer, shouted: "April Fool! O Lottie, what a goose! I'll bet there's nothing in it but straw, or rags, or old newspapers. Open it, Lottie. There!" he cried,

again, as his sister opened the parcel, "I told you so. Nothing but a lot of old papers."

Mrs. Wilkinson smiled at Lottie's disappointed face, as she hastily wrapped the papers up again, and thrust them on a lower shelf of the sitting-room closet, a sort of general receptacle for odds and ends of all kinds, and especially for waste paper.

The buttons were displayed next, and, by the time Lottie had put away hat and shawl, and was seated putting the last stitches in the pretty walking suit, Tom had gone off to a game of foot-ball, and the April Fool parcel was forgotten.

Mrs. Wilkinson had been a widow since Tom had first opened his great saucy blue eyes upon the world, and Lottie, then but eight years old, had but little recollection of a father who had spent most of his life away from home. He had held the situation of travelling clerk in a large commercial house in New York city, and during his life-time his family had lived handsomely in that city. Upon his death, his widow found that her means were sufficient to support her in comfort if used frugally, but were far too small for the style of living warranted by his salary. A country house was at once decided upon, a cottage purchased in Hanover, and furniture selected from the city mansion and sent there. Her income was sufficient for every comfort, but there was no margin for luxuries, and many an article of dress was left unpurchased that the fund laid aside for Tom's education might grow in bulk.

Lottie's education was her mother's own charge, and few boarding-school misses were more thoroughly taught, or could boast of more graceful accomplishments, than the little home-bred maiden. In addition, Miss Lottie was a most expert housekeeper; could make great varieties of bread, biscuit, pie, and cakes; could prepare dainty dinners and savory suppers; was proficient in needle-work of all kinds, and quite dressmaker and milliner enough for all home demands.

Mr. Herbert Gilmore was quite well aware of all these varied excellencies of Miss Lottie, and was also able to describe most accurately the glossy brown hair, soft blue eyes, creamy complexion, and graceful little figure of the young lady. He knew what were her favorite songs, and could bring a clear, powerful tenor to aid her sweet soprano. He knew that the pretty ornaments in the parlor were the work of Lottie's little white hands, that the flowers on the stand were tended by her, and the light tea biscuit were of her mixing.

You guess they were lovers. Well, so they were; but, as "the course of true love never did run smooth," so there was a great rock ahead in the channel of their love, and the rock was named Martin Gilmore. Martin Gilmore was as tough an old bachelor, as rich and hard-

hearted, as ever figured in a romance, and moreover uncle to the handsome young Herbert, who had so long studied Lottie Wilkinson's blue eyes and busy fingers.

Mrs. Wilkinson had been a kind friend to the young man, whose only home was his uncle's gloomy house, and when the love story was confided to her, gave a willing consent to her daughter's betrothal with one whom she believed to be honorable and true, a sincere Christian, and worthy of her confidence. The question of money never occurred to her, and her amazement was unfeigned when she found Martin Gilmore entirely opposed to the match on the ground of the bride-elect's want of fortune.

Herbert at once asserted his right to choose for himself. He was a young lawyer, with a fair practice, without sufficient means to warrant matrimony at present, but hopeful and industrious, willing to wait for his home until he earned it, and by no means waiting for his Uncle Martin's fortune to fall to him. In the spring time of which I am writing, Herbert was a party in a lawsuit, of which I must soon write more, and there was some hope that the little home, over which Lottie was to preside, might be nearer than was at first anticipated.

April was a week old when, one evening, Herbert came into Mrs. Wilkinson's pleasant parlor, evidently in a state of some excitement. Lottie was alone, sewing (oh, ye romantic!) a patch on the elbow of Tom's jacket.

"Lottie, put down that sewing, do, and hear my news."

Such sympathizing blue eyes are not always raised for news.

"I've had a windfall."

"What is it, Bert?"

"I never would tell you about this lawsuit before, Lottie, because I did not consider my chance worth a pin; but it is different, now, and I want to tell you about it."

"I am listening, Bert."

"My father had two brothers and one sister, my Uncle Martin, Uncle Godfrey, and Aunt Elise. Years ago Uncle Godfrey and Uncle Martin accumulated large fortunes, but father was too liberal and open-hearted to save much, and never was a rich man. Some two years before he died, Aunt Elise married a man as poor as himself, but good and true. Uncle Godfrey opposed this match bitterly, and, when she was left a widow after six months of married life, he refused her any assistance. She was then very ill with what has since developed into spine disease, and father took her home. In furious wrath Uncle Godfrey made a will leaving his entire fortune to Uncle Martin. I was but a little child when all this happened, but I heard of it. Some five years ago Uncle Godfrey sent for me to make him a visit, and during that visit we became attached to each other. No longer the stern, angry man who

disinherited my father, he was softened and penitent, and spoke most kindly of poor Aunt Elise. Before I left him he promised me to revoke his unjust will, giving me my father's share, and Aunt Elise hers. Do I tire you with my long story?"

"No, indeed!"

"Two years ago Uncle Godfrey died. Uncle Martin, as the oldest brother, took out letters of administration, and claimed the property on the old will. But behold, neither old nor new will could be found! I was not of age, and my guardians and Aunt Elise at once claimed the division of the estate according to law. So commenced the suit, and to-morrow the decision will be given in court. But a few days ago Uncle Martin, in turning over some deeds and mortgage papers, found the will leaving him the entire property."

"O Bert!"

"Wait, Lottie! Off started uncle to his lawyer's with all the papers bundled up together, and on his way he lost the whole out of his overcoat pocket. He has advertised in vain, offering a large reward. Small as Hanover is, Uncle Martin's papers are completely lost to all appearance. So to-morrow the suit will probably be decided as Uncle Godfrey would have wished, and Bert Gilmore will have fifty thousand dollars to offer Miss Lottie Wilkinson."

"But, Bert, if they are found?"

"Then Uncle Martin adds my share and Aunt Elise's to his own, and we are left as before."

"It seems hard!"

"True, but he has the law. Of course, if the will is found it would be only cheating to hold it back; but it seems utterly lost, or surely such tempting rewards as he advertises would produce it."

Then came other topics. Mrs. Wilkinson came in, and there was no more said about the lawsuit until the young man was leaving, when he said to Lottie:—

"To-morrow evening you may see the heir to a fortune if those papers do not turn up."

"When were they lost, Bert?"

"One week ago to-day. Good-night, Lottie."

One week ago. Why that was April Fool's Day! If—Lottie scarcely dared to think in words as she sped across the entry to the sitting-room, and tore open the closet door. Pulling out the papers in front, there lay the parcel she had found in the street. With cold, trembling fingers she opened it again. There they lay, closely-written sheets, folded in legal shape, and amongst them even her own inexperienced eyes soon detected the will.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" That was all she said, as she wrapped up the parcel and went to her own room with it.

Martin Gilmore was at breakfast, and to say that he was not in a good humor gives but a mild idea of the energy of his movements and the scowl upon his face. Herbert had hastily

swallowed his coffee and toast, and was away to his office, but the old gentleman, growling at everything, was still at the table.

"A lady to see you, sir."

"A what!" cried the old man, glaring at his maid servant.

"A lady to see you, sir."

"What does she want?"

"Wants to see you, sir."

"Show her in. A beggar for some charity. She won't get anything here. If there is anything I do hate it is a strong-minded committee woman!"

The little figure that followed the maid servant into the room scarcely answered one's preconceived ideas of the energetic specimens of the sex hated by Martin Gilmore. She was petite, fair, and young, wore a mouse-colored dress, trimmed with blue, and blue ribbons on her hat.

"Want to see me?" growled the gentleman.

"You lost a package of papers a week ago, sir. Here they are."

Eagerly he clutched them, and opened one after another. "You shall have the reward," he said. "Yes, yes, they are all here!"

"I did not bring them for a reward! They were yours, and it was only honest to return them."

Little could he guess, by the clear steady blue eyes, what a wakeful, weeping night the honesty had cost.

"Why did you keep them a week?"

"I did not know what they were until last evening."

"Can't you read?"

"I did not examine the parcel. I found it in the street on April Fool's Day, and thought it was a trick parcel."

"Humph! Nice mess! Tomfoolery!" grumbled the old man. "And pray," he said, "how came you to ascertain last evening that it was not a trick parcel?"

Lottie hesitated a moment, then she said, steadily: "Mr. Herbert Gilmore told me you lost a parcel of valuable papers on the first of April, and I looked to ascertain if they were the same ones I found."

"Herbert Gilmore! Then you are!"—

"Miss Charlotte Wilkinson. Good-morning, Mr. Gilmore!"

"Stay—stay a moment! Did Herbert tell you what these papers were?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that this one," and he held up the will, "deprives him of fifty thousand dollars?"

"Yes, sir."

"And so you were willing to deprive him of his fortune?"

"He would not have a *stolen* inheritance," said the young girl, indignantly. "He is young, and can make his own way in the world. We," and a bright little blush followed the pronoun, "do not need a fortune to be happy."

"Then the finding of the will is a matter of indifference to you?"

"No, sir. I would like Herbert to have what his Uncle Godfrey wished him to inherit, if he could have it honestly, and I am very, very sorry for his poor Aunt Elise."

"What! Do you know my sister?"

"No, sir; but she is old, and poor, and sick. I wish she could have her share."

"Humph! Ah! Oh!"

My pen can give no idea of the intonation of the series of grunts that followed this speech of Lottie's.

Suddenly the old man got up, the will in his hand, and stood before Lottie. "Miss Charlotte Wilkinson," he said, abruptly, "I like you!"

"Thank you!" she said, demurely.

"I like you! I'm an old man, worth half a million dollars, but I don't know that anybody loves me. Do you think you could?"

"I don't know," was the frank reply.

"Will you try? You will be my niece, you know, when Bert marries you, and you will be a bit of sunshine in the old house it has not seen for a long time. Will you allow me to make you a wedding gift?" And, to her unutterable amazement, he walked across the room, and deliberately placed the will upon a bank of glowing coals in the open grate.

Both watched the paper crackle, curl, blaze, and finally float up the chimney in little black flakes. Then Lottie came to the old man's side. "I have done you injustice," she said, simply. "I have no father, but if you will let me, I will give you a daughter's love."

"Thank you, my dear," he said, taking her hand, and drawing her to him, "I will come with Herbert this evening to see your mother. Good-by, now; I must go to court and deliver up the remainder of Lottie's April Fool Bundle."

A REFLECTION.

BY J—.

I PAUSED the ocean shore
At the hush of closing day,
And heard the low and solemn roar
Of waters in the bay.
The waves were crowned with foam,
As, borne by the coming tide,
They sought far up the beach a home,
And stretched them out and died.

Mysterious sea of life,
Filling this earthly sphere,
Thy shifting tides and ceaseless strife
How plainly imaged here!
My troubled surge, I prayed,
With Heaven's ray luminous be;
And, speeding towards its strand, arrayed
Like the white wave of the sea.

THE blush is Nature's alarm at the approach of sin, and her testimony to the dignity of virtue.—Fuller.

MOTHERS OF MEN.

ALMOST all great men have had exceptionally good mothers; perhaps it would be better to say all, without any qualification: women, that is, who were able to elevate and ennoble them—which is something more than merely instructing and repressing—and whose action was of a larger kind than simply to keep them innocent and give them domestic tastes and habits. Not to go so far back as classic days, and the Spartan mothers who preferred that their sons should die rather than be dishonored—to the mother of the Gracchi and her kind—we have instances in quite our own time, of which Goethe is the typical example, of how much the future fame and greatness of our first-class men depend on the mother's education. We can easily understand this, knowing as we do how practically infinite is the influence of a mother over her son, and how illimitable his love for her. No after-love comes near it in depth or extent, though in point of fact that after-love may prove the stronger if opposed to it; as we often see when wife and mother come into collision together, and the husband has to side with one or the other, when if he is worth his salt he stands by his wife, unless she is manifestly in the wrong; but it is not equal to what that influence was, as to its effect on the character and future life. The first tenderness which a youth feels for the weakness of a woman, and the first faint exercise of his manly power of protection, are both for his mother. How delightful it is to him when, still a lad, she begins to take his arm, and look to him for little offices of care and help! Nothing makes him feel more manly than this; and even to be first in the school sports is not such a feather in his cap as the fact that his mother trusts to him for manly care. And it is only his mother who can do this. His sisters are either girls of about his own age, or "the children," who are practically babies to his young lordship, though they may be only three or four years his juniors. As the first they are too near, as the last too far off. He may play with the younger girls in a high condescending patronizing way, with just the aura of the paternal instinct surrounding his schoolboy roughness, and making him a trifle considerate and tender; and on occasions he may champion, but he more often snubs, his elder sisters, whose girlish folly he knows too well by heart to either idealize or greatly respect; but the mother is the revered, the adored, set too far above him to be criticized or plumbed—to her he carries the first fruits of his heart, and it is she who, for good or ill, becomes the standard of measurement for all future womankind. She is his saint for whose sake all women are in a manner sacred, because all are seen through the aureole that glorifies her; or she is quite the opposite of his saint, in whose vice, or folly, or

meanness he traces the lineaments of the whole sex, which because of her he despises as something illimitably unworthy. Hence the action of women with their sons is of even more importance than with their daughters. Girls, though very much, are not so entirely, influenced by the mother as are boys. The future husband comes in to modify the yet plastic lines of the character, and to improve or deteriorate according as it may chance; but a man's opinion of woman in the abstract, or his character in the main, is seldom touched by his wife, though unalterably moulded by his mother. If he marries a woman of a low moral type, and his mother has been as noble as this wife is debased, he looks back on the grander nature as something that was as true as is this ignobler one, and through her can recognize the beauty and loveliness of womanhood. But if the wife and mother are both bad, can we wonder if he refuses to believe in the worth of the sex at all, and that he holds his own sad experiences as the truest, whatever other men may say? We venture to say that no man who had a noble mother was ever found to thoroughly despise the sex, whatever his after experience may have been; as that almost all men who speak ill of women, speak from the platform of their filial recollections. Mothers seldom think how vitally important is the effect of their influence over their sons, and how it will color once and for ever the tone of their mind towards all women in the future, and make a man chivalrous or a boor, respectful or contemptuous, for the whole of his after life.

Women should be careful to be as beautiful to their sons as to their husbands. If the slovenly carelessness of home is a mistake towards the one, so is it towards the other; and the unkempt disorder, the want of personal niceness in a mother, causes as much shame and disgust to the son as to his father. Following on the same line, and by an analogous course of reasoning, we see how infinitely mischievous is all that familiarity and disrespect of manner fashionable in the present day—how productive of real evil the boy's habit of speaking of his mother as "the old lady," his habit of lounging and talking slang in her presence, and his habit of rudeness and want of conventional courtesy generally. If women could—and a few can—make themselves the companions of their sons, yet preserve their respect, well and good; but for the most part the extreme familiarity of bearing of which we are speaking leads to ultimate disrespect. For when the artificial barriers are thrown down, it is hard to keep the loveliness of the flowers untouched, or the wealth of the vines unspoiled. Again, speaking of the respect which men ought to have for women, and the folly of destroying the basis of it in the family, how many women, naturally perhaps, but very ruinously, indulge and pet their sons at the expense of their daughters.

The best of everything goes to the boys; the most expensive education, which is also the most thorough; the largest share of pleasure; the first consideration; their convenience is studied in the family before that of any one else; their hours, their amusements, their pursuits respected, and the following of them out erected into a paramount necessity; while the girls must give up their time, their interests, their pleasures, the very worth and wealth of their lives, for their brothers' advancement or convenience—be contented with an education which is practically no education at all—be made the humble handmaids at home, and taught to consider themselves the inferior, and sufficiently honored, because fulfilling the law of their nature, if they can but minister to the wants of the nobler creatures. And the worst of it is, that when all is done, and the poor girls have been made uncomfortable and their lives have been dwarfed because of their brothers, those brothers themselves are ruined by the process. They are spoiled, and pampered, and indulged, and taught to be more masterful and selfish than even the natural instinct of manhood makes them; but they are not made lofty or noble-minded. They are suffered to tyrannize over their sisters for their own home pleasure, but they are effeminized themselves, unless indeed they are brutalized; but they are pretty sure to be one or the other as the result of their training. Many a man owes his total ruin to the foolish pampering of his mother. The story of the young thief who, on the place of execution, asked leave to whisper to his mother, and who bit off her ear in punishment for the injudicious indulgence which had landed him at the gallows, may be taken as the example—extreme, if we will—of the mischief of spoiling one's sons by over-indulgence. We see some mothers made into simply the victims of scampish sons, who prey on them and waste their substance in riotous living, but who, by virtue of a pleasant manner and a great show of affection combined with ingenuity in making up false stories, contrive to appear as angels of light, or, more soberly, as hard-working and meritorious citizens. These are the men who are in perpetual disasters not of their own making nor by their own fault; but because they are so confiding, dear fellows, they are being continually taken in by the designing; or because they are doomed by some mysterious law to misfortunes undeserved, and so fail in all they undertake. Hence they are always losing money, and must be kept afloat by the family purse, for love's sake and the family honor; or else they are full of brilliant schemes of a quite glorious and safe character—things that must succeed if only they could command sufficient capital to work them thoroughly. So the mother's dowry and the girl's portions go into the crucible, all to make the fortunes of the house and the undying fame of their elder boy. But

the supply is never quite enough, and the end of it all is, with no fault on his part, a mass of burnt-out clay instead of a lump of gold, and universal ruin in the place of a jubilee of good luck. It is all like that wonderful pot of gold which lies under the rainbow, if only you could succeed in getting up to the rainbow! Yet nothing can open the mother's eyes, and she would not thank her best friend for couching her blindness, if even her best friend could couch it. This is one kind of mother—this kind which believes so pathetically and implicitly in her boy, and thinks him faultless, holding him to be as pure and unsullied in all things as when he was a baby. Other women she thinks may have bad sons, but hers is an exception, and she is proud of him accordingly, and never believes in appearances however much they may be against him.

Another kind of mother is she who cannot understand the difficulties of her son's life, who does not see the strength of the temptations besetting him, and consequently cannot provide an antidote—who teaches him nothing of the world, and cannot help him when he is near to fall—who can guide him nobly, but who, if she finds him out in faults that she might have foreseen, and perhaps could have prevented if she had had wisdom and courage, is hard or broken-hearted according to individual temperament. This is because so few women are able to look at life as it is, or to understand the world as it exists. They call their ignorance innocence, and prefer their darkness to any light that could be let in on them; so there is nothing to be done for them, and they must be left to their own self-delusions. Another thing which you cannot get women to remember is, that their children are not their sole property, but that they are citizens of the State as well as sons; and that they should be educated for their own future well being and for the good of the State, and not only according to the crazes and follies of the maternal fancy. All those androgynous boys, with their long curled scented hair, in their hybrid costumes, half frock, half tunic, their pretty little gentle occupations, brought up in a catlike dread of wet, and a girlish horror of rough sports—what are they but so many live dolls in which the mother takes her pleasure, but of whose personal good she is utterly unmindful? She may certainly cheat herself so far as to come to the belief that making them as much girls as boys is good for their souls, if doubtful for their bodies; but in general it is the mere instinct that speaks, and she acts like a fool because she will not give herself the trouble of reasoning out her folly.

In fine, we cannot speak too strongly of the importance of a mother's influence over her son, nor the need there is of a nobler, a larger, and less personal ideal of the duty than exists. She should be his first and enduring object of reverence; in her he should learn to respect all

other women; through her teaching he should recognize the main value of such good as he possesses; and, without running into sentimentality, he should think of her justice and sweetness, her blameless honor, her uprightness, and truth, and stainless life, when tempted to degrade himself below the level of his education, and for her sake refrain from the evil which a lower model would have rendered only too easy. Women ask for work and power; they have both ready to their hands; to educate a noble race of men, a generation which will honor their training by their own nobility of life—men who will raise the whole platform of society through the power bestowed by a mother's teaching.

TO THE FIRST FLOWER OF SPRING.

BY MRS. SALLIE E. BALLARD.

Dost vainly look up to the cloud-veiled sky
For one warm ray of love, or one merciful shower?
As chill on thy bosom the early dews lie,
Thou pure-hearted blossom, pale sorrow-nursed
flower,
That gem in thy heart thou hast faithfully kept
Like a sweet thought of love in its uttermost deep;
'Tis the tear which the pitying flower-angel wept
As she kissed thee awake, from thy long wintry
sleep.

Ah! faint was the smile of the storm-cradled day
That greeted thy coming, pale firstling of spring;
Cold, cold, is the north wind, and rough is the play,
And rude is the sweep of his boisterous wing.
No murmuring cadence, no love-softened tone,
No low music breathing his clarion voice hath;
Fair beautiful smiler, so timid and lone,
How dar'st thou bloom in his pitiless path?

Didst think the warm tears that gem-lighted thy
gloom,
Were weepings of April, who mourned thy delay?
It was only wild March, leaning over thy tomb,
In tenderness fitful, that died with the day.

Didst think the young grasses would bend o'er thy
bed,
And whispering winds seek thy dewy retreat?
That gold-tinted sunbeams at play round thy head
Would woo thy young heart with caresses so sweet?

Alas! gentle mourner, so lovely and chaste,
How cold and unsmiling the face of the earth;
How bleak were the winds, and how barren the
waste,
And how cheerless the gloom that encompassed
thy birth.

Clasp thy shivering leaves to thy wee slender form,
Fold thy bright petals close to thy tear-laden
heart,

Bow thy beautiful head, for God ruleth the storm,
His mercy will shield thee, all lone as thou art.

God tempereth the wind that it may not destroy;
He marks every quiver that thrills through thy
form;

And the heart-ware of life, that with tremulous joy,
Through thy delicate being pulse swiftly and
warm;

And the influence soft of sunshine and shower,
His hand omnipotent fully grasped,
By his infinite wisdom, and power,
Pale tremble and gleamed and clasped.

IN AMBUSH.

BY INO CHURCHILL.

(Concluded from last month.)

THE evening was not so dull to me as I had feared. The roseate hues that often linger far into the twilight seemed to throw their warm glow into my heart, deeper and deeper as they faded slowly from mortal vision, and I almost fear my eyes reflected too much of their brightness. No one had been in that evening except Antonia, and she remained to tea, and when it was time for her to depart, there came up a sudden shower that prevented her going, much to her dissatisfaction. She had hoped for Mr. Talbot's company, and I know she longed to secure him for a while alone. I was dissatisfied too when I found she would share my room, the house was so full. My cousins had indulged me in what they called my whim, in wishing always to room alone, and the chamber over the hall had been assigned to my exclusive use. I hold that my room is my sanctuary, and it is necessary for the cultivation of my heart that this place of refuge shall not be invaded unless, indeed, by one who can become my second self in thought and hope.

My bed would scarcely accommodate two, and I gave it up to my unwelcome guest with the feeling that I was allowing a serpent to creep into my Eden. But there was no help for it, and I assisted her to disrobe, and laid myself down on the lounge, determined to keep one eye open lest it should coil round my heart, and press out my life with its treacherous breath. For a long time she lay with her face toward me, her eyes gleaming in their covert, artful brightness, now glowing and deepening in their fearful concentration; now running over with dazzling light, seeming to inclose me within the charmed circle. And once, when my eyes closed and my head fell back from very weariness, she crept stealthily toward me, twined her magnetic hand among my tresses, passed her fingers slowly and regularly over my brow, her breath coming quick and short, like that of a tigress intent upon her prey. I was too terrified to yield my senses to her stronger will, and I forced my almost enslaved consciousness to struggle against her, and I rose from my couch, as if alarmed for her safety.

"Antonia," said I, "Antonia, wake up, you have risen in your sleep; you will hurt your arm," and I led her back to bed completely foiled, and unsuspecting of my knowledge of the part she meant to play.

She at last grew weary of watching me, and settled down to quiet slumber, while I courted the drowsy god in vain, though I did not think she would really do me personal harm. I resolved over and over in my mind how I should manage to dress in the morning without waking her, or escape unobserved from the room at the early hour appointed for my sail. In truth,

I did not perform a very elaborate toilet; my dress was almost plain in its simplicity, and I only fastened a knot of black velvet and a sprig of green in my hair by way of ornament. I was going to admire Nature, and I had no wish to flaunt bright colors in her face.

Antonia remained quiet as I tiptoed around the room, upsetting half a dozen things in my extra care. She was very lovely with the flush of sleep on her soft cheek, her fair, round arm thrown above her head in the careless attitude of childhood; but the smile that played about her lips as I watched her a moment, seemed sinister even in its unconsciousness. I feared she would wake, and, catching my hat, I went softly out. Mr. Talbot came from his room at the same moment, and we went down the stairs together.

We were scarcely the half hour walking to the verge of the pond. I always felt so light-hearted in the glad morning; my companion's steps kept pace with mine, and we laughed, as we scattered the dew-drops, and bid the daisies "good cheer." Oh! how delightful it was when we were fairly seated in the dainty pleasure boat, that rested like a shell on the water. Mr. Talbot lowered the sail, took the oars, and we darted like an arrow to the middle of the pond; and then we floated leisurely about, drinking in the lovely scene, so tranquil in its hushed joy, that I almost held my breath for sympathy. The sun had not risen, but the earlier sky was a-flush with a glory not born of its own calm loveliness; and the neighboring trees lifted their heads with an expectancy too joyful for aught merely earthly. The fair face of the pond had smoothed itself out into perfect transparency, as though it could not too gloriously reflect the beauteous countenance of the bright king of day. Even the water lilies raised their tender heads that a glint of their creamy lips might show they were ready to give back for the sun-kiss, all that lay in their fragrant hearts.

I forgot everything else as I pushed off my hat, and clasped my hands for a part in the benediction. It came quivering and sparkling at first, as the gleam of some quiet joy comes upon us in delicious bits of splendor; and then the whole great volume of light poured itself lavishly out, as though the hand of God had opened, and there was nothing more to give or ask, so soul-flooding was the benison.

My poor human eyes were dazzled with the glory, and I looked down into the clear water for a bit of earth-born shading, before I could gaze upon the sky again, just as we look into other hearts for a reflection of our joy, that, unsympathized with theirs, might intensify to pain.

I know my tears fell into the lily-cups as I leaned to the other side of the boat, but they were not tears that could mar the softest down of the perfume-laden petals. How each waxen

leaf had opened, and every grateful heart unfolded. And I am afraid the tears came faster, as Mr. Talbot removed his hat and said, reverently, "All Thy works do praise Thee!"

But his words had brought me back to the realization that I was not alone, and now that the deeper feeling had passed, the tears went with it, and I laughed and blushed, like any other foolish maiden, when he laid the lily-wreath he had twined caressingly upon my head. Oh, what a happy time we had. And how delicious was the thrill of life that trembled through my veins, and something deeper seemed to thrill there too; I know not what it was, but I think Mr. Talbot felt the same, for his face was strangely beaming as he clasped my hand. We often feel like taking every one into our warmest friendship, when our hearts are vibrating under the touch of "the electric chord that makes the whole world kin."

Suddenly I was conscious of some disturbing element in the peaceful scene. I cannot explain it, except by the magnetism an evil heart endeavors to throw about its opponent. The feeling was but momentary, but in that moment, as my eye glanced searchingly into the thickly-wooded grove that skirted the western border of the pond, I'm sure I caught a flutter of scarlet and a raven shadow. It might have been but the turning of some poisonous red leaf of the wood in hasty shame from the face of the light, or the hurrying of mighty shadows from the open realm of day. I think my cheek paled a little, for my companion looked searchingly at me, then rowed once or twice round the pond, shooting back soon to our starting point.

"Well," he said, as I sprang from the boat, scarcely touching his offered hand, "shall you count this one of your pleasant mornings?"

"Too pleasant; too happy almost ever to be enjoyed again," I said, forgetting the construction he might place upon my words.

"I trust not," he replied, generously, though the light leapt up to his eye; "youth and health find enjoyment in many a less inspiring scene."

We waited long for Antonia the next day, but she did not come, and our party, with Mr. Channing and Fred Ramsey, started out for a ramble. No place in the vicinity was left unexplored, and after a while we found ourselves by the wood, near the "lily pond."

"Oh! let's go into the bushes after winter-green berries," cried one, and we all started forward. We had reached the densest part of the forest, when my shoe became unfastened, and I stooped to secure the lacing, when I caught a glitter of steel under a broken bough. I pushed aside the twigs, and found it was a small poniard, its hilt encrusted with jewels—opals, I noticed, as, with a shudder at their reputed influence, I slipped the elegant but dangerous toy into my pocket. How came it there? Who could have lost it? And with

the wonder came the recollection of the flash and the shadow I had half-seen, half-imagined the day before. I had no time to follow out my train of thought, for the girls called me to come forward, for they had found the spicy berries they sought, and were gathering them with a will. They were not agreeable to my taste just then. A deadly miasma seemed to have settled over everything around, as the breath of the Upas taints all that its leaves overshadow.

The air seemed stifling, and I turned toward a more open part of the wood, where the breeze lifted the swaying leaves. Mr. Talbot followed me, but I bid him "hush" as something caught my ear. We both glanced toward the edge of the water, whence the sound seemed to come, and there was Antonia De Lancie, her black hair streaming down her shoulders, her eye searching with terrible intentness along the margin of the lake. She stepped with a careful cat-like tread, turning every leaf of the trailing poisonous vine, reckless of the noxious touch; throwing aside the mud from the gnarled tree-roots, unmindful of its pollution. What was she looking for? Held I the fearful object of her search within the folds of my dress?

I was spell-bound as I gazed at her, and Mr. Talbot remained silent. She grew discouraged, at last, threw back her clinging hair impatiently, snapped the scarlet ribbon that held her wrist, looked mockingly at the severed band, clenched her hands wildly together as in fear, and struck at her forehead as if in anger; her eyes still gleaming in opalescent lustre, her lips muttering some fearful gibberish that grew maniacal and weird-like as its sound was wafted to us by the fitful motion of the intercepting trees. The girls, some distance off, were quiet at their work, and she did not notice us, who were almost entirely concealed from her as she passed. She was too much absorbed in her own thoughts; her face was deadly pale, almost haggard, in its expression of abject fear. I involuntarily shrank closer to my companion's side as she paused a moment and looked piercingly around on the ground. She changed her course soon and disappeared from view, and I looked into Mr. Talbot's eyes, and he looked into mine. Neither of us spoke; there was a look of concentration, almost of pain, about his fine mouth, that, nevertheless, was sternly set as he waited silently with his arm about me for me to recover from the strange shudder that shook my frame like an aspen, and set my teeth to chattering as I felt the movement of the concealed poniard against my side.

"Take me home," I gasped, scarcely able to articulate.

"Soon," he replied, quietly. "We must go on the rest, and you must not carry so much to incite a questioning that would but we have seen. I will gather

the leaves from this oak, and you must make me a wreath."

And he climbed the tree, and strew down leafy showers upon me. Then he came down, and we sat together on the rock, and plaited the leaves quietly, until the others, grown weary of waiting, came gleefully toward us. Then he took up an armful of green, scattered it all over my head, with a playful remark that brought back the color to my face and the sparkle to my eye.

"How very exclusive in your leafy bower!" said Lizzie Archer. "Are we everyday mortals trespassing on your bliss, and dissipating all your exquisite fancies?"

I gave her some saucy reply, and we started homeward, Mr. Channing walking persistently by my side as Lizzie gayly led Mr. Talbot captive.

I could see that he endeavored to appear natural, though his witty companion failed to evoke his usual merry laugh. He is pained, thought I, and he loves Antonia, and yet why did he not go to her in her distress? His gentlemanly kindness and considerate delicacy probably held him back.

I put my hand into my pocket thoughtlessly, and touched the hilt of the weapon. I must tell him of it. How could I with all my fearful thoughts concerning it? And yet, of course, he did not share them, and he would return it to her, if it were hers, much more gracefully than I could do. I whispered him to come to the garden-seat as soon after dinner as he could do so unobserved, and wait for me if I were not there; the girls I knew would not be there at that hour. I blushed at my temerity, but he did not appear to think me unmaidenly when he replied in a low tone that he would come.

I did not wish to assume an air of mystery, so when I found him there, and we sat down together, I told him what I had found, and produced it as naturally as though it had been a lost key. It was, in some way, to him, I feared, as I noticed his rapid change of expression as he took it from me. I told him simply how and when I found it. His eyes questioned me still, but he did not speak. He knew of what I was thinking, no doubt. He turned it over in his hand, looking minutely at the opals, and started strangely when he noticed one was gone. Without speaking he took from his vest pocket a ring, an *opal*, set round with burning rubies, and examined it. The gleaming, changing stone might have been taken from the vacant socket as to the size and coloring. I'm sure he felt convinced it had once rested there. He handed me the jewel. Inside the circlet was inscribed "From A. to W." When I returned it to him, he placed it on his finger. I suddenly bade him not, but he half-smiled and kept it there.

"You will take that away?" I asked, point-

ing to the weapon he held. "I cannot sleep if it is near me."

"I will take it; but, Miss Jessie, all this must rest between you and me."

I bowed; I could not talk, I was weary and sick at heart. When we went back to the house, I could hardly believe but I had been under some strange hallucination in the morning, for there sat Miss De Lencie, practising the new music with the rest; the scarlet band unruffled, her hair in its polished ripple. The bloom on her cheek might have been artificial, but it was there in all its freshness, and it deepened and spread all over her glorious face as in giving her hand to Mr. Talbot she touched his ring, and glanced down to see the light of the opal and the rubies mingled into one liquid, tremulous drop. She had given him the ring, I saw; the bright flame of love, overpowering the half-avowed design in winning him, was expressed in its blended gleam. And he—~~he~~ put on the signet in my presence, and had come back and clasped her hand upon it. Could he love her, and did he mean to show me, spite of all my fears and vague suspicions, that *now* he openly trusted and claimed her? Why should he not, indeed, wild heart? Should *my* dislike preclude him from *all* love?

I rose dispirited the next morning. The air was heavy and oppressive. Mr. Talbot remained in his room, writing letters for the morning mail. In the afternoon several telegrams came to him, and afterwards I heard him ask aunt if she would keep him a little longer, as he must remain on business for a time, instead of returning to the city the latter part of the week as he intended. Then he came to me and asked me to go with him to Mattie's. We drove rapidly along; he was abstracted and I gloomy, and when we reached the house, I went directly into my sick friend, he remaining in the parlor awhile with Mrs. Brown.

He came in at length, greeted Mattie kindly, sat down beside her, and rested his hand on the arm of her chair. The flash of his ring attracted her notice, and she gazed a moment at it with dilating eyes and clenched teeth, and a low moan of anguish broke from her heart, and a stream of scarlet life-blood flowed from her lips. Mr. Talbot bid me close the door as he lifted her to the bed, and covered her stained garments that her mother might not see. But the hemorrhage was slight, and she did not lose her consciousness, but looked at her attendant so earnestly that he asked:—

"What is it, Mattie?"

"The ring," she replied; "will you let me see it?"

"Not if it makes you worse, my friend."

"It will not; it is all in my heart—this is only the overflow," she said, faintly.

He gave her the ring, and she looked closely at it, the color flushing dimly in her cheek as she saw the initials. She whispered something

that I did not catch, and then said: "It is the same. O Will, lost Will!"

"You must not talk," urged Mr. Talbot, though I saw by the increasing pallor of his own face that he felt more than ordinary interest in the matter.

Mattie smiled. "It will make but a few days' difference; I shall see him all the sooner, and you are my friend. You must not wear this ring again. The red glow stands for Willie's blood, the baleful, changing beauty for his temptress' smiles. She drew his heart away from me by her insinuating wiles, and this was the pledge of her unholy passion for him. He broke away from her snares at last, and came back to me; but he kept the ring to mind him of his folly, he said; but when he was murdered the ring was gone, and a delicate but deadly knife remained forgotten in the wound. I can see the gleam of its opals now," and she shuddered. "While in the dismay and confusion, some one went out for the proper witnesses, the room was entered and the knife taken, but this was accidentally dropped. I found it and I kept it," and she drew from under her pillow a dainty handkerchief with a name upon it.

Mr. Talbot grew still paler as he looked at it. "You could not discover the last name?" he asked of Mattie.

"No," she replied; "the first is not a common one, and I never heard of any one who bore it."

"Then you do not know the name of her who exerted this wonderful influence over your friend?"

"No, I would not ask, and he never told me; but she knew where I lived, for she entered my home and killed him; I knew it was her, for no other one hated him as she who had once loved him."

All this was said gaspingly, and in detached sentences, and I observed what Mattie did not notice, that Mr. Talbot had written down each word as it fell from her trembling lips. He changed the subject then, and soothed her, then sang, in his low melodious voice, a beautiful hymn, and we went out. He gave a few hurried directions to the nurse, as I talked to Mrs. Brown, and we sadly went homeward. We had not spoken till he helped me from the carriage, then he said:—

"Do you think we could interest Miss De Lencie in Mattie enough to secure her a visit?"

"I think she would go at your request," I replied.

"I will bring it about, then, if possible. Sweetheart," he added, as if to himself, his eyes growing dewy.

"Sweetheart," indeed! base heart, false heart," I thought. The Sabbath intervened between this conversation and Antonia's visit to Mattie. I did not wish to go, but Mr. Talbot urged me, and I reluctantly consented. It

was a long walk, but we were young and strong and did not mind. When we reached the house we were told to go directly to Mattie's room; she was there alone, hoping we would come. I hung back a while till the meeting between Antonia and Mattie was passed. I had a foolish dread of seeing them together, and ere I had gained courage to go in, Antonia rushed through the door and up the street like a fierce wind, and Mr. Talbot dashed after her without his hat. Mrs. Brown looked alarmed, but I made some natural explanation, as I went into the sick-room.

Mattie lay back in her easy chair smiling a little sadly, but she did not look excited or startled. "Did I frighten the lady away?" she asked, "or is she peculiar in her ways?"

"Rather peculiar," I replied, rejoiced that her manner had no ill effect. "No doubt she felt too full of life and hope to look calmly on your pale cheek. I fear she has not the assurance that all would be well with her if she were in your place."

"Then I would not exchange places with her unless my beloved was on earth, as hers is; she loves my kind physician, I saw at a glance. I am sorry if she is his choice, I thought—I had hoped so differently," she said, looking half shyly at me. "I do not like her; I fear her face will haunt me."

I had no reply to make, and I dropped my eyes; they fell on the open locket Mattie held in her hand; the clear, frank eyes of the miniature looked into mine, and I gazed at them admiringly. Mattie noticed my look.

"Oh," she said, blushing faintly, and closing the case quickly, "I forgot; I fell asleep while looking at it; the entrance of your friends woke me, and I did not put it away. But you may look at it now. It is Will, poor murdered Will!" and she laid herself back on the chair, a deadly pallor overspreading her face.

Antonia had seen it, then. But I would not allow myself to think; I soon bade Mattie "good-by," took Mr. Talbot's hat, and went out on the road. They were waiting for me, I saw, when I turned the abrupt bend in the street. I made no haste, for Mr. Talbot was talking earnestly to Antonia, soothing her, no doubt, in love tones, for her head was drooping, her cheeks kindling, then paling, I could see. I slackened even my slow pace, that I might not come too suddenly upon them. They saw me, at last, and came to meet me. I gave Mr. Talbot his hat, but I did not look at him. I did not care at all for anybody in the world, much less for him; but I asked Antonia why she left so strangely.

"I cannot tell myself," she replied; "there was something deathly in that girl's face. I am afraid of death," she added, shudderingly, covering her face as if to shut out some horrid spectre. "Don't take me there again," and she clasped Mr. Talbot's arm beseechingly.

We went over the remainder of the road with only now and then a word, our companions supporting us both, half carrying Antonia, I felt, while my hand rested lightly on his arm. The utter weakness that I felt should not be a weight upon his kindness.

He went away the next morning before I was up. I suppose Antonia knew he was going, for she did not come to us for several days; when she did she was herself again; but she voted croquet the dullest game she knew, and if the girls would play she would not stay with them. I was disengaged, and she put her arm through mine. "Let's off for a walk," she said; "I am in sympathy with your quiet mood and these twilight shadows."

I could offer no plausible excuse, so I suffered her to lead me, not caring much whither. The sombre twilight soon gave way to the play of the silver moonbeams, and they flickered across our pathway, decoying us onward by their fitful light. Antonia's grasp tightened on my arm, the light in her eye intensified, the color on her cheek grew vivid and burning as she talked in a mild way of the spirits that dwelt in the shadows, and their influence over mortals, till my overwrought imagination peopled the adjacent woods with myriads of strange creatures with lurid eyes and mocking, beckoning hands.

I was too frightened and she too intent upon her object, to notice anything else, till a quick, firm step sounded near us, and Antonia turned with an angry, baffled expression toward the intruder. I started a little myself at the sight of a stranger; but he was a human being, and he seemed a friend, coming, as he did, when I was approaching frenzy.

He lifted his hat, and said to my companion, "I believe I address Miss Antonia De Lancie."

"That is my name," she replied, haughtily; "will you make way for us to pass on? This is hardly the place for a stranger to accost me."

"I beg your pardon, if I am rude," he replied, placing an iron grasp on her beautiful wrist, "but, Antonia De Lancie, in the name of the law I arrest you as the masked actress of — Theatre, and the wilful murderess of William Norton!"

For one terrible moment she reeled and almost fainted, but with a superhuman effort she rallied, thrust her bound arm into her bosom, and, before he comprehended her design, drew forth a pistol and lodged a ball in his shoulder, pushed me violently to the ground, and sped away, we knew not whither. I was not hurt, only stunned, and I soon recovered enough to go toward the stranger; he was groaning terribly, and his face looked ghastly in the moonlight. What could I do alone in this dreary place? My first impulse was to run for help, but I considered that some one would hear the report of the pistol and come to us. I lifted the poor man's head to my lap, and wiped the

dew of pain from his forehead. I was not wrong in my conjecture, for soon I saw Mr. Talbot's form coming rapidly toward us, followed by Mr. Channing and uncle. I explained hastily. Uncle took me, while the others lifted the wounded man, tenderly and carried him forward to the hotel. I cannot tell how the next week went by. We were all in excitement. Detectives were employed for the capture of the adventuress; her whole shameful story came out.

The dreadful particulars of William Norton's murder were familiar to uncle's family and Mr. Talbot. Indeed, we had all heard more or less through the papers at the time. But six months had passed, and, though strong suspicions had rested on the masked actress, she had preserved her incognito so well that until now she had successfully eluded pursuit, or even recognition, in the person of Miss De Lancie. Her character was anything but lovely and of good report, and aunt was horrified that she had permitted her to associate with us. The girls were shocked and indignant, though they insisted that during their acquaintance with her she never had revealed to them a glimpse of her evil heart. Mr. Talbot was silent on the subject. It was evidently a most painful one to him, though he had caused her to be apprehended, I felt assured.

Another week dragged itself wearily by, and yet no trace of the guilty one, and the officers except one had left. Lizzie Archer had bidden us farewell, and I was to go the next day. It had been a happy time, but for the unlooked-for ending, and I wanted to take a good-by look at all the frequented places. So on the last afternoon of my stay, I went out of the garden gate unobserved by the girls, and wended my way toward Mattie's; I never should see her again. To reach her house, I must needs pass the entrance to "lily pond" grove, and as I reached it, I had a strange longing to enter it once more. I had nothing to fear, with the bright sun dispersing all the gloom that surrounded it, and the evil heart had fled away forever. Yet, as I walked on, something beside my own will seemed to lead me. I noticed the apparently careless sprinkling of wintergreen leaves without attaching any particular meaning thereto, except it minded me of the other hour I passed there, and some other thoughts, *warm* ones, perhaps, clustered around the withered oak leaves blown in my path.

I forgot my surroundings, and only remembered myself, as I sat down on the same seat *he* and I had occupied together. Our lives mingled for a short time, pleasantly in the main, but now we were to be separated. The evil influence had taken itself away and hidden under its own black wings, and I was going out from under the protecting power into a way of my own approaching.

The sun had withdrawn his cheering beams, and evening with its dew and shadow was fast gathering there; so, perhaps, they would sometime close in around my heart and life. I looked hastily around, half-frightened, I scarce knew at what; but a low, entrancing music had reached my ears, and a little distance off, with torn, disordered dress, and hair unkempt, and glaring eyes, stood the murderess; her gaunt finger beckoning with slow, meaning emphasis for me to come, while the other hand was raised in caution. I did not move; astonishment rendered me powerless, and then her hands dropped listlessly, and her attitude grew abjectly pitiful in its mute appeal.

She was a woman and in distress, and I went to her. "She was innocent," she said, but I did not credit that, "and friendless, and starving, and tired of crouching there in the bushes with the scream of the night-owl echoing in her ear." She begged me to give her money, that she might go away at the midnight, when only spirits walked, and reach some lonely, secluded place, where hearts were simple, and minds were just.

I gave her what money I had, and offered her some jewels, but she would not take them; she dared not exchange them for bread. Then she thanked me and I turned to go; but like a tigress she sprang upon me, hissed fearful words into my ear, glared her hollow eyes upon me, and clenched her bony fingers around my throat. I thought my last hour had come, for she was mad with hunger and hate, and all the evil in her nature predominated. If ever I needed protection, it was then. Would God send me my deliverer? Yes, almost before my thought he came from the bank of the lake with a stride that compassed all the distance, and dashed the maniac's hand aside. Oh! the ribald, fearful oath she flung back at him and me, as with taunting gesture she turned from us, and fled from our sight with the speed of an arrow.

Oh! how sad was Mr. Talbot's face. The dark circles deepened under his eyes, and his firm lip quivered as he placed me on the grass and seated himself beside me. I had been too terrified to faint, and now I thought more of his suffering than of my own. It seemed so dreadful to have loved one who had proven herself so utterly unworthy; and that he loved her I felt sure, for he was kissing the very print of her nails in my throat. At last, I told him all that had passed. He said I did wrong to help her; justice demanded that she should be overtaken. He must go then and put an officer on her track, or she would altogether escape them. But I clung to him and would not let him go, and told him "I was glad to be only a woman, if a sense of justice could prompt a man to tear out his heart."

"But, Mattie," he asked; "shall not her sorrow be avenged?"

"Mattie is going, even now, where all human passion and suffering shall have passed away."

"The parents," he urged; "does not their woe call for the punishment of this traitress and murderess?"

But I shook my head. "It is well," I said, "that women need not make and execute the laws; their hearts would free all the criminals in the land."

He looked down into my face; the great tears trembled on his lashes, and I knew he thanked me; but I could not bear the sight, and I told him I had understood it all, and for *his* sake I would not wish her convicted, feeling, as I did, that my own hand had furnished the connecting link in the chain of evidence that could be brought against her.

He looked at me strangely, but then I knew he was half wild with grief. We rose and went toward the edge of the pond. A bit of scarlet ribbon attracted our attention, and stooping to pick it up, Mr. Talbot noticed and pointed out to me what had probably been the hiding-place of Antonia. The earth had been scooped out rudely, and twigs interlaced, and leaves so scattered, as to effectually conceal it from the casual passer. Berries and roots were strewn about the shallow cavern; they had been her only food, no doubt. I shuddered at the thought of her lying there in her voluptuous beauty for so many days and nights; the water-snake coiling about her feet, and the lizard crawling in her hair. Her soft cheek grown thin against the damp earth, her limbs sinking in the slime till they had lost their roundness. I was inexpressibly shocked and saddened, and we turned to go out. We would leave her and her memory environed with gloom, and go out from the place of shadows into the pale, soft light of the summer evening; subdued, because of her crime and distress; tranquil, because of our angel-defended lives and our hopeful future.

Had we all been in ambush together? *She*, crawling beneath the deadly nightshade. *I*, beneath the self-entwining bay-tree, and *he*, close by the stately, self-sustained cedars of Lebanon. It seemed so to me, for when he drew me to his side at the dear, old garden-seat, he whispered words to me that turned the world around. He had loved me every moment of the precious time, and never once Antonia. And I? Oh! quivering, self-deceiving heart of mine, that danced with his words into the very sunlight of bewildering joy, as though no other heart had coveted the bliss, and, failing it, had slunk away into black darkness and withering, blighting cold. What wilt thou answer when One shall ask thee if thou hast bowed down unto and worshipped idols found among this feeble clay?

The clear morning air has lifted the vapors, even from the dark river beyond which Mattie has passed. Her loved ones are looking now to the glad time of their blest reunion, and

Arthur and I are looking partly thitherward, for we go forth to-day hand in hand; with a softened sigh for Mattie, and a tremulous wonder if mayhap Antonia, who was found last night cold and still by the water's edge, had not, like the dying thief, asked and obtained pardon of Him who died for sinners; go forth, not gleefully, as though life were a playtime, but thoughtfully, trustfully, prayerfully forth, lest we may fall with the unwary.

I looked at my beloved first with prejudice and through tears; but the tears have taken on the shimmer of the rainbow, and the dislike grown somehow to enduring love that holds within it the germ, the element of perfect earthly bliss.

SHADOWS.

BY E. BLYN.

A SPIRIT of wretchedness
Hovers around
My heart, in its loneliness
Darkly profound.

A dread, a discouragement,
O'er me have stole;
A cloud of presentiment
Shadows my soul.

A spell of vague restlessness
Throbs through my brain;
My heart is all motionless,
Writhing in pain.

I watch the pale, flickering
Lamp-light contend
Where shadows of evening
Painfully blend.

Its dim rays persistently
Struggle with might,
But grim shadows instantly
Fold them in night.

So, star rays of hopefulness
Stagger about,
Till fate-clouds in hatefulness
Shut them out.

While over my destiny
Shadows enhance,
My darling joins thoughtlessly
The circling dance.

While from her in tenderness
One word of love
Could calm me to gentleness,
Shadows remove.

Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels; first, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms rather than things; and secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ is worth contending about.—*Colton*.

QUICK is the succession of human events; the cares of to-day are seldom the cares of to-morrow; and when we lie down at night, we may safely say to most of our troubles: "Ye have done your worst, and we shall meet no more."—*Cowper*.

THE TWO EDUCATIONS.

IN our colleges, and in most of our seminaries of the higher order, two kinds of education are given. They may be distinguished as the true and the false education. The true education is that which is calculated to benefit the student; the false education is that which is not likely to benefit him, but is given to him merely because it has in former times, or under other circumstances, benefited other students.

If any person were to propose that the youngest class at one of our colleges should devote a whole year to the study of heraldry and the Hindustani language, the public would be a good deal astonished. He might argue that in former times a knowledge of heraldry was deemed an essential part of a good education; that it promotes the study of history, and that, even now, it affords a good income to quite a number of persons in Europe; that the Hindustani language is spoken by many millions of people, and that the study of it is deemed so important in England as to be made obligatory upon the students in certain colleges. He might further urge that these studies would be valuable in exercising various faculties of the mind, such as memory, comparison, analysis, and so forth.

To all such arguments, the reply would at once be made that these studies, though useful in former times and in other places, were not suited to the needs of our day and our country; that all the intellectual advantages they offer can be much better attained through other branches of instruction of a more useful cast; and that, in short, though such teaching would doubtless be education of a certain sort, it would not be a true or real education for students in our seminaries.

Greek, Latin and the abstract mathematics are not so utterly useless to our students as heraldry and Hindustani would be. But the extent to which those branches are taught renders the course of instruction in many of our colleges little better than a false education throughout. To persons who intend to pursue the learned professions, including the profession of teacher, some acquaintance with the classical tongues is certainly of advantage; but a knowledge sufficient to enable the student to read Cæsar and Xenophon is all that is really requisite, and this amount of knowledge is usually attained by the pupil before entering college. As to algebra, although a knowledge of it (like that of Hindustani) is of the utmost importance to certain individuals, and has led to the most valuable results, yet it is certain that not one graduate in ten thousand of those who leave our universities ever makes the slightest practical use of the acquaintance with this branch of study, which he has spent so much time in acquiring.

In looking over the "Catalogue" of Vassar

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College for 1867-8 and the statements appended to it, while seeing much to admire, we find some reason to fear that the munificent provision made by the lamented founder for the education of young women may not produce the beneficial results which were expected from it. The system of education appears to be in many respects eminently a false one. It is based, not on a consideration of the real needs of the students, but on the semi-obsolete systems which have existed in certain ancient universities—Oxford and Cambridge, Harvard and Yale—and which those universities are themselves now discarding as unsuited to the wants of our time. The spirit which presided at the framing of the system is indicated, to an experienced eye, by the very names given to the four annual classes of pupils. These names, "Freshman," "Sophomore," etc.—sufficiently odd and uncouth even in young men's colleges, where ancient custom alone keeps them in use—become simply ridiculous when applied to classes of young ladies. When such terms appear in the catalogue, one is not surprised to find that "for admission to the *Freshman Class*," the student "must be prepared for examination in the following, or in equivalents: Harkness's Introductory Latin Book; Harkness's Reader; Cæsar, four books; Cicero, four orations; Virgil, six books; Harkness's Latin Grammar, complete; Robinson's University Algebra, to equations of second degree; Quackenbos's or Boyd's Rhetoric; Outlines of General History."

There are, it should be said, two regular courses of study in the college, the classical course and the scientific course; but for each course the pupil must be prepared to pass an examination in the works and studies above set forth. It is evident that the devisers of this system firmly believed that a knowledge of heraldry and Hindustani—I beg pardon—of Greek, Latin and algebra was the all-essential requisite in the education of an American lady.

As I have already remarked, it may readily be admitted that some knowledge of the classical languages is an advantage, and that for certain pursuits (which one person in ten thousand may follow) an acquaintance with the abstract mathematics is essential. But for any purpose whatever, the amount of knowledge which the pupil is required to possess for entering Vassar College is ample to enable her to go on, without the assistance of an instructor, to the highest degree of attainment in either of these branches. Surely, after entering the college, her time will be devoted to more useful acquisitions. Here is the list of studies, quoted literally from the catalogue, which the student is to pursue during the "Freshman year," according as she may prefer the "classical" or the "scientific" course:—

CLASSICAL COURSE.

FRESHMAN YEAR.

First Semester.

Latin.—Livy; Arnold's Prose Composition.
Greek.—Polton's Historians; Kühner's Grammar, Syntax; Arnold's Prose Composition.
Mathematics.—Robinson's University Algebra, completed.
English.—Exercises in Composition.

Second Semester.

Latin.—Cicero, de Senectute et Amicitia; Prose Composition.
Greek.—Homer's Iliad, six books; Kühner's Grammar, completed; Prose Composition.
Mathematics.—Loomis's Geometry.
English.—Exercises in Grammatical Analysis.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

FRESHMAN YEAR.

First Semester.

Latin.—Livy; Arnold's Prose Composition.
French.—Poltevin's Grammaire; Larousse's Lexicologie, 1e Année and Howard's Aids to Composition, begun; Scribe and Racine.
Mathematics.—Robinson's University Algebra, completed.
English.—Exercises in Composition.

Second Semester.

Latin.—Cicero, de Senectute et Amicitia; Prose Composition.
French.—Poltevin, Lexicologie, 1e Année and Howard's Aids, completed; Racine and Souvestre.
Mathematics.—Loomis's Geometry.
Botany.—Gray's Lessons and Manual, with Excursions.
English.—Exercises in Analysis.

With the exception of Loomis's Geometry and of the "exercises in composition" and in "grammatical analysis," the whole of the classical course belongs to the system of false education. The student who pursues the studies required by that course may perhaps find herself a little better fitted for the duties of her future life than she would have been if she had spent her time in guessing conundrums or putting together Chinese puzzles, and this is really all that can be said. The scientific course is much better, and I should in justice add that it improves as it goes on in the subsequent years. Yet even this course leaves, on a careful perusal, the impression that it was framed, not so much with a view to the actual needs of the student in the probable pursuits of her after life, as with the idea of furnishing a well-rounded scheme of study in the sciences and modern languages. The most important science of all, chemistry—which may be called the true household science—which, in its different branches of organic and inorganic chemistry, illustrates every department and appliance of our daily life, the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the houses we build, our medicines, our farms, our gardens—this wonderful science, which, in its study of equivalents has the analytic precision of algebra, and is, in its experimental process, as interesting as the Arabian Nights—this science of such transcendental usefulness, that it well deserves to be called the queen of studies, only appears once in each course, and that merely as one of seven studies in the "first semester" of the "senior year." On the other hand, astronomy is pursued

through two years—no doubt an interesting science and of essential use in navigation. But unless the fair students all intend to follow the sea, it really seems that the relative position of the two sciences in the course should be reversed.

The whole system is based on a serious error. Vassar College, it is understood, was established for the excellent purpose of giving to young ladies an education equal to that received by young men at the best universities. The mistake is in considering that this education, to be equal, must be similar to that which young men receive. That education in the older colleges, with all the reforms of recent years, is yet by no means of the best order; but its defects are greatly amended by the subsequent training which the students receive. After leaving college, they usually spend two or three years at other institutions—schools of law, medicine, or divinity—or else under private tuition, where all the instruction they receive is directed to the sole object of preparing them for the duties of after life. To young women, in most cases, this subsequent training is not offered. The seminars in which they are educated should be to them what the law, medical, and divinity schools are to young men. The only pupils to whom this remark will not apply are those ladies who intend to follow the profession of medicine; yet, even to these, the course of studies in Vassar College does not offer by any means the best preliminary instruction. The slight attention given to chemistry sufficiently shows that the requirements of this class of students were not specially considered.

The Board of Trustees of this institution comprises gentlemen of great eminence in many departments, professional, literary, and scientific. The staff of professors and teachers leaves little to be desired. The library, the apparatus, and all the aids to instruction are of the best description. The system alone is in fault; but this fault is so serious that, unless speedily corrected, it may lead to most unfortunate results. When the students leave the college, the defects of their education and the uselessness of many of their acquirements will be apparent to clear-sighted parents and friends, and speedily to the students themselves; and then it may be feared that the experiment of giving to young ladies an education of the highest class will be deemed to have been tried, and to have resulted in failure. Thus this college, established with such noble views and high aspirations for the benefit of the sex, may be the means of dealing its best interests a heavy blow. Let it therefore be clearly understood that the education which the college affords, like that of many of our oldest colleges for young men, is not of the highest order, but rather approaches the lowest. It is based chiefly on the teaching of words and computations; and the fact is certain that the talent of verbal memory and the talent

for computing are two of the lowest faculties of the mind, and are often possessed in a remarkable degree by persons whose mental powers are but little above the grade of idiocy. The inductive sciences belong to faculties of a far higher order; and the civilized world, which is now entering upon their study, looks back upon its former studies of words and numerals with feelings resembling those with which the grown man remembers the occupations of his childhood.

TO MISS H—,
(Of Chapel Hill, N. C.)

BY WM. F. WILLIAMS.

OH! the sick heart is bleeding, and long hath it bled,
While my pale hopes, so shattered, will die!
I cannot be happy, to dwell with the dead
Nor yet with the living, since beauty has fled,
And tears of affection are dry.

In vain to the gay group I hoping depart,
For still sad reflections of thee,
Like spectres, are prowling around the sick heart,
And mutter no solace, nor will they depart,
Or grant a respite unto me.

To see the bright smile of the youthful and gay,
As lovers do murmur of love,
With a heart overflowing I turn me away,
And sigh, as I did on the dream-crushing day
Our pledges were shrouded above.

When the music begins, with its soul-stirring swell,
There's a heart its sweet strains cannot cheer;
For a story of sorrow the violins tell,
And the boom of the drum seems a funeral knell,
As it lingers so doleful and clear.

OH! the sick heart is bleeding, and long hath it bled,
While my pale hopes, so shattered, will die!
I will go, a lamenter, less living than dead,
To battle for honor, since beauty has fled,
And tears of affection are dry.

COURTESY.—THINK OF THIS.

THE power of diffusing happiness, says Doctor Chalmers, is not the exclusive power of the rich. All are capable of it. The poorest man can cheer me by his affection, or distress me by his hatred or contempt. Every man is dependent on another. A piece of neglect, even from the lowest and most contemptible of men, is fit to ruffle the serenity of my happiness; and a civil attention, even from the humblest of our kind, carries a gracious and exhilarating influence along with it. The poorest have it in their power to give or withhold kind or obliging expressions. They have it in their power to give or withhold the smiles of affection and sincerity of a tender attachment. Let not the humble offerings of poverty be disregarded. The man of sentiment knows how to value them; he prizes them as the best deeds of beneficence. They lighten the weary anxieties of this world, and carry him on with a cheerful heart to the end of the journey.

A CRICKET'S STORY.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

CHAPTER I.

I AM a cricket—a busy, brown, noisy little cricket, and I assure you I've seen a good deal of life in my day; of its bright, and of its dark side, too. I will tell my story in a straightforward, natural manner, for I'm a conscientious cricket, and can boast with some degree of truth that I have a natural antipathy to the by-ways, shams, and blind alleys of life that is really (for a little creature like me) quite remarkable.

I am one of a large family of crickets, and, although I am at present on the American side of the water, I was born and raised on the English side, in a very comfortable mansion, and many and many a time I have trilled my cheerful notes as I sat in a cosey corner, warming my little body by a rich English merchant's parlor fire. His letters were addressed: "Wm. Harrison, Esq." Wm. Harrison was his name, and a fine, portly-looking gentleman he was—just the kind of man to go smoothly along, with full sails, a fair wind, and plenty of sea room.

I was attached to this wealthy merchant, for, you know, there is an old adage to the effect that, if you love a person, you must necessarily love everything that belongs to that person, and I loved the old gentleman's daughter most truly, most sincerely. Somebody else loved her, too; a French gentleman, he called himself, a count something or other (I never could master those French names well), and I was very jealous of him. Now I know it was exceedingly foolish for a cricket to be jealous of a French nobleman, but, still, I couldn't help it, and when his patent-leather boots glided over the carpet, and his soft, silky voice said: "How is my dear Miss Lucy?" I positively hated him, and always made it a rule not to sing a single note while he was in the house.

Sometimes I had her all to myself. Ah! those were pleasant evenings. She would sit with some little trifle of fancy work in her hands, working quietly hour after hour, with such a look of content in her sweet blue eyes, and her beautiful brown hair falling in curls about her face and neck, brightening here and there into strands of gold as the firelight played upon it, that I quite doted upon her. My happiness on these occasions was wonderful, and I exerted myself to sing for her to that extent that I was hoarse for days after. Sometimes the merchant would come in and disturb her happy thoughts (I know they were happy), and she would turn her face towards him, and kiss him, and give him such a smile of welcome that I almost envied him. I was magnanimous enough, however, only to sing the louder, and then she would say:—

"My dear father, just listen to the cricket.

Surely, you're going to make a very lucky speculation." (This is an old English superstition, and not to be relied upon.)

Her father would say : "Yes, my dear, but I don't care anything about crickets. I don't believe in them ; indeed, I'd rather not hear them."

"O father," she would say, "I love them dearly, and this little singer particularly, for he seems to be ever singing of a happy future. You know how happy we are at present ; I should like to think that our happiness will last."

I remember well the evening when she said these words. The old man sighed, and a dark shadow came over his face, a darker shadow than I had ever seen there before. Then the servant brought in the tea, and the room was brilliantly lighted, and Lucy sat at the table, and chatted gayly, and attended to her father's wants ; but he was strangely silent, and soon after tea he went to his room.

Then that odious Frenchman came, and brought with him his odious guitar, and Lucy listened to his soft strains and whispered speeches with such a light in her eyes, and such a glow upon her cheeks, that I longed to bite him. She was an only child, and, as her mother had died many years before, when Lucy was a little child, and her father had remained a widower from that time, she had long reigned the sole mistress of the fine old English mansion—its loving, merry, cheerful, light-hearted mistress.

But a change was coming. I noticed it coming little by little, bit by bit, ever since the night that the shadow came upon the master's face and seemed to stay there. Poor, innocent Lucy ! she never dreamed what that shadow meant. She didn't see it grow longer and darker as I from my quiet corner did, and one night she quite startled me by saying to her father : "What can be the matter with my cricket ? I haven't heard his voice for a week."

And her father said : "I cannot tell, my dear," and then he looked sadly at the fire, and muttered something about the wheel of fortune, and some going up and some coming down.

Lucy looked surprised and anxious, and said : "My dear father, is there anything the matter ? You look pale ; are you ill ?"

"No, my daughter, I am not ill. Well, well, fortune is a fickle goddess ; we may not trust her. Some go up and some go down," and stooping over her he softly smoothed her shining hair, and then went to his room, and we saw him no more that night.

A day or two passed away with their usual freight of joy and sorrow, and then the joy went from our home, and the sorrow remained with us. Wm. Harrison, Esq., merchant, was a bankrupt. And I heard him say, in a strange,

broken kind of a way, to his daughter : "You see, my dear, in my old age I have come to beggary, and there is nothing left to me, nothing. Houses, lands, even the very furniture, all gone—a perfect wreck—and what am I ? A perfect wreck, too, drifting amongst the broken timbers."

"My dear father, I am left to you, and I'm young and strong, and we have many friends."

"Yes, Lucy, I have *you*," he answered, rather bitterly. "Do you think that there is any satisfaction to me in knowing that *you* must suffer through *my* mistake ? And as to many friends, they will pass from our pathway as quickly as the clouds sail over the summer sky. Friendship seldom keeps company with poverty."

Lucy couldn't believe in that doctrine, however, and she exerted herself to raise her father's drooping spirits, and looked so bright and blooming, and there was so much music in her voice, that I became quite cheerful myself, and managed to sing for full five minutes for her benefit, although my voice shook a good deal, and I was altogether out of sorts.

Well, time passed on. The rich merchant's affairs were almost wound up, and Lucy had plenty of time to think of her troubles, for very few of her many friends had crossed the threshold of her home since poverty had touched its inmates. The count came occasionally ; and, one evening, with a great deal of false show of sympathy, he asked Lucy to name an early day for their marriage. He wished to go to Paris ; they could live there very happily, and they would never come back to England—he didn't like it—so cold, so gray.

My poor Lucy actually loved this man, and I, it is impossible for me to tell you how I hated him. But, then, you see, I was only a cricket, and what did it matter ? There are very few persons, indeed, who would care for a cricket.

"But my father," she faltered, "what would become of *him* ? I couldn't leave my dear father in his great trouble," and she looked earnestly at him.

"Ah ! my angel," he said, "your father is old enough ; he can care for himself. Let him do it. He will get a situation ; he will do very well."

"I cannot leave my father," said Lucy, more firmly. "My poor father ! I couldn't be so ungrateful, so wicked."

"Very well," he said. "Ah ! I see, you don't care for me. You choose between us ; you stay with your father. I release you ; I wish you joy. You do not wish to marry ; you never loved me. You English are like your climate—cold, cold, nothing but frost and snow—not like sunny France. Once more I wish you joy. I kiss my hand to you ; I say farewell." The door closed and he left the house.

Poor Lucy sat very still, looking at the fire, and I crept out of my corner to look at her.

The bright firelight played upon her sad, quiet-looking face, and lighted up her beautiful hair, and tears were falling from her soft blue eyes, and some of them fell upon my little brown back, and I was so grieved (you will, perhaps, hardly believe it, but I was indeed so grieved), that I actually trembled, and shrieked with pain.

The old gentleman never missed the count, and never asked any questions about him, and I could see that Lucy was glad that it should be so. And when everything was settled up, he and his daughter found that there was enough left from the wreck of their fortunes to *take them to a foreign land.

"We will go to America, my dear," said Mr. Harrison. "We will begin life over again; everything is so changed with me, I cannot stay here."

"Yes, father," was Lucy's cheerful reply, "we will go whenever you please. In that glorious land, so noted for its plenty and its hospitality, two strangers, such as we shall be, may make an honorable and perhaps successful effort to retrieve our fortunes."

And so Lucy began to pack up her little treasures (gifts of affection which had been presented to her from time to time), and her own and her father's wardrobe. She brought these articles into the parlor, and knelt upon the rug before the fire, as she arranged them and put them all in order. You may be sure that I sang for her, and gave her all the encouragement I possibly could.

One night, as she was kneeling there, she picked up a newspaper that her father had been reading (he had dropped it on the floor), and she read in it an account of her lover's marriage. The count had married an English lady of fortune. He had been dividing his attentions between her and my Lucy from the time that Mr. Harrison's wheel of fortune took its first turn in the wrong direction. Well, he was a quick observer, and he knew as soon as the merchant did when the first stroke of misfortune came.

My Lucy's face was a study as she read the little paragraph. There was the deepest crimson in her cheeks I ever saw, and such a look of grief and scorn in her bright eyes, I really didn't think they were capable of taking that expression. I never saw them look like that before. "And so," she said, "he has married, and gained ten thousand pounds. I wish him joy," and then she laughed, but there was no music in her laugh; I didn't like to hear it. And then, after a while, she cried a little, but not for him. I'm quite sure the tears fell not for him. They dropped silently and heavily for lost trust, and hope, and faith. She knew that these had gone back to her happy childhood, and would never brighten her life again.

Well, we sailed. I couldn't think of being left behind, and so I snugly settled myself in

one of the folds of Lucy's travelling dress. We sailed; and I must say that I never saw an English sky look more beautiful than it did on that morning when we slowly steamed down the Mersey. The soft white fleecy clouds were pure and lovely, as, taking many a fantastic form, they floated gracefully beneath the deep dark blue. And the air was fresh and balmy, and had that wonderful property in it of bracing and brightening everybody up to that degree, that even I, a poor, sorrowful little cricket, felt its influence, and almost betrayed myself to Lucy by quite unconsciously chirping out a little. The Mersey itself was a beautiful sight to see, with its ships of every size, all outward bound, and with their white sails gliding along, all shining in the sunlight. Ah! it was well for each and every one of us that we couldn't know all the sorrows of the heavy hearts, over which smiling eyes kept watch and ward, as the shores of England slowly receded from our sight.

CHAPTER II.

WE settled down very comfortably in a small house in the city of New York, and were very well pleased with the house and with the city; though I may say, in perfect confidence, that the house was a little too small, and very inconvenient, and was situated in a rather out-of-the-way place; but then rents were high, and as our means were really very limited, we had to put up with these little drawbacks, and be satisfied.

Lucy declared that she was more than satisfied; that it was a perfect little handbox of a place, and that she didn't see how any person could feel anything but glad after coming safely over the great ocean, and enduring all the anxieties of its uncertain perils; "indeed," she continued, "I don't think such ingratitude is possible; and really our house is very nice, and the bustle of the great city is cheering, and the bay is magnificent!"

"Yes, my love, you are quite right to make the best of everything," said her father, rather despondingly.

I listened to Lucy's remarks, and thought that in speaking of the place as a handbox, she had done it justice; although for my own part I don't like handboxes, not that I'm at all particular about myself—a cricket can be as cosy in one chimney corner as in another—and if I hadn't quite as much hearthstone to walk upon as I had been accustomed to, I couldn't blame anybody for that; and if I was a stranger in a strange land, I became one of my own free will; and there was one great advantage to me in the small room, I could cause a perfect flood of melody to fill it without straining my voice in the least. But then my poor Lucy! I fancied that she really *didn't* like it—that she

missed the handsome parlors, the well-filled library, the broad stairways, and the comforts and luxuries of her English home; and that all her cheerful ways and pleasant words were only—to use a homely phrase—make believe.

Well, if they were, I never saw a person able to do up that kind of thing to such perfection as she did. She quite imposed upon her father; he believed at last that his failure had been a blessing to her, and that its ill consequences had passed harmlessly over her head. I knew better than that; but then, as she said, she was young and strong, and I hoped she would be strong enough to bear the burden she had taken upon herself.

As to Mr. Harrison, he sunk into a kind of lethargy for a while, and then he suddenly awoke to the fact that it was necessary that he should make an effort. One morning after breakfast, he said: "I am going out, Lucy, to look for a situation. I might take a clerk's position for a while, until something better offered."

She smiled, brightly, and told him that she was very glad, and that no doubt it would be a stepping-stone to something better, and her dear father would be prospered in the future as he had been in the past.

And then, when the door closed, and she had removed the things from the breakfast-table, and put the little parlor in order, and had given her attention to all the matters belonging to her little household, she drew her work-stand up to the fire, and sewed away very steadily; and as she worked, I noticed that her face wore a very sober expression—a look of painful thought. The brightness had all gone out of it, and she was pale and sad, and the room looked dark and comfortless; and although I chirped out one of my best strains, at its conclusion I became quite melancholy and homesick—a very unpleasant feeling, I can assure you.

At one o'clock Mr. Harrison came home in a desponding state of mind. "You see, my dear," he said, "business is unsettled at present; merchants are discharging their old clerks, instead of taking on new ones; and I didn't bring letters of introduction; there are many difficulties in my way. Strangers are looked upon with suspicion; our chances are small, and I really don't know what to do."

"Well, never mind," said Lucy, "you will have better fortune next time; and in the end you will surmount all difficulties."

"It may be so," said the merchant, doubtfully. "I don't see it in that light myself, though; but still it may be so, and as I'm very tired, Lucy, I'll take my dinner now."

She brought the dinner, and entertained him while they were at the table; but he told her very little of his morning's adventures; he was weary, he thought he would rest; and, spreading a silk handkerchief over his head, he was soon in his dreams at the head of a pros-

perous business, and had ships of his own, heavily laden with merchandise, dancing over the blue waves to foreign ports, where they would leave their wares, and then hurry back with the merchant's gold.

Well, somebody has said that "dreams are but echoes of our waking thoughts." These dreams were certainly not likely to be realized, and Mr. Harrison's thoughts before he went to sleep could hardly have been of such a character as to justify them; and as to Lucy, I don't think that if her thoughts were echoed to her in dreams, they would have given her any pleasure at all, for she had a faculty of trying to look ahead on the sea of life, and, just then looking, she couldn't see anything but breakers; and as these breakers were heavy and rough, and beat against a rocky coast, the dim, uncertain light that struggled across the waste of waters from the lighthouse, gave her but little comfort; for it only served to show her the dangers of the coast, and that coast was poverty—without pointing out the means by which she might escape from it.

"I must see what I can do," she said, as she stopped sewing for a few minutes, and looked at the fire. "Our money is nearly all gone, and if I should sell my watch, and the few articles of jewelry I have, the little I should get for them would soon go, too. We *must* find the means to live;" and then she sighed. "I might get a situation as daily governess, or give music lessons;" and then she read carefully through the long columns of advertisements in one of the daily papers, and, after cutting out two or three of them and putting them in her purse, she sewed on steadily till the light began to fade in the west, and then she lighted a lamp, and stirred up the fire to make the room look cheerful and pleasant, and her father awoke quite refreshed with his nap, and they had tea. A stranger looking in upon them would have thought that they were very happy—the old man and his daughter—that they were in what is called middling circumstances, and that they hadn't either of them a single thought of care to sadden their lives. In fact they looked so cheerful, that I was almost deceived myself; and as they seemed determined to make the best of everything, I assisted them to my utmost ability by singing, with great power, my sweetest strains, and filling the room with melody, that, in my humble opinion, rivalled any opera—English or Italian.

The next morning the merchant went out again, and Lucy prepared to follow his example. As I had determined always to be with her, I quietly climbed into her watch-pocket, and we set off very comfortably together. She walked a long way, and then rang the door-bell of a handsome villa in a retired street.

After waiting a few minutes in an elegantly-furnished parlor, a lady entered, dressed in a flowing white wrapper, from which floated a

quantity of trimmings of lace and ribbons ; and, looking languidly at her young visitor for a few seconds, said : " Ah ! I suppose you have come after the nursery maid's place ? It was filled to my satisfaction yesterday. I don't think you would have suited me in any case."

Lucy, very much surprised and distressed by her reception, said she must have been mistaken in the number of the house ; the situation she was applying for, was that of governess.

"Governess? Ah! yes; I do want a governess; but really," observed the lady, "I should not have supposed that you were fitted for that from your appearance. I require a great deal from my governess; my daughters are almost young ladies. They have some knowledge of music, and French, and fancy needlework, and a great many things. Can you teach music, and singing, and French?"

Lucy thought she was capable of giving satisfaction.

"Well, give me your references. But really I don't think you will suit me; I should prefer a much older person. As to salary, it will be time enough to talk about that if I engage you."

Lucy said that as she and her father were strangers in the country, she could only refer to her father; he would satisfy her as to their respectability.

"Your father for a reference! Dear me, I never heard of such a thing; and strangers, too! I couldn't think of taking you; I could not even be sure that you were honest. How could you think for a moment that I would trust my dear girls with a person without a character?"

She was still talking in this strain when Lucy closed the front door and walked quickly down the street, pulling her veil over her face to hide from passers-by the indignant color that was burning in her cheeks. She made one or two other applications which were also unsuccessful. I could see by the expression of her countenance, when we came home, that she had utterly failed. I didn't hear the conversation that passed at the other houses, for I cried so much, and felt so cramped up in the watch-pocket, that a slight deafness, accompanied with a strange sensation in my head, attacked me, and I didn't recover my usual spirits and powers of observation till I had been settled for some time in my corner by the fire, and then I noticed that Lucy had taken off her bonnet and shawl; had arranged her hair, and was getting her own and her father's dinner ready.

Mr. Harrison came in soon, and his daughter looked quickly at his face, and, as if not satisfied with what she saw there, looked away again.

"Well, my love," said the old gentleman, slowly, "this business of looking for a situation is very discouraging; in fact, I've a good mind to give it up altogether. You see there

are a great many persons wanting employment, and any one of them would have a better chance than an old man and a stranger like me. I will try again, if you like, but it's only trouble thrown away."

"I think you'd better try again," said Lucy, soberly; "perhaps if we keep on trying we may succeed at last."

"I almost believe, Lucy, that it would have been better if you had persuaded me to stay in our own country; I was well known there; you ought to have done so. My head was not very clear at the time, and I certainly think you ought to have taken more thought about the matter; you should, indeed, my dear, you should, indeed!" he said, irritably.

"Well, father," said Lucy, "we did the best we could under the circumstances; let us hope that our prospects will brighten after a while." (She didn't tell him that because he was well known there, he didn't wish to stay.)

Well, the time passed on; day after day, week after week, month after month, and yet their prospects didn't brighten; and although Lucy made many more applications, and met with much kindness, and was not rudely treated as she was when she made her first effort, yet she failed to get employment, and there did not seem to be any work in the great city for either father or daughter.

Lucy's watch had gone, and her bracelets and rings were going; even such articles of her wardrobe as she could do without were ready for sale, and she thought with dread that the time must shortly come when there would be nothing more to sell. Her father's health, too, had been for some time failing, and his mind, weary of the struggle it had gone through with poverty, and sympathizing with the frail body, was failing too; and he was often very cross, almost childishly so.

Poor Lucy bore her trials very patiently. It was sad to think that the only friend the dear girl had was a poor little brown cricket, utterly incapable of doing anything for her relief; although she was kind enough to say to herself sometimes that she loved to hear me sing, it reminded her of happier hours.

Well, we were all three sitting quietly in the parlor one day thinking over our future plans, when the postman's rap startled us. Lucy went to the door, and brought back with her a letter edged with black, and sealed with a large black seal. "From England, father," she said, "and for me."

Her father nodded in a bewildered kind of a way, and watched her as she opened it; a bank-note fluttered out and fell upon the floor. The old gentleman picked it up and straightened it out. "Fifty pounds," he muttered, "I had plenty of these once," and then he looked at Lucy.

"Father," she said, "do you remember my mother's aunt, Mrs. Horace? She lived in De-

vonshire, you know? She was deeply offended with me when I was a child, and we haven't seen her since. This letter brings the intelligence of her death, and she has left me a fortune of fifty thousand pounds."

My story is almost told. Another letter came this morning containing money enough to take us home, and we expect to sail next week for England. The merchant has improved wonderfully under this going up of the wheel of fortune, and my dear Lucy is her happy, blooming self again.

I don't believe that she ever really could have cared much for that French nobleman, and I hope to see the day when she will be the mistress of her own cheerful home. I'm quite sure she will make me welcome to the best corner by her drawing-room fire.

A HOME PICTURE.

BY H. M. T. C.

It has often seemed as though the philosophy of our social relations is more especially overlooked than any topic we might name. True, we have our theories, correct in the main, that the character of the mother moulds the individual, that "like mother like child," etc. But do we take in the full scope of woman's influence upon all the relations of society? Do we realize how thoroughly taste, morals, intellect, politics, religion are moulded by her forming hand? The homes of a nation are in her keeping, the children are as the workmanship of her hand, society takes color from her character.

I was looking at a little three-year old daughter of my friend, to-day, and listening to her loving prattle, and I recalled her mother at the same age. She was beautiful in her childhood, with a Psyche face, and an intellect clear as amber. She was carefully nurtured; all her education was superintended by her mother, who made everything as clear to the child as the most simple mathematical demonstration. No task was ever imposed in her early childhood. She learned, just as she ate, simply to satisfy hunger, and the mother was careful to give her nothing that was indigestible, either for body or mind. Thus she grew up to womanhood; good, intelligent, beautiful in the noblest sense of the word. She is fit to grace a palace, but she also graces her humble home, to which men of letters come, and pay homage both to her intellect and her rare domestic grace.

The poor and unlearned also find in her a friend and instructor, one who never gives unwise counsel, nor despises them because of their lowly lot, but seeks to lift them up. Her husband finds in her a companion who can fully understand him and sympathize in all his pursuits, not a poor butterfly of fashion, who, when denuded of her wings, is but a worm.

Nothing could be more beautiful than her relations as a sister, the eldest sister, repaying her mother's care by the aid she rendered to the younger members of the family. Thus far through life, their relations have been marked by the truest brotherly and sisterly affections, and much of this has been a reflex of the intelligence and purity of the life of this elder sister. Now, her own sons and daughters claim the benefit of this culture. It will mould their characters, as it has already given them outward beauty. The path of knowledge will be made easy for them, because their mother can help them in all their little difficulties. She will be able to fit them for college without sending them from home, and, indeed, they could be instructed by their mother almost or quite through the present scientific course of our colleges. Will not the sons love and reverence their mother more and more as they become able to appreciate her truth?

Now, as I have indicated, this woman is not and never has been a child of wealth. Her culture may be traced back through four successive generations of intelligent, high-minded women; all workers with head and hands, capable of filling high places with dignity, yet honoring the humblest duty by its intelligent and cheerful performance. Without this intelligence, their lives might have been squalid; and without integrity, morally poor. As it is, they have scattered blessings in their path, and it would be hard to estimate their influence. I once knew the political character of a town thoroughly revolutionized by the influence of one of these women. Men were led to see that they must act from principle, rather than from expediency, and yet it was simply like rain upon the grass.

I remember when the great-grandmother of the little one I saw this morning had her young daughters round her. When the labors of the day were over, the table with books and maps was brought out, and father and mother joined the children in their studies. No wonder that teachers praised, and scholars envied.

One night the daughter of a coarse, neglectful mother sat with them while they prepared the lessons for the following day, asking questions, which were answered by either father or mother, and thus led on to ask more. The lesson was acquired without effort, while many little anecdotes and plays of wit rendered the hour of study a mere pastime. The poor girl sat as one in a dream, and no efforts at amusement could draw her out. When they retired for the night, she said, very abruptly, but with a force never to be forgotten: "Girls, you live in heaven; I live in hell. You will be dreadful if you are not good; but how can I think good thoughts, or learn anything that will make me wise and respectable, with only contention and bitterness in my home? We children shall become demons; we cannot help it. If you are

not almost angels, you ought to be, with such a home."

I have thought that we could only estimate the requirements of the age upon women, and the consequent duty of society to them, by comparing the wisest, the purest, the best with the most ignorant, and degraded, and defiled. Then, we shall see how thoroughly furnished to good works every daughter of our land should be.

MARRIAGE IN RUSSIA.

WHEN the bridegroom is presented, the whole house is in confusion; all the relations, friends, and neighbors, on both sides, are invited to the house of the bride. When all the expected company are assembled, the match-maker comes in, leading the bridegroom by the hand, and, going straight to the head of the house, presents him. The father first, then the mother, kisses him. The bride's father then leads the young man to a table covered with a white cloth; on the table is a silver salver with a loaf of bread on it, and on the bread a salt-cellar with salt. Two rings—one of gold, the other of silver—are placed on a small silver tray before a golden image of the Virgin Mary holding the Child Jesus in her arms. With this image they bless the future couple. All the company stand; the mother holds the bride, completely dressed in white, by the hand, surrounded by all her dearest friends and companions. All bow before the image. The father takes the image, the mother the bread and salt; the young couple then kneel under the image, and are first blessed by the father; the latter then takes the bread and salt from the hands of the mother, and gives her the image, and the same ceremony is repeated. After this the father and mother of the bridegroom do the like. Then comes the giving of the rings. The bride's father gives the golden ring to the bridegroom, the silver one to the bride. They are now affianced to each other, and give each other the first kiss. When the ceremony is over, the company enjoy themselves; they chat, laugh, eat, and drink, and separate, after having fixed the day for the marriage. During the interval between this ceremony and the marriage, the bridegroom spends all his evenings with his bride, often *tête à tête*. The marriage ceremony follows. It is also called the coronation, because, during the ceremony, a crown is placed on the heads of the affianced. Then the priest offers them a cup of wine, of which they both drink, as a sign of the union they have contracted. A solemn procession is led by the officiating priest, the bride and bridegroom following him, round the desk placed in the centre of the church, upon which is laid the Bible. This is meant to represent the joys which await them, and the eternity of these

ties. During the public celebration of the marriage, the rings worn by the young couple are exchanged; the husband now wearing the silver one, the bride the golden. From the church all the company invited go to the house of the bridegroom's father. A week after they return to church, when the priest lifts the crown from their heads. This is the final consecration of marriage.

A WONDERFUL MACHINE.

THE pin machine is one of the closest approaches that mechanics have made to the dexterity of the human hand. A small machine, about the height and size of a ladies' sewing-machine, only much stronger, stands before you. On the side at the back a light belt descends from a long shaft in the ceiling that drives all the machines, ranged in rows on the floor. On the left side of our machine hangs, on a small peg, a small reel of wire, that has been straightened by running through a small compound system of small rollers. The wire descends, and the end of it enters the machine. This is the food consumed by this snappish, voracious little dwarf. He pulls it in and bites it off by the inches incessantly—140 bites to the minute. Just as he seizes each bite, a saucy little hammer, with a concave face, hits the end of the wire three times, and "upsets" it to a head, while he gripes it in a counter-sunk hole between his teeth. With an outward thrust of his tongue he then lays the pin sideways in a little groove across the rim of a small wheel that slowly revolves just under his nose. By the external pressure of a stationary hoop, these pins roll in their places as they are carried under two series of small files, three in each. These files grow finer towards the end of the series. They lie at a slight inclination on the pins, and by a series of cams, levers, and springs are made to play like lightning. Thus the pins are dropped in a little shower in a box. Twenty-eight pounds are a day's work for one of these jerking little automatons. Two very intelligent machines reject every crooked pin, even the slightest irregularity of form being detected. Another automaton assort's half a dozen lengths in as many boxes, all at once and unerringly, when a careless operator has mixed the contents of boxes from various machines. Lastly, a perfect genius of a machine hangs the pins by the head in an inclined platform through as many slots as there are pins in a row of paper. These slots converge into the exact space spanning the length of a row. Under them runs the strip of pin paper. A barb-like part of the machine catches one pin from each of the slots as it falls, and by one movement sticks them all through the corrugated ridges in the paper, from which they are to be picked by taper fingers in boudoirs, and all sorts of human circumstances.

CROSS PURPOSES.

BY MAURICE C. LYNDE.

"YORKE and Lancaster, what a singular coincidence! Well, again it shall be the 'war of the roses.' Blonde, and brunette, and *'væ victis!'*" With a little mocking laugh, haughty Helen Lancaster turned to her mirror, and stood brushing out the waving lengths of golden hair that gleamed and shone about her, like the veil enveloping the Prophet of Khorassan; but the face beneath this Midæan shower was fitter for *peri* than prophet. Apple-blossoms on the warmest eastern slope, or the waxen cups of April arbutus were not more delicately fair than this almost perfect face, a floral beauty, certainly, for her eyes were like the upper petals of pansies, now blandly blue in the light, and again solemn proud purple in the shadow. A Luxembourg moss-rose would have paled in contrast with that clear-cut mouth with its scarlet lips, but if you mark the shortness of the upper one, you see at once whence my red rose of Lancaster obtains her alliterative title of "haughty Helen." Beautiful spoiled Helen, "fed on the roses and rocked in the lilies of life," her way thus far, had been chronicled in the words of the terse despatch of the egotistic old Roman, "I came, I saw, I conquered," but her victorious march had been interrupted this evening, and, startled for an instant by the thought that she might be facing her Waterloo, she stopped to hold a council of war, here in her chamber looking straight in the eyes of her trusty prime minister—her mirror. Call it vanity, if you will, I don't. When a woman stands gazing on her reflection is she always admiring herself? No; oftener holding silent converse with that other inner self, which looks from the reflected depths of her eyes, down into her very soul.

Miss Violet Yorke, of New Hampshire, was the Wellington whom this young Napoleon defied. Miss Violet Yorke, with the *prestige* of a hundred thousand dollars in her own right, and *such* accomplishments! An anomalous production of the Granite State, truly, was this tropical bird; you felt when you saw her, as if she was the incarnation of a southern sunset, all rich color and dazzling light. Great velvety black eyes, looking all things to all men; complexion, not the dusky pallor of the magnolia, but that luscious blending of roses and snow and gold, which you see on the sunny side of an August peach; a tempting mouth, with full pouting lips, and teeth as white and even as grains of young corn; and then her hair—such a snare for trapping hearts! black, and fine, and soft, not in elaborate ringlets, but caught back with its globy, witching wilfulness, just to get it out of the way, and fastened as you see it in some antique. She was dangerously lovely.

There was a picnic that day, and all

Winstead had set its face toward the picturesque hills on the west of the village. Ostensibly for the benefit of the pupils of "Winstead Academy," but in the end proving to be the jolliest kind of a merry making for children of larger growth. Helen had been on the ground since the early morning. Her pretty spring chintz dress harmonized perfectly with the scene, and through all the day's vicissitudes she had borne herself bravely; but afternoon came, and with it the carriage loads of new guests with their fresh toilets, making her feel sorely like returning home and not trying to hold her ground, but that was acknowledging defeat. She would not run off and abandon the field to "the Yankee heiress," as she scornfully denominated Miss Yorke, who, cool, deliberate, and elegantly dressed, made her feel keenly that the contrast was not in her favor. So she smoothed back the bands of ruffled golden hair, shook out the wrinkles of the pretty chintz, tied down her sundown, and started off over the green with Nettle Ray to the temporary platform erected for dancing, on which stood Violet Yorke with a bevy of beauties. Drawing off her heavy chamois gloves as she walked, she approached the platform, where she was greeted with boisterous welcomes from the party, and a cool stare from the house of Yorke.

"O Helen Lancaster!" screamed half a dozen of the girls at once, "have you been out the whole day?"

"Yes," said Helen, "and have been enjoying it, too."

"Dear me!" chimed in another, "not with all those children, I hope?"

"Why not?" Helen asked.

"Because I didn't think your high mightiness cared to be bothered with the small folk, or fancied that sort of thing."

"Ah!" laughed Helen. "What a flattering inference you would have people draw concerning the amiability and industry of my high mightiness."

And Miss Yorke, turning to Captain Darrell, asked, nonchalantly, "Is that Miss Lancaster?"

He, answering with, "Haven't you met her?"

"No, I was out riding when she called."

"Ah, indeed! then you must know her; she has been our belle," and the emphasis on the "has been" was so marked, that what could Miss Yorke do but incline her beautiful head? "That dowdy pale face the belle of Winstead!" thought she. "Well, I do sincerely pity the taste of some people. Preposterous idea!" and as the vision she had seen in the tall mirror of her dressing-room ere Alice and Kate Vaughn summoned her to the carriage, rose before her remembrance in fair contrast with this dusty hamadryad, she mentally thanked her stars that the Vaughn party had decided on waiting until the cooler evening. Two minutes later

and the rivals met. Helen acknowledging the acquaintance with all the stately grace in her possession, and Miss Violet, after one look in those calm, clear eyes, contented herself with sweeping a courtesy which would not have disgraced Queen Victoria, peerless in that art as the royal lady is said to be.

The two silently measured swords. The gay ripple of talk flowed on, and the bell presently summoned them to the evening meal. You know all about the picnic; why should I describe it? And I leave you to imagine whether Helen's supper tasted most of honey or wormwood, as Captain Darrell led the way with her rival of Yorke, and she, looking back on the train, saw Harry Glenn, the dullest wight in the village, sandwiched between Helen and Alice Vaughn. He, to make himself agreeable, the dolt, began eulogizing Miss Yorke. "Wasn't she stunning? By George! a girl that rode as she did, was little short of a marvel; he believed she'd beat the best jockey in the county mounted on his chestnut Sheridan." He meant to ask her to try a race with him; and more to the same purpose, for poor master Harry's style was eminently "horsey."

Supper over, and the sun sinking low behind the cedars, some of the faithful ones remained behind to gather up the fragments, and attend to the clearing away of the feast. Of course it was only the poor tired Marthas who had been on hand all day; the blooming goddesses of the evening were again at the platform, waiting for the genial strains of the inspiring violin, to break forth into a regular old-fashioned country dance.

"Captain Darrell is evidently impressed," whispered Nettie Ray to Helen.

"Yes, it seems so," answered she, while every word she uttered fell like a clod on her heart. For there was Dagon, her idol, with hands and feet lopped off. Captain Darrell, "Helen's Captain," as some of the girls, her intimate friends, called him, bowing down, offering incense before a strange shrine. "Well, it was only man-like; they were all alike, empty, conceited, and vain. She did think, however, that Grey Darrell had more in him than that, but he was like all the rest. Just as vain and unstable as any of them." These were some of the haughty Helen's thoughts as she passed to and fro in the mazes of the dance, with Grey Darrell and Violet Yorke as her *vis-a-vis*. "Because this stranger had thrown herself at his head, deliberately, confidently, it had tickled his vanity and fed his self-conceit, the ruling passion in all men, and he had eyes only for that bold, black-eyed Violet Yorke. He, who had declared his abhorrence of 'fast' women, who had openly expressed his admiration of a softer, more womanly character. His theory was excellent, but where was his practice?"

Poor Helen was becoming furiously jealous

of Violet Yorke, that was the whole of it. True, she had no claim on him, if she had, she might have trusted him more. Perhaps, only perhaps! Well, but what meant so many looks, each speaking more than a volume; so many bouquets, which were each a living poem? Those quiet moonlight strolls, when Helen's clear eyes shone up in his face, as they found the nearest way home by the longest way round, and those sleighrides, when, side by side, they went flying through the frosty air, over the crisp, sparkling snow, while the bells tinkled their "Runic Hymns," and the stars, like diamond points in mosaic in the deep blue of heaven, glittered about the pale-faced moon? Could he have been flirting with her, playing "fast and loose?" If she lost confidence in Grey Darrell, it seemed as if all the solid earth around her must go to pieces. "Can it be possible?" she asked herself, and arraigning him at the bar of her own heart, she could not make him plead "Not guilty." "Well, she had been a fool, an unmitigated idiot; but there was one thing, she was done with such folly and idiocy, now and forever," and, as she came to this very definite conclusion in her own room that night, she broke down in a sob of uncontrollable grief. The quiet influences of that maiden sanctuary had failed to still the storm of wounded pride and pique which had been aroused in her breast. The one line of the old ballad, "Earl Percy sees my fall," kept ringing constantly through her brain, bringing with it a surge of anger and mortification, that, like a wave of a stormy sea, coming over, threatened to engulf her. Poor child! She gave herself up to her grief, and wept so piteously, that little Nan, her nine-year old sister, woke and sat up in bed crying in sympathy with her, till her poor little night-dress was damp with her tears, while she besought "Nellie" to tell her what ailed her. At last Helen crept into bed, and, drawing the child close to her heart with such a feeling of utter desolation, that in self-pity the tears would come, and so she cried herself to sleep. Haughty Helen, you say? Baby Helen, more likely.

Well, the next morning Miss Helen came down to the breakfast-room with a headache, little Nan having been bought over to keep the peace concerning last night's tears by promise of unlimited candy and an immaculate bonnet for her doll.

"Yes, I knew you would have the headache after a day like yesterday," said mamma Lancaster, when expressions of sympathy had been exhausted; and papa Lancaster, over his third egg, wondered "why people couldn't stay at home and enjoy themselves rationally." O mamma and papa Lancaster! were the days when you went gyping such a very long time ago?

On that memorable day, memorable, at least, to Helen Lancaster, Captain Darrell discovered

what he had been trying to do for six long months, for all that time haughty Helen had refused to hang out any signal of capitulation. He could not tell whether he was losing or gaining. This "familiar friend" footing is not just what a man wants when he is seeking to gain firmer and loftier ground. To be sure, it was pleasant, delightful, to come to this airy old country house just when he pleased, to begin what threatened to be endless talks with Judge Lancaster in his scholarly library, and to be tantalized at the same time by the vision of Helen through the doorway into the sitting-room with its cool India matting; to hear the soft sway of her sewing-chair, the click of her needles, or the jingle of the old-fashioned silver chain which held her scissors; for while Othello recounted his "tales of flood and field," and "fought his battles o'er again," this Desdemona sat with her mother in the inner court and listened. Who could take his place with the latter in her flower garden, or with the troop of lesser lights of the Lancastrian dynasty, who evidently considered him the most agreeable and certainly the most useful visitor at Breezewood, from Master Tom on his way to Yale, not disdaining a little assistance in his Cicero or Anabasis; and saucy Bert, with her French theme unfinished, which "only needed a single word," but which Captain Darrell, on being appealed to for help out of the difficulty, finds to be wanting just fifty, and sends the little maid on her way rejoicing at having escaped the inevitable scolding which "that horrid Mad'llie" would administer; to little Nan on her Shetland pony, cantering by his side with so much self-importance? Pleasant? Yes, it was decidedly pleasant; he didn't think he would exchange places with any other youth of the village who basked in Helen's smiles for an evening. No; Grey Darrell had the best of it, and he flattered himself that he understood Helen better than any other man of her acquaintance; but, with all that, he could not tell whether she really cared a snap of her white fingers if he came or stayed away. Ready and brilliant in repartee; attack her which side he may, his shafts bounded off harmlessly as from polished steel. He could find no vulnerable spot. He even tried the mean old stratagem of going into raptures over some one or other of her friends; but Helen loved her friends, and praised them with a will. Miss Yorke had disclosed the flaw in the armor; and Grey smiled to himself as he lit his cigar, and sauntered leisurely away from the Vaughns that evening, and through the soft May moonlight took his way out the drive toward Breezewood, "to stretch himself and cool his blood," he said, just as if he had not had enough of it the livelong day, and as if no other air had the same cooling, revivifying properties as that which drifted through the apple blossoms of Judge Lancaster's orchard. His cigar smoked out, and himself properly "stretched and

cooled," he strolled back to his home, and entered his room, house-breaker fashion, by swinging himself to the window by the slender pillars of the veranda.

Captain Grey Darrell was spending some months with his aunt, Mrs. Grey, a model old lady, with an ample fortune, whose special delight it was always to have some one with her to pet and spoil, and which she tried to do to the best of her ability with her nephew. A nice-looking pet he was, truly. Tall, well-built, soldierly fellow, with sunny lights dancing in his brown eyes; a scar scanning his broad forehead, telling its silent tale of terrible fighting. Dark brown hair and beard, and the sunniest, pleasantest smile in the world completes this *tout ensemble* of my hero. I dare not describe him more minutely, lest you say I have rolled the Chevalier Bayard and Sir Philip Sidney into one immaculate ideal. But, poor fellow! he had no home; his mother was dead, and his sisters married, scattered far and wide, and, coming back from his four years' campaign with an ugly wound scarce healed, he found his way to his hospitable aunt's home, where he had spent his boyhood. It was not long until he found himself exalted into a hero, and the vague ideas he had of setting about something assumed no more tangible form as the few months, which he had devoted to recuperation, lengthened out to the semblance of a year. Helen Lancaster was indirectly to blame for this, "for," thought the captain, "if I only *knew* she cared whether I went or stayed, then," and he repeated, with angry contempt for his own cowardice:—

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
Who fears to put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all."

But bravery before the glistening line of steel blue bayonets is one thing, and bravery before the mocking light of purple blue eyes, before you can tell whether they will melt in misty tenderness, is quite another. And so it was that the summer grew on, and Grey was all afraid to trust what was evidently Helen's partiality towards him as an agreeable companion, until fate sent the Yorke into the field, and he resolved by a little strategy to see if he could indeed gather the royal "red rose," and wear it on his heart. He was satisfied with the result, yet little Nan helped no little to his complete enlightenment, as, the next morning, on taking his accustomed walk to Breezewood, Helen was invisible, sick with headache, and little Nan seized on him to help her put up a swing, and, instigated by the indwelling spirit of mischief herself, began:—

"Captain, you were at the picnic?"

"Yes," said Grey, "for I saw how many times Tom Foster kissed you while you played 'Oats, peas, beans, and barley grows.' Sixteen times, I declare."

"Indeed, it wasn't," cried Nan, triumphantly. "It was only eight."

"O Nannie, Nannie," laughed the captain, "in a few more years will you acknowledge the kisses so readily?"

Nan changed the subject. "Did you see our Helen? I wonder what ailed her. Some one must have hurt her feelings very much, for she said last night she never would go to a picnic again; and she cried so that I couldn't help crying too, and she told me not to tell."

"How well you keep your promise," said Grey, in a tone rather exultant than reproachful.

And Nannie had enough of mother Eve's curiosity to say: "I thought, perhaps, you could tell me what had happened."

But what could Captain Darrell know when he only came on the grounds at four o'clock? But if he had but a key to the cipher before, Nannie had unwittingly given him a complete translation. So the young gentleman lounged away the morning, talking to Mrs. Lancaster about her flowers, and to the judge on some one of the many knots in the tangled political skein, but Helen obstinately kept her room. At last he left, sending condolences to Helen, and a request that, if she were able, she would take a ride with him that evening.

The weather gods were propitious, and they had a merry ride. Helen's spirits were never higher, though she looked worn by fatigue and illness. She had dismounted on a little terrace, where she stood while her horse was led away. Unstudied yet strangely picturesque was the group. She with her long riding habit falling in sombre folds about her, and the lingering glow of the sunset still lighting up her pure pale face; Grey stood just before her, with his bridal rein over his arm. Suddenly, without a word of preliminary, he began:—

"Helen, I am tired of this aimless way of living of mine. I have resolved to turn over a new leaf and get to doing something. It rests with you only how soon I shall do it."

She felt that there was something too deep in his words to be answered by light badinage; she did not look at him or answer a word.

He came up to her and grasped her gauntleted hand, which was switching about with her riding whip: "Helen, dare I say *my* Helen, for I have loved you so long?"

His voice sank low with its burden of tenderness. Never, ah! never, until her dying day could she forget that passionate murmur. But something had the ascendancy (was it her bad angel?), and in a tone so hard and measured that she scarcely knew it for her own, she answered: "We have been friends, we always will be, Captain Darrell, but we can be nothing more. I do not love you."

What did she expect? That he would entreat, beg, plead for her love? Creature of moods as she was, she did not herself under-

stand the strangeness of the one which now was upon her. Captain Darrell stood with one hand on his horse's neck while he awaited her answer, and bent his keen eyes upon her. She never raised hers from the tuft of grass which he had deterred her from switching to pieces. He loosed his clasp of her hand, and it fell nerveless by her side, and the little whip falling to the ground, he picked it up and handed it to her, saying:—

"Thank you for your frankness; I have made a bitter mistake. There is nothing more to say, Helen?"

"No, Captain Darrell," she answered.

"Good-by, then, Helen," and Grey leaped to his saddle and was away.

Helen entered the house, feeling numb and frozen as if she were walking in a dream. As fate would have it, Bertie was sitting in the dusk, singing that saddest of songs, "The long, long, weary day." Her voice sounded like a sob. Helen went to her room, laid aside her riding dress, and came down with a light, sweeping Bert and her love songs from the piano, and then commenced a carnival of brilliant, dashing music, until her mother came in, asking:—

"Why, where is Grey? I thought this unusual entertainment was all for his benefit."

"He did not come in, mamma," she answered, and went on with her mocking polkas and marches.

"Grey Darrell has gone to Milwaukee," said Judge Lancaster, two days after, as he seated himself at dinner. "I am glad of it; it was too bad for a young man of his ability to be wasting time in loafing around in such a shiftless sort of way. Don't make any difference if he was heir to a million. Glad of it."

How could Helen steady her nerves and voice to say, in such a piqued tone: "Well, he might have come to say good-by to us." She dared not trust herself to say more, and shut her teeth firmly to keep back a moan.

Every one had something to say about his going. The only topics of conversation during the entire meal was Grey Darrell's abrupt departure, and Helen, though she died a thousand deaths, gave no sign. The judge gave as Grey's reason for not coming to see them, that he had received a telegram from his brother-in-law requiring him to attend to urgent business, that he was obliged to take the earliest train, and had left regrets and good-bys with Mrs. Gray, for all who cared to receive them.

As Grey Darrell galloped back home from his interview with Helen, he could scarcely tell, which was the uppermost feeling in his mind, wounded pride or disappointed, baffled love. He did love her, and had done so for years, and he fancied that she loved him. She was not, she could not have been flirting with him; he knew her character so well, that thought was unworthy of them both. She had but one rea-

son, she did not love him. He had not asked her to learn to do so; he ought to have felt grateful for her frankness and sincerity, and for her proffered friendship; but though he said the words, he felt anything but gratitude. It was such a sudden, tremendous blow. Like Jonah, he was rejoicing in the shade of a gourd—a shade sprung from the seed planted by Nannie in her tell-tale mood—but now the fresh green leaves of hope were withered, and the sun was scorching. Never was message more opportune than that which called him to Milwaukee, and, to his aunt's dismay, he had packed his goods and chattels, and in an incredibly short time after he received it, was following the star of empire on its westward way.

The weeks lengthened into months, and, save an occasional "Grey wishes to be remembered to all his old friends," from Mrs. Grey, no one in Winsted heard aught from Grey Darrell. Certainly not Helen Lancaster. The simple gayeties of the village found her among them as usual; merry and full of wit and sparkle as ever, she seemed to all her friends, but there were closely-written pages in her book of life that no mortal eye might read but her own, and then only at the expense of an agony of tears. Yet she was happy, for she had found that "happiness lies in use." Do not imagine that her character was like a shallow expanse of water, which widens its circles as a stone is thrown in it, but which as they break against its shores becomes calm and smooth again. No, the stone which had fallen was so huge and gross that it raised the tide, which flowed on again smoothly after a time, but which away down beneath fretted and murmured against the sharp edges of the opposing force. The months swelled into a year, the winter's drifted flakes and the summer's buds had come and gone for the second time since Grey Darrell left Winsted. He was coming back now; he had not written, and, with the usual fate of such surprises, arrived to find his aunt absent. He might surely trust himself to see Helen after this length of time. Perhaps she was changed; perhaps—and he hardly dared finish the thought—were he to repeat his question now, he might have a different answer. He concluded to go at any rate.

The afternoon sun was shining broad and full over the wide valley, the amphitheatre of hills around Winsted wore a soft, purple haze, and Breezewood itself, the finest old place in the county, lay bathed in the glory of summer. Standing not a mile from the village with the smoothest road and the greenest lane as an approach to it, which some people more careful of appearances might have called an avenue, as it really was, but to whom Judge Lancaster, obnoxious to the customs of his forefathers, in a brusque way, said, "Nonsense!" The old man, gay with the hues of the rain-fragrant as the winds from Araby the

blest; the giant trees, relics of the primeval forest, mingled with the plantings of later years; the grove of hemlocks and cedars on the north, cutting off the savage wind as it came roaring and raving like some mad creature down from the mountain, and great labyrinth of the stiff conventional boxwood with its dark verdure and "fragrance of eternity;" all the surroundings inspired you with a feeling of veneration for the old mansion. An old-fashioned double house, built of native stone, but remodelled with wings and deep bay windows and piazzas, until old Dudley Lancaster (who laid its corner-stone in the governorship of William Penn, and whose mortal remains rested in the locust grove on the southwest, under a mildewed gray slate slab), would have been sorely puzzled to tell which was the original structure. As no one ever saw or heard anything of the old landholder's spirit, it is to be supposed that he took very little interest as to how "ye faire house of Breezewode" was used or abused by his descendants. The shrill chirps of summer insects mingled with the musical ring of scythes sharpening in some not distant field as Grey strode up the lane in the refreshing shade of the pyramidal horse-chestnuts, and the wild roses, as they tossed their graceful arms over the fences, seemed extending their pink fingers to welcome him. His quick impatient knock was answered by Helen in person, in her cool afternoon dress, just as she looked on that same summer afternoon so long ago. If the blood did leave her heart with a sudden bound, he did not know it, and the hand she extended in welcome was as cool as if it had not been almost crushed in his passionate farewell clasp two years before. She called her mother, and returned to the shady parlor, and from the gay chatter and persiflage which followed, no one would have dreamed that they had ever been more than the best of friends.

But it was not to chat with Mamma Lancaster, however pleasant and agreeable that lady might be, that Grey Darrell had closed his office in his Western home. He could not well spare much time for a vacation, but he told Helen that he was going to New Haven to attend the reunion of his class at Yale, and, with a woman's faculty of making herself unhappy, she remembered that Alice Vaughn had already gone on to attend Violet Yorke's wedding in July, and though she had not heard the name of the fortunate lover yet, "putting that and that together," there was now no doubt in her mind but that they both wished to conceal something from her, and that Grey's journey would not end at New Haven. The thought "They tried to save my feelings by silence. Oh! have I been such a fool as to wear my heart on my sleeve for every daw to peck at?" flashed through her mind, and made her so utterly cold and repellant, that Grey wondered

what had changed her, from the moment when she opened the door for him, with a glad surprise, which she could not altogether hide, shining in her eyes.

At last he rose to go, regretfully declining Mrs. Lancaster's invitation to tea, tempting though it was, with the promise of the first early raspberries, saying as he did so, to Helen, "The lane is shady, won't you walk with me part of the way?" adding, in a lower tone, "I have something to say to you."

"He will tell me of his approaching marriage; I cannot and will not hear it and congratulate him;" she thought, and would have said, "No," at once, but Mrs. Lancaster, though vastly different from a "manœuvring mamma," broke in with:—

"Yes, Helen, walk down to the gate and see if your father is in the locust grove."

Helen was obedient, perhaps she might not have yielded so passively, but as her eye swept the road, she took in a broad brimmed Panama hat moving up the lane, and knew that Captain Darrell's confidence could not proceed very far before they would meet Robert Griswold, her cousin, and her father's student. So she took her sundown from the rack, and very leisurely started down the gravelled walk, stopping in the meanwhile along the flower borders with Grey to admire the wealth of bloom with which Mrs. Lancaster's cherished pets had repaid her care.

"Will you give me a 'buttonhole bouquet,' Helen?"

"Oh, yes, a dozen, if you like," she answered, gayly, but she would not choose them for him. He gathered two tiny bouquets—rose-geraniums, fuchsia, and heliotrope, and giving her one of them, fastened the other in his buttonhole.

She could not avoid taking it, but as she did so, fixing her eyes far down the shady lane, exclaimed, "Oh, there comes Robert! But I forgot that you don't know him; I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to my cousin, Mr. Griswold," and she hurried through the gate, which he held open for her, dropping the emblematic little bouquet as she did so. She did it with a purpose, and Grey Darrell saw the discarded, neglected flowers lying on the earth ready to be crushed under a ruthless foot as his hopes had been, while the words he meant to say to her were frozen on his lips. Helen was a skilful strategist, and they had gone but a few yards when they met her cousin. The two gentlemen seemed mutually delighted to form each other's acquaintance, as Helen introduced them, only Grey himself knew how much he felt like knocking "the fellow" down, than shaking hands with him. Here was the secret of Helen's indifference to him, this was her lover; fool that he had been to expose himself a second time to her mocking coquetry! Fool that he had been ever to dream that she

was worth loving or winning. "Confound the fellow!" he broke out, as he went on alone. "I should like to know how she would have heard me, though I know she would have rejected me. I cannot believe it, and yet I might have saved myself all this. Aunt Grey generally knows everything; strange that she could not have posted me on this Griswold affair. Pshaw, Grey, lad, don't maunder over 'Locksley Hall,' with its egotistic question, 'Is it well to wish thee happy?' How do you know anything about this Cousin Griswold? All you do know is, that you have tried twice and failed, disastrously failed, and it isn't her fault if she can't and won't love you. God bless her! Whoever she marries ought to be a happy man!" and if the latch of the gate at which he fumbled was invisible because of the mist before his eyes, he surely is excusable.

Back he went to Aunt Grey's, for though that lady was not at home, the housekeeper was, and, gathering up his light luggage together, he marched off to the *dépot* and started for New Haven. Two weeks after, Helen Lancaster was almost thrown off her equilibrium by a question from one of "her lady friends." "Are you going to call on Violet Yorke? Mrs. Brevoort, I should say, that being the name for which she has exchanged the prettier one of Yorke."

Helen could almost have screamed. She was able to reply that as she and the Vaughns had always been such intimate friends, of course she would call on Violet Yorke. Poor foolish Helen! she could scarcely sit still and listen to Nettie Ray's girlish nonsense. The "bitterness of death" was not past, and all through that long summer day she endured the tortures of the rack. Grey Darrell was avenged, had he but known it. A second time had Violet Yorke stood between her and happiness. Ah! no, Helen, only your mad, blind jealousy. It was all over now, and he had gone back to his Western home, and might never, never come to Winsted again. It was all over; she had lived her life, and it seemed to her as if the wearisome length of threescore and ten could hold no more anguish than was compressed in her short score and two. She wondered what the niche in life was which remained for her to fill, and how long she would be obliged to wait until peace came. She was the eldest, and would watch her sisters growing up around her, and how tenderly she would guard them that no such bitter mistakes as hers might be their fate.

Thus she took up her burden of life again. Saying only, "It might have been." Pure as royal ermine lay the white drifts on the wintry fields, and the encircling hills of Winsted wore their knightly helmets gleaming in the December moonlight. Ruddy, strong-armed autumn had gathered in her purple clusters, tawny apples and golden maize, and laid them in de-

crepit Winter's lap, and in return he covered the tired, slumbering earth with the fleece shorn from his snowy flocks. It was Christmas week. In front of the church in the village was brought load after load of fragrant evergreen. Inside, busy fingers wove wreath, and star, and cross, but none busier than Helen Lancaster's. Bevy of girls were there with their lovers, and the regretful burden rose in mocking cadences, "It might have been." Sorrow had not corroded her temper, nor faded her beauty. It is not altogether true that "sorrow can beautify only the heart, not the face of a woman." In place of her former insouciant spirits, might be seen a subdued tenderness which characterized her whole life. Like the veil of moss bestowed on the already peerless rose, it added to, without concealing or altering its loveliness. So that Mr. Watson, the theological student who "bunched" the evergreen for her, was thinking while he helped her, "What a model help-meet she would make for a minister."

Christmas eve came, the decorations were nearly done, the church was beautiful, the resinous smell made you think of some dim grove where tapering pines point their unswerving fingers toward heaven, and where "dark green layers of shade" filter the sunshine into a more "dim religious light" than is found in gray cathedrals with the "frozen music" of pillared arch, and fretted dome, and jewelled windows. Some of the older members of the congregation came in, and among them Mrs. Grey, leaning on the arm of a strange gentleman. But not a stranger entirely, for soon Helen heard the friendly words of greeting on all sides, and, looking up, encountered the gaze of Grey Darrell fixed full upon her. "He has come back," was her first joyous thought, "but not to me," as she recovered from the spasm of surprise, in which she felt as if her heart had been suddenly grasped and stopped in its beatings. He did not come near her. Her assistant, the quiet theologian, left her to speak to Captain Darrell, for Grey had always been a favorite in the place where he had spent his boyhood. Helen continued to weave her wreath, and presently Mr. Watson came back to his work. Her eyes were too full of mist to see the pine she was tying, but as she reached for the "bunch" extended toward her, she became conscious that the hand that wore that familiar seal ring was not Mr. Watson's. She looked up again, to meet Grey Darrell's eyes, and hear in his deep, suppressed tones: "Helen, you *only* have no welcome for me?" She tried to smile, but the effort produced only a convulsion of the corners of her mouth, and with quivering lips she succeeded in enunciating, "Welcome, Captain Darrell," when, like wells overflowing, two great tears flashed from her eyes, and sparkled on her lapful of pine.

Grey grasped the trembling little hand she extended, "Is it from your heart, Helen?"

It was dusky in the lecture-room, the kerosene lamps were failing, and the room was large, but she could not mistake his look, or his meaning, and again she answered very low indeed, but Grey heard the words, "From my heart." "God bless you, my Helen! "O Grey!" If it is a fragmentary conversation, unintelligible to us as that of two robins, rest assured that they understood each other perfectly, and through the exchange of scarce a half dozen words, two hearts were happier this Christmas eve than they had dared dream they could be, six months before.

They were all standing together in the church, the last decoration had been hung in its place, Mr. Watson had found himself *de trop*, and had gravitated to the side of the three sisters Bell. Mrs. Grey came up, saying to her nephew: "You can come when you are ready, I am going with Doctor Lowe."

Grey and Helen stood side by side under the solemn Christmas arches, and he read the legend in its leafy lettering, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men," the song of the angel host eighteen hundred years since. Helen softly whispered "Amen." Truly, it was festival time to them; into the loneliness and despair of their hearts had been brought "tidings of great joy."

But Tom Lancaster was ready with the sleigh for his sister, and the reconciled lovers parted until the morrow. Helen dreamed summer dreams all the way home by her brother's side, and if she was unusually taciturn, that discreet youth wisely refrained from questioning the cause thereof.

Nine o'clock Christmas morning found Grey Darrell in Judge Lancaster's study, and ten minutes later the old judge led his daughter to her lover with his paternal blessing, while Mamma Lancaster was crying softly to herself in the pantry, while she dispensed the materials for the Christmas dinner. Grey and Helen, too happy for tears, rehearsed their doubts and fears, and opened some of the gates and took down the bars which they had mutually been shutting and putting up in the "course of their true love" for the past two years. When the trio came to church that morning and sat together in Judge Lancaster's pew, of course everybody knew that Helen Lancaster and Grey Darrell were engaged, while Aunt Grey, in the opposite pew, smiled and said to herself, "The foolish children! They do not know that I laid the foundation of their little romance years ago, and now finished it by writing to Grey to spend Christmas with me, that I would take no denial;" and, like a benevolent fairy god-mother, as she was, the old lady beamed on them through her gold-mounted spectacles.

AU DEUXIÈME.

BY MISS HELEN MAXWELL.

A NARROW, bustling, noisy street in Paris—the name I have forgotten—but it was somewhere near the rue du Bac; whether in the Faubourg St. Germain or the Quartier Latin, I cannot say. It had once some pretensions to being aristocratic, and you passed through it on your way to the Palais de Luxembourg or the Odion. Not the very pleasantest place in Paris to live, perhaps, but it had one attraction—it was gay. Not gay with fashionable toilets, emblazoned carriages, or brilliant *cafés*; but gay with a merry crowd of bourgeoisie, grisettes, and ouvriers, and with clattering fiacres. You saw many more snowy, ruffled caps than bonnets, and ten blue blouses to one frock-coat.

One fine spring morning two gentlemen were threading their way along this street, their eyes directed towards the upper stories of the houses, where printed notices were hung, advertising apartments to rent. Occasionally they would stop and consult with one another as they looked rather dubiously about them, and then slowly continue their way. So far they had not entered any of the tall, shabby houses, but had satisfied themselves by the appearance of the outside that the apartments would not suit them. They were both young, well-dressed, and good-looking; Americans, evidently, by their appearance and walk. Presently they stopped simultaneously before a gloomy but respectable house, the lower windows of which were barred with iron, and the heavy doors leading into the court tightly closed. Hanging from the stone balcony of the first floor was a card, with the usual announcement—"Appartement meuble à louer."

"I think this will do, Amory," said the elder and taller of the two.

"We can at least try."

They pulled the bell, and immediately one side of the great door swung open with a dismal, grating noise. The square, paved court was green with mould and grass; many windows looked upon it, but of the many only one showed signs of life.

The two young men made their way to a small door, half glass, through which a pretty, red-faced concierge was seen busily at work preparing her dinner. As they pushed open the door she called out: "Bonjour, messieurs!" in a chirpy, friendly tone.

"I believe there is an apartment to be let here," said the elder gentleman, after they had returned her greeting.

"As many as you please," she answered, laughing; "you can have the entire house for a trifle."

"Can we see the first floor?"

"Certainly; I will show you the way."

A key had to be hunted for, and when found they followed their plump little guide up one

flight of dark, broad, stone stairs, where at the landing they had almost to grope their way.

"Here we are, messieurs. This is the antechamber." She flung open a door, and they entered a high, bare room, furnished only with two spindle-legged sofas, and table to correspond. The floor had been waxed and polished till it was as smooth and slippery as glass, but the dust now lay thick upon it. "And this is the *salon*," answered the little concierge, as she held aside a heavy curtain.

The *salon* was huge and gloomy. Four great windows on one side, topped with massive tarnished cornices, and shaded by yellow damask curtains; the walls showing plainly the marks where pictures had been; an old carpet on the floor, still thick and soft, but the garlands of bright flowers knotted with blue ribbons, faded into a dull gray. The furniture was abundant, and in the style of Louis XVI., thin twisted legs of gilt, and covers of faded damask to match the curtains.

From the *salon* they passed into the *salle à manger*, and from thence into several chambers. They were all drearily and sparsely furnished except one little room—a chintz boudoir—which had evidently been fitted up at a much later period. The walls were bright with white and gold, and the stuffed, chintz-covered couches and low chairs, and ample drapery at the one window gave an air of great comfort to the room.

"What are we to pay a month," inquired he who acted as spokesman.

"One hundred and fifty francs," was the brisk reply; "and the use of the stables if you wish. It is for nothing, as monsieur will see."

"We shall not require the stables. Perhaps you can furnish us with our breakfast and find some one to attend to the rooms?"

"Parfaitement, monsieur. You shall be well served. Coffee and an omelette for breakfast, n'est ce pas?"

"And when may we come?"

"Whenever it pleases you."

"To-morrow, then?"

"A merveille! you shall find everything in order. Bonjour, messieurs, bonjour!"

The little concierge peeped out of the door and watched the young men as they walked away; then went back to her dinner, nodding to herself as if well content.

"It will be livelier when they come, perhaps," she thought; "I must inform madame. Mademoiselle Léonie will be pleased, pauvre petite!"

When the young Americans returned the next day, they found their apartment in readiness for them, clean and fresh as possible; the old-fashioned rooms smiling grimly in the sunlight, of which they had been for months deprived.

"Are we the only tenants in the house?" they asked the concierge, as she busied herself

in unpacking their boxes, putting a box here, a picture there.

"Mais, non! There are madame, mademoiselle, Jacques, and myself."

"And what may we call you?" asked the younger gentleman, smilingly.

"Madame Tessier, if you please. Jacques, he is my husband. You will find him useful, perhaps; he was a gentleman's valet once."

"We would like breakfast at nine every morning."

"Bien!"

"And hot water."

"Bien! And if monsieur should want anything, let him call from this window; it looks into the court, and I shall hear."

"Why not ring?"

"The bells are in monsieur's kitchen, which will be closed, you know?"

"Ah, I see. Very well, then, we will call."

"I think we are going to be comfortable here, Amory," remarked the elder of the two, after Madame Tessier had left them.

"I am sure we are. What a nice little concierge, to be sure! M. Jacques is a happy man."

"Pray, don't be making love to that little woman. Remember, we are here to study. And, seriously, we must make the most of our time."

"I know that, Frank. And there is really no danger of my falling in love with Madame Tessier. You need give yourself no uneasiness."

"I have engaged Damereau to read with us three hours every morning."

"I wonder who the 'madame and mademoiselle' are who live here?"

"Damereau is a good sort of fellow, don't you think? He is clever, too. I am satisfied we could not have done better."

"They live *au deuxième*, of course. I noticed flowers at one of the windows in the court."

"Pshaw!"

"I wonder if she is pretty?"

"I trust not, indeed, for there will be small chance of your studying."

"Frank, you have no sentiment."

"And you no sense."

"A truce, a truce! Did you say Damereau would be here to-day?"

"I am expecting him every moment."

"It is eleven already. Perhaps she's thin; if she is thin I'll have nothing to do with her."

"Again! I am beginning to repent having taken you under my charge, Amory. You are a troublesome fellow."

"We will turn this pretty boudoir into a study. But it will be a shame to smoke here. Ah! here comes Damereau. Comment ça va-t-il?"

A cheerful, wiry young Frenchman came into the room with a hop, and responded to the salutation by saying, in (what he called) English: "Teep-to!"

They made a very pleasant party. Damereau much enjoying the society of the Americans; often staying the day, and dining with them at a modest little *café* near by. Their evenings were invariably passed at the opera or theatres.

Amory had not caught a glimpse, as yet, of the ladies *au deuxième*, and in consequence gave his time to his studies. Once he had declared that, early in the morning, peeping from behind the window curtains in his chamber, he had seen a very small and very white hand watering the flowers that were grouped on the ledge of an opposite window. But the information had been received with impatience by Frank, and indifference by Damereau, so he alluded to it no more.

One morning, as they were seated at breakfast, Amory discovered that they had no salt. "How can we eat without salt?" he cried; "why, the butter is tasteless. Where is Jacques?"

Jacques had gone.

"I will call from the window," and accordingly he put his head out and called loudly for Jacques, and then for Madame Tessier. There was no response but the slight echo in the empty court. "Provoking! I shall go down."

"Nonsense! Eat your breakfast as it is," said Frank, as he filled his great cup with boiling milk.

"Without salt? Impossible!" and he was off. When he reached the little den which Madame Tessier called "*chez moi*," he heard voices inside, and so passed through the glass door before entering.

Madame Tessier stood with her hands in the pockets of her white apron talking with a young lady who was standing with her back to the door. She was slight and rather tall; her dress, of some inexpensive gray stuff, but fitting with that elegance and grace which a Frenchwoman knows so well how to give. Her head was small, and covered by a mass of waving black hair. She held a little basket in one hand. Madame Tessier was saying:—

"The eggs are fresh, mademoiselle, and the grapes very fine, and not dear."

"Indeed, you have done wonders with the five francs, Clemence. We live splendidly now, and dear mamma is looking well again. Do you think the gentlemen are pleased with the apartment and will remain long?"

"Through the summer, they promise, mademoiselle, and I do all I can to make them comfortable."

"I am sure of that, Clemence. What would we do without you?"

"And what would I not do for you, mademoiselle? Ah! when monsieur, your father was alive, things were different."

As she spoke she turned and saw Amory standing in the doorway. "Tiens, monsieur," she cried, "that imbecile Jacques has forgotten something, of course?"

"The salt," said Amory, mechanically. He was looking at the lovely, startled face the young girl turned upon him.

"Why did not monsieur call?" asked Madame Tessier.

"I did; but you did not hear."

"I was talking with Mademoiselle Léonie."

"It is of no consequence," said Amory, hurriedly, and taking the salt from her hand; "I thank you, madame." He bowed—the bow including both the little concierge and Mademoiselle Léonie—and withdrew. He then rushed up to Frank in great excitement. "If you had seen her!" he cried; "gray eyes as large as—as—oh, immense! And such hair! I tell you, she is perfectly beautiful!"

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Who? You cold-blooded creature! The young lady who lives *au deuxième*, Mademoiselle Léonie. I knew such a hand could only belong to a beauty."

"Is she thin?"

"Thin! Well, perhaps she is rather thin," Amory admitted; "but so graceful! Frank, you must see her, and for once you will capitulate."

"Probably," said Frank. "Did you bring the salt?"

"Don't you think we had better call? I have an idea it is the etiquette here for newcomers to leave cards."

"If you choose to make an ass of yourself, you can do so."

"I shall ask Damereau if it would be the thing, and, if he says yes, I go this very day."

Frank made no reply, knowing it would be useless, and finished his breakfast in silence.

The apartment *au deuxième* corresponded precisely in disposition to the one occupied by Frank and Amory, but it was more completely furnished, and the salon was filled with the pretty odds and ends that women gather about them. Although the weather was warm—the fresh, breezy warmth of spring—there was a wood fire burning in the large fireplace. Bird cages hung in the windows, and the brilliant yellow songsters hopped gayly about, watching with their sharp black eyes the crowded, noisy street beneath. In a deep chair, placed at the corner of the fire, a lady was seated. Her features were fine and regular, and her snow white hair clustered in thick, short curls about a face which appeared almost youthful. In one hand she held a painted screen, and the other lay idle in her lap.

"Mamma," cried Léonie, entering the room, the little basket in her hand, "I have some delicious grapes for you, which I am sure you will enjoy."

"Thank you, ma fille. Did Clemence get them for you?"

"Yes, mamma. And who should I see below but one of our tenants? A handsome young man, and Clemence says he is very lively."

"You should not gossip with Clemence."

"Oh, indeed, mamma, I say nothing; but she chatted so."

"Clemence is a very good girl, a very good girl, but she talks too much."

Léonie laid the grapes upon a pretty China dish, and put them on a table within reach of her mother's hand; and then, picking up a book, went over to a low seat in the window, and began reading aloud.

Day after day these two lovely women amused themselves by reading novels; or, rather Léonie amused her mother in that way, for she herself cared little for the romantic and sentimental stories her mother took pleasure in. She liked better to look from the window, talk to her birds, or play gay little songs on the old-fashioned, upright piano. But Léonie devoted her life to the care of her mother, and there was nothing the poor child would not have done to prevent the fits of depression that she sometimes fell into, and when she could think and speak of nothing but the luxury of by-gone days, or weep over the pride and indifference of former friends. Sometimes Léonie would gently urge her mother to go out for a walk, or propose to hire a fiacre, and drive to the Bois.

"No, no," Madame de Fontornel would cry.

"A fiacre, indeed! Did I not once drive in my own carriage?" So for months the poor lady kept to her rooms and to a chair removed as far from the sights and sounds of the street as was possible, for she felt her vulgar *entourage* sadly.

Amory must have been assured of the propriety of calling by Damereau; for at two o'clock, after vainly urging Frank to accompany him, he mounted the staircase and rang.

"What is that?" asked Madame de Fontornel, "the visitor's bell?"

"It sounded like it, mamma. It cannot be Clemence; she always comes the other way."

"And no one to open the door but you. Suppose it should be Madame de Lorville?"

"I don't think it can be, dear mamma," Léonie said, gently. "I heard no carriage enter the court, and Madame de Lorville would scarcely come on foot."

"No, that is very true," said her mother, bitterly. "You can see who it is."

Léonie accordingly traversed the antechamber, and withdrew the heavy bolt of the door. She stood in some surprise when she saw who the visitor was.

"Forgive me, mademoiselle," stammered Amory, who had, of course, expected a servant would answer his ring, "I called to leave my card on madame."

"Mamma is at home. Will you not come in?" said the young girl, with quiet politeness.

"Thank you," and Amory, who was a well-bred young fellow, slipped his card in his pocket.

Madame de Fontornel received him graciously. The attention pleased her, and the

young man's respectful and admiring glance, as he bowed, pleased her still more.

"I am your tenant, I believe, madame. My name is Amory Richards."

"I am charmed to see you, monsieur."

Amory took the chair madame motioned him to, and in a short time was talking gayly in his imperfect French. Before many minutes he had succeeded in making a pleasant impression upon the two ladies; and, when he took leave, Madame de Fontornel asked him to repeat his visit, and expressed a hope that she should also see his friend.

The enthusiastic description he gave Frank of his success can be imagined. And he, at last, won from Frank a reluctant consent to go with him in a few days, and pay his respects to Madame de Fontornel and her daughter.

Frank Tremont, be it known to his shame, was a professed woman-hater. The very sight of a petticoat would put him out of humor. He had no sympathy for the pretty, coquettish ways of the belles of society, and he declared aloud that he had never known a woman who was worth a heartache. He listened, therefore, with small patience to the descriptions Amory gave of Mademoiselle Léonie's attractions, and much regretted the promise he had made to call.

But Amory was all eagerness for the suitable time to elapse before he could again present himself *au deuxième*, and gladden his susceptible, boyish heart by a sight of the little French beauty. The day came and the hour, too, although he had had great difficulty in getting Frank to budge from his books, and put himself into a tight coat.

Léonie answered the bell as before. She received the visitors with a smile, and ushered them into the salon with hospitable haste. "Mamma will be delighted," she said, acknowledging the introduction to Frank by a graceful inclination.

And, indeed, Madame de Fontornel had been looking forward to the expected visit for several days. It was a new and pleasant excitement in her dull life. She gave a courteous welcome to Frank, but Amory received more of her attentions. He was so bright, so *chatty*, and it was very evident how much he admired the dark eyes and white hair of his hostess. She was flattered and amused at the same time. So Amory remained by her side, occasionally casting envious eyes at Frank, who stood with Léonie at the window.

She was trying to amuse him, in her girlish way, by showing off the droll tricks she had taught her birds; how they could draw water and seed, play dead, and hop one—two—three, as she counted.

Frank listened attentively; but he looked more at the slender, elegant figure and beautiful face than at the busy little birds.

Presently Léonie picked up some bit of

worsted work, and sat down near her mother. The conversation became general and animated. Frank spoke the language with fluency, and, to Amory's astonishment, he was evidently making an effort to be agreeable. He had asked Madame de Fontornel about some actress who had been a celebrity ten years before. Madame, answering that she had seen her constantly, proceeded to speak of various plays in which Mademoiselle ——— had been famous, and related (confidentially to Frank) some gossip little anecdotes in which she had figured.

"Ah! how I wish I could go to a theatre!" cried Léonie, at last, her bright eyes and reddening cheek showing the interest she took in the subject.

"Is it possible that you have never been to the theatre, mademoiselle?" asked Amory.

"No, never."

"Nor to the opera?"

"Never," repeated Léonie, almost sadly.

"And you a Parisienne?"

"My health has been such for several years," said Madame de Fontornel, with a sigh, "that it has been impossible for me to take Léonie anywhere. Our life is a very quiet one."

"A little diversion would do you good, madame," said Amory.

"Indeed, it would, mamma," cried Léonie.

Madame de Fontornel replied only by a slight movement of her shoulders and eyebrows, that meant either "No, hélas!" or "Yes, if it were but possible."

Frank interpreted it in the latter sense, and said, immediately: "I wish you would do us the honor to accept a box at the Gymnase for to-morrow evening. They give 'La joie fait peur' and 'Une femme qui se jette par la fenêtre.' Both unexceptionable."

"Mamma," whispered Léonie, imploringly.

"You are very kind, Monsieur Tremont. I do not know how to thank you enough."

"By accepting, madame," cried Amory, eagerly.

They all laughed.

"I am almost tempted to do so," said Madame de Fontornel, looking at the supplicating face her daughter turned towards her.

"Then you consent?" Frank said, quickly. "A thousand thanks."

"I cannot refuse. And, indeed, I believe it will be as great a pleasure to me as to my little Léonie here."

"With your permission, I will order the carriage at seven," said Frank, as they arose to take leave.

"At seven, soft."

Léonie did not speak, but the great dark eyes were brilliant with delight. She accompanied their guests to the door.

"A demain," cried Amory, as he ran chatting down the stone stairs.

Léonie nodded smilingly a friendly "adieu."

Madame Tessier was immensely pleased

when she heard of the invitation and its acceptance, and spent a busy day in preparing a dress for Léonie to wear. "Did I not tell you, mam'selle," she whispered to Léonie, as they sat together sewing on the same skirt, "did I not tell you that M. Amory was charming?"

"Yes, Clemence."

"He is so good-natured!"

"Yes."

"But M. Tremont I find disagreeable. He never has a word to say when he meets me, and I believe he scolds M. Amory for chatting and laughing with me," and Clemence smiled.

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed, mam'selle. M. Amory is lively and full of fun, and he always has something nice and amiable to say to one, you know. And where is the harm? And why should that sober M. Tremont look black if M. Amory offers to kiss me? Not that I would permit it," she added, in haste, seeing the surprised and blushing look Léonie gave her. "Certainly not. What would Jacques say? But why should M. Tremont frown and scold the poor young man, *je vous demande?*"

Léonie made no reply, and Clemence wisely changed the subject.

Madame de Fontornel had various old velvet and brocaded gowns made, of course, in a by-gone fashion; but they seemed peculiarly to suit her. And as she sat in the loge that night, dressed in dark blue velvet, and with a faded but wonderfully rich India shawl draping her shoulders, she attracted more attention, even, than her lovely daughter, whose delicate figure and sumptuous little head were charmingly defined against the crimson cushions.

The Gymnase is an ugly theatre, and, to the Americans, appeared wofully shabby and dark. But to Léonie the light and crowd were brilliant, and she watched the plays with most absorbing interest. The evening was one of unalloyed pleasure to the young girl. And from that time dated a great friendship between the two little families. Amory ran up to the *deuxième* half a dozen times a day. Madame de Fontornel never tired of his bright visits, and would pet and make much of him till he was in danger of being thoroughly spoiled. With Frank, this intimacy lasted for a short time and then suddenly stopped. Night after night he would go off to the theatre with Damereau, or sit before a *café* on the boulevards watching the gay throng passing like a panorama. Fine carriages, omnibuses, and flaccs rolling noiselessly over the asphalt pavement. The fair occupant of an elegant "Victoria," reclining lazily on the cushions, her silken skirt trailing about her, filling the carriage and almost concealing the little husband who sits meekly at her side. A "tilbury," drawn by a proud, powerful horse; the reins carelessly held in the tightly-gloved hand of a young Englishman, who, with a bit of glass screwed into one

eye, calmly surveys the ever-changing scene about him. A crowded omnibus, the seats on the roof occupied by students, who dangle their legs over the side and sing or smoke. Or a flacc with a pretty little grisette and moustached lover—their two heads close together—looking laughingly out of the window. And on the trottori—a lively, sauntering, idle throng of people. A party of travellers stopping to gaze in the shop windows. A "swell" picking his way along, looking at everything and everybody with supreme contempt. A Savoyard, with his marmotte and hurdy-gurdy. A little ragged Italian playing his fiddle in the drollest fashion. Such were the living pictures that Frank looked upon in endless variety. And when it became late and the countless lights dropped out, he would walk slowly home, stopping sometimes on the Pont Neuf to give money to some wretched outcast who would be leaning over the parapet peering into the dark river.

"You should stay with us, Frank, instead of going always to the theatres and nobody knows where," said Amory, one night.

"I can tell you, my fine fellow," growled Frank, in reply, "that if I did not know it was improving to your French—which is what you are here for—I would soon put a stop to the visits *au deuxième* as far as you are concerned."

"You are perfectly inexplicable!" Amory exclaimed, rather angrily; "the first week you knew the de Fontornels you were with them as much as I, and I thought they were really humanizing you a little. Now you never go near them; and if you meet Mademoiselle Léonie on the stairs, you hide in one of the dark corners till she has passed by. Madame de Fontornel is pained by your neglect; she said to me yesterday, 'We do not see your friend; he finds us dull?'"

"And what says Mademoiselle de Fontornel, pray?" asked Frank, after a pause.

"She says nothing, now. At first she looked uneasy and disappointed when you did not come. I was almost jealous of you; I was, upon my word!" and Amory laughed at the absurdity of the thing; "but I told her how unsocial you were, and how you detested the society of women, and now she has ceased to expect you."

"I am obliged to you."

"Come, Frank, go up with me to-night?"

"Excuse me," said Frank, leaving the room, "I have another engagement."

He walked thoughtfully down the stairs and into the court. As usual, the great doors leading into the street were closed. "Cordon!" he cried. And Madame Tessier hastily pulled the rope that hung in her little room. "Mon Dieu!" she said to herself, "he is so impatient!" Frank had stepped into the street and the door swung to.

"He is gone!" said Madame Tessier, "and

we shall see no more of him till midnight." At that moment the bell rung violently. "Who can it be?" thought the little concierge, peeping through the glass door as she again pulled the rope. It was Frank. "Déjà, monsieur!" she cried.

Frank vouchsafed no reply; but, going to his rooms and finding that Amory had already left them, he mounted to the *deuxième*. The door was partly open, and he passed on to the *salon* without being discovered. Madame de Fontornel and Amory were playing *écarté*; Léonie was seated at the piano softly striking the keys with one hand. She looked thoughtful and a little sad.

"If I could but think that my absence causes her sadness," muttered Frank, beneath his breath, "but I have been once deceived, let me be wiser now. 'May I come?'" he asked, aloud.

"What! is it you?" cried Amory.

"Come in, come in," said Madame de Fontornel, cordially.

Frank bowed over the white hand she held to him. And then crossed the room to Léonie. "Do you not welcome me also, mademoiselle?"

"With all my heart."

"Truly?"

"Yes, truly."

He looked down earnestly, steadily into her eyes. A rapid blush spread over her face.

"Is it true, or am I to suffer again?" he thought. But there was truth in the dark eyes—conviction in the blush.

"If you are good, you shall go with us to the Bois, to-morrow, Frank," called out Amory; "we are going to make it a holiday."

"I promise to be very good."

"You may not smoke."

"No."

"Nor scold Mademoiselle Léonie and me if we like to run into the long alleys?"

"I promise not to scold."

"And will you really go?" asked Léonie.

"With madame's permission."

"You have it," said madame, smiling; "we have missed you much these past weeks."

"What brought you back to night?" asked Amory, when they had returned to their own apartments. "I believe I shall never be able to understand you."

"You had better cease trying to do so."

"At any rate, I am glad you made up your mind to be civil. I was tired making excuses for you."

The next morning Léonie looked anxiously from the window to see if it was a pleasant day. Satisfied on that point, she ran into the kitchen, where Clemence was preparing their breakfast, to confide to her the programme for the afternoon. Clemence thought it would have been much wiser if M. Tremont had not joined the party. "He will spoil all your pleasure, mademoiselle. He is not amiable like *ce cher M. Amory*."

Léonie said nothing. She stood looking thoughtfully into the fire.

"He is both proud and impatient," continued Clemence; "I pity his wife if he ever marries."

Léonie still said nothing, but patted her little foot on the brick hearth, and smiled to herself.

"Ah, what a husband M. Amory would make!" cried Madame Tessier, enthusiastically. "And what a son! Madame is devoted to him."

Léonie now laughed outright. "Clemence," she said, "I think mamma is right in saying you talk too much."

"And does madame say that of me?"

Léonie nodded.

"It is very droll; Jacques has often said the same thing."

"You see, Clemence, it must be true."

Madame Tessier shook her head, doubtfully. "M. Amory," she began, but Léonie ran away without listening, declaring she had heard quite enough about M. Amory.

The day was the perfection of a summer's day. And Paris had never looked brighter to the little party than when they had left their narrow, crowded street and were rolling through the Place de la Concorde and up the Avenue des Champs Elysées. Children were tumbling their hoops, driving in the little goat carriages, taking reserved seats (two sous each) at the *Polichinelle* theatres, and escaping from their *bonnes*, who pursued them with shrill threats, laughing the while.

They had reached the Bois, and were driving slowly through the long, shady alleys.

"I should so like to get out and walk," said Léonie.

"I have no objections, *mignon*ne," said madame, "the carriage can follow you."

Frank called out to the coachman to stop, and, springing out, assisted Léonie to alight.

"I suppose I may come, too?" asked Amory, in English.

"And leave madame alone? That would hardly be civil," said Frank, closing the door.

"Where shall we go first?" said Léonie. "Do you know, I have not walked in the Bois since I was a child?"

She looked almost a child yet, as she raised her lovely, smiling face to Frank.

"Shall we have a sail on the lake?" he suggested.

"Oh, how I should like it!" Léonie exclaimed; "but I fear mamma will not consent."

"We will not ask her," said Frank, assuring himself that the carriage was some distance behind them, and then beckoning one of the boatmen.

"Why cannot mamma and M. Amory go with us?" said Léonie, looking longingly at the pretty, gayly-painted boat; "I must not go with you alone."

"And I will have no one else. It would be nothing in America."

"Are you quite sure it is the custom in your country?" Léonie asked.

"Positive," said Frank, smiling, and gently drawing her towards the boat. "The carriage is nearly here; come!" he urged, eagerly.

Léonie yielded and stepped into the boat, Frank followed. They had just pushed off, when Amory caught sight of them.

"Stop, stop!" he cried, "and we will join you."

But Frank only spoke to the boatman, who was unfurling the little sail, bidding him make haste.

"They should not have gone alone," said Madame de Fontornel, somewhat displeased. "However, M. Tremont is very good, and I dare say he did not know it was not convenient."

"I never knew him do such a thing before," muttered Amory to himself, as he looked enviously after the truants. "We can make the tour of the lake, madame," he said, aloud, "and keep them in sight."

But they could not keep them in hearing; and Frank hastily determined to make the most of his time.

"Léonie," he said, rapidly, and in a low voice, "this may be my only chance for weeks of speaking with you alone. I want to tell you what you must have seen almost from the first day I met you, that I love you; I have avoided you, and have tried to conquer a feeling which I found had no response in your heart. But last night you unconsciously gave me some hope. Was I wrong in thinking so? Léonie," he continued, hurriedly, for she had made no reply, but sat motionless, her eyes fixed upon the water, "tell me now, tell me quickly; do you love me?"

"Yes," she whispered, "I love you. I love you," she repeated, with a long sigh.

"Ma bien aimée! My darling!" said Frank, suddenly breaking into English, "I will make you happy. Believe me, dearest child, my life shall be devoted to your happiness."

Léonie looked at him smilingly. She could not understand a word, but his earnest voice interpreted his meaning sufficiently.

"In the name of all that's good, what induced you to go off in that way, Frank?" cried Amory, from the shore. He had left the carriage, and was walking along the foot-path. "Madame de Fontornel insists upon your landing immediately."

"By all means," said Frank, coolly, and then gave the order to the boatman.

"Ma fille," said madame, "you should not have gone in the boat without my permission."

"I did wrong, mamma," murmured Léonie, blushing deeply.

"It was my fault, madame," said Frank. "You should scold me alone."

"I shall scold neither of you, naughty children. But such a thing must not occur again."

Amory was devoured by jealousy. He looked from Léonie to Frank, and was convinced that something had passed between them. When they reached home and had left the ladies at the door of their apartments, he burst out with: "Confound it, Frank, it takes you quiet ones to cut a fellow out! Of course, I'm not blind. I saw in a moment how matters were."

"I am glad of it," said Frank; "it saves me the trouble of an explanation."

"And suppose," cried Amory, in immense indignation, "suppose I had intended to marry her myself?"

"I should have put you on board the first Cunarder and sent you home."

"Should you, indeed?"

"I should, certainly. Pray, what have you to support a wife upon? And how do you think your father would take your marriage?"

Amory was silent.

"Come," continued Frank, "you are as much in love with Madame de Fontornel or Clemence as with Léonie. You are but a boy. Twenty-one, is it not?"

"Twenty-two," said Amory, in great haste.

"Ah! Well, even then, you have plenty of time. Believe me, although I am ten years your senior, I do not yet feel old."

Madame de Fontornel was almost overcome with surprise when Frank asked her for her daughter. She could not believe it, and was incredulous, till Frank laughingly called her "mamma," and kissed her hand.

"But Léonie, what will Léonie say?" she said. "The child has never thought of such a thing. Indeed, I almost suspect that she prefers your friend."

How Léonie convinced her mother that she very much preferred Frank I cannot say. But that she was convinced and was greatly pleased with the match is positive, especially when Frank took a handsome apartment in a strictly fashionable and exclusive street, provided his wife with a luxurious little coupé, and invited his belle-mère to live with him. Clemence and Jacques were promoted to positions of great trust in the new household, namely, lady's maid and valet.

Clemence never entirely recovered the astonishment she was thrown into when Léonie told her that she was soon to marry M. Tremont. "M. Tremont! M. Tremont?" she exclaimed. "Vous voulez dire M. Amory, sans doute, mam'selle?"

But Léonie insisted that it was M. Tremont, and was rather indignant with Clemence for supposing she would marry any one else.

As for Amory, three weeks after the wedding he fell desperately in love with a bewitching little grisette, who had flirted with him over a pair of gloves. Frank fulfilled his threat of sending him home, and we will hope that he is now safe under the control of his papa.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

PAPER ROSE.

Materials.—Pale yellow, white, or red, and light green tissue-paper; thick gum, fine wire, paint-brush, pincers, hyacinth hook, the thickest wooden rounding pin, green leaves, and green wax calix; light green wool.

double, and then cut. The stamen calix, represented in Fig. 2, consists of a few light green loops of wool fastened to a wire. These are carefully combed out and surrounded with stamens of gold thread, touched at the points

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

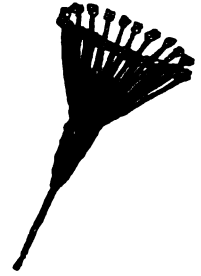


Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Our model is a light yellow rose, with a reddish pencilling; any pink will do as well.

The coloring is painted with carmine. The several leaf parts are folded four or eight times

with fine white sand. Six double leaves, curled with what is called a hyacinth hook, are then pressed together at the under end, as shown in Fig. 3, and bound round the calix. They are

one inch and a quarter long and half an inch wide, with a little piece cut out of the middle in a tapering form to within a quarter of an inch of the bottom of the paper. Then make three hollow pads, each formed from one inch and a half square by inclosing and pressing the corners together carefully (see Fig. 4). The

again laid in the palm of the hand, and pressed up with the hook several times, so as to form the shapes represented in Figs. 7 and 8. First the four smaller, then the four larger petal parts; the latter, reversed, are bound round the hollow pad; then follow three circles of the petals cut four in one piece, with a little open-

Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.

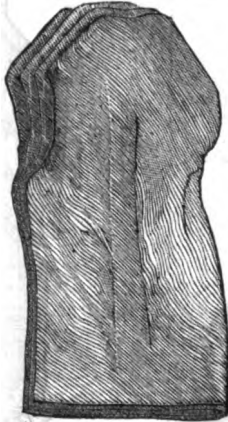


Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.

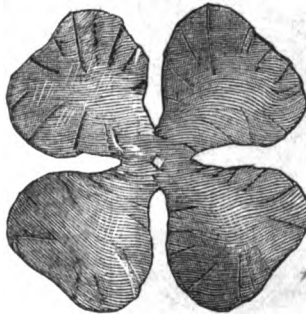


Fig. 10.



our leaves, which are all cut in one piece, are for the smaller size, two inches long and one inch broad, quite straight at the bottom, folded together at the top, and slightly rounded, so as to give a little curve exactly in the middle. The larger ones are one inch and a quarter broad, two inches and a half long, shaped at the top as described for the smaller one. Four of both sides (see Fig. 5) are pressed between the thumb and fore-finger of both hands, then opened out again, and, lying fourfold upon each other upon the palm of the hand, are crimped with the hyacinth hook, according to Fig. 6. The scalloped edges are then drawn lightly over the scissors in order to give the part that turns over the delicate form natural to the rose-leaf. Then the separate parts of the petal must be quite unfolded and separated from each other, and the four petals in one piece must be pressed together at the under end; then the so-far prepared petal part is

ing in the middle for pushing on. These are cut in the exact form shown in Fig. 9.

Each leaf is two inches and a quarter at the widest part, and is the same length from the highest point to the hole shown in the middle to draw the wire of the stamen calix shown in Fig. 2. The largest round of the wooden pin will be needed for rounding the large petals. As soon as a separate circle of the so-far finished rose is closely pushed on, the edges of the petals are very carefully gummed over each other at the side edges. Twelve leaves taken from this pattern are placed in reversed lines, and again carefully gummed over each other at the under points and side edges.

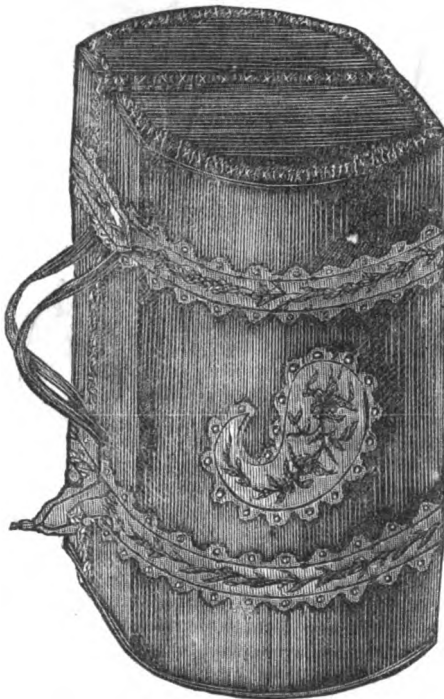
Suitable branches of moss are firmly gummed at regular distances under the roses. The stalks are covered with light green tissue paper, and a calix of green wax completes the rose. The mode of placing on the wadding and yellow tissue paper bud is shown in Fig. 10.

The large buds are easily made, and require a long or short strip of paper, according to their size, about one inch and a quarter or one inch and a half broad. Every leaf must be scalloped, and rounded, and turned back, according to Fig. 6, and squeezed together from the inside outwardly in the usual manner. The buds are also ornamented with branches of moss and a wax calix. The green leaves are bought very cheaply at a florist's.

PORTABLE BOX.

Materials.—American cloth, light brown cloth, embroidery silk, black, two shades brown and white, gold beads, little gilt ornaments, two buckles, striped ticking, pasteboard, leather for border, wooden frame.

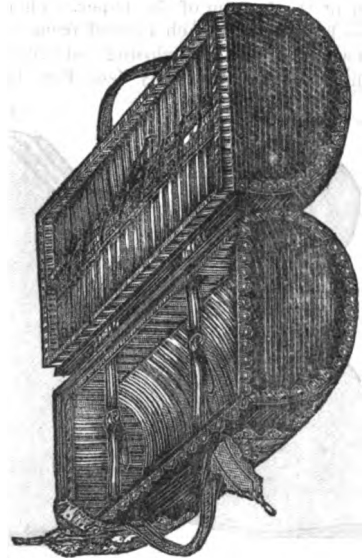
Fig. 1.



THIS box opens in the middle, forming two equal halves, and measures fourteen and a half inches in length, and ten inches in breadth, and is eight and a quarter inches high at the sides. It is made of pasteboard covered with American cloth, and ornamented with leather scallops round the outer edges, borders covering the straps, and large palm-leaves in *appliqué* of light brown cloth, worked with a little black, and two shades of brown silk, with a few gold beads, and pretty little gilt ornaments. The arrangement of the tray, which is covered with ticking, is clearly shown in Figs. 2 and 3. The parts must be very firmly joined together with paste and glue; holes must be bored with a thick needle, and strong waxed thread used.

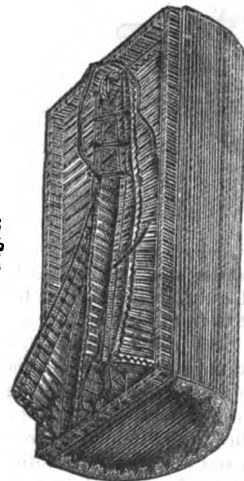
For the outer box, cut a piece of thick pasteboard, fifteen and a quarter inches long, and fourteen and a quarter inches broad for the

Fig. 2.



principal part; the side parts are eight and a quarter inches broad; the ends in the middle, five inches high, and at the straight sides, two inches. In order to be able to arrange the under rounding, each pasteboard part must be

Fig. 3.



covered with American cloth, and a piece left to turn over at the outer edges only. The other sides must afterwards have holes bored in them, and be firmly sewn together. The pieces of pasteboard for the inner box must be cut with great accuracy, and arranged according to the outer box, so that one-half of the inner box advances three-quarters of an inch above the outer, and the other half is as much below the outer box. The ticking must be glued on, and

one and a half inch must be left to turn over everywhere. The parts must be afterwards sewn together at the edges. The four large pasteboard parts are cut through with a sharp knife exactly at the places where the sharp bend comes (for the outer box two inches from the edge; for the inner box, at a corresponding distance) upon the side that is not gummed for the requisite bend at the corners. Above this bend, a thin wooden edge, one inch broad, must be glued on to the outer box, and an edge of corresponding height must be also placed on the outer side parts. For the leather scallop on the seams and outer edge, a strip of leather one and a quarter inch broad, is cut out in scallops. For covering the joining seams, the strips of scallops must be sewn on underneath. Previously to fastening the scallops at the edge of the cover a strong cord must be placed in to make a firm finish. After fastening on the palm-leaves, and the little border in brown chain stitch, with a brown edge and slanting white stitches, the inner box with cord and straps (see Figs. 2 and 3) must be fastened to the box with almost invisible stitches. The handles are stitched over a cord, and the straps are lined with tick, and embroidered, and holes are bored for fastening them and the handles in the places where the wooden ledge renders it most secure. The buckles must be made secure with silk braid.

INFANT'S FLANNEL SHOE, WITH KNITTED SOCK.

THIS pretty little shoe is made of white flannel, worked round with button-hole stitch of red wool; the sock is knitted with colored



wool. Cast on for the sock a sufficient number of stitches with red wool; begin at the upper edge, and work 16 rounds alternately 2 stitches knitted, 2 purled; then begin the striped pattern, which is worked in plain knitting, 2 rounds with red wool, 3 rounds with white

wool, 2 rounds red, and 1 round black. The sock is worked like a stocking, only shorter and looser. The shoe is made of flannel taken double; it is embroidered with red wool, from illustration. The lappets of the shoe are fastened with a button and button-hole.

SPECTACLE CLEANER.

NOTHING damages an eyeglass or spectacles more rapidly than wiping them with any harsh, rough fabric. This small contrivance will be found very useful for the purpose. The shape is cut in paper, and the back is covered with



green silk, ornamented in the centre with a few fancy stitches; a little wadding is added, and the lining consists of either soft wash leather or a piece of white kid glove, the inside being turned outwards. The edge is finished off with a piece of cord. Both sides are alike.

SCISSOR-SHEATH AND STRING.

Materials.—Drab crochet cotton, blue floselle, blue purse-silk, steel beads, blue satin ribbon three-fifths of an inch wide.

THIS scissor-sheath consists of a strip eighteen inches long, three-fifths of an inch wide, worked in crochet with drab cotton, and darned with blue floselle in a damask pattern. At the lower end of the string there is a small pocket finished off into a point; it is worked with blue purse-silk. At the upper end fasten a hook, by means of which the strip is fastened on to the waistband. At the same place a rosette of blue satin ribbon is sewn on. For working the

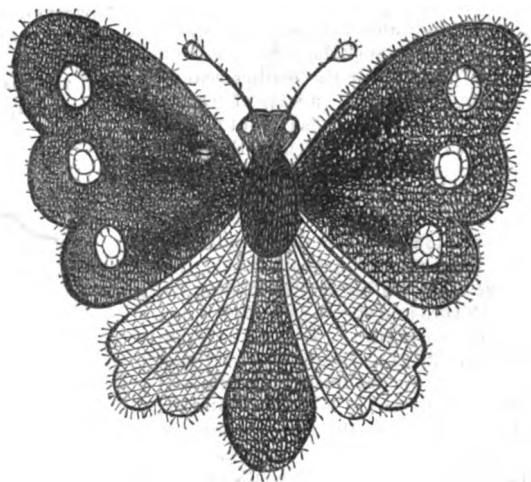
crochet strip, wind some gray crochet cotton closely over a mesh three-fifths of an inch wide, work along one side of the mesh one slip stitch round each piece of cotton. Draw the thus covered cotton off the mesh, leaving only the last three or four, cover the mesh again, and continue to work on in this manner till the strip is nineteen inches long. Work slip stitches in the same manner along the other side of the

into a point. Then sew the lower end of the crochet strip on to half the upper edge of the pocket, after passing the handle of the scissors through, in the manner seen on illustration. Lastly, ornament the pocket round the edge with steel beads, from illustration, fasten a large hook at the upper end of the holder on the wrong side, and a rosette of blue satin ribbon on the right side.

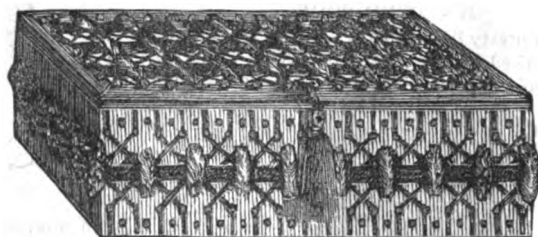


SCISSOR-SHEATH AND STRING.

strip; at both ends work the slip stitches round the last piece of cotton. Then darn the loose cotton between the two rows of slip stitches with blue flosselle in the damask pattern, fold the strip in two, so as to form a point in the centre, and so that the selvedge stitches of one side meet together. These selvedge stitches are sewn together five inches from the point with buttonhole stitch of blue pûrse-silk, taking up two corresponding stitches with one buttonhole stitch; a steel bead must be threaded with each stitch. When the strip has been thus far joined together, work on the free side one buttonhole stitch in every selvedge stitch, likewise threading on one steel bead for every stitch. For the pocket, make a foundation chain of twenty-eight stitches, join them into a circle, and work eighteen rounds in double crochet, decreasing in a manner that the pocket is finished off



BUTTERFLY WORKED ON NET.



ORNAMENTAL BOX.

BUTTERFLY WOKED ON NET.

THESE butterflies are used for ornamenting evening dresses; our model is composed of white and black net worked with pink silk.

ORNAMENTAL BOX.

THIS small box, intended for holding the knick-knacks on a dressing-table, is made of the new gold canvas, and can be of any size, according to requirement. The foundation, sides, and lid are all cut in card-board, which is covered with pink satin at both sides. The gold canvas is then cut the size of the card-board, and worked with black chenille, according to the illustration. The small round dots are gold beads. A gold cord is sewn at the edges to conceal the joinings.

BIB IN CROCHET TRICOTEE.

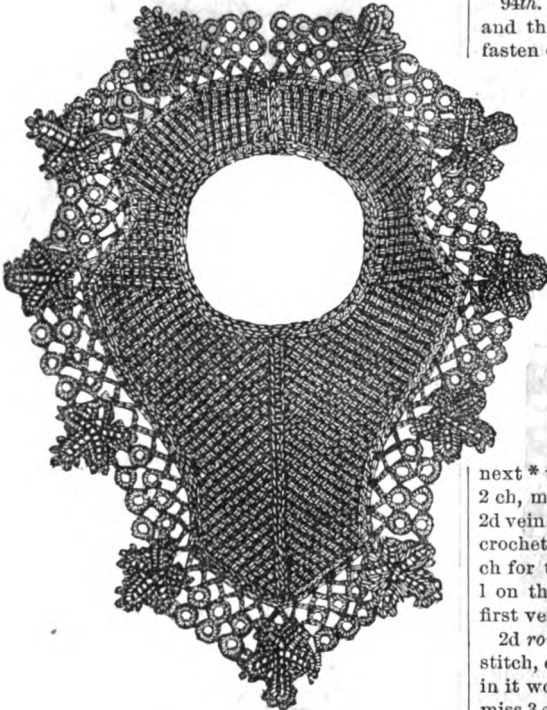
Materials.—This bib is crocheted with knitting cotton, No. 16, and a long coarse steel crochet hook; a finer cotton and hook are required for the edging. If worked in wool it would make a capital chest preserver for children in cold weather.

Commence at the bottom of the point in front with 3 ch, take up the 2 chain, and work back as usual.

2d row. Make a stitch by taking up the horizontal stitch running between the 1st and 2d loops, take up the 2d long loop, make another stitch as the first between the 2d and 3d long loops; work back.

3d. Make a stitch as in last row on each side the centre long loop in the row. Work back; repeat this row until you have 59 long loops; this should bring you to the 28th row.

29th. Take up 29 loops only with the one on



the needle. Work back. This is the first row of the right shoulder.

30th. Take up 28 loops. Work back. 31st row to 37th row. Take up one stitch less each row.

38th. Leave 3 loops unraised at the end of this little row; repeat this row 5 times.

44th. Take up each 3 stitches left in each of the last 6 rows. Work back. Work the 2 last on the needle off together, so decreasing 1 stitch.

45th. Take up all the loops of last row, work back the 2 first together, decreasing one, and the two last on the needle also.

Then work 6 rows, decreasing one each row at the end of each row in working back.

52d. Take up all but the last loop, work back plain.

53d. Make a loop between the loop on the needle and the 2d long loop, as in the first rows; leave 1 loop unraised at the end of the row, work back. Work 7 more rows like this.

61st. Leave 1 loop unraised at the end, and make no increase in commencing; work back. Work 4 more rows like this.

66th. Raise 2 loops besides the one on the needle; work back.

67th. Raise the loops of 66th row and all the stitches left at the end of the rows to the 46th row.

9 rows plain.

77th. Leave 1 loop unraised at the end; work back; work the next 16 rows as the 77th.

94th. Raise all the loops left between this and the 77th row; work back; 8 plain rows, fasten off.

Join to the 3d stitch from the centre of the work in the 29th row, and repeat from that row for the left shoulder, with this difference, that all the stitches are left in working back at the end of the needle instead of in raising the loops, and where you decreased in commencing the row, decrease in ending it—the same with the increasings—when this left shoulder is worked, work a row of double crochet all round and in the neck.

The border consists of 11 ivy leaves worked in the finer cotton; these ivy leaves are joined by 12 sets of 6 rings.

1st ivy leaf. 11 ch for 1st vein, 1 l on the 7th ch, * 2 ch, miss 2, 1 l on the next * twice. 2d vein, 14 ch, 1 l on the 10th * 2 ch, miss 2, 1 l on next * 3 times; repeat the 2d vein twice more; after the 4th vein is worked crochet 1 l on the 1st l of the 1st vein, then 11 ch for the 5th vein, 1 l on 7th, * 2 ch, miss 2, 1 l on the next twice, 1 dc on the 1st ch in the first vein.

2d round. Double crochet, work 1 dc in each stitch, excepting in the top stitch of every vein, in it work 3 dc, and at the bottom of each vein miss 3 stitches; at the end of the 5th vein leave 1 stitch, and commence the 3d round in the 2d dc of last round.

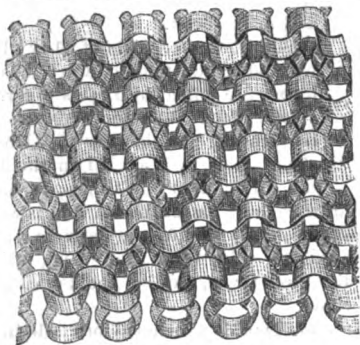
3d round. Dc in each of the 2d and 3d stitches, * 3 ch, 1 dc in each of 2 next stitches; repeat. At the top of each vein only leave 1 dc between the little loops of 3 ch; at the bottom of each vein leave 2 stitches unworked, besides the centre stitch, and 2 on the other side the centre stitch, making 5 stitches altogether. Always begin the next vein with 2 dc. At the end of the round leave 2 stitches unworked, and join with 1 s in the 1st dc of the round; fasten off. Work 11 of these leaves; when 2 are worked, join them with the rings.

1st ring. 13 ch, unite, work inside half only of this ring with dc, then 16 ch, join into a ring, 1 s on the last dc in last ring, fill half this ring with dc. 16 ch, join as the last, fill half of it with dc, and draw through the picot at the top of the first vein in a leaf; work back in each half of the 3 rings with dc, and join with 1 s to the 1st dc in 1st ring, and at the same time to the top of 1st vein in another leaf; fasten off. Work the next row of 3 rings in the same manner, joining to the picot at the top of the side in the 2d vein, and drawing the centre dc in each half of the ring through the middle dc of each ring below. You will observe that two leaves are joined on both sides the bib with 4 rings in the 1st row. At the back end the border with a set of rings on each side.

You join the border to the bib in the following manner: Commence on the point of the bib in front with 1 dc, 6 ch, join with 1 dc on the dc of leaf between the top of first vein, to which the ring is joined, and the one to the outside of it; 6 ch, * 1 dc on bib, 6 ch, 1 dc on ring; repeat, taking up each ring and first and last veins of the leaves, making the border fit nicely; fasten off. Add 2 little buttons and loops at the back.

KNITTED DUSTER.

SHOWS part of a duster, full size; it is knitted with narrow tape, in rows backwards and for-



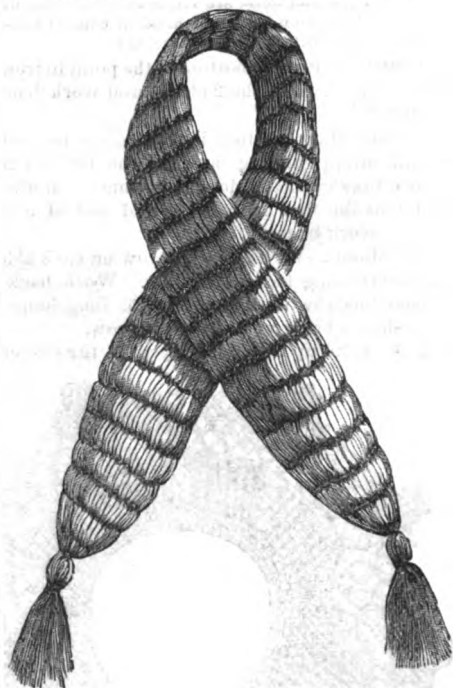
wards, with thick wooden knitting-needles. At both ends the duster is finished off with a fringe of the tape. The duster can be made of worsted braid or wool, if preferred.

CROCHET SCARF.

Materials.—White wool, mauve-colored wool, a bone crochet needle to correspond.

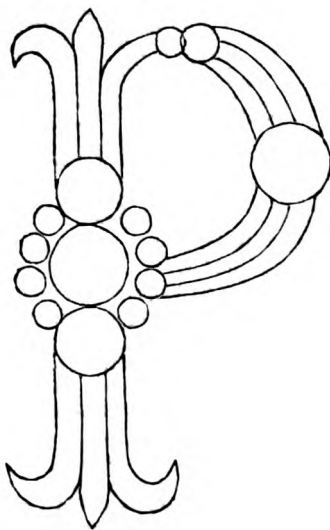
MAKE a foundation chain of 22 stitches with white wool; join the stitches into a circle. *1st round.* Insert the needle into the 1st stitch, work 1 stitch, draw out a loop three-fifths of an inch long, keep the loop on the needle, work 1 stitch more, and draw the loop out of the top of the

same size. *2d.* Take the needle out of all the long loops, and take them up separately one by one by slip stitches of mauve-colored wool.



Work thus 34 rounds. Gather up the ends, and fasten a small tassel of white and mauve wool.

LETTER FOR MARKING.



Receipts, &c.

POISONOUS HAIR DYES, ETC.

BY DR. CHARLES F. UHLER.

It is fully time that the press were attracting more general attention towards the great injury arising from the use of the various "Invigorators," "Restorers," "Hair Washes," etc., that are becoming so popular among the people.

Scarcely a paper or periodical can we take up for perusal, scarcely can we turn our eyes, but we meet the cunning schemes laid to ingratiate into public favor these injurious compounds. And the people, itching to try every new thing that appears, purchase them, daub them upon their craniums, and then recommend them to their friends, without the slightest investigation or thought as to the consequences.

They are, to be sure, without exception, warranted "perfectly harmless," "perfectly safe," "perfectly pure," and "all that sort of thing" which, as might be expected in the first place from the extra pains taken to give this idea, is a *perfect humbug*. It is well known to the manufacturers, and all who are acquainted with their ingredients, that they are neither safe, pure, nor harmless in any way that they can be used; and the thousand deluded mortals who are in the daily habit of using them will to their sorrow sooner or later find this to be the truth. Lead in some form is the principal ingredient of all of these preparations. By their continued application to the skin or scalp, an absorption of lead takes place, and its poisonous effects manifest themselves under the various forms of lead poisoning; for it must be known that lead, gaining access to the system in this way, is fully as dangerous, and is attended with fully as disastrous results, as when taken in by the usual methods.

Were the penalty of the introduction of this metal into the system more promptly suffered, or its disastrous results experienced as quickly as with many of the more active mineral poisons, its danger as a poison would be infinitely less, but, unhappily, this is not the case. They act so secretly and insidiously that they undermine health, break down constitutions, and often directly destroy life without a suspicion existing of their real character.

Thus it is that those who suffer the effects of this agent are in the greater number of instances entirely beyond cure before the real cause of their "ill health" is even suspected. There is no doubt but that hundreds have gone to their graves without even their physician being aware of the cause of the destruction that was going on within them. It is a serious matter, this introduction of lead into the human system. Arsenic, strychnine, Prussic acid are far the more preferable and generous. They kill outright and end the matter at once, a "consummation devoutly wished" by many a poor victim of saturnine poisoning. And all of this is equally true as regards many of the cosmetics now so universally used by the feminine sex; they are poisons in the rankest form. They are not only hurtful by obstructing the natural pores of the skin, stopping up the mouths of the excreting ducts, which are designed by nature to throw off by an insensible and sensible perspiration the impurities of the blood, but also "presenting to the absorbent vessels a poison which is taken into the system, and penetrates to every portion of the body." The effects of these cosmetics are to destroy the natural texture of the skin, causing it to become dry and wrinkled, and impervious to the oxygen of the air, and by depriving the blood

of this life-giving principle, producing rapid decay. Ladies, take our advice, and do not use them. Keep your skin clean and in a healthy condition by the frequent use of pure cold water and rough towels, and no cosmetic will ever be necessary. Their use removes all impurities from the skin, stimulates its delicate net-work, allows the oxygen of the atmosphere to come in contact with its bloodvessels, and thus supplies all the needed elements to enhance and preserve beauty.

We herewith give a few simple but reliable tests that all who may desire may detect the presence of lead in any of these cosmetics or hair washes. No one who values health and immunity from pain should neglect to apply them to any compound recommended for the purpose of coloring the hair or improving the complexion. A solution of iodide of potassium (twenty grains to one ounce of water) added to the wash will throw down a light yellow precipitate. Sulphide of sodium (Glauber's salts) will immediately turn it black or dark, and generally throw down a precipitate. A solution of sulphuretted hydrogen will have the same effect. By using these simple and inexpensive tests, which may be obtained at any drug store, and rejecting everything that is proven to contain lead in some form, the slow poisoning, which is sure to follow their constant application, will readily be avoided.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Potato Pone.—This is a favorite dish in the West India Islands. Wash, peel, and grate two pounds of potatoes; add four ounces each of sugar and butter (or beef dripping) melted, one teaspoonful each of salt and pepper; mix well together; place it in a baking-dish, and put it into a brisk oven until it is done, and become nicely browned.

Rabbit Soup.—Cut one or two rabbits into joints; lay them for an hour in cold water; dry and fry them in butter till about half done, with four or five onions and a middling-sized head of celery cut small; add to this three quarts of cold water, one pound of split peas, some pepper and salt; let it stew gently for four or five hours, then strain and serve it.

Forcemeat.—Take equal quantities of cold chicken, veal, and beef, shred very small and mixed together; season at the same time with a moderate quantity of pepper, salt, sweet herbs, and grated nutmeg—that is to say, if intended for white meat, or for anything delicately flavored; but if meant for a savory dish, add a little minced ham, and an atom of garlic. Put the whole in a stone mortar, and pound it until quite fine, then make it into a paste with a raw egg, some butter, marrow, or fat of some kind. When used, it may either be rolled into round balls and fried for any made dish, or put it into any joint of meat or poultry as stuffing; and if kept in a cool place, and well seasoned, it will keep good for several days.

French Mashed Potatoes.—After well boiling some potatoes in their jackets, peel and mash them with a fork; put them into a stewpan with some butter and salt, moisten them with fresh cream, and let them grow dry while stirring them over the fire; add more cream, and so continue for nearly an hour; dish them, and brown them on the top with a salamander. Serve directly.

To Glaze Pastry.—To glaze pastry, which is the usual method adopted for meat or raised pies, break an egg, separate the yolk from the white, and beat the former for a short time. Then, when the pastry is nearly baked, take it out of the oven, brush it over with this beaten yolk of egg, and put it back in the oven to set the glaze.

Horseradish Sauce.—A spoonful of mustard, a table-spoonful of vinegar, three spoonfuls of cream, and a little salt. Grate as much horseradish into it as will be required to make it rather thick; and, if liked, a little garlic may be added.

Buttered Eggs.—Four new-laid eggs, two ounces of butter. Procure the eggs new-laid, if possible; break them into a basin, and beat them well; put the butter into another basin, which place in boiling water, and stir till the butter is melted. Pour that and the eggs into a lined saucepan, hold it over a gentle fire, and, as the mixture begins to warm, pour it two or three times into the basin and back again, that the two ingredients may be well incorporated. Keep stirring the eggs and butter one way until they are hot, *without boiling*, and serve on hot buttered toast. If the mixture is allowed to boil, it will curdle, and so be entirely spoiled.

To Clarify Butter.—Place two pounds, or any quantity of butter required, in a clean jar, and place the jar in a stewpan of hot water; stir until all is melted, and then strain through a sieve, and either use at once for potted meats, etc., or store in small jars, and keep in a very cool place.

Potted Beef.—Two pounds of lean beef, six ounces of butter, one teaspoonful each of pepper, salt, and mace. Free the beef from all skin and gristle, and put it into an earthenware jar, with a gill of water, and cover and place it in a deep stewpan full of boiling water, and simmer slowly for five hours. Take out the beef, mince it very finely, and pound it in a mortar with the above-named seasoning. When smooth, add the butter, which should be clarified by degrees; press the mixture into small pots, pour clarified butter over the top. When cool, tie down, and keep in a cool place.

Turkey and Chicken Patties.—Take the white part of some cold turkey or chicken, and mince it very fine. Mince also some cold-boiled ham or smoked tongue, and then mix the turkey and ham together. Add the yolks of some hard-boiled eggs, grated or minced, a very little Cayenne, and some powdered mace and nutmeg. Moisten the whole with cream or fresh butter. Have ready some puff-paste shells, that have been baked empty in pattypans. Place them on a large dish, and fish them with the mixture. Cold fillet of veal minced, and mixed with chopped ham, and grated yolk of egg, and seasoned as above, will make very good patties.

Veal Gravy Soup.—Garnish the bottom of the stewpan with thin pieces of lard, then a few slices of ham, slices of veal cutlet, sliced onions, carrots, parsnips, celery, a few cloves upon the meat, and a spoonful of broth; soak it on the fire in this manner till the veal throws out its juice; then put it on a stronger fire till the meat catches to the bottom of the pan and is brought to a proper color, then add a sufficient quantity of light broth, and simmer it on a slow fire till the meat is thoroughly done; add a little thyme and mushrooms. Skim and sift it clear for use.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Cakes for Dessert.—Four eggs, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of flour. Mix the butter, sugar, and yolks of the eggs thoroughly, then add the flour and mix again, then the whites of the eggs beaten to a thick froth. Grate in a little lemon-rind. Put in little tins, filling each about one-third full, and bake till done.

Egg Cheesecakes.—Twelve eggs, boiled hard and rubbed through a sieve (while hot), with half a pound of butter; then add half a pound of pounded loaf-sugar, half a pound of currants, and a little nut-

meg. Brandy may be added, which flavors them nicely; or, if preferred, a few drops of essence of lemon or almonds.

A Plain Plum-Pudding for Children.—One pound of flour, one pound of bread-crumbs, three-quarters of a pound of stoned raisins, three-quarters of a pound of currants, three-quarters of a pound of suet, three or four eggs, milk, two ounces of candied peel, one teaspoonful of powdered allspice, half a saltspoonful of salt. Let the suet be finely chopped, the raisins stoned, and the currants well washed, picked, and dried. Mix these with the other dry ingredients, and stir all well together; beat and strain the eggs to the pudding, stir these in, and add just sufficient milk to make it mix properly. Tie it up in a well-floured cloth, put it into boiling water, and boil for at least five hours. Serve with a little pounded sugar sprinkled over it.

Apple Custard.—One dozen large apples, moist sugar to taste, one small teacupful of cold water, the grated rind of one lemon, one pint of milk, four eggs, two ounces of loaf-sugar. Peel, cut, and core the apples, put them into a lined saucepan with the cold water, and, as they heat, bruise them to a pulp; sweeten with moist sugar, and add the grated lemon-rind; when cold, put the fruit at the bottom of a pie dish, and pour over it a custard made with the above-named proportions of milk, eggs, and loaf-sugar; grate a little nutmeg over the top, place the dish in a moderate oven, and bake from twenty-five to thirty-five minutes.

Sweet Paste.—This is suitable to fruit tarts generally, apples excepted, for which we recommend a puff-paste. To three-quarters of a pound of butter put a pound and a half of flour, three or four ounces of sifted loaf-sugar, the yolks of two eggs, and half a pint of new milk. Bake it in a moderate oven.

All the Year Round Pudding.—Line a pie-dish with paste, spread on this three ounces of any kind of jam (raspberry is the best), then beat well in a basin the following: three ounces of bread-crumbs, the same of sugar and butter, the rind and juice of half a large lemon; add this to the pastry and jam, and bake half an hour.

Rice and Milk.—To every quart of good milk allow two ounces of rice: wash it well in several waters; put it with the milk into a closely-covered saucepan, and set it over a slow fire; when it boils, take it off; let it stand till it is cold, and simmer it about an hour and a quarter before sending it to table, and serve it in a tureen.

Bibaoe.—One pint of cream whipped until stiff, one ounce of isinglass boiled and strained in about one pint of water until reduced to half a pint. Four ounces of sugar, one vanilla bean; stir in the cream when the isinglass gets blood heat. Then mould and eat with whipped cream.

Ambrosia.—Grate a cocoanut, peel a pine-apple, etc., cut it up into small pieces; then put a layer of cocoanut in your dish, strew sugar over it, then a layer of pine-apple, strew sugar over that; continue this until your dish is full. Orange can be substituted for the pine-apple. It must be prepared several hours before it is wanted for use.

Cup Cake.—One cup of butter and three of sugar worked to cream, a half wineglassful of wine, five eggs beat separately, one teaspoonful of soda sifted with five cups of sifted flour, a little nutmeg, and lastly a cup of sour cream; bake in round tins in a moderately quick oven; fruit may be added if desired; frost while the cake is warm, and it will keep some time without becoming stale. This cake is rich enough for any company.

POSITION IN SLEEPING.

It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents of it are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side, the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep, let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body near the backbone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of the blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent and hearty, the arrest is more decided; and the various sensations—such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate effort to get rid of it—arouse us, and send on the stagnating blood; and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or in perspiration, or feeling exhaustion, according to the degree of stagnation, and the length of the efforts made to overcome the danger. But when we are unable to escape the danger—when we do fall over the precipice, when the tumbling building crushes us—what then? That is death! That is the death of those of whom it is said, when found lifeless in the morning: "That they were as well as ever they were the day before," and often it is added, "and ate heartier than common." This last, as a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed to wake no more, we give merely as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know with certainty, that waking up in the night with painful diarrhœa, or cholera, or bilious colic, ending in death in a very short time, is probably traceable to a late large meal. The truly wise will take the safe side. For persons to eat three times a day, it is amply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter, and a cup of some warm drink. No one can starve on it; while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising of a day of comfort. —*Hall's Journal of Health.*

CONTRIBUTED.

White Sponge Cake.—The whites of ten eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, one tumbler of sifted flour, one and a half tumbler of white sugar, half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, a pinch of salt. Have the salt and cream of tartar well stirred into the flour. Add the sugar to the whites first, then stir in the flour *very lightly* and put into a moderate oven immediately. Some may think that this will need soda, as there is cream of tartar with the ingredients, but this is a mistake. Mrs. H. P. M.

DEAR GODDEY: I send you a few receipts which I use, and which, for goodness and cheapness combined, I think cannot be surpassed.

Marble Cake. White Part.—Whites of four eggs, one cup of white sugar, half a cup of butter, the same of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda.

Black Part.—Yelks of four eggs, one cup of brown sugar, half a cup of molasses, the same of butter and of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, and plenty of all kinds of spices such as suits the taste. Put first black then white, until all is in, then bake. It is very nice.

Sponge Cake.—Four eggs, one cup of sugar, one of flour.

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Ginger Snaps.—One cup of lard, one of sugar, two of molasses, one tablespoonful of soda dissolved in one cup of water, three tablespoonfuls of ginger. Mix very stiff.

Potato Stew.—Four quarts of water, six good-sized potatoes, pared and cut fine, half a cup of rice, one handful of finely-cut cabbage, one onion sliced, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one tablespoonful of butter, a little pepper. When nearly ready to serve up beat together one egg and a little flour and water, and stir in. Mrs. J. E. S.

Lemon Pie, Rich.—Five eggs, two lemons, and sugar enough to sweeten; save out a couple of the whites of the eggs, beat stiff with sugar; when the pies are cold, spread over the top. This is enough for two pies.

Lemon Pie, Plain.—One large Boston cracker soaked, a teacup of water, one lemon, sugar to sweeten, grate the lemon, and mix well. This will make one pie. Mrs. J. W. B.

French Loaf Cake.—Five cups of sugar, three of butter, two of milk, ten of sifted flour, six eggs, three small nutmegs (?), one teaspoonful of saleratus, one pound of raisins, one-third of a pound of citron; stir the butter and sugar to a cream, then add part of the flour, the milk, and the beaten yelks of the eggs; then add the rest of the flour and the whites of the eggs; add the fruit as you get the cake ready for the oven; season to taste. This will make four loaves. Bake one hour.

Ginger Cookies.—One cup of molasses and one of lard, one tablespoonful of ginger, three eggs, two heaping teaspoonfuls of saleratus.

Loaf Cake.—Three cups of sweet milk, two of sugar, and one of yeast; stir in flour to make it quite thick, and let it rise over night; in the morning add two eggs well beaten, fruit and spice to taste; let it rise till light. Bake in a slow oven.

Sugar Cookies.—Two eggs, beaten separately, the yelks beaten with the sugar and butter, two cups of sugar, one of butter, and one of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda; sprinkle white sugar over when put to bake. Bake in a quick oven.

Mrs. A. L. M., Stockbridge, Wis.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Glazing Shirts.—To every quart of starch add a teaspoonful of salt and one of *white soap*, scraped fine; boil the starch (after adding hot water until you have it as thick as you wish).

Whitewash that will not Rub Off.—Mix up half a pailful of lime and water; take half a pint of flour and make a starch of it, and pour it into the whitewash while hot. Stir it well, and make it ready for use.

To Clean Hair.—Take one ounce of borax and half an ounce of camphor, powder fine, and dissolve in one quart of boiling water; when cool, the solution will be fit for use, and with it you should damp the hair frequently. This wash effectually cleanses, beautifies, and strengthens the hair, preserves the color, and prevents it from falling off. The camphor will, after being dissolved, form into lumps again, but that will be of no consequence, as the water will have been sufficiently impregnated.

To Extract Ink from Colored Articles.—Drop tallow on the stains, and then soak and rub the same with boiling milk. Effectual.

Another Mode: Gather the leaves of the wood sorrel, dry them in the sun, powder them, and sprinkle the powder thickly on ink stains on colored prints, etc. Pour boiling water upon the sorrel, and after lying a short time the stain will disappear.

Editors' Table.

THE LIFE OF MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

THERE are several English authoresses whom we always class together: Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, and Miss Mitford. All these, after a life of letters, died unmarried, with no children to keep alive their memory; and left their fame to the care not alone of their countrymen, but of all who prize the union of sagacity and intelligence, and in one instance at least of genius, with the softer and more amiable attributes of her sex. Miss Edgeworth's biography appeared lately in our pages; that of Miss Mitford is now before us; and Miss Austen's we reserve for our next number.

MARY Russell Mitford was born on the 16th of December, 1787, and died on the 10th of January, 1855. Her long life was, in one sense, extremely uneventful. It was spent almost altogether with her parents, in their various homes; there is nothing exciting or romantic in the volumes that narrate her daily history: yet few biographies exceed in interest the series of letters which, with a few connecting links supplied by the editor, portray the quiet existence so well united with generous cultivation of mind and of heart. Miss Mitford's life may be said to have been dedicated to her father. He was, according to the editor, a gay, reckless, and improvident man, upon whom all the gifts of Fortune seemed lavished in vain. He married an heiress, and squandered her fortune in a few years; lived for some time in poverty; then drew a lottery prize of twenty thousand pounds, upon a ticket chosen by his daughter, and contrived, by gaming and bad management, to dissipate that also; leaving himself dependent, for the rest of his useless life, upon his wife's small portion and his daughter's earnings. Yet he never seems to have lost even their respect. "Notwithstanding that gradual diminution, first of their luxuries and afterwards of their comforts, to which his extravagance reduced them, they were never heard to complain of his conduct, nor appeared to love him less, nor seemed to consider any privations or exertions too great which, for his sake, they were required to undergo."

AFTER the loss of this second fortune, the sole dependence of the family was upon Miss Mitford's literary labor. Her first book, "Miscellaneous Poems," was published in 1823; and the applause which greeted it decided her career. She published two other poems, the latter of which met with such harsh treatment from the *Quarterly*, that she abandoned that style of composition for the drama. Of her four tragedies, *Rienzi* was the most successful; but all were received with favor, and the proceeds to the author were considerable. Indeed, Miss Mitford's books would have brought the family a comfortable income, had it not been for the extravagance and credulity of her father, who was incessantly losing money in gambling and speculation. In 1832 she finished her series of country sketches, which, under the title of "Our Village," is the book by which she will best be known. The ease, simplicity, and sly humor of her quiet pen have had the fullest scope; and no later writer, save Mrs. Gaskell, has equalled her description of a country neighborhood. In 1833 she published another series of the same sort, "Recollections of My Father's Time," which were her considerable

works. She wrote a novel, but it did not succeed; and from this amusing sketch of her own, we can judge of the cause:—

"I began a novel myself once, and got on very prosperously for about a hundred pages of character and description. It was very light and airy, and laughed with some success at my hero and heroine myself, and my readers. I came to a dead stop for want of invention. A lack of incident killed the poor thing. It went out like a candle. In all these hundred pages, not a person had said a single word or done a single thing but my heroine; and she—guess what she had done! Turned the lock of a drawing-room door! After this it was time to give up novel writing!"

The biography is merely a thread connecting Miss Mitford's own letters. Of these there is a great number, and the story of her life is to be found in them. She had many friends, well known to the world, such as Haydn, the painter, and Miss Barrett, afterwards Mrs. Browning; but she wrote chiefly to her parents, and after them to Sir William Eliwood. Her letters are sparkling with anecdote and piquant criticism, and we can do no better for our readers than to make a few extracts from them; recommending them strongly to the book itself. We have chosen rather to quote Miss Mitford's account of her own thoughts and feelings than her criticisms upon others, though of these there is no lack. She had a passionate love of flowers; and after describing a gallery of paintings with great enthusiasm, says: "You will think me picture-mad—and really I do love pictures better than anything else in the world except flowers, and books, and greyhounds, and fresh air and old friends." Here is her description of her garden:—

"I should not omit, when reckoning up my felicities just now, to tell you that my little garden is a perfect rosary—the greenest and most blossom-y nook that ever the sun shone upon. It is almost shut in by buildings; one a long open shed, very pretty, a sort of rural arcade, where we sit. On the other side is an old granary, to which we mount by outside wooden steps, also very pretty. Then there is an opening to a little court, also backed by buildings, but with room enough to let in the sunshine, the northwest sunshine, that comes salant in summer evenings through and under a large elder tree. One end is closed by our pretty irregular cottage, which, as well as the granary, is covered by cherry-trees, vines, roses, jessamine, honeysuckle, and grand spires of hollyhocks. The other is comparatively open, showing over high pales the blue sky, and a range of woody hills. All and every part is untrimmed, antique, weather-stained, and homely as can be imagined—gratifying the eye by its exceeding picturesqueness, and the mind by the certainty that no pictorial effect was intended, that it owes all its charms to 'rare accident.'"

And again:—

"Ben having said that half the parish had mounted on a hayrick close by to look at the garden which lies beneath it (an acre of flowers rich in color as a painter's palette), I could not resist the sight of the ladder, and one evening, when all the men were away, climbed up to take myself a view of my flowery domain. I wish you could see it! Masses of the Siberian larkspur, and sweet williams, mostly double, the still brighter new larkspur (*Dolpium Chinensis*), rich as an Oriental butterfly—such a size, and such a blue!—amongst roses in millions, with the blue and white Canterbury bells (also double), and the white foxglove, and the variegated monkshood, the carnation pea, in its stalwart beauty, the nemophila, like the sky above its head, the new erysimum, with its gay orange tuft, hundreds of lesser annuals, and fuchsias, zinnias, salvias, goss-

niums, past compt; so bright are the flowers, that the green really does not predominate amongst them!"

"I have just finished Mr. Hallam's 'View of Europe during the Middle Ages,' a very masterly work in its way; but makes one long every minute for Froissart's picturesque minuteness instead of the large views and sweeping generalities of the author. I don't like philosophical historians, who make wise remarks and write fine dissertations, do you? Live forever the Burnets and Clarendons! delightful tellers of what they saw! One page of such narrative is worth whole volumes of disquisition."

Miss Mitford was a devotee to the older English writers, and speaks often of her enjoyment of their style and matter. This keen appreciation of their beauties rendered her critical to contemporaries, sometimes even a little caustic; but her remarks are almost surely apt and telling. She pointed out what few apparently have noticed, that Sir Walter Scott's English is by no means good, but stilted and polysyllabic, and that he becomes natural and simple only in vernacular Scotch. Yet she thoroughly liked "Ivanhoe." "I know nothing," she says, "so rich, so splendid, so profuse, so like old painted glass or a Gothic chapel full of shrines, and banners, and knightly monuments. The soul, too, which is sometimes wanting, is there in its full glory of passion, and tenderness. Rebecca is such a woman as Fletcher used to draw."

We insert a specimen of Miss Mitford's poetry. Some of her most striking and beautiful passages are to be found in her poems. We have not space to refer to them in greater detail. She was especially fine in her descriptions of nature:—

THE FISHING SEAT—WHITEFRIARS.

There is a sweet accordant harmony
In this fair scene—this quaintly-floated bower;
These sloping banks, with tree, and shrub, and flower
Bedecked; and these pure waters, where the sky
In its deep blueness shines so peacefully—
Shines all unbroken, save with sudden light
When some proud swan, majestically bright,
Flashes her snowy beauty on the eye—
Shines all unbroken, save with sudden start
When from the delicate birch a dewy tear
The west wind brushes. E'en the bee's blithe trade,
Or the lark's carol, sound too loudly here;
A spot it is for far-off music made,
Stillness and rest—a smaller Windermere!

We have now seen Miss Mitford in her domestic, social, and literary character. The womanly element predominates in all; but the religious sentiment that hallows and uplifts the feminine soul and seems its natural expression, is lacking. Yet her filial piety, so deep and self-sacrificing, is the governing element of her character; it prompts her duties, incites her genius, and really sustains her fortitude in the battles of life, that, from childhood to age, she was compelled to meet. She was led by a way she knew not, but at eventide it was light. We thank her biographer for the care he has taken to make plain this manifestation of her Christian faith. In her later letters there are many passages showing that her faith was deepening and her mind opening to the realities of the Christian religion. We give one of these extracts:—

"For my own part, I hold this visitation to have been sent in mercy by that most merciful God to draw me to Him. May He grant His grace that the opportunity be not cast away! I have none of the 'holy joys' that I often hear of, nor even my 'home feeling,' dear friend; nothing but a trembling, fearful, humble hope, and a full sense of my own unworthiness. Nay, I have much to strive against in wandering thoughts which often beset me in prayer. But I strive against them, and, through Christ's infinite love and mercy, I have 'hope.'"

THE HISTORY OF A NINE YEARS' MISSION.*

ONE of the marvels of our country is the opening of Asia to Western civilization. China, that ancient empire, now become almost effete from the pernicious results of isolation, has changed her commercial policy, and thrown open her ports to the trade of Europe and of America; and India, though long under the political control of England, has, we may say, only within a few years opened the doors of her social life to an English-speaking class.

We look back with much gratitude upon the History of our Mission. Nine years ago the Editress first ventured in these pages to lay the cause of Woman's Mission to Woman before the public; and since then she has, through the same channel, frequently called attention to its progress.

The influences of these efforts to educate women are felt throughout India, and in Calcutta the undercurrent of civilization that only comes from Christianity is fast increasing. An educated Hindoo said to Miss Brittan:—

"When our women are educated and taught to know something more than to dress and sleep, then, and not until then, shall we know the meaning of the beautiful English word 'Home.'"

The time has now come when the Editress will lay down her office in the Society. She desires to give a short summary of the results effected, and of the expense attending them; and to ask for her successor

* "The Philadelphia Branch of Woman's Union Missionary Society of America for Heathen Women"

The Cost of Our Mission.

In presenting our sketch of the results achieved by our Society (The Philadelphia Branch), one feature is wanting, viz., the cost in money. In nine years' work we have collected in all—

For our own Mission	\$7698 81
For the purchase of the Home in Calcutta	5602 00
	\$13200 81
Of this sum we have paid to the New York General Society—	
For the purchase of the Home	\$6502 00
For the Zennah Teacher	900 00
For the expenses of the Home	300 00
	6702 00
Leaving for all expenses in sustaining our own Mission for the last nine years	\$6496 81

With this small sum we have doubled our number of Bible women; we have originated or assisted five schools for girls, in which over two hundred pupils are training, like the class of Mrs. Binney, for Christian usefulness. About thirty women and girls have become communicants, and a much larger number are preparing for Christian duties. The Bible readers have drawn hundreds of women to hear and to love the Word of God. We feel that we have been guided in this new path of duty, and taught by the efficiency of our small means that the Divine blessing rests upon the humblest efforts made in faith and love for Christ.

Now the way is plain before us. Heathendom is awaking to this new manifestation of Gospel light. What shall be for the next nine years the history of the Philadelphia Branch? It has marvellously increased in numbers and in opportunities of doing good. Will not the means be ready for a cause that appeals so powerfully to the sympathy of every Christian heart?

Officers of the Philadelphia Branch, 1870.

President—MISS HARRIETTE A. DILLAYE, 1615 Chestnut Street.

Treasurer—MISS ANNA M. KENNARD, 612 N. Tenth Street.

Corresponding Secretary—MRS. R. C. MATLACK, 3914 Walnut Street.

Recording Secretary—MISS M. C. EARLEY, 514 S. Tenth Street.

and for the "Philadelphia Branch" the continued assistance and interest of her readers. The Ninth Report, from which the summary is taken, gives the history of the "Branch" for nine years, and can be obtained by sending a stamp to the editress of the *LADY'S BOOK*, or to the new President of the Society.

BOOKS FOR HOME READING.

WE gave in our last number some account of a book of travels, adventures, and descriptions, which would serve at once to amuse and instruct the home circle. We have now two others to recommend. They are more directly didactic than Doctor Hartwig's work, but not less entertaining and agreeable. M. Jean Macé's "History of a Mouthful of Bread" and "The Servants of the Stomach" are written avowedly for children; but there are few of us, except physicians and chemists, who may not learn from them. The titles give but a faint idea of their scope. Take, for instance, the former. The first agent in the history of the bread is the hand which has sown the wheat, built the ships, baked the bread, and finally conveys it to the mouth: the first chapter is therefore on the hand. Then comes the tongue, or sense of taste, which decides whether the food is agreeable or disagreeable; the teeth, which cut it apart and fit it for digestion; the throat, the stomach, and then the various organs and tissues of the body formed and nourished by the food. Then come the incidental topics necessary to explain, such as atmospheric pressure, combustion, animal heat, etc.; and the book ends with a long section upon animals, showing the differences between their nutritive system and man's.

"The Servants of the Stomach" is designed for a higher state of knowledge, though still addressed to a child. It treats of the vertebrate structure of man; the bones, nerves, arms, legs, brain, etc. But no mere account of what the books contain can give any idea of the simplicity of style and abounding illustration, which put the most difficult and complicated subjects within reach of a child. We have looked through the books for a short passage to quote, but the style is diffuse, and clear on account of its diffuseness, and we are compelled to refer our readers to M. Macé himself. The volume first named is translated by Mrs. Gatty, an Englishwoman, who has marvellously preserved the ease and grace of the original. Her preface, most of which is given to the American edition, will be sufficient to attract our readers. There is one more volume yet to come, "The History of the Senses and Thought," which will complete the child's knowledge of her own constitution. A girl who has mastered these books knows more than nine grown people out of ten of practical physiology and anatomy; and has learned it without pain or great effort, hardly realizing that she was being taught. What better course of reading for parents to pursue with their children than one where both are taught and both entertained?

These books are handsomely bound and printed by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

BY AND BY.

(To E. L. A.)

BY CLIO STANLEY.

SMILE, little maiden; on thy lip
Sorrow will linger by and by;
The sweet light dancing swift and bright
Will fade from out thy laughing eye;
The reddest roses will grow pale,
The violets lose their tender blue,
And all the world—and all the world
Be touched with grief's sad hue.

Sing, little maiden; in thy soul
Each hour grows bright with cheerful song;
The melody of bird and brook
In thy low laughter runs along;
Thy song will sometime hush itself,
Thy loving breath turn into sighs,
And all the world—and all the world
Be thought a sorry prize.

Love, little maiden; short and sweet
Is life to loving souls like thine;
Thou knowest where the flowers grow,
And where the brightest jewels shine;
The myrtle-wreath will drop away,
Thy sunny brow be marked with care,
And all the world—and all the world
Lie silent, cold, and bare.

Watch on, dear maiden. Oh! watch on;
Pray softly on thy bended knees;
Summer is dying, spring-time dead;
And autumn sighs among the trees;
Yet shines a brighter day than this,
Where song and sunshine melt in one,
And all the world—and all the world
Is but a life begun!

NOTES AND NOTICES.

VASSAR COLLEGE.—Our readers will find an interesting and powerful article in the Book this month entitled "The Two Educations," and recommending that the classical course at Vassar College should be subordinated to the scientific and practical. We do not fully agree with the views of the writer, and may have something to say on the subject. There is one point, however, in which we heartily concur. We hope that the absurd names of *Freshman* and *Sophomore* will be banished from the institution. To call a girl a Freshman is truly ridiculous.

AN AMERICAN DOCTRINE OF MEDICINE.—A young American lady, daughter of a New York publisher, some two years ago entered the school of medicine in Paris. Recently she passed an examination with three others, an English lady and two French students. At the close, the verdict was, for the two young men, "Passable," a very low mark; for the English lady a "Bien satisfait," a very high mark indeed, and for the American a "Très satisfait," the highest that is given, and the first time it has been gained this year, 1869.

A VOICE FROM CANADA.—A writer in the *Toronto Globe* says:—

"The progress which this movement has made in the Old World, especially in conservative Britain, is astonishing. The Universities of London and Edinburgh have recently thrown open their doors without distinction to women as well as men; and at the Universities of Dublin and Glasgow special courses of lectures for their instruction have for some time been delivered. We would like to see the same rights given to women in all our Canadian colleges. They are already conceded in some, but not in those of the highest standing. So convinced, however, is the learned president of one of those colleges of the importance and justice of this concession, that he is endeavoring to throw open the institution to women as well as men. Let it not be said that women are indifferent on this subject. It is not so. Application has already been made by the gentler sex for permission to go up to the matriculation examination of our Provincial University; but, upon what principle of justice we know not, without success. It surely were no perversion or maladministration of the noble endowment of that institution to allow the mothers of the future generation to share the benefits it confers."

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—These articles are accepted: "Watching"—"A Glimpse of Spring"—and "By and By."

These are declined: "Lines"—"Sonnet"—"To my Brother" (we have too much on hand)—"Sunbeams"—"Labor"—"Mother's Prayer"—"Little Maud"—"May-Time"—"A Week in Rome"—"Rain Drops"—"All for Love" (send stamps if you wish it

returned)—"To the Bird which sang from an Empty Nest" (the other poem accepted)—and "Mr. Bilberry's Wish."

We have returned the articles of L. O. M.

"Story of a Child." No letter, no stamp.

"Receipts," from Waynesboro, Geo. Pleased to receive them, but there was no letter of explanation accompanying them. Are they offered for publication in LADY'S BOOK, and what is the history of them? Are they old family receipts?

Every MS. must be accompanied with a letter, and stamps to return if desired.

Literary Notices.

From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

ASKAROS KASSIS THE OOPT. *A Romance of Modern Egypt.* By Edwin de Leo., late U. S. Consul-General for Egypt. The author of this work has availed himself of the romance and mystery which hang over the Orient to indulge in the wildest license of the imagination. He has made intrigues, abductions, and murders the familiar incidents of the novel. Poison and the stiletto play a prominent part in the story; and being eaten up by a crocodile is one of the mildest means of the author of disposing of an unpleasant character. Nevertheless, the sensational is confined almost exclusively to the incidents. The prominent characters are most of them commonplace enough. The heroine is an American girl who falls in love with a handsome young Oopt, and eventually marries him. The conventional New England spinster figures in the pages; also a snobbish Englishman, the younger son of an English lord, who, through the death of his father and elder brother, finally succeeds to the family title and estates, but who, from first to last is addressed by the somewhat singular title of Sir Charles. There is an exceedingly vicious and cruel viceroy, and a princess, who is not only cruel and vicious, but beautiful and crafty as well. Among the supernumeraries are "hags," slaves, a few Arabian horses, a *cobra-di-capello*, and a pack of wild dogs.

TRUE LOVE. By Lady Di Beauclerk, author of "A Summer and Winter in Norway." A mildly sentimental and romantic English novel, which was scarcely worth reprinting in this country.

From CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

NANNY'S CHRISTMAS. *A Story for Children.* Next to Christmas itself, we believe little children like to read about Christmas; and this about "Nanny's Christmas" is very prettily written, and very interesting in all its particulars about evergreens and presents.

SLOAN'S ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW AND BUILDERS' JOURNAL. No. 8.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

EOLINE; OR, MAGNOLIA VALE; or, *The Heiress of Glenmore.* By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. The Peterson Brothers are issuing a very handsome edition of Mrs. Hentz's works. The present volume is the sixth issued by them.

CHARLES O'MALLEY, *the Irish Dragoon.* By Charles Lever. This is the initial volume of a new edition of Charles Lever's works, bound in cloth.

From J. P. SKELLY & Co., Philadelphia:—

BEGINNING. By Miss L. Bates, author of "Two Ways of Doing it; or, Evenings with Uncle Ralph," etc. A pleasantly-written and handsomely bound

book, pointing out the highest and truest aims in life.

LITTLE JACKIE; or, *The Rose Tree.* By Rena Ray, author of "Dainty Maurice," etc.

TABITHA TODD; or, *Love to do Good.* By Rena Ray, author of "Little Jackie," etc.

DAINTY MAURICE; or, *Lost in the Woods.* By Rena Ray, author of "Tabitha Todd," etc.

These daintily bound juvenile books by the same author, suited for the use of Sunday Schools.

From ALFRED MARTIEN, Philadelphia:—

EDITH VAUGHN'S VICTORY. By Helen Wall Pierson.

A MERE PIECE OF MISCHIEF. By Chas. F. Guernsey.

These are gayly bound little books, suitable for Sunday-School libraries, such as Mr. Martien makes a specialty. Miss Pierson has written several popular little books, and we doubt not this will share their good fortune.

A DOOR OF ESCAPE. By Marion Reeves.

THE SCHOOLBOY HERO. By R. H. Moncrieff.

THE HOSPITAL BOY.

Three more of Martien's excellent books. They are printed in large clear type, and of a size very convenient to carry. All have a religious tendency, and illustrate some lesson of Christianity.

From HENRY C. LEA, Philadelphia:—

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D., assisted by I. Minis Hays, M. D. January, 1870.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., and PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE LIFE OF MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, *Authoress of "Our Village,"* etc. Told by Herself in Letters to Her Friends. Edited by the Rev. A. G. K. L'Estrange. In two volumes. We have read few books of its class more charming than this. It is, in one sense, the inner life of one of England's most highly-gifted and most excellent women—a picture of her thoughts and feelings, of her hopes, aspirations, observations, and experiences. The lover of the exciting will not, it is true, find in it anything to satisfy his appetite; but to those who can appreciate the story of a calm, quiet existence, not altogether without its clouds and sunshine, told in a generally ladylike manner, the book will certainly be a pleasant one. It makes us acquainted with many of the literary celebrities of England a half century ago, and relates many personal anecdotes at once new and entertaining.

THE ANDES AND THE AMAZON; or, *Across the Continent of South America.* By James Orton, M. A., Professor of Natural History in Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and Corresponding Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia. With a new Map of Equatorial America, and numerous Illustrations. This is an exceedingly interesting volume, which cannot fail to prove acceptable as well to the general as to the scientific reader. It embodies the experiences and observations of an expedition of scientific gentlemen, made under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institute, which sailed from New York in July, 1867. The general route of the expedition was from Guayaquil on the Pacific coast, to Quito, thence on over the Andes, and down the Amazon and its tributaries to Para, on the Atlantic coast.

ADVENTURES OF CALEB WILLIAMS. By William Godwin, Esq., author of "St. Leon," etc. The present edition of this once popular story seems

to have been called for as a consequence of the "Byron Controversy." The character of Falkland, in the unfortunate Caleb's narrative, is generally presumed to be in some respects a representative of Lord Byron.

ONLY HERSELF. *A Novel.* By Annie Thomas (Mrs. Peneu Oudlip), author of "False Colors," etc. A lively and entertaining story, yet one not without its moral, of a woman who thought only of herself, and who consequently was an ungrateful daughter, a heartless coquette, and an unfaithful wife and mother.

T. MAOCCI PLAUTI CAPTIVI, TRINUMMUS, ET RUDENS. *With English Notes, Critical and Explanatory.* By O. S. Harrington, M. A., Professor of Latin in the Wesleyan University. This volume has been prepared under the impression that works of the class of composition and Latinity it represents ought to have a place in the student's course of classical reading. The three plays forming the text are generally considered the best of their author's comedies. The typographical appearance is excellent. A concise and well-written life of Plautus, prefacing the plays, will add to the student's interest in them.

HIRELL. *A Novel.* By the author of "Abel Drake's Wife," etc. The latest publication of Harper's "Library of Select Novels."

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

SEARCH FOR WINTER SUNBEAMS IN THE RIVIERA, CORSICA, ALGIERS, AND SPAIN. By Samuel S. Cox, author of "The Buckeye Abroad," etc. This volume—the result of a health trip for "winter sunbeams"—is all that neat typography and binding, abundant and artistic illustrations, and a more than ordinary capacity for graceful, easy, and lively writing can make it. The main object of its author's quest—the restoration of an impaired vitality by means of sunshine, "with its dry, bracing radiance"—having been secured, the book has, aside from its attractions as an extremely pleasant story of travel, principally in Corsica and Spain, two of the least trodden grounds of Europe, the utilitarian merit of being in some sort a guide and encouragement to others with like consumptive tendencies, and who may possibly derive the same benefit from a similar "search for winter sunbeams."

WHAT IS JUDAISM? or, A Few Words to the Jews. By Rev. Raphael D'O. Lervin. Few may be aware that in this country the Jews are divided into two important classes or churches—the Orthodox Jews, who still cling to all the beliefs and traditions of their fathers, and observe all their religious rites and ceremonies; and the Reformed Jews, who are half-convinced that the world has outgrown the Jewish faith and practices. Doctor Lervin is the champion of the latter party, and his volume will, no doubt, possess much interest, not only to the Jews themselves, but to theologians generally, as marking the progress of the times.

THE CONFESSIONS OF FITZ-BOODLE, and Some Passages in the Life of Major Gahagan. By Wm. M. Thackeray. A volume belonging to Appleton's cheap edition of Thackeray's works.

MRS. GERALD'S NIECE. *A Novel.* By Lady Georgiana Fullerton, author of "Too Strange not to be True," etc.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. Monthly Part No. 10. Price 50 cents.

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York:—
THE EARLIER YEARS OF OUR LORD'S

LIFE ON EARTH. By the Rev. William Hanna, D. D., LL. D. Dr. Hanna has published a new Life of Christ which has met with high praise from no less an authority than the *North British Review*. This is the first of the five volumes which compose his work. It goes down to the first circuit of Gallilee. Dr. Hanna has had the advantage of a tour through Palestine, and his descriptions have a fidelity and local color resembling Dean Stanley's.

From G. P. PUTNAM & SON, New York:—

THE BRYANT HOMESTEAD BOOK. By the Idle Scholar. This sumptuous volume is a collection of details concerning the life and habits of the poet Bryant, written evidently by an ardent admirer of our great American poet. The publishers have evidently done their best; in paper, printing, and binding there is nothing wanting. The illustrations are in the best style of work. The photograph at the beginning and the etching which represents Bryant as a journalist are likenesses of him which we think every admirer of his genius will long to possess, and the sketches scattered through the book are exquisite. We have rarely seen so handsome a specimen of book-making.

From the NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND PUBLICATION HOUSE, New York:—

TEMPERANCE ANECDOTES, Original and Selected. By George W. Bungay. "This little volume," says its compiler, "has been prepared for the entertainment of the friends of temperance, with the hope that it may contribute to the advancement of the temperance reform. It embraces a great number of the happiest anecdotes used by our most distinguished advocates of temperance, and many new ones, which have never been published until now."

A BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF CLERMONT; or, Livingston Manor. Before and During the War for Independence, with a Sketch of the First Steam Navigation of Fulton and Livingston. By Thomas Streetfield Clarkson. Published for, and in the hands only of, subscribers. As a contribution to our national history, this account of the Livingston family, so intimately and so prominently connected with our annals, is deserving of especial notice. It is illustrated with photographs of the old Livingston mansion—Clermont—of Judge Robert R. Livingston; of his son, the friend of Fulton, and the first chancellor of New York. We are informed that copies of the work may be obtained of T. S. Clarkson, Tivoli, N. Y.

From NICHOLS & HALL, Boston:—

FLORA'S INTERPRETER AND FORTUNA FLORA. By Mrs. Hale. This book was published in 1831, and has had since then a steady and increasing circulation. From a letter to the editress we quote: "Flora's Interpreter" still keeps its place, in spite of its many rivals. All of them that I have seen are far inferior to it both in plan and execution."

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC. *A Report on the Condition, Capacity, and Resources of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railways.* By E. H. Derby, of Boston.

REVIEWS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF INSANITY: January, 1870. A peculiarly interesting number of the *Journal*. The article called "Capax or Inca-

pax," and the report of Judge Ludlow's decision, will command the attention of readers.

THE AMERICAN QUARTERLY CHURCH REVIEW: January, 1870.

A NEW YEAR ANTHEM. By Stephen W. Downey.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

APRIL, 1870.

APRIL has come, and with it we present our friends with a steel-plate illustrative of spring-time. We cannot look around us without being reminded of our picture. The unfolding of the leaves and the flowers, the beauty of the landscape, the fragrant breath of the morning, and the serene twilight of the evening should inspire us with feelings of gratitude for the blessings of the Great Ruler. The scene presented in our plate exhibits youth imbued into new life, busily engaged in gathering flowers that will cheer and shed a fragrance around their homes. May their lives be always a happy spring-time.

"An April Fright" is one of our usual extra wood-cuts. The picture explains itself.

A fashion-plate, embroidery sheet, and extension-plate, with a numerous quantity of styles suitable for all ages also grace this number.

We ought to have published the following ere this, but we had a merry Christmas, and we hope for a continuation of a happy year. Our subscribers have added much to our happiness by the way they have subscribed for their favorite old book. We copy the following from the *Expositor*, Greenville, N. C.:

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The December number of this unprecedented periodical is before us, rich in beauty, grace, and fashion. We will not pause to enumerate its varied contents, for we wish to have a little chat with dear old GODEY. Do you know, dear Mr. Godey, that the first remembrance of our childhood is of a lovely young mother with your beautiful book upon her lap, pointing out its matchless engravings to our enchanted vision! Twenty years have passed since then, and now a little five-year old darling stands beside us, and clasps her tiny hands in extatic admiration of your book. And in all of these years your dear, delightful book has been growing better and better. No one has served the public more faithfully than has Louis A. Godey for forty years. May you have a merry Christmas and a glad New Year, with fifty returns of the same.

RICHARD GODEY.—Some one, assuming this very respectable name, has been trying to swindle the inhabitants of Napoleonville, La. He claims a relationship. We don't know Richard, and have no relative of that name. Richard is a bad fellow, and we should be sorry to own him. We have no agents for the LADY'S BOOK.

WASHBURN & Co.'s "Amateur Cultivator's Guide to the Flower and Kitchen Garden," an excellent work, and the best illustrated colored engravings we have ever seen in a work of this kind. Washburn & Co., Boston, Mass.

We quote from the *McLeansboro Times*, who says:—"And we would simply repeat what a leading New York Journal says of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. No other magazine in the country performs the mission of advancing domestic happiness as does this old favorite."

We believe this truly, for we know that that has been our aim.

LITERARY POISONS.

We fully agree with the remarks of the editor of the *Evening Bulletin*, quoted below, and give them a place in our columns, knowing that the circulation they will obtain throughout the country will have the effect of inciting the people to devise some means of breaking up the sale of these corrupt papers.

"It will be conducive to improvement in the moral health of the community if some means be adopted to suppress the obscene newspapers with which the city is flooded. New York, the source of most of the filthiest immorality with which the country is afflicted, sends to this city every week thousands of copies of each of five or six flash picture papers, which are devoted to glorification of vice, to illustration of scenes of debauchery and crime, and to lewd representations of the human figure. These sheets are exposed to view in shop windows and upon newspaper stands, and they are studied with absorbing interest, not only by grown persons, but by children of both sexes and all ages. These newspapers pollute the minds of innocent children by revealing to them knowledge of wickedness which older people too often find to be a dangerous kind of wisdom. And this source of corruption is not pent up in narrow boundaries. In a great, broad stream of defilement, it pours across the land, seeking the light of day, disregarding the barriers of the law, carrying its foulness into every household, and creating demoralization, the consequences of which will be seen when the victims arrive at mature years. Every decent and intelligent man has perceived this evil, and deplored its existence, but nobody has thought it worth while to undertake its abatement. It will hardly be claimed for these periodicals that they serve any useful purpose. They are wantonly indecent, and they are issued simply in answer to a demand, which is well known to exist in every community, for impure literature and indecent pictures. But, if the present laws are not sufficient to prevent the sale of these papers, the sooner we have some that are effective the better. There will be no hardship or injustice done in breaking up the trade in this vicious stuff and punishing the offenders. The men who publish it and sell it are trafficking in the purity and virtue of the community, and accumulating wealth from the horrible business. Society has a right to prevent such assaults upon the very foundation of its structure. If it may punish the man who picks a pocket or robs a house, surely it may inflict some penalty upon the literary Fagins who not only teach youth to become pickpockets and burglars, by glorifying crimes of this character, but who present the foulest and most dangerous vices in alluring forms. We recommend this subject to the mayor; and if he finds, upon trial, that the existing laws offer no remedy, we will call upon the legislature to take some special action to meet the demands of the case."

The study of every man should be to see that the minds of those brought within his special influence should have a healthy atmosphere to live in. He should know that the placing of impure literature within their reach is apt to create impressions that affect them throughout life. There is a kind of *sensational* literature in the community that has been for several years gaining a hold in the minds of the youth of both sexes. The characters depicted in this class of stories are generally bad; but the incidents are woven in the form of an attractive romance, which serves to make the sins and crimes of the hero and heroine appear as virtues to those who become fascinated by the story. A great wrong is done by the publishers of these works. The evil is witnessed to-day in the issue of a far worse kind of literature—the obscene publications spoken of by our neighbor of the *Bulletin*. It is our belief that the immense sale of these papers is due to the want of a proper training of the young with respect to what they should be allowed to read. Banish, then, from your homes every book and paper that fails to implant in the mind a moral germ that will bloom, and blossom, and clothe itself with beauty.

BENSON J. LOSSING.—An author we have great respect for, and we like the man. He is one whose name will live as long as the country. The following are some of his works: "Field Book of the Revolution," "History of the War of 1812," "History of the Late War," "Views on the Hudson from its Rise to its Fall," "Mount Vernon Illustrated," "History of Vassar College." All these works are historical. All the places represented in this country Mr. Lossing has personally visited. The drawings are made by himself, and each work is a text book for reference. The engravings cannot be excelled, if equalled, in any country. His last work, "History of Vassar College," we pronounce the finest specimen of typography and engraving ever produced in America. The engravings on wood are difficult to distinguish from the finest engravings on steel. His works on the wars should be in every library, not only for their usefulness, but their beauty.

The *Rockport Journal* says what every editor must feel:—

"On receipt of \$2 50 from any reader of the *Democrat*, we will furnish a copy of the above magazine for one year. We had rather do this than lend ours. Now is the time to send clubs for the new volume."

The editor of the *Journal* is willing to sacrifice fifty cents to save his own copy. We suppose if an editor will not lend his subscribers his literary exchanges, the cry will be, "Stop my paper!" It is a shame to thus impose upon editors; but it is cheap. You pay \$2 for your paper, and get the reading of \$20 worth of exchanges.

We find the following going the rounds of the press:—

"During his visit to England, several years ago, Senator Cameron was invited to the House of Lords, and was given a seat at the foot of the throne, which is considered a great honor in monarchical countries."

How one may live and learn! We did not know that when ourself and companion, when on a visit to the House of Lords, were placed precisely in the same seat that it was a great honor. Having now found it out, we return our thanks for the great honor conferred upon us. The fact is, there is no other place to seat you.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for April.—Every lover of music should send for this beautiful number. The leading feature is a fine quartette covering nine pages of sheet music, composed expressly for the *Monthly* by Maurice D. Jones. It is called *Jesus Lover of my Soul*, and contains Solos and Duets for Soprano and Tenor, and two quartettes for mixed voices. This piece alone when published in sheet music will cost 75 cents. Besides this we give in the same number four other pieces of new music, vocal and instrumental, for the Piano, by popular composers. One of the pieces is especially beautiful, the *Lyda Polka*, by Wilse Richtmyer. To the yearly subscriber all this music costs but 33 cents, or \$4 per annum. Single numbers 40 cents, or we will send the last three numbers on receipt of \$1 and nine cents in stamps for postage. We hope that every one not familiar with the *Monthly* as it is now, will try at least three numbers. As the January and February numbers are nearly exhausted, those wishing the year complete should subscribe at once. Address J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

THAT'S IT!—And that is what we are proud of:—

Godey is a universal favorite with people of cultivated taste. The number for February is very rich and beautiful.—*State A.* with Jackson, Mo.

BREBAN'S INTEREST TABLES.—This work is probably the most complete Interest Table in the world. The correctness of the work is testified to by the President and Treasurer of the Philadelphia Saving Fund, President and Treasurer of the Western Saving Fund, the Secretary of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, by Meyers, Claghorn, & Co., Carson & Newbold, Furness, Brinley, & Co., The Secretary of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, and by most of the institutes and merchants of this city. The *Evening Bulletin* says: "We are satisfied that it is the best work of the kind yet published, and calculated to do away with the use of all others. The rate of interest may be extended indefinitely, and the amount ascertained with no trouble whatever. It will prove a very great assistant to all business men, and we heartily recommend it. The tables are beautifully printed and bound in a very handsome and convenient volume." We anticipate for this work—which the best authority has already pronounced comprehensive and accurate, and yet simple and easy to consult—a wide circulation among men in every department in business requiring prompt and reliable calculation of interest. We will send a copy on receipt of \$4.

The *Smyrna Times* is emphatic:—

"There is not a department in which women of any class can possess an interest, be it useful or ornamental, that he has not devoted his pages to. There is an originality and gracefulness in every issue that goes far to place it above other publications of a similar character."

A GOOD RULE.—A man who is very rich now was very poor when a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied: "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money until I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in a hour. And after that I was allowed to play; and then I could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity."

"BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS."—If the Great Providence has not literally cast bread upon the waters, He has planted the elements of wholesome nourishment on the rocks, in the shape of Sea Moss, from which the SEA MOSS FARINE is made. This new article has everywhere won "golden opinions of all sorts of people," and the housekeepers of the land generally regard it in the double light of a staple necessary and a delicious luxury; for while its use lessens the expense of living, the exquisite dishes prepared from it cannot be obtained even at an extravagant cost, from any other source. Scientific committees, hotel keepers, professional cooks, ladies who superintend their own kitchens, physicians, nurses, dyspeptics and invalids of every class bear witness of these facts. To this mass of indorsements we unhesitatingly add our own; and, without fear of contradiction, say that the blanc mange, puddings, custards, etc., are the most delicious we have ever tasted.

WE are sorry we cannot comply with the request of the writer. We give the conclusion of her letter:—

BUFFALO.

DEAR MR. GODEY: Please excuse one that has taken most of the modern magazines, but finds nothing to compare with Godey's in fashion-plates, embroidery patterns, and last, but not least, reading matter: it is a rare thing to read a story in Godey's that is not in every sense good. A SUBSCRIBER.

We have received from Mrs. J. Hamilton Thomas, No. 1344 Chestnut Street, a beautiful picture, which commends itself to all. It is entitled "The Home Above."

"Thy Father's House! Thine own bright home!
And thou hast there a place for me,
Though yet an exile here I roam,
That distant home by faith I see!"

A woman clinging to a cross is the subject of the picture. It is well-executed, and of a good size for framing.

FIRST LOVE.—Ask a very young lady what she thinks of first love, and she will tell you that it is the quintessence of all that is ecstatic, compared with which any so-called love that may come after it, must be as sky-blue skimmed milk to clotted cream. Put the same question to an enamored young gentleman of eighteen, and he will vow that it is the Ullquot champagne of human existence, to which all subsequent emotions dignified with the name of love, are mere cider. But the nature of both sexes, in nine cases out of ten, can tell a different story. Boy-and-girl love is but a faint shadow of the intense passion which often overcomes and enthralles the middle-aged. The capacity for loving is not fully developed in the young miss who has just cast aside her doll, nor in the youth whose chin is but newly acquainted with a razor. The enthusiasm in these novices in the tender passion is generally evanescent. Of course there are exceptional cases; but, as a general rule, love does not take firm root in the heart before the age of twenty-five. Professions of undying devotion from young men of nineteen and twenty are not to be trusted. The question which a lady who receives an offer of marriage should consider, is not merely whether she has won the affections of her admirer, but also whether, if won, she can keep them. To have and to hold, are two things.

True words if ever true words were spoken, and we thank the editor of the *Brownstown Banner* for the truism:—

"GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is in its fortieth year, and it is forty years a-head of any lady's magazine in the country."

FRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS.—These chromos are the exact copies of originals, some of them of great value. To those whose tastes appreciate the beautiful in art, and who cannot afford the expense of a fine oil painting, an opportunity is here presented of forming a home gallery of choice pictures at a low price. L. Prang & Co., Boston, Mass., have just completed a new picture composed of *forty-three* impressions from as many colored stories. It is entitled "A Family Scene in Pompeii," and represents the interior of a Pompeian house, wherein a mother is looking with sympathy on her grieved child, whose broken toy lies on the mosaic floor. The rich coloring of the walls, the character and arrangement of the furniture, the dress and ornaments of the woman, and the whole details of the picture are historically accurate. There appears to be no limit to the number of fine pictures that have been presented to the public by Mr. Prang since the introduction of this beautiful art.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK has not only the widest circulation in this country, but probably a larger circulation on the continent of Europe and South America than any other magazine. On our late visit to Europe, we found we were nearly as well known as we were in this country.

SMALL DEBTS.—If we were asked what single act, involving no personal loss, would bring the greatest good to the largest number, we would answer, without hesitation: "Pay your small debts."

There is a large class in the community who, though possessed of ample means, are habitually slow in paying their small trade accounts, who could pay just as well at one time as another, but who fail to consider what great benefit would result from the simple act of justice or paying a small bill. To such the week's journey of a five dollar note would be an instructive lesson. Start it where you will—with the pastor, the physician, the baker, the butcher, the grocer, or shoemaker, or coal merchant—it will be the partial means of paying fifty debts, and gladdening fifty hearts in a week.

Few people have the same opportunity of doing good by geometrical progression as those who owe small accounts. Much misery and suffering are alleviated among the very poor by charity; but there is a middle class, who are able and willing to work, who must work, to whom begging is the alternative next to starvation, and whom charity does not reach. We refer to the careful, painstaking tradespeople—men, women, and children—of our cities and towns. They are not found in processions of *strikers*, have no political sins to atone for, and are "content with their wages." Let employers remember that it is not only an act of justice to pay them, but to employ them, and that while their honest pride and buoyant hope of better days alike scorn asking or receiving alms, both their inclination and necessity plead for work and pay.

A NEW IDEA.—It occurred in New York:—

"An officer of the Twenty-first precinct this afternoon met a man with a pair of handcuffs on. Thinking that he was an escaped prisoner he took him to the station-house, where his wife called soon afterwards. She stated she had placed the handcuffs on her husband because he was about to go on a 'spreed,' and that she always made a habit of thus handcuffing him whenever she saw premonitions of the periodical blowouts."

VERY TRUE.—Whoever, having learned in school to read Racine and Corneille, or having mastered the exercises in Ollendorf, imagines that he is acquainted with the French language, finds how woefully he is mistaken the moment he lands on the shores of France. He can perhaps read the French newspaper. He can make his wants known to the French inn-keeper. But he is startled by the discovery that in order to conversation, it is essential that one should be able to receive as to communicate ideas. He can express himself tolerably well, but he can by no possibility understand anything that is said to him. The more perplexed he is the more excitable grows the Frenchman, in the vain endeavor to explain a short and simple sentence by long and complicated ones. To learn what ideas certain appearances on a printed page convey is one thing; to learn what ideas certain sounds convey is quite another thing. Even if the traveller has exercised himself in translating the spoken as well as the written word, he is still at a loss; for it is impossible for him to go through the double mental process required in first converting the Frenchman's words into English, and then from the translated phrase receiving the Frenchman's idea. In other words, no one has learned a language until he has learned to think in it. The words must convey not other words, but ideas; not ideas through the medium of other words, but directly.

I MUST say there is no other magazine in America that enchants me like the LADY'S BOOK. B. T.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

ORNAMENTAL flower beds and designs are becoming so popular, that it may not be inappropriate to furnish a few suggestions. Beds cut out in the grass of various patterns and planted with masses of ornamental foliage plants, or flowering plants in alternate colors, produce a charming effect. This style of gardening is carried out on the most extensive scale in the parks and gardens of London and Paris. The following plants are extensively grown and used for this purpose: Among ornamental foliage plants, the varieties of *Achyranthus*, *Alternanthera*, *Centaurea*, *Canna*, *Coleus*, *Golden Feather*, and the new and beautiful *Abutilon Thompsonii*, with variegated foliage, *Echeverias*, *Gnaphalium*, etc.; among flowering plants, *Geraniums*, *Lobelia*, *Heliotrope*, *Lantana*, *Petunia*, *Verbena*, etc. For sub-tropical effect, *Caladiums*, *Colocasia*, *Acanthus*, *Ricinus*, *Solanums*, *Japanese Maize*. Beautiful effects can also be produced by many of the Annuals, grown from seed, such as *Alyssum*, *Candytuft*, for white; *Double Scarlet Zinnia*, *Linum*, *Phlox Drummondii*, for scarlet; *Dwarf Marigold*, *Tagetes Signata pumila*, for yellow; *Nemophila insignis*; *Lobelia*, and *Dwarf Convolvulus*, for blue. We have added many new and rare plants and seeds to our collection during our recent visit to Europe, all of which will be found in *Dreer's Garden Calendar* for 1870, second edition, which also contains a beautiful colored plate of the new *Golden Coleus*, so popular in Europe, also a colored plate of *Ornamental Flower-beds*. A copy of which will be mailed to all who inclose ten cents to my address. Our *Ten dollar collection of Plants*, packed and forwarded by express, contains 100 choice plants and flowering roots. We also send 100 choice varieties of flower seeds for five dollars by mail. Address,

HENRY A. DREER, Seedsman and Florist,
714 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

HUSBAND—"Carriage, my dear girl! Consider the expense! I don't see how we can afford it."

Wife—"But, George, dear, Mr. Smith keeps a brougham for his wife."

Husband ("with his logic")—"But she's his second wife, recollect, my dear."

[For the life of her, at that moment, she could not see the bearings of this argument, so she dropped the subject.]

We trust she has seen it by this time. It is an old story that the second wife generally fares best.

POSTAL MONEY ORDERS.—Apply to your postmaster for a postal money order. No more losses by mail.

"The postal money order system established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than \$1 nor more than \$50. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz: For an order for \$1 or for any larger sum but not exceeding \$20, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of \$20 and up to \$30, the charge shall be 15 cents; more than \$30 and up to \$40, the charge shall be 20 cents; over \$40 and up to \$50, the charge shall be 25 cents."

THE HISTORY OF A HATCHET.—Mr. George Smouse of Waldoboro', Maine, has a hatchet that was used by an Indian in an attack made on the Dutch settlers in that town soon after their settlement in 1749. An Indian approached Mr. Smouse's grandfather and struck the hatchet through his skull, and for some unknown cause left it there, where it was found by his neighbors still sticking in his brain. The hatchet has been preserved in the family. It is an elegant argument, and was used by some chief.

NEW SHEET MUSIC.—*New Songs, etc.*, published by J. Starr Holloway, Philadelphia. He'll Come Again To-morrow, beautiful song by Stewart, 30 cents. Sunny Days, by Coralie Bell, 30. The Silver Flowing Stream, fine song and chorus, 35. Leaves that are Fairest, 30.

Chas. W. Harris, New York, publishes, Believe, beautiful song by Goerdeler, 35. Lead me Sometimes where she's Sleeping, song and chorus, 30. The Dissipated Steamboat, and Plantation Joo, comic songs, 30. Sweet Della Snow, 35. Drink from the Sparkling Rill, Temperance song, 30. Fare Thee Well, 30. You'll find them at Jesus' Feet, 50. Also, Ain't I Pretty! Polka and Mazourka, with elegant colored titles, each 50. Only for Thee Waltzes, 50. La Petite Fee, Polka Redowa, 30. Spring Flowers Mazourka de Salon, 50. Delta Phi Waltz, 50. Evening Shadows, Reverie, very pretty piece by Goerdeler, 40. Sorosis Galop, 35. Sunshine and Showers, Salon piece, easy, 40. Sweet Loulete Polka, 30. Genevieve March and Serenade, easy, 20. Beautiful Bells Waltz, 30. Up in a Balloon Quickstep, 20. La Perichole Polka Redowa, easy, 20. Catalogues free. Music sent by return mail, free of postage, on receipt of price. Address all orders to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

THAT man Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, has again been discovered in carrying out one of those nefarious plots which are making his name a household word throughout the country. This time he has had the cruelty to send off to Europe Mr. Richards Muckie, who for thirty-five years has been cashier of the *Ledger* establishment. Regardless of poor Muckie's feelings, he coolly said to him one day: "Here is an unlimited letter of credit from Drexel & Co.; use as much of it as you want, for all I ask of you is to make the six months you spend abroad as delightful as possible. Don't let want of money deter you from seeing anything, from refusing the best bottle of wine, or from denying yourself the rarest dish." What will this stony-hearted publisher do next?—*New York Paper*.

We met Muckie in Europe, and he did not appear to be dying of grief, nor was he even a prey to melancholy. And, to the best of our belief, he was fully carrying out Mr. Childs' invitation touching the "rare dish" and the "best bottle of wine." He not only did not refuse the wine, but we think in not a few instances he bought it. There is no better man than Muckie, nor one who could better enjoy and not abuse the confidence of a "stony-hearted publisher."

Messrs. WHEELER & WILSON:

ON the 7th day of August, 1857, I purchased one of your Sewing Machines, which has been used from that day to this almost incessantly. I do not recollect any day except Sundays in which some work has not been done upon it. By far the greater part of the time it has been run from 7 o'clock in the morning until 10, 11, and often until 12 o'clock at night. It has never cost one cent for repairs, and is to-day in as complete working order as the day I bought it. I would not exchange it for a new machine of any other kind. HARRIET A. BELLOWES.
Seneca Falls, Nov. 22d, 1858.

A TRIP around the globe in 77 days and 21 hours is published by the Erie Railway, the trip beginning by a journey over that road. It might be commenced and ended on the Erie.

A HINT to those who buy subscribers with premiums. A paper in England advertises to give a bull-terrier male pup for the largest list of subscribers from one county.

BEAVER BRAND MOHAIR.—This article our women folk pronounce the most useful and beautiful material for ladies' dresses to be found in the country, and we have great confidence in their judgment. It is pure black mohair, of the richest lustre, as fine as silk, and will wear out six dresses of other flimsy articles. It is cheap and durable. Inquire for it at your mercer's, and don't be put off with anything but the Beaver Brand. The "Buffalo Brand" Alpaca is another article which we can also strongly recommend. A fashion article from a New York paper says:—

"The 'Buffalo Brand' Black Alpaca, which has gained such a wide and well deserved reputation all over the country, is becoming more and more fashionable every day. We have carefully examined these goods, and can testify and speak from experience of their durability, and for ladies' wear, have no equal in the market. They look well to the last."

These goods are greatly needed for the spring and summer wear, being of the richest and purest shade of fast black, and made of the very finest material; they are absolutely superior to any alpacas ever sold in this country, and are now one of the most fashionable and economical fabrics worn. W. I. Peake & Co. are the agents, 46, 48, and 50 White Street, New York; but they are sold by the leading dry goods merchants in all the principal towns and cities of the United States.

A CORRESPONDENT says:—"By the way, touching waterproofs, I think I can give travellers a valuable hint or two. For many years I have worn India-rubber waterproofs, but I will buy no more, for I have learned that good Scottish tweed can be made completely impervious to rain, and, moreover, I have learned how to make it so; and, for the benefit of my readers, I will here give the receipt: In a bucket of soft water put half a pound of sugar of lead and half a pound of powdered alum: stir this at intervals until it becomes clear; then pour it off into another bucket, and put the garment therein, and let it be in for twenty-four hours, and then hang it up to dry without wringing it. Two of my party—a lady and gentleman—have worn garments thus treated in the wildest storm of wind and rain without getting wet. The rain hangs upon the cloth in globules. In short, they are really waterproof. The gentleman, a fortnight ago, walked nine miles in a storm of rain and wind such as you rarely see; and when he slipped off his overcoat, his underclothes were as dry as when he put them on. This is, I think, a secret worth knowing; for cloth, if it can be made to keep out wet, is in every way better than what we know as waterproofs."

SOME very awkward revelations have just transpired before the Orleans tribunal. It appears that a few years ago a sister-in-law of Queen Isabella II. of Spain arrived unexpectedly at Orleans. The prefect, overjoyed at the circumstance, placed his mansion at the royal visitor's service, and hastily contrived a banquet to celebrate the auspicious event. One circumstance only prevented the distinguished guest from accepting the proffered honor. She had left home suddenly, and had not brought any diamonds with her, without which appearance in public was impossible. "If that is all," said the enthusiastic prefect, "we can easily arrange that." A jeweller was found on the spot ready to lend the required ornaments, and the banquet took place, graced by the presence of the Infanta. Unfortunately, however, the princess took her departure suddenly from Orleans, and forgot either to pay the jeweller for the loan of the gems or to return them. In vain has the too confiding tradesman urged his claim in divers places. After numberless failures, he bethought himself lately of summoning the Minister of the Interior, Queen Isabella, and the Infanta, before the Orleans tribunal, and he is intensely disconcerted at the decision that the only person responsible for the debt is the Infanta herself. The well-known pecuniary embarrassment of the Infanta's husband renders the liquidation of the debt of the utmost improbability.

PUT NOT YOUR TRUST IN LORDS.—It is doubtful if ever the young ladies of metropolitan upper ten-dome of New York will give up their ambition to win a titled husband. During the last ten years the bogus lords, who have succeeded in deceiving some of our fair but foolish butterflies of society into a hasty marriage to be repented of at leisure, have been altogether too many. The latest deceit in this lordly way is that of a young lord, who last night ran away from his wife, not forgetting to take her diamonds, and watch, and a few other valuables. The unhappy girl, whom the fellow married, is beautiful, and her widowed mother is rich.

The impostor was the son of an English livery stable keeper. He was once valet to a French nobleman in Paris, won a few hundred pounds by gambling, came to this country, and captured a foolish girl who was dazzled by his assumed title of "lord." Before the marriage took place, the girl's mother sent a gentleman to Europe to find out about the "lord's" genealogy, and he discovered the impostor's whole villainy. The daughter was informed of the discovery, but clung to the man through all. She is now suffering from brain fever, and is not expected to live.

TRANSPOSITION.—Every student of nouns, pronouns, and verbs, knows the necessity of transposing language for the sake of ascertaining its grammatical construction. The following shows twenty-seven different readings of one of Gray's well known poetical lines, yet the sense is not affected:—

The weary ploughman plods his homeward way,
The ploughman, weary, plods his homeward way,
His homeward way the weary ploughman plods,
His homeward way the ploughman weary plods,
The weary ploughman homeward plods his way,
The ploughman, weary, homeward plods his way,
His way, the weary ploughman homeward plods,
His way, the ploughman, weary, homeward plods,
The ploughman, homeward, plods his weary way,
His way the ploughman, homeward, weary plods,
His homeward weary way the ploughman plods,
Weary, the ploughman homeward plods his way,
Weary, the ploughman plods his homeward way,
Homeward, his way the weary ploughman plods,
Homeward, his way the ploughman, weary, plods,
Homeward, his weary way, the ploughman plods,
The ploughman, homeward, weary plods his way,
The ploughman, weary, homeward plods his way,
His weary way, the ploughman homeward plods,
His weary way, the homeward ploughman plods,
Homeward the ploughman plods his weary way,
Homeward the weary ploughman plods his way,
The ploughman, weary, his way homeward plods,
The ploughman plods his homeward weary way,
The ploughman plods his weary homeward way,
Weary the ploughman his way homeward plods,
Weary, his homeward way the ploughman plods.

THE Chinese are a queer people. Many of them have gone to Texas for the purpose of working on the Pacific Railway of that State, before entering into the contract of hiring, they insisted that a Chinese store should be established near the place of labor. The articles of agreement provide for the establishment of this store, and contain an inventory of the stock that must be laid in. Some of the items, and the quantity to be purchased, are as follows: 5000 quires Chinese visiting card paper; 10 pairs crape suspenders; 10 boxes foo chuck, or bean curd sticks; 50 pounds orange-peel; 100 pounds pak ko; 50 pounds sugar candy; 2000 pounds salt shrimps; 50,000 fire crackers; 40 sets chop sticks and bowls; Jos paper and Jos sticks; 55 pounds dried oysters; 10,000 Chinese cigars; 50 pieces of silk cord, for queue strings; any quantity of salt fish, salt olives, preserved olives, peas, betel nuts, limes, dried melons, dates, mellone, kim quat, crambolo, and peppermint oil.

"A FRIEND" IN NEED FOR THE EMPEROR.—A Paris correspondent tells the following odd story:—

"The other day my servant brought me in a card and a letter of introduction. On the former was engraved Mr. Henry Wiggleton, C— Terrace, Hyde Park. On opening the letter, I found that a mutual friend particularly recommended the bearer as 'a good fellow; but don't let him bother you.' 'Show the gentleman in, John,' said I. There he was, that good-natured, round pink face, with silvery hair, round head, and round body—a sort of Mr. Pickwick's elder brother. What a kind, benevolent expression compared with—. But, never mind, no country but England can produce a John Bull. 'Glad to meet you, Mr. M—. Had some trouble in making out your street; perhaps the coachman was not a Frenchman.' 'Pray be seated, Mr. Wiggleton. You are over here on business, I see. Pray what can I do for you? I hope it is not anything about the Channel passage?' 'Oh! no—no—non-sense. Channel passage; I have something in hand very much more serious than that. Now, look here, Mr. M— (the round, smiling face was trying to look solemn), 'I have always had a great respect, the highest opinion, of your emperor. He's a great man. I used to see him when he was in London going into Gore House, and I recollect saying to poor Crawley: 'He'll be a great man some day.' I stood so near his majesty at the Great Exhibition that I could have touched him.' 'Well, sir, pray proceed.' 'Quite correct—yes—oh!—well—I have a little favor to ask you, Mr. M—. I need not remind you (dare say you know more than I do, so far as that goes), but the truth is, Napoleon Bonaparte is in a terrible mess—I say a threatening difficulty—about his chambers and ministers. Well, he has to get out of it. I've always liked the emperor. I never spoke to his majesty in my life; but somehow I'd do him a good turn if I could. I've got a plan in my head; I could get him out of all his political troubles in twelve hours—I could. Dare say it has never struck him, but I could.' 'Well, sir, and what then?' 'I want, between you and me, to get an interview with the emperor. I know he would see me; he is such a sagacious man. I should speak my mind; I should tell his majesty just what I think. Now, how can I get at him?' 'As this interrogation is not a new one, I was prepared with an answer; but I appeared to think a little before I said: 'I should recommend you to get a letter from Lord Clarendon to Lord Lyons; that appears to me to be the first step. But do you think it is worth while to trouble yourself to give the emperor political advice?' 'Worth while? Yes. If I could do Louis Napoleon a good turn I would. I want him to be happy and out of the Parliamentary muddle he is in. He's a good fellow; did away with passports.' 'Really, I have no other advice.' 'But, Mr. M—, I want to see the emperor on Thursday at the latest. I must be in London on Friday.' Here Mr. Wiggleton took out of his pocket a letter, and, opening the same, placed it before me. 'There, sir, you're a married man, I believe; be kind enough to read that.'

"I obeyed, Mr. W. watching my countenance very searchingly as I read, 'Now, Henry, dear, I tell you what it is, if you do not come away from Paris before the end of the week, I'll run over and fetch you.' Here I observed W.'s little eyes blink and his good-natured, laughing mouth grow rigid. I read on: 'What can you be doing in bad Paris? How can you be such a fool as to suppose that the emperor will see you? Eliza is looking very pale, and Doctor Thornton says that she requires great care. All sorts of fevers are flying about; and we have seen two queer-looking, suspicious men hanging round our house. I am not at all well myself. If you see any good Lyons silk dresses, very pretty and new, buy me one. B. has been wanting to borrow money. He has given me such a description of Paris. Why, my dear, you might be mixed up in a revolution any day and be shot. There are other reasons why I want you to return. I'm unhappy; I'm far from well; I feel afraid. Besides, we're within a day or two of the end of the world, if dear Dr. C—'s prophecy comes true, and I should not like to be alone in the house on such an awful occasion. Remember, Henry, my gloves are No. 84. Now, don't make yourself ridiculous at Meurice's Hotel, where we are known, and come home immediately—Your affectionate Debora.'

"I folded up the letter and returned it to Mr. W., observing that I thought he could not do better than

return to London without delay. But it is not so easy to get rid of a man who wants to have a chat with the emperor. It took me nearly half an hour to arrange that he should go home to Meurice's Hotel, and write a letter to his Imperial Majesty, Napoleon III., Tuilleries. I am to know instantly if his majesty sends for Mr. W."

DEAR GODEY: It is thirty years since I commenced housekeeping, with GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK as an assistant. I have found the Book useful in every department of domestic economy.

MRS. J. H. T., N. Y.

WE deem it proper to give place to the following from the Easton, Pa., *Free Press*, as it is not only a compliment to the teacher but also to the scholars:—

"We heard of an incident concerning the alarm at the school building the other day, which so well illustrated the noble part of human nature that we give it publication. In one of the schools there is a young girl who is a cripple. It is the custom of the teacher to allow her, when the scholars are dismissed, always to pass out first, in order that she may escape from the confusion attendant upon the dismissal of so many children. On Monday last, when the alarm of fire was sounded, all the school-rooms were at once emptied of their contents. While in all of them they rushed out in dismay and fright, in some cases leaving everything behind, in the one where the lame child was there was perfect quietness and order. All the scholars, notwithstanding the noise and apparent danger, remained quietly in their seats till their lame companion had gotten safely out, and was secure from the rush, when they with a bound cleared the room. They thought of her safety before their own; neither fright nor selfishness induced them to provide for themselves until they saw her secure from peril. Such a display of consideration and kindness we have not heard of for many a day, and, when we remember that it came from children, it becomes all the more touching and beautiful."

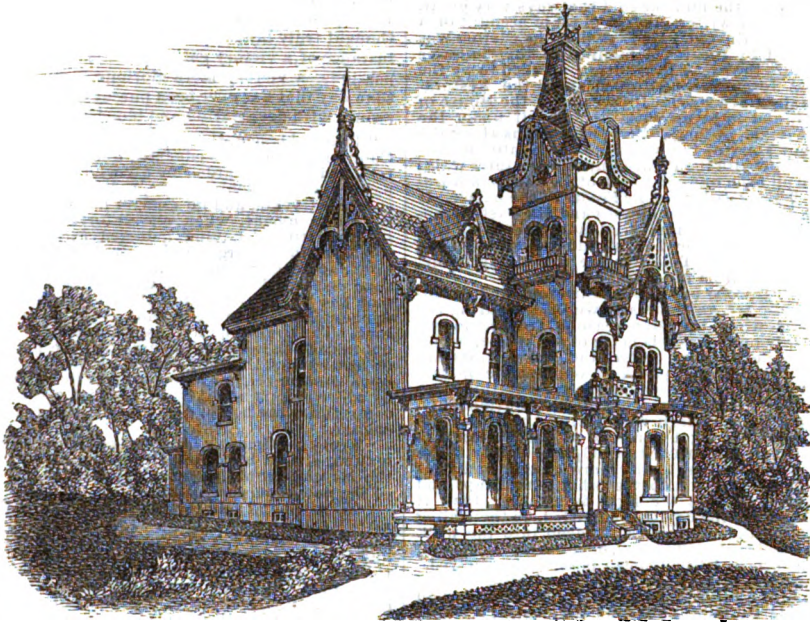
AMERICAN LITERARY GAZETTE, published by Geo. W. Childs, Philadelphia. How useful this work must be to book publishers we can imagine, and we know that they cannot do without it. To us it is valuable for its English and French correspondence. We appreciate them.

A FRENCH paper mentions an incident which caused a good deal of amusement at the Paris criminal court lately. M. X—, a prominent advocate of the French bar, was walking in the Tuilleries gardens. A girl of about sixteen or seventeen accosted him, and begged him to direct her to the Rue du Bac. The gallant advocate, struck by the damsel's pretty face, showed her the way himself, chatting as they went along. Arriving at the terrace near the Pont Royal, the young lady thanked M. X— for his politeness, and then ran at a smart pace over the bridge. The advocate a minute afterwards perceived that his watch and chain had vanished. However, the best part of the story is to come. The next day M. X— met the adventuress on the boulevard, and gave her in charge at once. It transpires that the sharp-witted damsel, having learned meanwhile that she had operated upon a celebrated advocate, has found out his name and address, and retained him to conduct her defence for the theft. The question whether M. X— is legally entitled to refuse the brief is warmly debated in Parisian legal circles.

By way of novelty, some inquiring minds have just discovered a relationship between the Empress of the French and Robinson Crusoe! Certainly one's mind fails to seize any trait of resemblance existing between the august and elegant mistress of the Tuilleries and the man of many adventures generally presented to our imaginations through the medium of a conical hat, a palm-leaf umbrella, and a parrot; but it seems that the Dumfries man named Selkirk, from whom both Daniel Defoe and Saintine in his book called "Seul," derive their Robinson Crusoe, belongs decidedly to the Scottish families to which the Empress is closely related; and so you see we must believe it.

SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 436 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

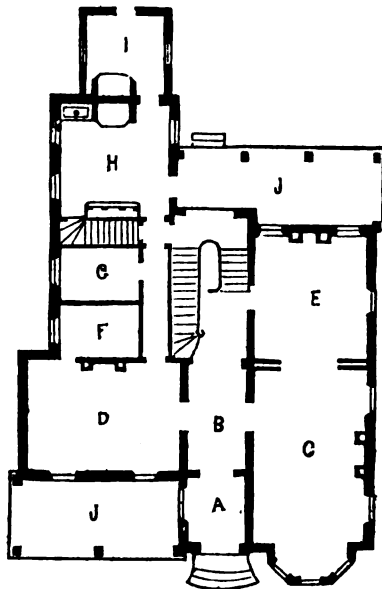


THIS ornamental suburban residence was designed for Mrs. Fahnestock, and it is to be built nine miles from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. It will take part in beautifying this already highly-improved locality. There is no risk of ugliness when we make the detail drawings for our designs, as almost every locality over this vast country fully proves; and the amount of patronage we receive from the districts in which our designs have been used fully attests their merits.

The difficulty that formerly existed of a want of knowledge and appreciation of good proportion is being fast removed. Few persons heretofore have been able to discriminate between good building and the design, or to know how much beauty and grace should be obtained from a given quantity of material and labor; the credit lying in the one case with the architect, and in the other with the mechanic. If a mass of enrichments were placed in a museum, taken in the light of the intention they would afford pleasure to the most cultivated connoisseur, and they would convey the same idea as a library of literary works, each object being a distinct subject for contemplation. But a homogeneous mixture or medley kind of work in an architectural design will not do, for, when the thought is one to live a century or more, how different must be our handling of the ornaments, and the adjustment of quantities; every point must be well considered. Styles may change, fashions grow out of date, different ideas become more prevalent, but common sense and proper adjustments can never be disregarded while civilization exists. In this country we want original designs, guided by principles that admit of no failure. Too much memorizing belittles the mind. Franklin was wrong when he stated that a good copy was better than a bad original; for the truth is evident that the works of the first architects, Assyrian, Egyptian, Grecian, French, or English, are better than the most superb copy ever made by a copiest. The want of originality spoils our music, it spoils our fashions, and our painters, our sculptors, and all who throw the forces of the human mind upon the aid of the memory alone, soon lack judgment, and refine, and refine, until all the energy, worth, and life that the original possessed are lost.

We have blank copies of specifications and bills of quantities printed so fully that they require but little written matter to render them perfect for any building. We will send a blank copy of each to any person who incloses us a postal order for two (2)

dollars. Persons desiring to build without the assistance of an architect would do well to obtain these blanks, as by them no part is left unnoticed, each part being brought distinctly to the mind. By them may also be avoided those disagreeable lawsuits or other losses.



Description.—A vestibule; B hall, 8 feet wide; C parlor, 14 by 22 feet; D dining-room, 14 by 20 feet; E sitting-room, 14 by 16 feet; F china closet, 7 by 10 feet; G pantry, 7 by 10 feet; H kitchen, 14 by 14 feet; I back porch; J wash house, 10 feet 6 inches by 10 feet 5 inches.

EUGENIE'S OLD CLOTHES.—Empress Eugenie, who sets the fashions of the civilized world, has a sale of cast-off dresses every year, and, as she rarely wears a dress twice, the number sold is always very great. A Paris letter-writer gives a graphic account of a sale just terminated. He says that the custom was established by the royal families of the Tuileries long before the great Revolution, acceded to by the Empress Josephine, continued under the Restoration, maintained by the Princesses of the House of Orleans, and kept up with great spirit under the present reign. A long gallery, which runs along the basement story of the palace, looking into the garden just opposite the Prince Imperial's winter walk, is fitted up from one end to the other with oak wardrobes. This is called the *De Froque* of the palace. It is here that the refuse dresses and the cast-off apparel of the royal and imperial ladies who have succeeded each other for the last hundred years in the occupation of the Tuileries are invariably borne, when rejected from the floor above.

These wardrobe cupboards, numerous and extensive as they are, get generally well filled during the year, and when the four seasons are considered thoroughly over, a sale is made of the whole, where every article is priced beforehand, and visitors are admitted to view and purchase without the observance of further ceremony than the presentation of an invitation card from one of her Majesty's attendants, to whom the privilege of granting them belongs. The sale of the regal wardrobe at the Tuileries is conducted on the strictest principle of equity. The shutters of the long gallery are closed, and it is lighted from one end to the other with lamps and candelabra, so that the light is stronger than it would be were the daylight admitted, as the ceiling is low, and the windows sunk deep into the wall. Every article is ticketed, and, of course, no deviation from the original decision can possibly be allowed.

A long line of stretchers are placed all down the middle of the gallery, the doors of the wardrobes on either side are flung open, and the visitor, walking slowly down on one side and returning on the other, makes choice of what may suit her taste, and, inscribing the number it bears upon a card, hands the latter to the attendant in waiting at the door, and departs. The stretchers are occupied by the shawls, and the wardrobes by the dresses, the shelves by the under linen, while a sort of counter at the further end of the gallery is filled with the champignons, on which are exhibited the bonnets and headdressed. The white satin dress, most splendidly embroidered in silver, with the tunic of bouillonne gauze and silver mouches, confined by bands of ponceau velvet, in which her Majesty went to the opera with the King Consort of Spain, was not quoted higher than the nankeen-colored dress and jacket, braided with green, which was recognized as the uniform invented by the Empress for the drive at Fontainebleau.

To be sure, the buttons were of malachite and set in gold, but the material of the dress could scarcely be considered as bearing any value whatever. The shawls were principally of French manufacture, and mostly for summer wear; the cloaks and mantles, deprived of their lace fur, are unattractive. The utmost exaggeration seems to exist in the prices put upon the bonnets. In the first place the article itself is out of fashion almost as soon as seen; in the next, it possesses no resources whatever, and, above all, it is liable to a greater deterioration than the dress. The habit of leaning back in the carriage, which has become so general, destroys the bonnet immediately, and renders it shabby in form, even while still bright and fresh in color. The proceeds of the sale are generally brought up by the valets and women of the wardrobe, who dispose of what remains unsold to the great dealers of Paris, who again sell them to their customers at immense prices.

STATISTICS OF IOWA.—Iowa is probably making as rapid progress as any State in the Union. The assessment for 1869 contains the following items: The comparison is made with the statistics of 1867. New houses built 26,565; increase of whites, 138,144; increase of colleges, 381; increase of acres inclosed, 947,194; increase of acres cultivated, 669,470; increase of bushels of wheat, 3,990,000; increase of bushels of corn, 16,600,000; increase of bushels of oats, 3,000,000; increase of bushels of potatoes, 3,000,000; increase of pounds of butter, 2,900,000; increase of pounds of wool, 2,900,000; increase of tons of hay, 2,000,000; increase of hops, 270,000; increase in value of coal, \$1,500,000; increase of bushels of coal, 1,400,000.

TRUE HEROISM.—The following anecdote, extracted from the unpublished memoirs of a French nobleman, may, it is hoped, serve as an example well worthy of being imitated by all who desire to be thought truly brave and courageous. It records an instance of a victory gained by a man over his own passions—a victory more glorious, more honorable than any that has ever been purchased with fire and sword, with devastation and bloodshed:—

"Two noblemen, the Marquis de Valaise and the Count de Meric, were educated under the same masters, and were regarded by all who knew them as patterns of friendship, honor, and sensibility. Years succeeded years, and no quarrel had ever disgraced their attachment, when one unfortunate evening, the two friends having indulged rather freely in some excellent Burgundy, repaired to a neighboring hotel, and engaged in a game of backgammon. Fortune declared herself in favor of the marquis; he won the game, and in the thoughtless glee of the moment laughed in exultation at his unusual good luck. The count lost his temper, and once or twice upbraided the marquis for enjoying the pain which he had excited in the bosom of his friend. At last, upon another fortunate throw made by the marquis, by which he gammoned his antagonist, the infuriated count threw the box of dice in the face of his brother soldier.

"Every gentleman present was in amazement, and waited almost breathlessly for the moment when the marquis would sheathe his sword in the bosom of the now repentant count.

"Gentlemen," said the marquis, "I am a Frenchman, a soldier, and a friend. I have received a blow from a Frenchman, a soldier, and a friend. I know and acknowledge the laws of honor, and I will obey them. Every man who sees me wonders why I am tardy in visiting with vengeance the author of my disgrace. But, gentlemen, the heart of that man is entwined with my own; our education was the same, our principles are alike, and our friendship dates from our earliest years. But, Frenchmen, I will obey the laws of honor and of France; I will stab him to the heart!"

"Upon this he threw his arms around his unhappy friend, and said: 'My dear De Meric, I forgive you if you forgive me for the irritation I have occasioned in a sensible mind by the levity of my own. And now, gentlemen,' added the marquis, 'though I have interpreted the laws of honor in my own way, if there remains in this room one Frenchman who dares to doubt my resolution to resent even an improper smile at me, my sword is by my side to punish an affront, but not to murder a friend for whom I would die, and who sits there a monument of contrition and bravery, ready with me to challenge the rest of the room to deadly combat if any man dares to think amiss of this transaction.'"

The fine folks who went to the Suez canal opening took along with them other Parisian luxuries beside the striped silken tents. There is the portable fresh butter churn, made out of cut crystal and mounted on silver feet. It is provided with a silver rod which revolves swiftly in the cream and presents a pat of butter in three minutes. The fruit refrigerator is made of plated silver. There is a hollow in the centre of it for raspberries, for instance; all around them rise a wall of artificial ice; the fruit is covered with some chemical preparation which adds savor and congeals; after a rotary turn or two the raspberries are frosted.

At the recent Imperial ball at St. Cloud, the Duchess de Mouchy wore a white gauze train robe, marked with silver, over which is a square bodice and skirt tunic, red currant color, kept on the shoulders by diamond straps or epaulets. On the right shoulder began a scarf of silver foliage which draped the bosom and fell crossways down the left side all over the skirt. The duchess wore \$300,000 worth of family diamonds on her head, ears, neck, and arms; the diadem and ear-rings were mounted with pear-shaped pearls hanging from diamond clusters.

JEAN MARIA FARINA, the "genuine" Cologne manufacturer, is dead, leaving seventeen other, but fraudulent Jean Maria Farinas in Cologne to survive him. Laura Farina, worth \$2,000,000, marriageable, and but twenty-one, succeeds him in the cologne business.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

THE THREE WISHES.
A FAIRY TALE DRAMA.

BY M. F. E.

Characters.

DAME DISCONTENT.

JOHN, her husband.

ELLEN, their daughter.

EDWARD, a young farmer.

REDNOSE, an elf.

ROSEBUD and BLUEBELL, fairies.

Costumes.

DAME DISCONTENT. Dress of common brown stuff. Heavy cloak and hood. In the face of her hood appears the large white ruffles of a cap worn beneath it.

JOHN. Long gray coat, knee breeches, black stockings, and buckled shoes. A short clay pipe in his mouth.

ELLEN. Short red dress, looped overskirt of gay chintz, black bodice, white apron, slippers, and white stockings; bow of ribbon in hair.

EDWARD. High white hat, decorated with ribbons; blue coat, with large brass buttons; scarlet vest, buff breeches, gray stockings, and shoes with huge buckles.

REDNOSE. Suit of black, short cloak, cap with white plume. The performer of this part must be small, wear one of those masks with a large red nose, obtainable at the toy stores, and stuff something under his cloak to appear humpbacked.

ROSEBUD and BLUEBELL. Dresses of pink and blue-angled gauze; wands covered with gilt paper and decorated with rosebuds and bluebells.

SCENE I.—*Inside of a cottage. A dresser containing crockery; a table and two chairs. ELLEN at the table peeling potatoes.*

ELLEN. There goes Edward past the window. I know he must be coming here, because he has on his best suit. Oh, dear! I wish I had time to put on my striped gingham. (*Smooths her hair hurriedly.*) Here he comes. (*Knock is heard.*) Come in.

Enter EDWARD, with a very large nosegay.

EDWARD. Good-morning, Ellen. Busy as usual, I see.

ELLEN. Good-morning, Edward. Won't you take a chair? (*ELLEN hands him one, upon which he carefully places his hat, and remains standing. ELLEN seals herself upon the other.*)

EDWARD. (*Looking around uneasily.*) Is your father or mother at home?

ELLEN. Oh, no! This is market day, you know, and they have gone to town to sell the last batch of butter which I made.

EDWARD. I wish that I were a pat of butter.

ELLEN. Dear me! what a strange wish. Why?

EDWARD. That I might be patted by your fair hands.

ELLEN. (*Looking down and playing with the corner of her apron.*) Oh! la!

EDWARD. The truth is, Ellen, I knew your parents were out, and I came here to see you, to ask you the question which you promised to answer by harvest time. Harvest time is past. Is it yes or no? Will you take this nosegay, and in taking it consent to become my wife? (*He offers the nosegay, which ELLEN bashfully accepts.*) (*Joyfully.*) It is yes. (*Advances to ELLEN, and seizes her hand, is about to place an arm around her waist, when*

Enter DAME DISCONTENT and JOHN.

JOHN. (*Taking pipe from his mouth.*) Bless me!

DAME. (*Starting back.*) Well, I never!

EDWARD. (*Leading ELLEN forward, she hiding her face.*) Master and Mistress Discontent, as I love Ellen, and Ellen loves me (*ELLEN nods, still keeping her face covered.*) we ask your consent to our marriage, and your blessing upon it!

JOHN. As far as I'm concerned—ahem—hem—wife, tell 'em what we think. I'll agree to whatever you say. Speak to 'em, do.

DAME. I shan't say a word. No, not one word. I'm dumfounded at the idea of such a fool as you, John Discontent, giving these two foolish ones advice. (*JOHN shakes his head negatively.*) It was advice, I say. What right have you to speak while I'm here to tell 'em! Who's mistress, you or I? And you, young man, ain't you ashamed of yourself

to come here after my daughter! What have you to support a wife on? Ellen has not a cent, and I suppose you've the same.

EDWARD. I haven't much money, to be sure, but I have a cottage and—

DAME. (*Contemptuously.*) Our Ellen marry a man with only a cottage! Well, upon my word, you have impudence. A cottage, indeed!

EDWARD. And an acre of land and a cow.

DAME. (*Turning to JOHN.*) John Discontent, are we to be insulted because we're poor? Why don't you knock that beggar down, with his cottage, his acre of land, and his cow!

EDWARD. It gives more milk than any two cows around.

DAME. (*Mournfully.*) O John! It's easy seen you don't belong to my family. A Pollywinkenses—I'm proud to be a Pollywinkenses—would never stand this. To hear this person talk about a cottage, an acre of land, and a cow that gives more milk than any two cows around in connection with our Ellen! (*Energetically.*) Young man, you shall not marry her. You had better go; you are not wanted here, and (*EDWARD, in consideration, sits down on the chair which contains his hat*) the sooner you go the better. [*Exit EDWARD, leaving his crushed hat on the chair.*]

ELLEN. (*Sobbing.*) O mother!

DAME. Stop crying, girl. Don't be a fool. I'd never be contented with such a poor son-in-law, and it's easy seen you are not of my family. A Pollywinkenses—

ELLEN. (*Interrupting.*) O mother! he has left his hat. He'll drown himself (*sobbing*), or catch the influenza, or something, without his hat. Do let me take it to him. (*DAME D. takes the hat and nosegay, and throws them from the window.*) [*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.—*Same as Scene I. Two candles burning on the table. DAME D. and JOHN seated on each side of the fireplace.*

DAME. Dear, dear, what a life this is! Oh! I wish we were rich. All our neighbors are richer than we except Edward. I let Ellen go over to Jones'; I hope she will not meet him coming home. I do wish that girl had more of my spirit. But I'll go to sleep, John, I am tired of your talk.

JOHN. I haven't spoken one word the whole evening.

DAME. Don't tell me! (*Leans back in her chair and snores; JOHN follows her example, pipe still in his mouth.*)

Enter ROSEBUD and BLUEBELL.

ROSEBUD. (*Gazing at the sleepers.*) How discontented these mortals are! This woman was just wishing for riches; I wonder if she would be happy if they were given to her!

BLUEBELL. I do not know. I think, however, that her daughter would be rendered happier, for the obstacle which prevents her union with Edward, the young farmer, would then be removed. Here is Rednose. Perhaps he can tell, for these elves know everything.

Enter REDNOSE.

REDNOSE. (*Skipping towards them and bowing.*) Hall, lovely ladies! You seem deeply engaged in conversation. May I inquire the cause?

ROSEBUD. Good-evening, Rednose. We were just wondering if Dame Discontent would be happy were her wish for wealth gratified.

REDNOSE. No, indeed. She would be far more miserable, for riches would bring in their train desires and cares from which she is now happily free.

BLUEBELL. But, most wise Rednose, do you think she would consent to Ellen's marriage?

REDNOSE. Pride would then prevent her from allowing Ellen to wed with one so poor as Edward. However, fairies, it is easy to try the experiment; it may teach her that contentment is better than wealth. I will grant her a wish.

ROSEBUD and BLUEBELL. And we will each grant one to John.

REDNOSE. Rosebud shall announce to them their good fortune. I will awaken them. (*REDNOSE here sings any song that may be deemed appropriate. DAME D. and JOHN accompanying him by snoring loudly.*)

DAME. (*Yawning.*) How the wind roars. [*Exit BLUEBELL and REDNOSE, ROSEBUD stands centre.*]

JOHN. (*Seeing fairy and looking frightened.*) Speak to it, wife.

DAME. Speak to what, you dunce? (*Sees ROSEBUD.*) O beautiful lady, I—

ROSEBUD. Silence, woman! To you, mortals, three

wishes have been graciously ordained to be gratified. Two of these are accorded to you, John Discontent, the other is given to your wife. Think well, both of you, before you wish.

John. (*Rubbing his eyes.*) Am I awake!

[*Exit ROSEBUD, waving her wand.*]

Dame. Of course, you are, though you are as stupid as usual. I can't imagine why one wish is given to me, while you receive two. At any rate, I'll have to make the best of it. What shall we wish for?

John. For great wealth, isn't it best?

Dame. I used to think so. But a great many people are rich; and now that I have the power, I shall wish for something more rare. I wish we had a yard of black pudding; it would make us so comfortable while we are thinking. (*A yard of black pudding falls to the floor.*)

John. (*Angrily.*) Now you've done it! I don't often get angry, but I have good reason now. I do wish that pudding fast to your nose. (*DAME D. screams, and the pudding ascends until it reaches the tip of her nose, where it hangs.*)

(A thin cord should be attached to the roll of cloth or silk, which represents the pudding. This cord should be passed through a loop in the front of Dame D.'s hood. The performer must pull one end until the other, to which the pudding is joined, is on a level with her nose.)

Dame. Oh! take it off. O husband, wish it off! (*Pulling at it.*)

John. (*Soothingly.*) We have only one more wish. I will wish for wealth, and then we will have a gold box made to cover it. You shall be the richest lady in the world, and everybody will be wearing gold cases to their noses when you have set the fashion.

Dame. Oh, no, no! Wish that it may fall to the ground, or I shall certainly kill myself.

John. Well, then, may it fall to the floor. (*Pudding falls.*)

Enter EDWARD and ELLEN.

Ellen. Dear father and mother, I met Edward coming home—

Edward. (*Interrupting.*) And I insisted, notwithstanding the denial I received this morning, in coming again to ask your consent and blessing.

John. I agree, if your mother does, Ellen.

Dame. I have learned this evening that it is best to be contented with what we possess, therefore, Edward, though you are poor, I receive you as a son-in-law. Bless you, my children.

John. Bless you, and be happy. My children, you had better be married to-night (*aside*), for fear the old woman may change her mind. [*Exit DAME D. and JOHN arm-in-arm, EDWARD and ELLEN follow.*]

Enter REDNOSE, ROSEBUD, and BLUEBELL.

Rednose. (*Cutting a caper.*) Are you satisfied, ladies?

Both. Perfectly. Good fortune to the happy pair!

Rednose. So be it. Adieu, fair ones. I hope to meet you at the queen's ball on St. John's Eve.

[*Exit REDNOSE right, FAIRIES left.*]

CURIOUS CEREMONY.—In 1794 an old lady died in London, and was buried in the vaults of one of the churches. When her will was read, it was found that she had bequeathed a considerable sum to the church, the proceeds of which were to be annually distributed to the poor of the parish on the 28th of January, her own birthday. The condition attached to the bequest was that her coffin should be carefully dusted every year on the day in question. In case this operation should be omitted on a single occasion, the entire principal of the bequest was to pass to the authorities of the adjoining parish. Of course, the officials of the church have always been careful to perform this interesting ceremony, and it was done this year for the seventy-sixth time.

"ONE of the Spiritualist Home's newest feats is to make brandy disappear from a glass tumbler. However novel and wonderful this may appear to the people of Paris and London, it is nothing but a vile trick, which is most dexterously practised by thousands of persons in this city every day."

We have frequently seen brandy disappear from a tumbler. The person who held the glass simply put it to his mouth.

A LEAF FROM OUR PHUNNIEGRAPHIC ALBUM.

BY OUR OWN PHUNNIEGRAPHER.



"VIRGINIA CREEPERS."

A NEW DOCTOR-IX.—We have a few female doctors and also apothecaries in our principal cities, and as we call the doctors *Esculapi-Anns*, why not call the druggists *Ipecacu-Hannahs*!

AN IRISHMAN'S friend having fallen in a slough, the Irishman called loudly to another for assistance. The latter, who was busily engaged in cutting a loaf, and wished to procrastinate, inquired, "How deep is the gentleman in?" "Up to his ankles." "Then there is plenty of time," said the other. "No, there is not," rejoined the first. "I forgot to tell you he's in head first."



"MOTHER, I'VE COME HOME TO DYE!"

A GENTLEMAN, giving a lecture to some boys, was explaining how no one could live without air. He then said: "You have all heard of a man drowning—how does that happen?" The ready answer was: "'Cause he can't swim."

It has been said that the difference between a carriage-wheel and a carriage-horse, is, that one goes better when it is tired, and the other doesn't.

"THERE is one kind of ship I always steer clear of," said an old bachelor sea-captain; "and that's courtship, 'cause on that ship there's always two mates and no captain."

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Address "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Mrs. R. P. F.—Sent pattern January 26th.

T. E. J.—Sent box by express 29th.

L. H.—Sent pattern February 3d.

Miss M. C.—Sent pattern 7th.

Mrs. M. E. L.—Sent pattern 7th.

Mrs. A. M. S.—Sent pattern 7th.

Mrs. S. C. S.—Sent articles 7th.

Mrs. L. A. R.—Sent hair work 14th.

Mrs. E. A. S.—Sent hair braid by express 14th.

Mrs. E. O. B.—Sent pattern 17th.

Mrs. L. R. S.—Sent hair braid by express 17th.

E. D. R.—The following is the list: One year married, the paper wedding; fifth, wooden; tenth, tin; fifteenth, crystal; twenty-fifth, silver; fiftieth, gold; seventy-fifth, diamond.

Ella.—The statue of Oom. Perry at Newport is not that of the real Oom. Perry, he of Lake Erie fame—Oom. Oliver Hazard Perry. He had no rich son-in-law to put up one for him.

A. J. B.—No matter which side he takes.

L. C. B., Stamford, Conn.—Any number you please, from one to one thousand.

Justice, Iowa City.—Such accidents will happen. The same magazine copied a story of ours once upon a time.

Three Graces.—1. The dresses of white French muslin, handsomely trimmed, and colored silk panalors of blue, pink, and lilac, or green. The dresses should be made with trains. 2. Yes. 3. At a gentleman's furnishing store. 4. It is not customary to give presents unless the parties are engaged. 5. Act without affectation. 6. We cannot say. 7. Singing, if good; but so few persons are gifted with a fine voice that good playing should be cultivated. 8. No. 9. By waiting until he informs you of the fact. If he does not, being in favor or not matters little.

Flora.—1. Yes, if you have no parlor of your own. 2. The eldest unmarried daughter's card is Miss Smith; the others Miss Irene or Miss Mary Smith. 3. Yes, and we recommend "Ollendorf."

Germanatown.—Filoselle is the thick floss so much used now for zephyr work.

L. P. K.—We cannot give the desired information. Rosebud.—Decidedly wrong.

A Bon Vivant.—The following is the order, but this is only observed at the more expensive dinners: Oysters are generally served, on the half-shell, as an appetizer, when the guests sit down; and in this case a glass of Sauterne is usually handed to each guest. Sherry is served with the soup; sometimes both sherry and Madeira. Champagne comes on after the fish is removed and when the meats, etc., appear, and continues to be served till the dessert. At large dinner-parties, hock, Madeira, and claret are also served with the meats, according to the taste of the guests. Some people drink but one kind of wine: in this case, find out, if you can, what they like, and give it to them; but where all kinds are served, they are sure to get what they prefer. At the best tables, salad and cheese are offered just before the dessert, and in this case a glass of port wine is handed around at the same time. After dessert, give a glass of Curacao, Charterreuse, or other cordial, and subsequently coffee. If you have any very fine hock, Madeira, or claret, it is to be drunk after the dessert.

L. B. D.—It should be worn for two years.

Mrs. H. T.—My dear madam, wrinkles will come, and we know of nothing that will prevent them.

Lottie.—It is all humbug about the opal being an unlucky stone, foretelling sickness, etc.

H. A.—Bracelets are fashionable. Tortoise-shell particularly, but they are very expensive.

Eme.—If it is necessary for you to make a present to a gentleman, let it be of the most refined nature

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possible; some little article, not purchased, but worked by your own hands—a little picture from your pencil, or a trifle from your needle; there are various little things can be worked that, in themselves, cost comparatively nothing, but as being the offspring of your gentle skill, will claim a priceless value from the receiver. All presents should be made with as little parade as possible, not offered formally, but in an indirect way.

"E. S. S. will be greatly obliged if the editor will kindly inform her how she may get rid of a kind of wart, like a mole, which has come on her eyebrow during the last year, and is sometimes large, and at others small. If the editor should not know of any cure, could he give the name of any good doctor in Philadelphia, who understands these things?" If you will write and send a stamp, we will inform you of a good surgeon, but we decline taking the liberty of publishing his name.

Mertie.—Orange blossoms are the emblem of chastity. There is no other reason that we know of for their being worn by brides.

M. T. R.—We cannot make any new engagements this year. Perhaps next.

Emily G.—Decidedly too young.

Minnie, La.—Go with your husband of course. Your mother has nothing to do with it. Cannot answer your second question.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

The Publisher of the LADY'S BOOK has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the LADY'S BOOK, the Fashion Editor does not know.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Robe walking dress of purple Foulard silk, made with one skirt and Polonaise forming an upper skirt. The skirt is of purple, with a border around it of purple and white stripes; the edge is finished with a ruffle of purple. The Polonaise is of the striped material, with a cape; sleeves and pannier puff of purple. Purple bonnet, trimmed with violets and green leaves.

Fig. 2.—Visiting dress of Axof green silk, made with two skirts. The lower one is cut in Vandykes, trimmed with white lace, with a plaiting of a darker shade coming below them. The upper skirt is cut open in the front and puffed in the back, trimmed to correspond. Plain corsage, with lace bretelles. Bow of lace in back. Coat sleeves. White lace bonnet, trimmed with green flowers.

Fig. 3.—Black silk dress, made with two skirts. The lower one is trimmed with one ruffle, headed with a box-plaited quilting. The upper skirt is trimmed with wide thread lace, headed with scarlet

velvet. Plain corsage, with cape pointed in the back and front. Coat sleeves, with puffs at top. Wide velvet sash. Black straw hat, trimmed with scarlet velvet and feather.

Fig. 4.—Dress of light Havana brown silk, spotted with black, made with one skirt trimmed with box-plaited ruffles a quarter of a yard long at the sides and the front. Overdress of black silk, cut with deep points in front, and rounded in the back, trimmed with a ruche of silk. Plain corsage, cut heart-shape. Brown sleeves. Black lace bonnet, trimmed with gay flowers.

Fig. 5.—Evening dress of blue silk, made with a short skirt trimmed with a point lace flounce in front, and a puff of white silk divided by blue satin bows. Court train, scalloped on the edge and bound with white silk, and a piping of white silk going above it. The sides are ornamented with point lace and blue satin bows. Low square corsage, from which depends long scarf ends in front, finished with fringe. Point lace forming sleeve, and on neck. Hair arranged in puffs and curls, with pink rose at the side.

Fig. 6.—Suit for boy of four years, of light brown jasper serge, made with a skirt trimmed with three rosettes at side. Jacket cut in Vandykes and lined with scarlet. Straw hat, trimmed with scarlet and black.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—This dress can be worn either in the street or house, as the skirt barely touches the ground. It is made of gray silk with two skirts, the lower one trimmed with two ruffles cut in small points and edged with narrow fringe, headed by a plaited quilling. Upper skirt out apron front, pointed at the side and puffed in the back, trimmed to correspond. Plain corsage, trimmed with the quilling; loose sleeve, with tight sleeve under it.

Fig. 2.—Black silk suit, made with one skirt, trimmed with two plaited ruffles, headed by a fancy gimp of satin and cord. Casaque puffed in the back and trimmed to correspond, waist trimmed square; coat sleeve, with cuff. Black lace bonnet, trimmed with feather and blue aigrette.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress of lilac silk poplin, made with two skirts, the lower one trimmed with one ruffle. The upper one cut in deep points, and trimmed with a narrow ruffle, headed by a band of velvet of a darker shade. Cape, with deep ends back and front, of velvet edged with a ruffle of the poplin. Hat of lilac straw, with lilac flowers, and gauze veil brought around the throat.

Fig. 4.—House dress composed of two skirts; the lower one of blue silk, trimmed with ruffles; the upper one and waist of black silk; the skirt is trimmed with narrow plaited ruffles, and looped at sides with velvet bows. Plain corsage, with velvet fichu forming a basque in back; coat sleeve, with velvet cuff.

Fig. 5.—Suit of water-proof cloth, made with one skirt, trimmed with three plaited ruches. Tight-fitting basque, with a large box-plait in back, with buttons at the waist. A pointed collar of silk around the neck. Black Neapolitan bonnet, trimmed with black lace, and green ribbon, and grass.

Fig. 6.—White *piqué* apron cut with shoulder-straps; the skirt is scalloped and trimmed with white braid. Pockets, trimmed with braid and bow on one of the material.

Fig. 7.—Pinafore made of white Nainsook muslin, lined with embroidered muslin insertion and trimmed with tucks in the muslin.

Fig. 8.—White *piqué* apron. This apron is intended for a girl, and can be made either in white

piqué or black silk. It may be braided either in scarlet or black if *piqué* is used, and with white soutache if black silk is preferred.

Fig. 9.—Princess dress for a girl of three years, made of white *piqué* spotted with scarlet; it is trimmed with scarlet and white braid.

Fig. 10.—Square open collar, composed of borders of English embroidery. The Vandykes of the embroidery are ornamented with satin rosettes, with one end appearing from the under part of the Vandyke.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Pelerine looped up with a bow. This pelerine can be worn either over a dress or over a tight-fitting *paletot*, and is made of the same material. Our pattern is of gray batiste de laine, lined with gray silk, and edged with deep gray silk fringe. It is gathered and looped up in the middle of the back under a bow of wide gray ribbon, made up, as seen in illustration, with three long lappets, the two longest of which have fringed ends.

Fig. 2.—Low bodice and pannier tunic for evening wear. This pattern is one of the latest novelties from Paris, and can be made up in a variety of styles—in white tarlatane, with satin braces of some bright color, and edged with blonde; in silk, with velvet braces; or, again, in velvet, with lace braces. In one and all of these materials it looks remarkably well. It consists of five pieces—three for the bodice and two for the tunic. The front and back and one brace form the pattern of the bodice; four braces will be required, as there are two in front and two at the back. The braces may be either cut in one piece for each back and front, or joined on the shoulder, as most convenient. Two pieces for the tunic now remain. The front is the smaller one; it turns back with a *revers*. The edge of the side of the pannier is to be gathered and sewn to the side of the front. The back is to be bunched up according to the illustration, and a short wide sash added over it. Ruches, plaited ribbon, lace, feathers, and fringe may be used for trimming; the selection to be ruled by the material used.

Figs. 3 and 4.—Little girl's toilets. Fig. 3 wears a dress of gray summer poplin and a blue flounced mantelet. A pointed pelerine, terminating with a tassel, is simulated on the latter with a frill, and the lower edge is bordered with worsted fringe. The skirt is trimmed with three flounces. Fig. 4 wears a striped blue poplin skirt, and a white *piqué* overdress, trimmed with ruches and buttons.

Fig. 5.—Suit for a boy of six years, made of blue poplin, with a blouse trimmed with satin pipings.

Fig. 6.—Dress for little boy of gray poplin, trimmed with blue and black striped satin.

Fig. 7.—Infant's circular cloak of white merino, made with a hood, lined with white satin. The edge of cloak is finished with a narrow vine of embroidery.

Figs. 8 and 9.—Loose *paletot* for girl. It may be made either of cloth, silk, or of the same material as the dress. It is trimmed with a cross band and loops of velvet.

Fig. 10.—Overcoat for boy of ten years, made of waterproof cloth, bound with braid.

Fig. 11.—Saque for girl of twelve years, made of black silk, cut in scallops around the edge, and trimmed with narrow fringe, fancy braid, and buttons.

Fig. 12.—Cravat of muslin, trimmed with narrow lace; the tabs are broad and ornamented with squares of Valenciennes.

Fig. 13.—Overdress of white muslin, to be worn over colored dress spoken of in Chitchat for last

month. It is trimmed with lace, insertion, and satin ribbon bows.

Fig. 14.—Dress for girl of ten years, made of blue silk, trimmed with two ruffles, headed with a band of blue and white plaid silk. The waist has revers of plaid silk. The sleeves are trimmed to correspond with skirt.

Fig. 15.—Crinoline with tournure. This underskirt, entirely made of white horsehair, shows the shape of modern crinolines. The tournure is entirely formed of puffs, which are continued at the sides in the lower part. The front is quite plain.

Fig. 16.—Waist of white cashmere, trimmed with blue velvet, embroidered with gold thread.

Fig. 17.—Bertha, with epaulettes made of illusion, satin ribbon, and Valenciennes lace.

Fig. 18.—Dressing jacket. This is richly trimmed, and would serve for an invalid jacket as well as for a combing one. It is made of white cambric, either checked or plain. It is ornamented at the top, so as to simulate a pelerine, with *bouttonnés* of plain muslin, separated by embroidered insertion. Each radiating section terminates with a point, and there is a rosette in the centre of each point. A Valenciennes lace terminates it.

Figs. 19 and 20.—Tight-fitting casaque of black silk, trimmed with cross-cut bands of black satin. A *fichu*, edged with fringe, commences half down the back, crosses in front, and falls in two lappets on the skirt. Coat sleeve, trimmed with satin and fringe to match. Fig. 20 shows the back of casaque.

NEW STYLES OF ARRANGING THE HAIR.

(See Engravings, Page 326.)

Fig. 1.—Coiffure of chataine braids and curls. The front hair is rolled up, and ornamented with a pink rose and foliage; the back with a large bow and ends of pink ribbon.

Fig. 2.—The hair is arranged in plaits coming up high in front, where they are finished with a round tuft of curls. Long curls at the sides. Bows on top and back of head of blue satin ribbon.

Fig. 3.—The front of hair is arranged in puffs; the back in loose coil, falling low on the neck. Half wreath of ivy leaves and berries.

Fig. 4.—Hair arranged in finger puffs all over the head and low down on the neck. Wreath of leaves, with bird at one side.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

THE first importations of spring goods show no abatement in beauty from those of former seasons. Although each year it seems as if the skill of the inventor could not produce anything more beautiful, yet, when it becomes our pleasant task, as the seasons roll around, to note the new goods seen, we always find something new, something beautiful. Perchance the patterns we have seen before. If so, the ground, texture, and colors are entirely different, so that, comparing the pattern in the old and new, no one would trace the slightest resemblance.

First we notice cotton fabrics; percales, *piqués*, French chintzes, lawns, and the common calico. Many percales are of plain solid colors; *écru* buff, pearl, gray, dove, and soft Quaker drabs. These can be made up and trimmed with the same, or gay borders or fancy braids. Prevalent among the percales and all wash goods are small chintz figures, cheeks, delicately-pencilled stripes, and suit patterns, similar to those of last season, with perhaps less trimming of borders and ruffles. French chintzes have delicately-tinted grounds, on which are white dots with a gay chintz figure in the centre. We saw

one piece with autumn leaves, instead of a figure, over it. The effect was very pretty of the many-colored leaves; perhaps not so appropriate for spring goods, but nevertheless pretty. A new material for wash dresses is satin jean, all cotton, of as firm body as *piqué*, but finely twilled, and with a gloss like satin. The ground is white, with polka dots of gay color; or else inch stripes of Polka blue or green, with rosebuds on the white stripe between. Lawn robes and suit patterns have two grave shades in stripes, or alternating with a chintz stripe. In calicos we see white grounds with small colored or black stripes and figures. Most of these have a border along the selvedge. A calico wrapper is indispensable for a housekeeper, who takes an active part in her housekeeping, for early morning wear. The shape mostly worn is the Polonaise wrapper, snugly-fitted to give the appearance of a gored dress. The skirt should just touch the floor. The sleeves are coat-shaped. A turned-over collar of the same is around the neck, with a narrow white frill worn above. A separate belt of the calico is made over muslin. It is fastened up the front with buttons. It is best to leave the waists of wash dresses unlined, merely strengthening the arm-holes and seams under the arms by facings of muslin. Striped wrappers are prettiest scalloped and bound with worsted braid, or with a bright-colored Chambery cut bias. For small figured prints without bordering, red worsted braid, serpentine and with rough surface, to imitate coral, is used for trimming; or else wide braid is stitched on, with colored braid beneath, showing at each edge like a piping. All worsted braids should be scalded in hot water before using.

In finer goods there are twilled foulards of better quality than any before imported. These have light grounds with dashes, sprigs, tiny crosses, and many new patterns in prettily contrasting colors. Pearl-gray is dotted with violet, *écru* with green, and tea color with bright blue. These will make beautiful and serviceable house dresses for the spring. A new material for suits is called jasper serge. It has distinct twills of white and blue, white and green, or purple. This can be trimmed with the same or with silk of a solid color. The wiry cotton goods called Japanese linen, a pretty and inexpensive material, appears again in cheeks and double cross bars of clear apple green, blue, brown, or black and white. In materials for suits, we see any variety of shades of gray, ashes of rose, and different shades of light brown. These are made up with ruffles of the same.

Black silk is by no means discarded, no lady considering her wardrobe complete without at least one black silk walking suit. Several different costumes can be made of this by colored underskirts or overskirts to wear with the black.

We must not forget to speak of the ever useful and ladylike waterproof suits, so very necessary in travelling. The cloth comes in black and white, black and gold, and black and green, also in brown plaid. The latter, according to our taste, is excessively ugly. A good model for a suit is of the gold and black cloth, made with one skirt, trimmed with three bias folds, scalloped on one side, and bound with worsted braid. A tight-fitting jacket, trimmed to correspond. A garment suitable for early spring, to be worn with a suit made of the same material or of black *gros grain*, is made to partly fit the figure in the back, with a loose front open, with a vest of contrasting color, with velvet bands crossing over the vest. Coat sleeve open on the back. A belt with a bunched-up bow in the back. When worn in the house, the vest can be omitted, and a chemise of white muslin worn.

The bonnets, as far as the styles are decided, are very much the same as those which have been worn, higher than they have been, if that is possible. A novelty, in vogue abroad for carriage wear, is a capulet or veil bonnet. This is merely a bandeau over the forehead, from which falls a large veil, that is not arranged by the milliner, but is draped about the head by the wearer. This style of bonnet will, no doubt, be adopted here later in the season.

The grotesque appearance presented by some of our would-be fashionables in regard to crinoline presents the very natural inquiry, has crinoline been discarded? We are happy to say, so far, it has not, nor is there any prospect of its disappearing. Skirts are worn smaller in many instances, but the comfort of the hoop skirt is far too great for it to be given up. We can hardly remember a time when something was not worn as a substitute for the hoop skirt, and with far less comfort than is now experienced. The very great weight of the number of skirts before necessary to be worn is obviated, which is a great item in the health of the wearer. The coming warm weather makes the hoop skirt a necessity, and we hope it will long continue to reign with all and more than present popularity. The fashions will change (as what fashion will not?) but that will only add new interest to the manufacturers who have given such a great boon to woman-kind. So our readers need not feel alarmed when they notice what they suppose to be the discarding of the hoop skirt.

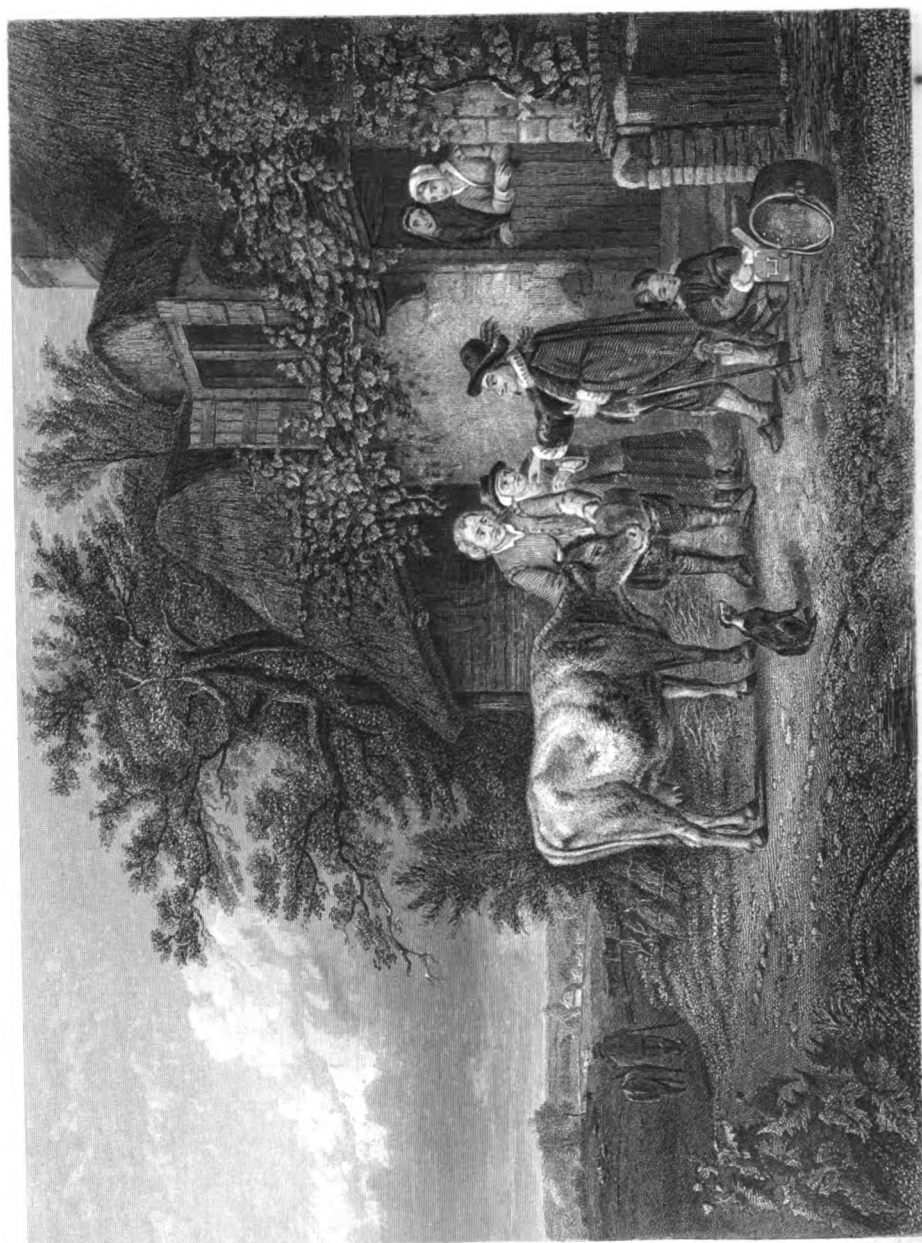
For the benefit of the fond mammas who desire their infants fashionably attired, we will devote a short space to the description of some articles of their clothing. Infants' dresses are not worn as long as they have been. The newest christening robes measure but a yard from shoulder tips to the skirt edge, and are made of white Organdy over white silk slips. The low, full bodices, tiny sleeves, and tablier fronts are entirely of embroidery and wide Valenciennes insertion in lengthwise stripes. Box-plaited frills edged with lace surround the skirt, and curved frills descend from the belt at the sides. A ribbon rosette is in each curve, and the whole is effectively finished by a sash of wide white watered ribbon, knotted at the right side. Under slips of blue, mauve, or pink silk, display the lace on such robes to advantage, and are worn, except at the christening, when all white is as much *de rigueur* as for a wedding. Other dresses less elaborate and far more durable, are of fine French nainsook edged with fluted frills, headed by puffs and bands of cord like tucks. Quite a pretty little dress is made of soft mull, with a single cluster of tucks in the skirt, crosswise puffs and Hamburg insertion on the body, and narrow Valenciennes around the neck, sleeves, and sash. Many of the dresses are now made high neck and long sleeves, these obviate the wearing of a zephyr sacque in cool weather. Infants' cloaks are changed in shape. The round upper cape is smaller than has been worn of late, measuring only five-eighths behind, while the cloak proper is straight, with square corners, and is attached to a yoke with sleeves. White merino embroidered, and a satin quilting or fringe around the cape, describes the handsomest cloaks; for warm weather the cape alone is worn, or else a circular cloak of white *piqué*, with embroidered ruffle and braiding. White is the prettiest dress for a child until three years of age, all the year round. To be comfortably worn in winter, the underclothing must of course be warm. Colored sashes, and color on cap or hat, relieves the plain white and makes the dress effective. New lace bibs to be worn over the cloak are square, like the Marie Theresa collars for ladies.

Soft quilted bibs with embroidered edges and an initial or "Baby" in the centre are also worn. For children in their first short clothes, low bodices and full skirts of white muslin are made. Also little slips with high necked yokes, into which the full skirt and waist are gathered. A sash of the material tied behind confines the slip at the waist. A pelisse of merino, with sleeves and a cape is the best wrapping for a child just done with long clothes. If this is made ample every way, and long enough to barely escape the floor, it will serve from the time the child begins to walk until it is three years old. For boys of a year or year and a half old, the blouse dress is worn, for morning wear confined at the waist with a belt. But little difference is noticed in the general style of their dress except the hat, and less elaborate trimming on their dresses. *Piqué* is much worn for summer dresses, braided and trimmed with fancy colored braids or needlework ruffles.

How to dress girls just in their teens perplexes many mothers, as they are too old for children's fashions and too young for the elaborate costumes worn by their elder sisters "in society." A certain air of jauntiness is compatible with the tasteful simplicity for these *demoiselles*. Their skirts should be short enough to disclose the ankle of their high Polish boots. This is the regulation for all occasions, even demi-trains are not for school girls. The lower skirt is trimmed to the knee with flounces, braid, or bands of silk. The upper skirt should be but slightly draped, that it may not be very *bouffant*, and the edge should be Vandyked or out in squares, as frills are soon crushed when sat upon. The corsage is a short close-fitting basque, made with one dart or two as the figure may require. It is curved over the hips or else each seam is turned back *en revers*. The neck is hollowed out low and finished with a sailor collar of the same. Coat sleeves, or the sabot shape. No belt but a sash bow behind. A sailor jacket of the same color as dress, a hat of dark straw, with a long ostrich feather. Kid gloves with two buttons at the wrist, a linen collar edged with lace, and a little useful jewelry, such as a brooch, sleeve buttons, a watch, and the souvenir locket attached to a black velvet necklace, completes the *toilette*. An overskirt and bretelles of black silk, and a tunic of white muslin, all puffs, tucks, and ruffles will give variety to day and evening dresses. A pink rosebud and black velvet loops festoon the white tunic. Entire dresses of white muslin elaborately trimmed, are worn over colored silk slips, or else with white skirts with gay plaid and Roman sashes.

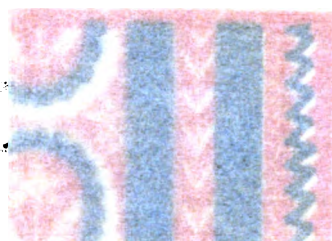
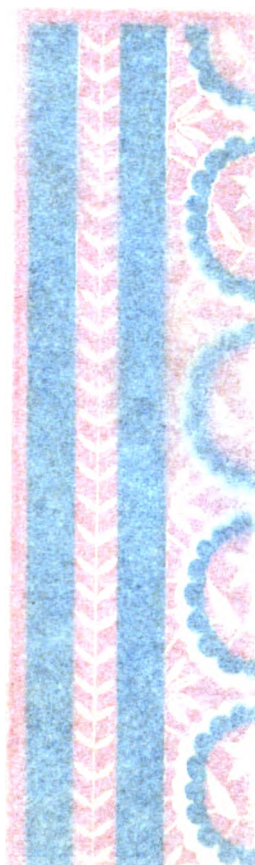
The newest fans for ladies are deeper in the centre, and appear pointed when closed. In some styles the ivory sticks extend outside of the satin, and have a very pretty effect. Black silk embroidered with gold, with gold sticks over the silk, tinted plush, entire pearl and ivory fans carved like lace, gold open-work over black silk, and pointed ivory, are among the latest importations.

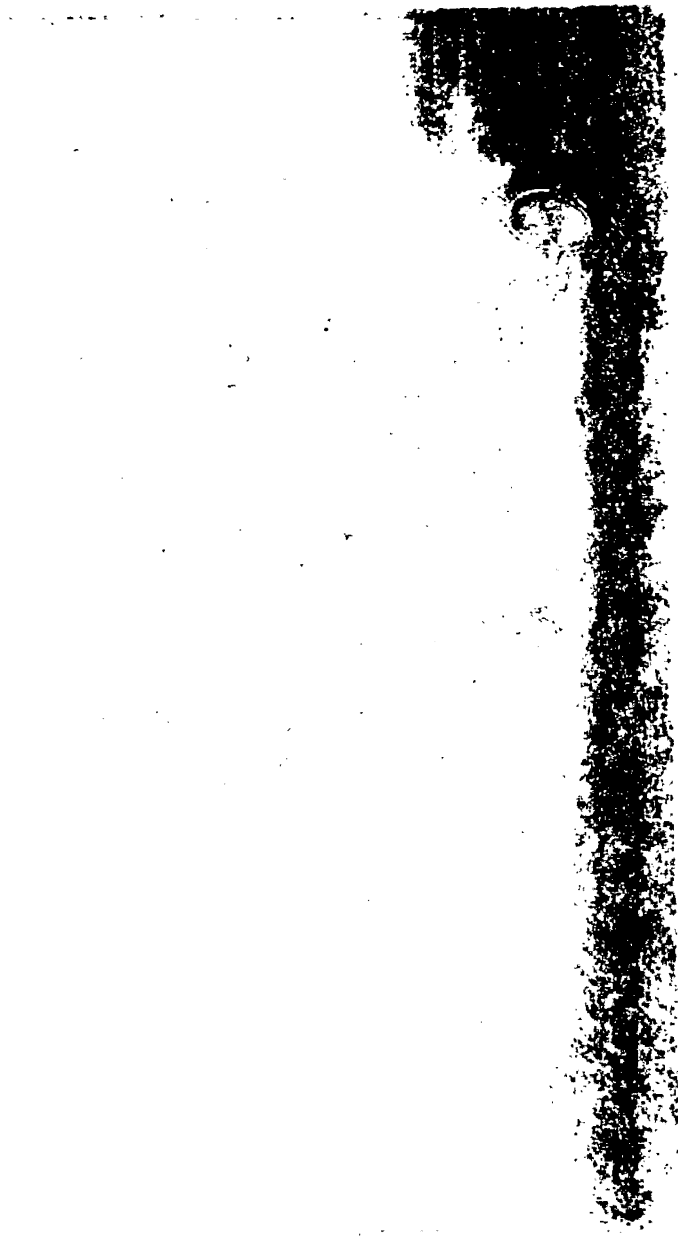
Chrysoprase is the jewel fancied at present. Its variety makes it esteemed more than its pale opaline green tint, which shows two shades—sea-green and a deeper tint. Its rarest color is like a pearl melted in sea-water. Oblong square shapes of precious stones are fancied. A rich set was shown in heavy solid setting, pierced with cameo figures on the face. The brooch was Diana with her bow; the square sleeve buttons bore the head of Mary Stuart. A cinque-cento design, with setting of Roman and bright gold, with brilliant twinkling in the rims, and pendants as beautiful as dew jewelry. Black onyx and gold are fashionable, cut in light forms with pendants, cross pieces, and bars. They are appropriate for home *toilettes*. FASHION.



THE END OF THE WORLD.

CORNERS FOR POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS.





CORNERS FOR POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS.



Crochet Antimacassar.

CAMEO PATTERN.

(See Description, Work Department.)







Fig. 8.

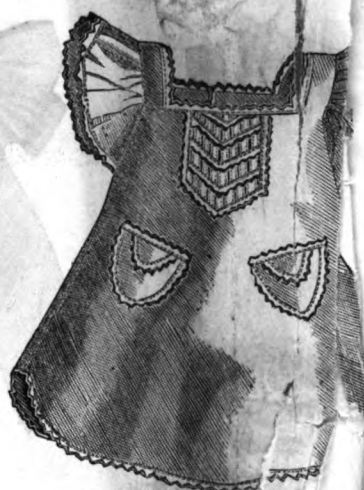


Fig. 11.

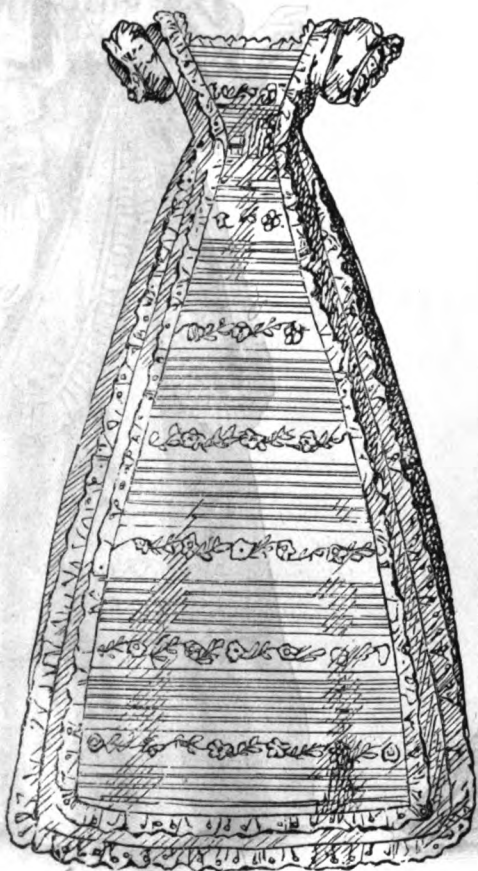


Fig. 10.



Fig. 12.



Fig. 15.



Fig. 5.



Fig



Fig. 3.



Fig. 9.

FASHIONABLE COSTUMES.

See Description, Fashion Department.



Fig. 7.



Fig. 1.

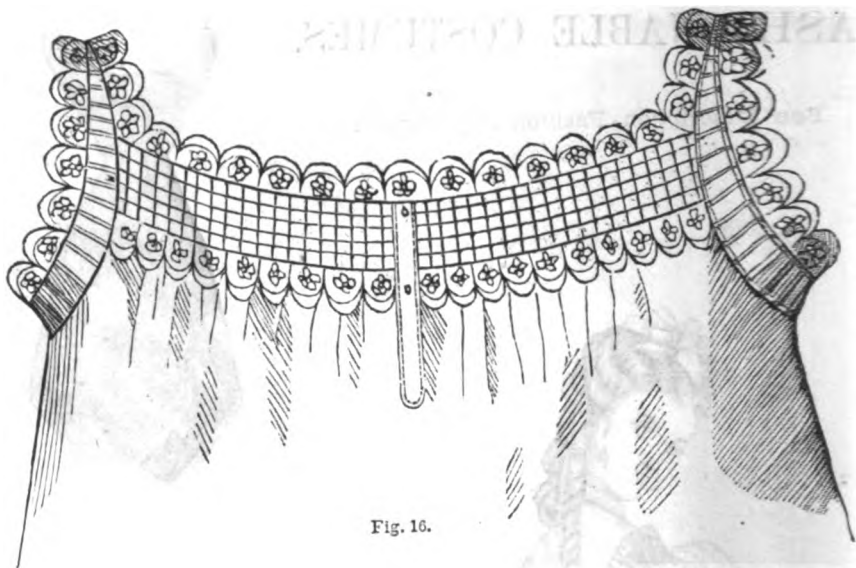


Fig. 16.

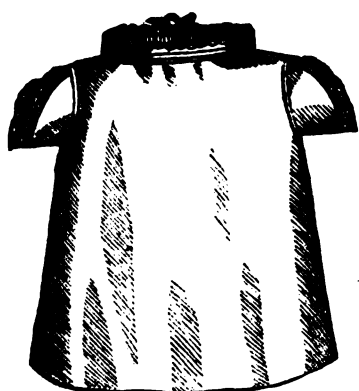
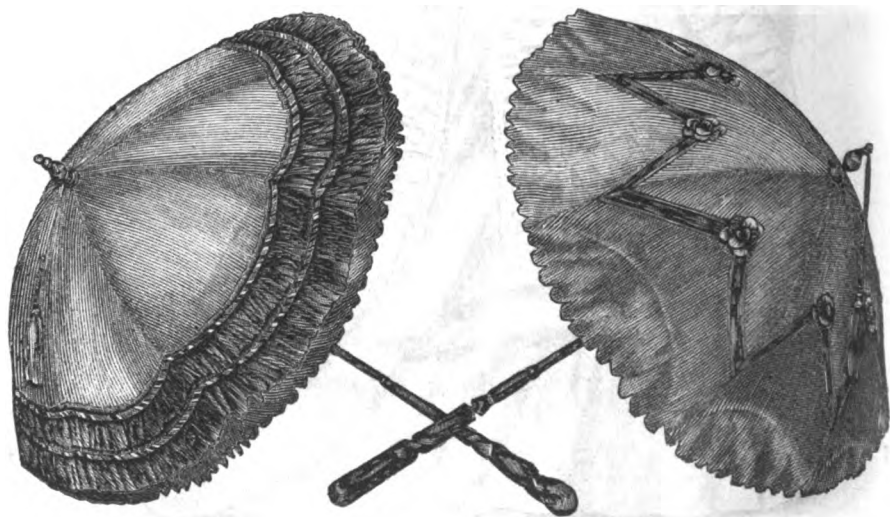


Fig. 18.



Fig. 14.



Figs. 17, 18.



A MAY FLOWER.

MAUD GALOP,

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

BY B. S. BARRETT.

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PIANO.

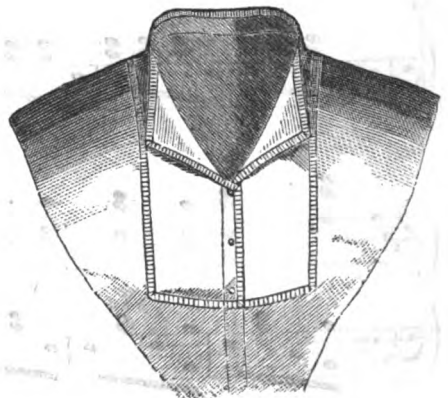
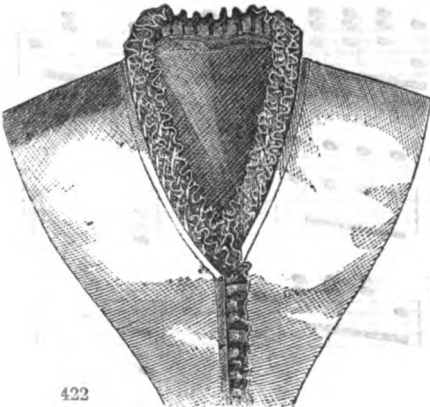
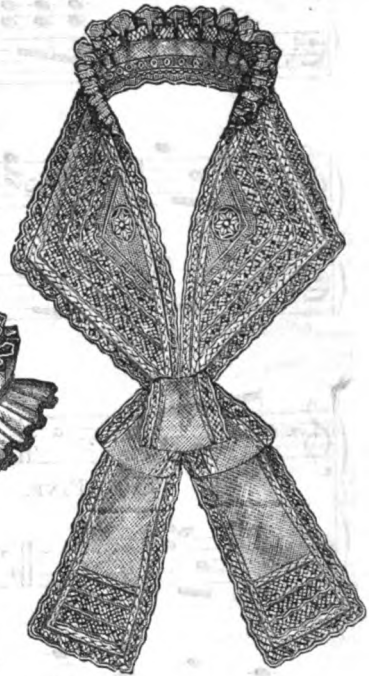
The musical score is written for piano and consists of five systems of music. Each system contains a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The music is a galop, characterized by its fast tempo and rhythmic patterns. The first system starts with a treble staff melody and a bass staff accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system features a repeat sign in the treble staff. The fourth system shows a change in the bass staff accompaniment. The fifth system concludes the piece with a final chord in the bass staff.

MAUD GALOP.



WAISTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, ETC.

(See Description, Fashion Department.)



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXX.—NO. 479.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1870.

POOR AND PROUD.

BY MARION HARLAND.

"Is this the house?" asked Miss Irene Tilton, in surprise, as her coachman checked his horses in front of a block of two-story buildings in a quiet street.

"It is." Her brother leaned past her to unfasten the door of the carriage. "I told you they were in very moderate circumstances, you recollect, but they are gentlefolk for all that." He said it bravely; but there were deprecation and entreaty in his eye, as he helped her alight and walked with her up the half-dozen wooden steps of the porch. He was young, and thought his sister's opinion on any subject worthy of respectful consideration.

She replied, as if the appeal had been verbal: "You need not be afraid, Edgar. I know what is due to myself and to you."

"To her, also!" he added, hastily, as he heard some one approaching from within.

The door was opened by a girl of fourteen in a school dress of worsted plaid and white apron. She was neat in person, with pleasant eyes and ruddy cheeks, and smiled recognition at sight of Mr. Tilton.

"Good-morning, Annie! Are your mother and sisters at home?" he said, cordially, shaking hands with her.

"Yes, sir. Will you walk in?"

"This is my sister, Miss Irene Tilton," Edgar remarked, informally, following the ladies to the parlor door.

Annie bowed somewhat awkwardly. Irene inclined her head very stiffly, and neither said a word, but the supercilious curve of the latter's lips was sufficiently expressive. She swept her eye-glass around the parlors, when the portress had gone to announce their arrival, taking an exact inventory of all the appointments of the small rooms, from the well-served carpet to the one portrait and half-dozen engrav-

ings that ornamented the walls. There was a piano—but what mechanic's house was without one in this day?—and the back room was lined on two sides with book shelves. "The books were picked up second-hand at auction and wayside stalls," guessed the observer, noticing that none were new and handsomely-bound. The window curtains were plain white muslin; the sofa and chairs covered with black hair-cloth, that grimmest of all upholsterial abominations. "Fancy work, too," continued the mental commentary. "Leather and cone-frames, embroidered ottomans—that is, boxes covered with worsted work—and a silk patch-work sofa pillow! It is not contemptible to be poor; it is to be tawdry."

Edgar answered, as if she had spoken out her thought: "The other room is Cherry's territory. The older sisters have charge of this."

"There are two older than herself, did you say?"

"Yes, and two younger."

"No brothers?"

"None."

An arch of the eyebrows and a plaintive little sigh replied. Then there was a pause, until a light step, but not a quick one, came down the stairs, and Cherry Browne, for whom their call was especially intended, entered.

She was twenty years old, of medium height, neither a brunette nor a blonde, with gray eyes, a spirited mouth, a nondescript nose, broad forehead, slender form, rather thin as yet, but straight as an arrow, and she looked the stranger directly in the face, not boldly, but without a tinge of embarrassment. Her dress, as the other discovered before she was quite in the room, was dark blue merino, with linen collar and cuffs, and her abundant hair was arranged simply about a shapely head. Miss Tilton felt and looked queenly in her royal purple—silk robe, velvet mantle, hat, and

gloves—as she arose to acknowledge the introduction. She did it with her most superb air. Remembering her promise to be courteous, she saluted the young lady with punctilious civility; but her glance was freezing, her voice the reverse of genial.

"I am very happy to meet one of whom I have often heard my brother speak," was in word a fair welcome. Tone and countenance made it less than nothing.

"Thank you," was all Cherry said, then gave her hand to the brother with quiet self-possession. She was not yet "put down" by her august visitor, for she addressed her next remark to her. "I must ask you to excuse my mother from coming down," she observed. "She was quite sick last night, and we persuaded her to keep her room to-day."

"Which is, being interpreted, that she is in the kitchen," reflected Miss Irene, "or that the dutiful daughters are ashamed to present her." This, while her lips uttered a starch-polished condolence.

In five minutes more Miss Amelia Browne tripped in—a high-colored, high-featured spinster of thirty, in a green silk dress and cherry ribbons, an elaborate construction of black net and cherry chenille surmounting her *chignon*. She talked very fast, and laughed more than was necessary or sensible. Irene met women like her every day in her own circle, and tolerated them. This specimen she chose to regard as the legitimate product of ambitious poverty, of audacious *parvenuism*, that lacked the double gilding of wealth. She was not illiterate, nor was she silly—except as affectation is always more or less ridiculous—but her fussiness set off to advantage, unsuspected by her, unexpected to Miss Tilton, the gentle dignity of her sister's bearing and address. Cherry sat still, and spoke without action or animation; but all she said was singularly pertinent; her voice was agreeable in key and quality.

"But she has not a symptom of style," mourned the reluctant sister-in-law—that-was-likely-to-be. "And, without beauty, dash, or money, it will be hard work to make society take hold of her. Her connections are wholly unrepresentable. O my poor brother! to what unaccountable infatuation are you a victim? I shall have the pleasure of receiving a call from you before long, I trust," said Irene, aloud, civil to the last, when the half-hour was over. "Our number is 94, Wilmot Square."

Cherry did not remind her of the extreme probability that she was familiar with Edgar's address. "Thank you," was again her response, and Miss Tilton was sure that Wilmot Square would not be troubled by her visits very often, if she ever so much as left a card at aristocratic 94.

Amelia was not invited, but the omission was ingeniously covered. "Pray present my love to your mother, Miss Browne," said

the retiring duchess, "with my hopes that her indisposition may be merely temporary."

"This is lecture night, remember," Edgar was saying, aside to Cherry. "I shall call as usual."

She smiled, and Irene, glancing back in time to catch the passing illumination of her face, was startled into a modification of the judgment she had given a minute before. The girl might have capabilities, but were they worth improving, when the cost of the chance of doing this was so fearful?

"I will not take your verdict just now, Irene," said her brother, when they were again in the carriage, "for your aspect is not propitious. I can see that you have confounded the impression produced by the lady I took you to see with that left upon your mind by her surroundings and relatives. You will do her justice in time; I can wait, so certain am I of this."

"He shut my mouth entirely," Irene confessed to her married sister, Mrs. Leonard, at whose house she was set down instead of at her own door. "When he assumes that grave elder-brotherly manner, and condescends to overlook my foibles, I am powerless. But, Maggie, this is a deplorable business. Right here in the city, too, so that we must either affiliate with them or cut them. There is no such thing as glossing over the ineligibility of the connection, should Edgar marry her. Four sisters, a mother, and father, belonging to the least desirable type of shabby gentility."

"Who are they? And how came he to be mixed up with that sort of people? When did you first hear about it?" queried the matron. "This has fallen at my feet like a thunder-bolt."

"And at mine," sighed Irene. "That is because we were away all summer. Although he has been acquainted with these Brownes for a year, he tells me. He met this Cherry—her real name is Charity (think of it, my dear, Charity Browne!)—at a charade party given by Mrs. Doctor Patton, who is not half-careful enough whom she invites. This Cherry was a school-friend of her second daughter, Mary, and they see a great deal of one another still. She took a conspicuous part in the performances of that fatal evening, and was much noticed by the company. Mrs. Patton said a complimentary word of her to Edgar, and introduced him. That was the beginning. If you ask me how she went to work to fascinate him, I am as ignorant as yourself. She is not 'taking' in any sense of the word, almost ordinary in physiognomy, and with no manner whatever. Her father is a retail dry-goods storekeeper in Canal Street—a sort of haberdasher, I fancy. Edgar says he is an intelligent man, and ought to have been in prosperous circumstances, but has suffered heavily through the failures of others."

"Of course, that is always the cry of the unsuccessful," interposed Mrs. Leonard, whose husband was a dashing stock-broker. "Are they absolutely engaged?"

"Virtually. He has committed himself, but she had the grace to hesitate, through doubt of the reception we might give her. Edgar came to me with this story yesterday, and dwelt so strongly upon his determination to marry her, in spite of any objections we might raise, that I saw my wisest policy was to feign submission. I offered on the spot to call upon his Dulcinea, and he has been in fine spirits ever since. It would break my heart to be estranged from him," continued Irene, the tears springing to her eyes. "And mamma will not have him contradicted in anything on which he has set his heart. She says he has been the best of sons to her, and she will not interfere with his happiness, repugnant as is the idea of this match with a nobody, when she had hoped he would form a brilliant or, at any rate, a suitable alliance."

"Estrangement is not to be thought of," said Mrs. Leonard, who was the oracle of the tribe. "These family feuds are disagreeable and vulgar. Should this calamity seem inevitable, we must meet it with a decent show of fortitude. I am more than mortified at Edgar's conduct. I had hoped to do him a good turn this winter," lowering her voice.

"I comprehend," Irene nodded. "The same idea had occurred to me. They would make a splendid pair."

"But," pursued the elder sister, impressively, "I do not absolutely despair. Cups nearer the lip than is this often fail to reach it. We must combine our forces for strategy, not open opposition. We know Edgar too well to show fight. Better throw him off his guard by seeming to acquiesce in his plan. I tell you what," with sudden eagerness, "we will take her up forthwith and bring her out—not as his *fiancée*, that would make retreat difficult, but our *protégée*. As a preliminary, I will give Pauline a party. Nothing is more proper and natural, and I shall call forthwith upon the divine Charity. Next week, when my cards are issued, she and her sisters—the sprightly Amelia, at least, shall be invited. Edgar will be soothed and flattered by our prompt attention to his wishes. The state of his mind, when he sees his dowdy darling contrasted with the elegant women of his own circle, is a matter for which we are not responsible. He is fastidious, and, if we bring her forward with kindly officiousness, the effect must be striking."

"Maggie, you are a feminine Napoleon!" Irene laughed, then was sober and dubious. "It would be a terrible trial to her, if she is sensitive, and I fancy she is. I wish there were some more merciful way."

"She courts the lesson by aspiring to Edgar's favor," said Mrs. Leonard, magisterially.

"Moreover, if she has any sense of the fitness of things, she will not invite rivalry by entering society to which she is unused, and for which she is unfit. The penalty of presumption must be borne by the forward. One thing is sure. We cannot do worse than let this affair follow the course it is now taking."

Mrs. Leonard was an energetic—her enemies said an unscrupulous woman. Cherry returned from a walk, the following day, to find Amelia in a semi-ecstatic state engendered by a call from the noted leader of *ton*—the best dresser and most popular hostess in her clique.

"One of the most affable persons I ever met!" she cried, in her thinnest treble. "And so disappointed at not seeing you! She had listened to her brother's and sister's praises of you until she could no longer resist the temptation to call in person upon one she hoped to know so intimately in days to come. Mrs. Patton has been eulogizing you, too, it seems, and she—Mrs. Leonard—has great respect for her opinion. She would talk of nothing except you and our family matters—your taste for *belles lettres*, music, and drawing. And she fairly forced me to produce your portfolio!"

"Amelia!" Cherry's cheeks justified her name. "How could you?"

"She made me do it, as I told you, child, and where was the harm? I was right proud to show that you had talents for something higher than dress and gossip. She admired your touch, and finish, and subjects—every part of your pictures."

"She could not but say so." Cherry endeavored to speak unconcernedly. "She has seen too many really excellent ones to care for my sketches."

In her own room, she sat down to think over the visit and Amelia's communications with chagrin that nearly brought the tears to her eyes. She was not ashamed of her lowly home, or of those who shared it with her. Her sterling sense and sturdy independence upheld her appreciation of what was really estimable and of value in life. She honored her parents as truly as if their years of labor and self-denial had brought for their children wealth and its privileges. In one respect they had not stinted their offspring. Their educational advantages were far above those enjoyed by the majority of girls in their circumstances.

"It is all I shall be able to bequeath to them," Mr. Browne had reasoned when his acquaintances accused him of extravagance. "When I am taken from them they can support themselves. Or, should circumstances render this unnecessary, their education will fit them for any rank. It is, for man and woman, the good part which cannot be taken away."

Sensible Cherry, biting her lips and pinching her fingers in annoyance at the indiscreet frankness that had, she doubted not, furnished matter for the rich worldling's mirth, yet knew that

her father's position was correct—that she could hold her own in higher circles than that of which Mrs. Leonard was autocrat.

"But she would not acknowledge this, nor would her compeers. Had I the wit and genius of De Staël, I could not shine in her saloons unless my toilet were handsome and fashionable. Miss Tilton, who is a commonplace woman of medium intelligence, threw me into the shade by her showy attire and the assured manner familiarity with the customs of polite society and the consciousness of looking well give even a silly person. As Cherry Browne, in such garments as my father can afford to buy for me, I must always be at a disadvantage in my intercourse with such people. Is it false pride, I wonder, that incited me to give music and drawing lessons secretly in order to procure a passable trousseau—in case I should need it?"

She had not been able to withhold from Edgar the answer he craved on the "lecture night" succeeding Irene's visit. There was really no apparent cause for keeping him longer in suspense. Armed with the sanction of mother and sisters, he presented himself triumphantly and took her consent for granted. Yet she had misgivings, and grievous ones. He was his own master, so far as age and means went, and she could not gainsay his declaration that his friends had offered no opposition to his dearest wishes. Irene's call, and, now, Mrs. Leonard's, set the seal upon his asseveration, but, for all that, Cherry trembled at heart; held long parleys with herself, and looked grave when her sisters—Amelia, especially—congratulated her upon her prospects.

"I am afraid I should feel like a candle in the wrong-socket," she had said playfully to Edgar when he urged her not to delay her call to Irene, and represented his mother's anxiety to know her.

"A bright light you will be anywhere," was his answer. "It shall be my care, one day, to provide a worthy place for my prize."

"He may be nearer right than I," mused Cherry, putting away discouragement with the thought. "I have said to myself a thousand times that all I asked of Fortune was a chance to prove what is in me to be and to do. Shall I be so faint hearted as to turn back now? Moreover," a warm flush tinting her face, "I love him! If he wants me, he shall have me—and never be ashamed of his choice!"

This was Friday, and on Tuesday arrived Mrs. Leonard's invitation.

"The understanding is, I suppose, that the party is given in honor of her husband's sister, Miss Pauline Leonard, who is spending the winter with her," said Amelia, proud of her knowledge of the great lady's household affairs. "But I have my own notion as to the reason why it comes off just now," looking at Cherry, who, with a very serious visage, was studying

the thick satin sheet, surmounted by the Leonard monogram and crest.

"If you mean that it is in any way connected with me, you are mistaken," she returned, decidedly. "The very idea is preposterous."

Amelia was, usually, more good-natured with this one of her juniors than with the rest, and of late had petted her beyond her wont. "Ah, well!" she answered, indulgently. "We won't discuss that point, but let events decide who is in the right. We had better get tarlatane for dresses. It is more dressy than any other inexpensive material. I will wear blue with puffings of the same on skirt and waist, and you white with box-platings of rose-colored satin ribbon, double skirt and sash, with broad ends, trimmed in the same manner. Nothing could be prettier or more girlish. Then, Hannah, here, has such taste in hairdressing, that you won't need any other ornament than a few bright flowers. Jennie will lend you the laced handkerchief Aunt Jane gave her at Christmas, and mamma has several yards of real old lace, which we can work up into berthas."

"Tarlatane is not very cheap, after all, although it costs less than any other stuff used for party dresses," objected Cherry, in nowise elated by the picture of her costume, so cleverly sketched.

"Do not trouble yourself about that, my dear," said the mother, kindly. "We will manage to get it in some way. Papa may have some in the store that will do. If not, I will save the cost out of my housekeeping money. We are all willing to contribute to your enjoyment."

"Papa gave me money for a pair of new gloves, this morning," interposed Annie. "But I can mend up the old ones to last for another month. So there are your white kids, Cherry."

"And since I made over my merino, last week, I find that I do not want the de laine I had laid aside five dollars to buy," chirped Ellie, next in age to Cherry. "That will get the ribbon."

"I have no money, but I will make the dress, satin quillings and all," said Hannah, the swiftest seamstress of the quintette, "besides begging the flowers from old Mrs. Carmichael, who can refuse me nothing since I have fallen into the habit of reading aloud to her every Thursday afternoon."

"Could anything be more beautifully arranged?" Amelia beamed complacently upon the group. "That is the blessing of a large family. They can help one another."

"It is a blessing to be loved by so many—loved so truly and generously," replied Cherry, with a smile that flickered strangely with all its sweetness. "But I cannot accept your sacrifices, my dear sisters. I shall not attend this party, so there will be no need of them."

The tumult of astonishment and dismay bursting about her ears kept her from speak-

ing again directly. Amelia had twice begged to know what she meant, and what construction she imagined would be put upon this gross violation of common courtesy, before Cherry thought it safe and wise to reply.

"I question if Mrs. Leonard really expects to see us," she said then, gently conciliatory of her senior's displeasure. "These are, I fancy, merely complimentary cards, for which we should thank her in our 'regrets.' She is sufficiently acquainted with our circumstances to understand the impossibility of our dressing as the majority of her guests can do, without encroaching unwarrantably upon funds which are needed for daily and practical uses. I have heard enough of the character of her famous assemblies to convince me that we should be blots upon the fair scene, if we were to appear in the dresses you have described, Amelia. They would do nicely for a 'sociable' at Mrs. Patton's, or a wedding among our present associates, but they would be voted mean and tawdry in the Tilton 'set.' And if the price of your gloves, Annie, and your dress, Ellie, could bedeck me in satin and pearls, I should sacrifice my self-respect by letting you despoil yourselves. The question then settles itself. I will not go where I shall be accounted an inferior, or be the subject of invidious remarks, on account of the plainness of my attire. It would be discreditable, because dishonest, were I to assume as fine feathers as those of the gay birds about me. Therefore, I hold fast to mine integrity by remaining at home."

"I cannot believe that you are in earnest," said Amelia, with forced calmness. "You talk of wilfully throwing away a golden chance of entering the choicest society the city affords—society from which nothing but our limited income has hitherto barred us, as if it were a question of no moment whatever. For my part, I do not fear comparison with more richly-dressed people so long as I respect myself. True merit will make its way."

"Granted, dear—if it can gain and keep the field long enough to display its true character. But party-goers are in chase of pleasure, not merit. Don't think that I account my station as really lower than Mrs. Leonard's. Only the world does, and holds that I forfeit, not earn respectability when I would force myself into company where I am not wanted or expected. And, if others did not suspect that I was sailing under false colors, I should know it, and suffer in my own estimation. One should not lose ground *there*, whatever may be the general opinion concerning her."

"Your engagement with Edgar Tilton is a charming illustration of your high-flown theories!" retorted Amelia, now thoroughly out of patience. "When you are married to him, shall you stay hiding in the chimney-corner when he is invited to the houses of his old friends, and meekly decline to be introduced to

his mother lest she should take offence at your plebeian presence?"

Cherry's eyes flashed, but she held her voice in well. "The wife takes the husband's rank. He lifts, or lowers, her to his place, and holds her there. When the time you speak of comes, I shall dress as do my associates."

"My child!" exclaimed the mild mother, whose feelings lay perilously near the surface, "we—your father and I—have given you such clothing as we could afford. Our aim in life has been our children's happiness"—

"You have secured it, darling mother!" interrupted Cherry, dropping upon her knees and putting both arms about her parent's neck, her great, love-lit eyes looking into hers. "I only hope that my heart will beat as lightly and warmly under my 'silk attire,' as it has done under calico and de laine. Don't urge me to depart from the honest, straightforward road in which I have been trained to walk. Is it worth my while to obtain—supposing that I could—under false pretences, such gilded baubles as the notice of heartless, frivolous people who do not know you, and don't care to; who would not admit my noble father to their parlors and tables, and who would sneer more cruelly at pretension than at undisguised poverty? I am so safe here—so sheltered by our obscurity, so warmed by love and content! Let me stay while I am Cherry Browne."

Amelia kept her room for the rest of the day with a nervous headache.

"It is a genuine disappointment to her," said Hannah, compassionately. "She had always a hankering after the pomps and vanities. Yet I do believe you have acted wisely, Cherry. It is always safe to be consistent."

But the temptations of the stanch little democrat were not over. Mary Patton, her prime ally and confidante, ran in, late in the afternoon, brimfull of a promising scheme she had concerted with her mother since the arrival of Mrs. Leonard's card. She had several party dresses, one of which—a pink silk—had never been worn in the city which was her home. It would fit Cherry nicely, and the two girls—with Amelia, if she wished to go—could have Mrs. Patton's carriage, and make the *entree* of the halls of mirth in company. Cherry's resolute lips unbent somewhat as she listened. Her pride did not revolt at accepting favors from Mary. And if Amelia really panted for such social distinction as she fancied awaited her in Mrs. Leonard's mansion, it was unkind to keep her away. The combined resources of the family could fit her out quite creditably, if the price of the two tarlatanes were expended in the effort. It would be very pleasant, Cherry owned in her candid heart, to meet, on terms of apparent equality, Edgar's relatives and friends; to anticipate, by a few months, the justification of his choice she was confident would come in her day of opportunity. Did

she not owe it to him to silence annoying rumors of her unfitness for the station to which he had elected her? And how could this be done more effectually than by the plan Mary proposed? The fancy sent the young blood tingling and brisk through her veins. Already she trod the soft pile of velvet carpets, breathed the delicious air, warm, fragrant, and throbbing with music and laughter; leaned upon Edgar's arm, and felt his eyes rest in happy pride upon her, nor dreaded the scrutiny of the curious throng.

"Pink is so becoming to you," Mary was saying, "and this is trimmed with point lace."

"Hush!" begged Cherry. "Let me think it out for myself." She pressed her fingers upon her eyeballs, as if to shut out the enchanting vision, and in the darkness reviewed the points of attack and reply, Mary sitting by, hopeful yet solicitous.

"Verdict for the defendant," said Cherry, at length, glancing up affectionately at her companion. "Don't be vexed, Molly. Consistency is a jewel I can't afford to lose, even to please you—and myself. The plumes would only be pinned on the jackdaw, and, if she could manage them so dexterously for one evening as not to be detected, people would be wondering how she got them. And on the morrow, and day after to-morrow, on every day, and holidays, she must appear in her rightful garb. I cannot do it. I have always detested and condemned the policy of keeping up appearances; starving six weeks in order to afford one company dinner, and carrying the meat and butter of six months upon one's back when she is 'got up' for exhibition to people who, after all, may not give the famished tortoise a second look. The poor ought to be proud—too proud to stoop to the meanness of trying to dissemble the truth, ostrich fashion, by hiding a little bit of it in the sand, while the bulky, uncomely body is exposed the more by the shallow trick. I'll be honest through and through. Comfort is better than glitter. I am just as much obliged to you as if I had accepted your offer, and more, for my gratitude is not tempered by shame."

Edgar was ordeal No. 3. He was in gay good-humor that evening; pleased with his sisters for their hearty approbation of his choice, with himself for having won the treasure, more than all with Cherry, whose attractions, he verily believed, had carried the Gibraltar of prejudice and ambition in the minds of his relatives. She came down to him in the blue merino, a pretty little cravat of buff and black ribbon joining her collar, a bow of the same in her hair. She had a wondrous knack of twisting silks and ribbons into bewitching little bows, and in all her attire was an air of exquisite neatness, approximating elegance, if it did not belong to a higher order of charms. Before long he began to talk of the ball.

"I shall come for you, of course, and bring

your bouquet," he stated, as if the thing was settled beyond cavil or recall.

"You are very kind," faltered Cherry. It was harder than she had expected to cast a shadow upon the happy, loving face, to her the handsomest in the world. "But," very humbly, "do you really think I had better go, Edgar?"

"Go! What a question. Why, Irene told me to-day that the party was really in celebration of our engagement, although Pauline Leonard's visit is the pretext. It is, in effect, a public announcement of the relation we sustain to one another—a betrothal feast. I shall be proud to present you, queenie; how proud you cannot imagine."

"The name would sound like an absurd misnomer to everybody there," said Cherry, trying to laugh. "For the cloth of gold, and the ermine, and glass slippers are lacking, and are likely to be to the end of the chapter. That is the unvarnished truth. I don't see why I should be so much afraid to tell it to you. You know we are neither rich nor fashionable, but that is no reason I should advertise the circumstance in Mrs. Leonard's drawing-rooms. Miss MacFlimsey's predicament is really mine."

"What is the matter with the dress you have on?" queried Edgar, in man-like simplicity, whereat Cherry laughed outright.

"Nothing, I hope, for it is the only new one I have had this winter, and must serve me on Sundays and week days until spring. But does your sister wear dark merino to balls? You were her attendant last evening; how was she dressed?"

Edgar was first thoughtful, then disconcerted. "I am not an adept in describing feminine toilets," he demurred.

"You have a general idea of this one, I see," said the relentless inquisitor. "Don't be disingenuous, or I shall draw my own inferences."

A few more searching questions, and she extracted the information that Irene had "sporting a light-colored silk—lilac, or moonlight-on-the-lake, or mauve, or some other fashionable hue. It was shiny and heavy, with a train several degrees in length, besides being be-flounced and be-furbelowed astonishingly."

"With corresponding jewelry and laces," added wise Cherry. "Now," rising to put herself where the light would fall strongly and directly upon her, "look upon your mental picture, then upon this."

"You are a thousand times prettier, a million times dearer."

She pushed him back with both hands when he would have emphasized the decision.

"Prettier in your eyes, here and now. Dearer I trust I would be anywhere and always. But, for that very love's sake, you would not see me utterly eclipsed—blinded and borne down by more glittering lights? You will understand and agree with me on the evening of the party, if not before."

He did not agree with her now. So far was he from confiding absolutely in her judgment, that he combated her resolution artfully and earnestly for a while, and, when she stood firm, spoke more strongly of his disappointment and her obduracy and shortsightedness than either would have thought possible an hour ago, and left her with the equivocal hope that she would never have occasion to regret her failure to meet his desires in this one particular.

"I shall not introduce the subject again," were his last words, "but I wish you to understand that I do not consider your decision final or binding. Should you change your mind, my services as escort are entirely and joyfully at your disposal, even up to the eleventh hour. You have only to intimate a wish to avail yourself of them. Good-night!" He started off, aggrieved and magnanimous, and poor Cherry carried a tear-stained face and bruised heart up to the bed she shared with Hannah.

"It may be safe to be consistent," she thought, recalling her sister's aphorism, as she undressed cautiously, and swallowed her sobs, lest the sleeper should be aroused, "but it is not always pleasant. This single-handed battle is wearing me out."

Tired and worn she looked next evening when Edgar paid his accustomed call, although she met him with a loving smile, and led the conversation to sprightly topics, never suffering an allusion to their first difference of opinion. Very weary were face and attitude when he unexpectedly appeared before her on the gala-night, as she sat alone and pensive in the library. He was in evening dress, and his salutation was lively as tender.

"A *coup d'état*. Mary is outside in the carriage, my pet, with the regal robes. I make confession and petition in the same breath. I did not deliver the neat envelope you intrusted to me for Mrs. Leonard, because I surmised what was the import of the document. There is nothing to prevent my queenie's coronation except her own mistaken notion of expediency. I shall be miserable without you. Do you refuse to make me the happiest of my sister's guests? Come, love."

"Edgar, Edgar," moaned the tempted child, laying her head upon his arm, as he kissed her, "can't you, won't you, believe that principle, not caprice; duty, not wilfulness, hinder me from pleasing you? You may love me a trifle less now because I do not yield. I could not endure this, were it not for the firm persuasion that you will respect me the more one day for what you call my obstinate unkindness."

It was such a little thing to be heroic about, that Edgar and Mary were hardly censurable for the moody vexation that filled their minds on their way back to Mrs. Patton's.

"Take that," said Mary, curtly, to the servant who opened the carriage door, passing out the box containing the rejected pink silk. "I

never want to see it again," she muttered, falling back in the carriage.

"Drive on," ordered Edgar, savagely, to the coachman.

After that his silence was so ominous, that his accomplice took alarm. "Cherry believes that she is doing right, Mr. Tilton," she ventured.

"I suppose she does," and she could elicit nothing more satisfactory.

He was very attentive to her that night, but he was oftener beside the belle of the evening, Miss Leonard, and Mary could not help feeling uneasy that this was so. If Cherry had only come, he would have had no eyes for the newer face. Pauline's *aplomb*, graceful dancing, ready repartee, her ringing laugh, and adroit flatteries, but, most of all, her Parisian toilet, made her the Cynosura of the brilliant throng. Her white satin train, crimson velvet bodice and tunic, trimmed with silver fringe; her diamond necklace and the narrow tiara incrustated with minute jewels, bearing in its front a solitaire of marvellous size and lustre, drew all eyes, and were the theme of every tongue.

"The most superb costume I have ever seen in America, take it all in all," remarked a critic of note to Edgar, sure of an attentive listener. "It is remarkable, even in this assembly, where taste and beauty are the rule. If you will watch the crowd for awhile, you will be surprised at the small number of even indifferently-dressed women, and the profusion of *recherché* toilets. Each lady present seems to have regarded it as a solemn duty to study æsthetics in apparel for her own and her hostess' sake, and the effect of the friendly rivalry is extremely pleasing."

Edgar opened his eyes and his understanding together, and stared about him.

"It is like a court ball, you see," continued the other, encouragingly. "If there had been a censor of costumes stationed in the ante-room, few would have been turned back. A thin sprinkling of dowdies heightens the charm of the *tout ensemble*. That girl with the limp muslin, for example, or she of the flimsy tarlatane. It looks like mosquito netting. No woman who has any self-respect wears tarlatane if she can beg, borrow, or buy any other material. It is the staple party-gear of factory girls and penniless pretenders to fashion."

The auditor's senses had not been trained to such fine powers of discrimination as were possessed by the critic, and he could only take in the leading characteristics of the variegated billows heaving and whirling about him. But the family resemblance of one bird of Paradise to another and to all the rest was not to be mistaken; and he thought, with heart-ache very near skin to remorse, and yearnings he could not define even to himself, that Cherry, in home-made mosquito netting, or uncomfortable in her honest soul while bedecked in the bor-

rowed pink silk, would have been utterly out of her element here—only a shabby dove to be hawked at by merciless creatures of her own sex, pecked and wounded by wicked beaks, torn to pieces by a hundred talons. Not that he would not have gloried to stand beside her, and share her pain when he could no longer protect her. Had she followed his suggestions, and made her *début* in the blue merino, he would have loved her all the same, but the mere fancy made him hot and faint.

"I would not desert her were she condemned to the pillory, but I am nevertheless glad she is not," he meditated. "The author of the proverb about the duty of visitors to Rome was a true philosopher. Thank Heaven! my queenie is not 'butchered to make a Roman holiday.'"

"She didn't know enough to send me a regret," said Mrs. Leonard, within three feet of him. She had floated on the rainbow tide to Irene's side. "It is unfortunate that she has been too bashful or too cunning to show herself here. Fancy her by Pauline's side. Is not she magnificent? *Le fiancé* is evidently captivated to some extent. If his fair Charity had borrowed Amelia's green silk and red turban, or washed up one of her school-examination muslins, and entered the lists, she would have made the most admirable foil. The tableau would have been worthy of Punch. And there are so many connoisseurs present."

Edgar tapped the bare white shoulder with a sealed envelope. "I ought to have delivered it five days ago," he said, coolly, regardless of her start of consternation, "but I held it back with a purpose. Miss Charity *did* know enough to send a regret, you see. I hoped she would change her mind at the last minute and accept my escort. I am delighted, now, that she 'knew enough' to deny my foolish request."

He took his bride abroad the ensuing autumn for a year's travel. Returning to their home when the talk of the *mésalliance* had died into an occasional whisper of discontent, he set his candle in a socket befitting its value. A discerning public discovered, without loss of time, that there was no better-educated or bred woman in the "privileged class" than Mrs. Edgar Tilton; furthermore, that her taste in dress was irreproachable. She was the fashion before her first season was over.

"And this," said Mrs. Leonard, playfully, as the sisters-in-law stood grouped in Mrs. Tilton's drawing-room, awaiting the arrival of the guests bidden to an entertainment given by the last-named lady in honor of the newest bride—Mrs. Tremaine, *née* Pauline Leonard—"this is the shy girl who wrote me a regret because she had nothing to wear?"

"Less shy than proud," Cherry glanced up archly from the bracelet her adoring husband was clasping on her arm. "My excuse was truthful as my heart was sincere."

"As I am not look stylish in any-

thing," pursued Mrs. Leonard, whose tongue was supple as ever. "You must always be queenie in any garb. Isn't that so, Edgar?"

"An eaglet is the king of birds, even in his callowness," rejoined Cherry, amiably forgetful of the past; "but, until his wings are grown, and his eyes can bear the glare of day, the nest is the place for him."

SLANDER.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

—The jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold; and so no man that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

SHAKESPEARE.

HUMAN nature discovers its deep moral virus in no one thing more than its fearful capability of slander; and on the record of its actual moral obliquity this vice is undoubtedly its deepest and darkest stain. Slander lives by feeding on human character; and no marvel is it that its despicable agent is considered the world over as a monster in human flesh. And yet in almost every community the slanderer is a literal fact; he takes bodily shape before our eyes, and is seen in all our walks in life. Representatively, at least, he is ubiquitous, and, therefore, absolutely unescapable.

In the analysis of slander several vices are found to enter into its composition. Its first element is *falsehood*. A man can never be slandered by the truth, however much he may be damaged by it. As his reputation should never be more than his *real* character, he must stand of right on his personal record; and if the truth hurts in that case, the fault lies at his own door. But not to speak of the sheer fabrication frequently invented by the agents of this vice, it is very patent to any mind of ordinary perception that the truth itself may be so represented as to convey an actual falsehood. Nor is the tongue, the ordinary instrument of slander, always necessary to a lie: *indirection* is often the most efficient method of accomplishing this result. SWIFT portrays to the very life this species of slander in the following lines:—

"Nor do they trust their tongues alone,
But speak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look;
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down;
Or by the tossing of a fan,
Describe the lady and the man."

Another essential element of slander is *theft*. The moral enormity of the slanderer is seen in what he steals or attempts to steal; and judged by this standard he is the meanest kind of a thief. What is more valuable or precious to a man than his character? Is it not his life in a sense most important, and as such worth everything to him? Life, without that honorable

recognition which character gives to a man, is hardly worth the possession; and yet it is after this precious jewel, his very life, that the slanderer hunts. Here is a keen edge and pungent truth in the oft-cited words of SHAKESPEARE:—

"Good name, in man or woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash;
'Tis something, nothing; but he
That filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him!
But makes me poor indeed."

The slanderer, whether successful or not in his desperate work, is always a thief in motive and design. Often there is not elasticity enough in the bow to send the arrow to the mark, but that is not the fault of the archer. If the slanderer fail to wrest the diadem from the brow of virtuous merit, it is from sheer impotency that his purpose miscarries. He aimed to do so, and is, per consequence, a moral *highwayman*. The limitation of his influence, as expressed by HEVVEY, is not without its comfort to every true character:—

"Slander, that word of poisons, only finds
An easy entrance to ignoble minds."

Another vice which enters largely into the character of slander is *malice*. "Malice is a disposition to injure others without cause for mere personal gratification," says Webster. If these terms describe the character of a slanderer, how despicable, beyond all utterance, is he? To be capable of hating virtue and of seeking to wrong moral excellence—and all this from pure malevolence of heart—argues a spirit that better befits pandemonium than the pale of human society! And yet there are such spirits abroad all over the face of civilization. Where are they not, reader? Who has not seen them? In his portraiture of the DIABOLUS of detraction, the great bard has forcibly as truthfully said:—

"Slander! Whose edge
Is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose
Breath rides on the frosting winds, and
Doth belie all the corners of the world:
Kings, queens, and States, maids, and matrons,
Nay, the secrets of the grave, this viperous
Slander enters."

We complete our analysis of slander by remarking, that, in addition to falsehood, theft, and malice, by which it is ever characterized, *its animus is essentially mean and dastardly*. The most despicable of all cowards is the slanderer. He needs to wrap about him the investiture of night before he can essay his demon-like work. Not unfrequently, under the sacred name of friendship, does he covertly aim a blow at the virtue and purity which stamp him by comparison with villainy. He does not take the responsibility of open opposition; but must needs strike, coward-like, in the dark, as the serpent bites in the grass. When most a friend in profession, then is he most a fiend in reality.

His love is that of IAGO to OTHELLO—RUIN! Pope throws the character of the dastardly slanderer in true colors upon the canvas, when, in speaking of the method he observes in doing his work, he says of him:—

"He damns with faint praise, assents with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teaches the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hints a fault and hesitates dislike."

But the real man—that man who rears the superstructure of character high enough for the world to gaze upon its noble proportions—will have enemies. It cannot be otherwise. The excellencies and virtues which adorn his character are in themselves a silent rebuke to the ignoble and vulgar herd; and that which cannot be imitated will be most certainly traduced by them. So it has been all along the history of the ages, and so it is now. These human cormorants follow in the wake of manly excellence and virtuous merit,

"As ravenous fishes do a vessel follow
That is new trimmed; but benefit
No farther than vainly longing."

ELEONORE.

(Translated from the French of Parry.)

BY JOHN L. COLLINS.

"Parry was sent to France when quite young to be educated, and he pursued his studies with honor at the college of Rennes. It is said that in his youth he had taken the resolution of leading a monastic life, and even passed some of his time with the Brothers of 'La Trappe'; but some obstacles determined him to leave the cloister and enter the military service. At the age of twenty he made a voyage to the Isle of Bourbon, where he saw and loved a young creole (Eleonore B—), about fourteen years old. She, however, married a rich colonist, and the poet was much affected by her loss. He remained faithful to his passion all his life, and the name of Eleonore will live with his own."

LADRYED.

ALAS! the time has come, Eleonore,
For youthful dreams to vanish all,
And we must dry the tears forever
That vain regret would fondly call.
The days are past that once permitted
Youth's foolish sighs and tender play,
And since the times have changed so sadly
We, too, must change as well as they.
The pleasures long we both have cherished
Have fled, no more to wreath the face,
And since our love is now forbidden,
Let friendship try to fill its place.
I leave thy lovely isle in sorrow,
The spot alike of hope and loss,
And then the ocean placed between us
Shall be the gulf that none may cross.
'Tis meet that we should part forever,
And duty is my law—adieu;
I know my life shall be more tranquil
For having breathed love so true.
Though destiny should mark my pathway
Henceforth through life away from thine,
Apart, should thy sweet life be happy
The sacrifice may sweeten mine.
Still with me ever shall thine image
In memory live, till life be o'er;
No longer when it cheers my vision,
Then, only, love, I live no more!

LITTLE GRETCHEN; OR, AN EVENING AT THE "SCHUETZENFEST."

BY L. S. C.

"AH, doctor! I am glad I met you! We are getting up a party to attend the Schuetzenfest, and want you to join us." This was the manner in which my friend Captain B— accosted me one morning, a few days since, as I was stepping into my carriage to make my accustomed round of visits. I replied that I had not time, as there would probably be patients who would need my attention. Then followed a short, persuasive argument, and we parted with the understanding that I was to try and go up in the course of the day.

After my numerous visits, in which every one was fortunately doing well, I took my way to the grand festival of my German friends. It was six o'clock before I reached the enchanted realm, and not seeing the captain, I made up my mind to look round. Nothing had been spared to render the place inviting and picturesque. The many stands for lager were set off by festoons of the American and German flags, with here and there a banner belonging to this particular association. In among the trees, which skirted the many walls, was a sausage stand, ornamented by a most ludicrous picture, representing *the man who ate sausages*, and the man who *did not*. To my mind, the enormous size of the former was as painful to reflect upon as the skeleton proportions of his companion. Further on, were arbors for such refreshments as soda, cream, cake, etc. The two pavilions of flying horses were also well adorned by flags and evergreens, while the whole was enlivened by merry groups and promenaders, whose happy faces seemed never to have known a care. The men, with their neat suits and graceful plumes; the women, in gay holiday attire, held a great interest for me.

There were also pavilions for dancers, and a "concert band," which performed most beautifully in another part of the grounds for the benefit of those who were fond of opera. In the centre of the park was erected an inclosed canopy, under which was displayed the various prizes. The first was an elegant gold-mounted rifle, then gold medals, sewing-machines, China sets, silver service, clocks, watches, ornaments, etc. I saw nothing there I should have valued at less than ten dollars. Presently I saw a small crowd approaching, and, upon nearer inspection, found it was the king, in other words, the one who had been the most successful in shooting—the winner of the highest honors. Attendant upon him was a man carrying an enormous bottle some three feet long, which had once been filled with Rhine wine, but was now two-thirds empty. Following this man came a boy bearing a goblet that corresponded in size with the bottle. All were in high glee;

the king's broad, merry face was lighted by the jolliest of smiles, and, catching sight of me, he ordered some of the wine to be passed to the stranger. Forthwith the immense goblet was held under the mouth of the mammoth bottle, and half filled with superior wine; this was presented to me with great ceremony by the lad, and I drank to the health of the king a good draught, returning the glass; his majesty thanked me, and drained it.

By this time the shades of night were falling fast, and soon the grounds presented a most dazzling appearance. Wherever I turned the grove was a-blaze with numberless lamps and brilliantly-tinted transparencies, with here and there a flashing star formed of torches, or an arch of rainbow-colored lights.

As I wandered about, I saw a crowd collected at one extremity of the grounds, and directed my course thither to learn the cause. It was presently apparent; upon a tight-rope stretched some sixty feet high, from tree to tree, was a man who moved cautiously yet gracefully forward, risking life and limb, for a hundred dollars a night. It was a giddy sight, and, as I gazed, another flashed across my mind another grove, another tight-rope, another gay throng gathered at a Schuetzenfest, and my heart grew sick within me. I turned away, to sink weak and trembling upon the seat of a deserted arbor. Bowing my head upon my hands, I passed again through all the horrors of that "long ago."

Five years had not taken one pang from the thrilling incident. Again I saw the brightly-illuminated park, the tight-rope, the gay throng. I noted again a heavily-built, pitiless-looking man holding by the hand a delicate child, dressed as a dancer. I saw the great tears in the blue eyes, and heard the piteous cry of "O father! I cannot! I cannot dance to-night! My head aches! it is so dizzy! Oh, I will dance all day to-morrow! I will go without my supper. I will do *anything!* but I am afraid to!" The child was interrupted by a rude shake and oath from the brute who held her.

"You shall go without your supper and dance too," he growled; "now don't let me hear another word from you. If you fail, I will beat you until you are black and blue!"

The child's head sank upon her breast, and she was led passively forward. I had been really stunned by the terrible brutality I had overheard, but pressed through the crowd, in time to see the child step upon the rope, holding her balance pole. The rope was some twenty-five or thirty feet above the ground; she stepped upon it timidly, advancing slowly to the centre, while the band played a lively march. She seemed to gain confidence as she proceeded, and I hoped all would be well. The people were loud in their applauses, as one after another of the daring feats were accomplished upon the trapeze which was suspended from the centre. At length the child stood again upon the rope,

this time without her balance pole; she walked quickly forward, with the evident intention of again executing some risky gymnast. When a few paces from the centre, she raised her hand to her head, swayed an instant, uttered a shriek, and fell. The second she had remained upon the rope gave some of the more present-minded opportunity of springing forward to save her. I had been on the alert, and was the first to start. I was in time, she fell in my arms, and both of us, by the concussion, were brought to the ground. In a moment I was upon my feet, but she lay insensible upon the grass. My medical knowledge was now called into requisition. I had the child conveyed to the nearest house and laid upon a sofa; then I worked over her for half an hour, while the father, in a rage, paced the floor, muttering to himself. When others were in the room, however, he counterfeited deep anxiety, and even forced a few tears, through his hypocritical lids.

I could have hung him with good relish, and more than once turned round with the intention of knocking him down, but desisted for little Gretchen's sake—that is what I had heard him call her.

At last she revived, and, ordering my carriage, I accompanied her to the poor house in which they lived. It proved to be only a square from my own residence, where I kept bachelor's hall. They had but one small room, with a bed and a few chairs. Gretchen's mother came forward to greet me, as I carried her child from the carriage to the room, way up two flights of rickety stairs, and laid her on the hard bed.

The woman was very slender and pale, with many gray hairs in the light tresses that were neatly brushed and twisted at the back of her head. She turned much paler as she saw my burden, but her husband's look sealed the bloodless lips that had framed a cry of agony. I did all I could, and when at last I turned to go, I said I would send some broth for the child, and come again in the morning. The mother looked the gratitude she dared not utter, while the man growled out, "he didn't think there be no need for me to come ag'in." As I passed out, I spoke to a kind-looking woman who was at the door, and asked her to look out for the child, also to come for me if she grew worse, backing my request with two dollars. I was perfectly infatuated with the little invalid and her mother, besides having a most intense desire to shoot the man.

It was half-past twelve when I threw myself upon the lounge in my study and fell to thinking, intending to go to bed in a short time; but the hours rolled on, and I was chained by Morpheus to the realm of chimerical phantoms. Suddenly I was roused by a furious ring at the door bell. Springing to my feet, I rushed out. The servant had already opened the door, and before me stood the woman I had requested to

keep me posted. Gretchen had been my first thought upon waking, and I was prepared to hear the words: "O sir! Gretchen is!"— I waited for no more. Hatless, coatless, and in my slippers, I hastened out, telling my boy to bring my portable box of medicines.

In advance of the woman I entered the house of poverty. It was about seven o'clock. Up, up I sped, passing into the room of my prodigy without any prelude. The man was not there; but the mother sat up in bed, with wild eyes and loosened hair, her night-robe still on, while beside her lay Gretchen very still. I pressed to the bedside, and took the little sufferer's hand, expecting to find it burning with fever. I no sooner touched it than I started back with horror. It was cold and stiff in death. I could not mistake that icy pressure; and, yet, I threw aside the scant covering that partly concealed the face, and placed my ear to the heart in the *vague* hope that I *was* mistaken. But no! she had passed from this world, beyond pain, beyond recall. Congestion of the brain. I had not been prepared for this; and, strong physically and mentally as I was, I was obliged to take a chair, and bow my head upon my hands for several moments, to regain my self-possession. Then, for the first time, the mother spoke. I raised my head and watched her, as she smoothed the hair from her child's brow, and looked down smilingly into her face, saying: "Poor little Gretchen! how long she sleeps. She is tired, *very* tired. She said 'Good-night, mamma,' and then she went to sleep on my arm, and has slept *so nice* ever since. *My poor, tired* little Gretchen." Then, after a pause, she said, in a tender voice, "Gretchen, dear, father will come soon and beat you if you ain't up. Gretchen, Gretchen," then with a shriek of frenzied agony she threw up her arms, crying, "She's dead! she's dead! O Gretchen! Gretchen!" And then she shook the lifeless clay, pressed it close to her, and covered the cold, still face with burning kisses, in the frantic hope that she could wake her child to life.

The woman was crazed by this new sorrow, and required my most active attention for the next hour. I had her removed to my own house; and, after giving directions for her comfort, went again to the little room where lay the corpse watched by my boy. The father had not yet returned; and, with the assistance of the landlady, I got the child into a pretty coffin, which was also conveyed to my house and set in the parlor.

I saw plainly the child had been dead for some hours; in fact, she must have died about one o'clock that morning, and the poor mother had slept since that time with this precious clay upon her heart, never dreaming but that the pulse beat as regularly as in the day's past. Truly "God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

I avoided an inquest, and had the child

buried quietly in a Christian church-yard. The father had been dumb with awe and anger when he stood beside the bier of his little daughter, and raved like a madman because she could no longer be a source of profit to him. Then I turned and told him that if he did not leave the house and city immediately, I would deliver him to the authorities as the murderer of the child. He slunk away without a word, and I never saw him again.

The mother lived for three days, never once having a lucid moment; then, with the name of "Gretchen" upon her lips, she died, and we laid her beside her child. * * * I lifted my head, and saw that part of the ground in which I sat was nearly deserted. A full hour had passed 'mid these terrible scenes of memory. The schuetzenfest had lost its charm. I shuddered as I passed the coil of rope that had so recently supported a human being, and as soon as possible left the park with a heart made heavy with the sufferings of others.

I approve the schuetzenfest, and have enjoyed it, but can never attend another while memory holds her sway.

THE FAY OF THE HEARTHSTONE.

BY MAGGIE LUTE SULLIVAN BURKE.

'Twas a cottage, I remember,
Brown with age, and quaint in style;
Climbing roses at its gables,
Flinging back the sunbeam's smile;
Clean the hearth was swept and garnished
In the golden summer tide,
When we decked its empty cavern
With the maple like a bride;
And a cricket in the shadow
Merry music nightly made,
Chirping benison to bless us,
As our father, kneeling, prayed.
But that hearth, its crowning glory,
Snatched from winter's grudging hand,
As the red blaze spread a halo
O'er the bright heads of our band;
While through mystic eve we lingered
Cracking nuts beside the hearth,
Tracing pictures in the embers,
Dancing wintry hours to mirth;
And the cricket in the shadow
Chirped in time with merry feet,
Giving joy a fuller measure
In youth's fleeting hours so sweet.

I have found earth's pleasures hollow,
Thirst for fame an empty dream;
I am weary, oh! so weary,
Of the loves that only seem.
Then, have pity, Time, have pity!
Knock upon that humble door!
I would rest for one brief moment
In the scenes so loved of yore;
Though the cricket in the shadow
Chirps alone upon the hearth,
In my heart the old-time measure
Still will echo youthful mirth.

Ah! Time's feet turn never backward,
Dust and mould sit on that hearth,
Where the green bough and the yule-log
Ere made bright each new joy's birth.

On the hill-side, 'neath the willow,
Creeping o'er two lowly tombs,
Every year the gable roses
Scatter all their wealth of blooms;
But the cricket in the shadow,
As it chirps the olden song,
Hath again invoked my childhood,
Silent 'mid life's cares so long.

Our bright band is scattered sorely,
Yet the olden hearthstone shines;
For that Fay, who guards its portals,
Weaves her spell o'er newer shrines;
And, although we've built our altars
With the distance wide between,
She has spanned its weary measure
With a bridge of golden sheen;
And the cricket in the shadow
Keeps the toll-gate, where we pay,
When we turn our footsteps thither
With a sigh, the right of way.

A GLIMPSE OF NATURE.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

Shut up within the city's heart,
I longed for fields and meadows green;
What joy could crowded streets impart?
The roots had stirred with sudden start;
The skies above me shone serene;
Old earth was gay
In fresh array—

Spring wore a tender, gracious mien.

A happy chance fell in my way—
I caught a glimpse of Nature's face;
How bright the country looked that day!
I breathed the balmy air of May,
Not bounded by a given space
Of brick, and lime,
And dust, and grime,
But fresh and pure from spring's embrace.

A shadow faint the young leaves cast,
And trembled as with vague delight,
When fragrant winds went hurrying past;
The tiny sprouts shot upward fast,
And buds unborn, far out of sight,
With rapture filled,
Awoke and thrilled
Beneath the sunshine, warm and bright.

Nor was there lack of dainty bloom;
The lilacs scented all the air
With breaths of subtle, rare perfume;
Shy violets peered from out their gloom,
And stainless gleamed the snowballs fair;
With footsteps light
Each flower-aprile
To various blossoms gave her care.

The fields, through winter bare and dead,
Now wore a dazzling emerald hue,
With wavy spikes of grass o'erspread,
Not yet profaned by mortal tread.

Was Eden fairer to the view
On that bright morn
When man was born,
And this old world was fresh and new?

The vision faded like a dream;
The city's din assails my ear;
But, ah! how sweet that transient gleam
Of scenes where Nature reigned supreme.
It may be dull and dingy here,
But fancy still
Recalls at will
Those trees, and fields, and skies so clear.

ALICE MARTIN.

BY MRS. HOPKINSON.

ALICE and Ellen Martin played with their dolls in an attic room in Pleasant Alley in Boston. Pleasant Alley is unpleasant enough now, and was then, being a narrow lane leading out of Pleasant Street. Probably the street once deserved its adjective; but, like many other streets, where the houses are large and handsome still, it gives token of the advancing tide of emigration, and that the original proprietors have been washed away by the dreaded wave. In the very house where these two children played, a lieutenant-governor once held his social court, and in the large parlors, now occupied with huddled poverty and wretchedness, at no very distant day crowded beauty and fashion in silks and satins through the mazes of the cotillon.

Mrs. Martin and her two little girls were one out of sixteen families occupying the stately residence, at the back of which ran the alley, and where they had to their three selves two decently-sized attic rooms, lighted by sloping windows. If they looked out of one window, they saw the chimneys on the opposite side of the alley; and from the other they had, in clear days, not only a good view of Dorchester Heights, but also of the blue harbor, and the bluer hills of Milton in the distance. For this reason Mrs. Martin had so arranged her furniture that the southerly and holiday aspect should seem to fall on the leisurely table and two chairs, which betokened a parlor, rather than on the form and two tubs, which expressed active occupation quite inconsistent with the picturesque. She had, as it were, two lives within her little domain of twenty-four square feet. One of labor and vexation of spirit, which she confided to the northerly portion; and one of cheerful imaginings at the other end, where she rested herself in the chatter and smiles of her girls, and the still blue air of the heaven around her. She was aware of a house full of noisy families below her; but she had rented the whole of the attic floor that she might be secure from turbulent intrusion, and she had been able thus far to live in comparative comfort and quiet. Very little furniture encumbered Mrs. Martin's apartments. She wished very often for more, not having learned Thoreau's consoling maxim, that the more you have, the more you must look after.

In her parlor are her bed, her bureau, and the two chairs each side of the little table. The Bible, with the family record of births, deaths, and marriages through the last fifty years, rests on the table, which, indeed, is consecrated to this purpose; and above hang a pair of shears and a holder of red and black flannel diamonds, just as it used to look in the old keeping-room at home in Barton. Mrs. Martin has a kind of mournful habit of looking

at these reminders. She would not but have them, though they give her some pain; and she groans over the past, though it was no better than the present. Comparing herself and her lot with that of people she meets on the sidewalk, or in hacks, who don't seem to have any washing to do, she frequently grumbles at being obliged to carry home packages and baskets. At such times, she forgets to be glad that she has sufficient employment and liberal payment. Indeed, she rarely takes that view of the subject. Being of New England blood, pure and direct from the pilgrims, she has that discontent with present surroundings, and that sense of deserving the best there is going, which lies at the root of the Yankee character, and is oftentimes the spur to gloomy and continuous effort. The other room is devoted to cooking and washing, and has its implements accordingly. The stove and dresser for the few dishes, the cupboard below, and the tubs in full operation, fill all the vacant space; while a door beyond opens into a dark unfinished closet, in which Mrs. Martin keeps all the things which she never expects to use again in her life, but which she cannot endure to give to the rubbish-man. They are piled closely in the dark room, where, in time, they will collect sufficient moth and mould to loosen the tight hold they now have on Mrs. Martin's heart. There is such a dark room in every house, holding old memories, old trunks full of that past which will cling to us painfully and tenderly, but which we cannot remove without making a callus that we dread even more than the laceration.

A curtain of faded patch is drawn across one corner of the parlor, and behind it Alice and Ellen play with their clothes-pin dollies. Doubtless, they also have the discontent which the poet says is immortality, and have their views touching wooden or even waxen dolls. They have every opportunity for being uncomfortable, when they walk out, for the cheap store at the corner abounds in dolls. Nevertheless, being still young and hopeful, they enjoy their little possible in the shape of clothes-pins, where they have picked out two eyes with a pin, and are joyful over the first shapings of the art instinct within them. Some ribbon ends, which a kind-hearted milliner gave them once, suffice to glorify the baby-house, and furnish the two little girls with gorgeous material for the imagination. They are never weary with dressing and undressing the patient clothes-pins, which, however, seem also capable of great misconduct at times, for Mrs. Martin distinctly hears Ellen disciplining an unruly one, with the terrible addition, "Not a word!" Little despots they are behind their curtain, and Mrs. Martin says to herself she will remember to tell Miss Harly, when she comes in, about Ellen's emphatic directions.

Mrs. Martin washes vigorously, and thinks

of nothing at all but the clothes, and how like the furies they are boiling on the stove. The steam goes out in a close column through the open window before her. She can see the ends of the bars on which she will presently hang Mrs. Elwyn's clothes. There is a hot sun and a good breeze, and they will have a clear drying. Thinking of Mrs. Elwyn's clothes brings Carrie Abbot to mind, Mrs. Elwyn now, Carrie Abbot that was. Goodness gracious! To think of the ups and downs in this world! That stupid girl—always at the foot of the class in the town school—she used to rub her cheeks with beet-juice to make them red. Kept a little milliner's shop in Brighton, and now—to see the Valenciennes on these underclothes! It is the misfortune of her doing Mrs. Elwyn's washing that it will keep Carrie Abbot so in her mind.

"And I might have had Eben Elwyn forty times over. A fellow that don't know enough to go in when it rains. Much good she gets of him. How such underwitted people come to live in Beacon Street and ride in carriages beats me."

This she thinks, half-regretfully, half-disdainfully, as her memories keep time with the rhythmical motion of her hands on the rubbing-board, and an uncomfortable tune sings itself in her now busy brain. How she would have started if any spirit of good had whispered in her ear, "This is envy, my dear, and of the devil." In fact, if there was any feeling she abhorred, and felt herself incapable of, it was, indeed, this same one of envy. Many a time had she thanked God that she envied nobody.

Mrs. Martin has never known what it was to have enough; in that respect resembling Mrs. Elwyn herself and most other people, though they may count hundreds of thousands; yet she is better off now than at any time during Mr. Martin's lifetime. Steady at his carpenter's work, honest in his dealings, pleasant in his family, what a treasure of a husband he must have been! And, indeed, so he might have been, but for a certain thoughtlessness and selfishness, which underlie most characters, even such as are called very good. This man gave to Indian missions, and was sorry about the women in zenanas, who see nobody all their lives. He even set apart twenty-five cents a year for charities, mission-work, and Sunday-schools. He obeyed a certain vague sentiment of duty to the unhappy world at large in this annual outlay; but he obeyed a strong instinct of pleasurable habit in his daily pipe, his constant quid, and his comfortable glass of rum three times a day. Any one, who can count, may see that these innocent little satisfactions, which cost him nothing in the estimation of the community, nor even in his own family, must prevent his having many other pleasures: such, for instance, as better sized, better furnished, and better located

rooms; such pleasures as an occasional drive into the green sweet country with the wife and children; or even that of a sum laid by in the savings bank out of his weekly wages in case anything *should* happen to himself, such as death, for instance. But no one ever dreamed of calling Mr. Martin thoughtless or selfish. Nevertheless, as the poet saith, "we do receive but what we give," and so it came to pass that when Mr. Martin departed this life, the tears of the widow and children were on the outside of their faces, where they flowed decorously, and were dried easily. How could they break their hearts over a person with whom they had no pleasanter associations than eating, drinking, and smoking, and not a recollection of a single happiness conferred through his thoughtfulness or self-sacrifice? When the funeral was over, and the expenses paid, Mrs. Martin saw herself a destitute widow, with two children to provide for, and only five dollars in hand. However, it did not occur to her to blame anybody for her destitution, least of all Mr. Martin. Besides, she had health and two hands.

Mr. Martin, at the opening of this story, had been dead two years, and his widow is far more comfortable than she had ever been during his life. This condition she had attained by taking in washing, which Miss Hardy suggested as an excellent business, paying well and requiring a small amount of capital. And it is through Miss Hardy the carpet-woman that Mrs. Martin obtained Mrs. Elwyn's nice laundry-work to do, which of itself gives her almost a decent support. In the last two years Mrs. Martin has dressed the children prettily, and sent them to school; she has a good balance at the savings bank, and in case of sickness could command over a hundred dollars. She has health and a quiet mind; and if it were not for the Mordecai sitting at the king's gate in the shape of Carrie Abbot, Mrs. Martin would be almost happy.

Not the sort of happiness that comes from a better nature and better character than her own small faculties and limited growth can furnish; not the kind of noble happiness that Miss Hardy has; who living for others always, and for herself not at all, has seen the work of her life prospering under her hands, and enjoys in the love of many the pure pleasure which no selfish satisfaction could give her. The poor carpet-woman was reared in abundance and even luxury, and found herself at eighteen the elder sister and guardian of four orphan children, like herself destitute, and, unlike herself, delicate in health. She has lived to see them all, through her own labor, well settled, with their children happy around them, and an abundance of this world's goods. Why, then, does she keep on making carpets now that she is forty years old and more? Mrs. Martin wonders. But that is a secret. Perhaps Miss Hardy has some other benevolent object in her

head. Perhaps she likes to work, having worked so many years; and possibly the brothers and sisters who are scattered here and there, but always on the highest seats—for Miss Hardy's daily toil ground out the means of advancement for them all—these brother's wives, perhaps, or these sister's husbands, may not have liked to furnish their parlors with anything so homely and old-fashioned as Aunt Martha. This much is certain, she never visits Harry in New York, nor Samuel in Albany, nor Maria at Newport. But every week she passed a comfortable evening with Mary Martin, and she always spoke of Harry, and Samuel, and Maria with the greatest tenderness, and of their children with overflowing love. Mrs. Martin did not see how much more thoroughly Martha Hardy enjoyed a chat in the garret than a drive on Newport sands; perhaps because she had not like Martha tried them both.

Miss Hardy is not a piece of perfection, otherwise she would be intolerable to Mary Martin. She is excessively fond of detail, vulgarly called gossip, and as she has a thousand opportunities of observation in the different families whose carpets she makes, mends, and nails down, she has a certain relish in serving up to the attentive ear of Mary Martin all manner of family scandal. Both of these good women have the same sort of delight in the revelation of the daily and real events of life that many others have in the wonderful stories that come out in the *New York Ledger*. Neither of them like to read; but human nature is an interesting book, open to all who have opportunity or skill, and, having bound Mary Martin to secrecy, Miss Hardy has a real delight in telling over the things that keep happening in families, but which are inaccessible to the newspaper reporter. Thus, from Miss Hardy, who made, and darned, and turned and twisted Mrs. Elwyn's carpets, until they were sent to auction, a wonderful specimen of darts, Mrs. Martin knew as well as any outsider could, all about the house in Beacon Street and everything that went on in it. Both knew better than the mistress of it, how the master of the house, being laughed at in the streets, and snubbed and overridden in the house, had taken to solacing himself with private liquid consolations; and both of them were highly amused with the small economies which are so usual and so astonishing in large houses.

Over her tub, this morning, Mary Martin recalled some of these petty scandals; nor thought, while she vexed herself inwardly at the delicate lace she was squeezing out, that already the messenger of fate to her and hers was on the way. Nearer and nearer it came to the unconscious scrubber; it opened the lower door and ascended the stairway, then another, and another, and still Mrs. Martin kept on squeezing, and muttering, and envying

the wearer of such beautiful Valenciennes lace. A quick, decided rap, and then the door opened from the impatient fate outside. It would seem as if the little twelve-foot room had never expected so many frounces and ruffles, so much parasol and bonnet, and such a sparkle all over as now entered; for it seemed to shrink into itself, as if it would be glad to cover itself up in its occupying tubs and its thick vapor, or fly away out of the window. When Mary Martin looked about for a place for her guest to stand or sit, there was literally none, and, wiping her smoking arms from the hot water, she hastened to lead the way into the recess beyond, that stood for a parlor. Seating herself on the one chair while her guest occupied the other, she waited, wonder-stricken, for the cause of Mrs. Elwyn's visit.

"I saw your children on the sidewalk, yesterday. They told me who they were. I was struck with the looks of one of them. Where are they? What a dreadfully hot place you live in!"

"It is hot," answered Mrs. Martin, wiping her face, down which the vapor was streaming.

Mrs. Elwyn had met Mary Martin several times before, but she never recognized in her a juvenile or schoolgirl acquaintance; she was simply her laundress; and when Mrs. Martin looked on her employer, she saw no longer the girl, Carrie Abbot, the heroine of her envious and angry meditations. She saw, as it were, a splendidly-bound photograph album, all beclasp'd and bedizened, instead of the common pamphlet she had been wont to handle daily and speak slightly of; and to-day Mrs. Elwyn was got up regardless of expense. Her hoops alone so filled the house of Mrs. Martin that there was no room for the resident family, and she was exceedingly awful in the might of her adornings. Mrs. Martin remained dumb, and the children behind their curtain ceased to chastise the clothes-pins.

"And why do you live here, Mrs. Martin?" inquired the bright apparition, as she drew from her pocket the most glittering of fans, and threw back from her shoulders the Frenchiest of lace mantelets, "I should think even the cellar itself would be cooler at least," she added, insultingly.

What a close, mean, miserable place it was, to be sure!

Now, if Mary Martin had had coolness, or self-possession, or dignity, or any of that sort of quality that is good to defend one's self with; but she hadn't a particle. She could not look Mrs. Elwyn in the face and say, quietly, "Was that what you came to see me about?" She could only say, meekly, being so overborne and overwhelmed by this much-dressed woman—

"It is healthier here for the children. The air is good, though it is warm. They would hear a great deal, lower down, I don't want them to—swearing, street talking, and such!"—

"Where are your children?" said Mrs. Elwyn, interrupting her.

"Come out here, girls!" said the mother. The little twins crept from under the curtain, and stood bashfully by their mother's side.

"That is the one I mean," said Mrs. Elwyn, pointing to Alice, who had half hidden her face. Ellen was more self-possessed, and was furtively taking an inventory of the visitor's flounces. "Come here to me, child," said Mrs. Elwyn, smiling down benignantly at Alice. "Now do you see, Mrs. Martin! Look at her eyes! Why, don't you see they are the very counterpart of mine? Upon my word, she looks enough like a niece of mine to be her own sister! She has our family eyes. Yours are black, like the other one's. How came she by these Abbot eyes? Blue eyes with dark brows and eyelashes. Why, don't you see yourself, Mrs. Martin, they are precisely like mine, and not the least atom like yours? Isn't it queer?"

"Well, I must say they are like yours," said Mrs. Martin, half pleased and half angry. The whole manner of Mrs. Elwyn irritated her almost beyond bearing. The fine lady held the child by one hand, while she stared fixedly into the blushing face and fell into a reverie. It seemed a long time before the reverie was broken. Mrs. Martin opened the stove-door and poured water to the baking beans, and Ellen, who had finished her catalogue of Mrs. Elwyn's finery, stood rubbing her pretty dimpled arms against each other and lifting her wondering brown eyes to the meditative face of the lady.

There was a marked contrast between the twins, and, as sometimes happens, one seemed to have absorbed, to a great extent, the vigor which should have been the fair portion of both. Ellen was tall, full, large of her age, with brown hair and eyes, such as Mary Martin's had been in her youth; while Alice was delicate, frail-looking, and with the light hair of her father's family. But with those Abbot eyes, it seemed quite unfair for her father's family to claim a likeness. A century or two ago and she might have been thought a changeling, so unlike she was to any of her connections.

At length Mrs. Elwyn spoke, and she had evidently considered and arranged her speech so as to produce a decided effect. "Mrs. Martin, you have two children; I have none; give me this little girl. I will adopt her; I will bring her up as my own daughter. She shall have every advantage in life that wealth can purchase; every happiness and enjoyment that I can give her. I feel sure that I can make her happy. I don't believe you will raise her, if you keep her. She looks far from strong; she needs the sea-air. I am going to Newport this week, and will take her with me if you say so. Don't decide at once; think it over. Think whether you have any right to refuse comfort,

respectability, and *health itself* to your own child."

Here Mrs. Elwyn stopped, for she knew better than to weaken her cause by many words. She had presented it in the strongest manner, and had appealed to the mother-love and ambition which she supposed to be uppermost in Mary Martin's heart. Being also a shrewd observer, with an intuitive perception of character, she easily read in the lines of the mouth, and the unfixed expression of the eyes, that irresolution which was the habit of Mary Martin's life. She saw plainly enough that if left to herself, she was as sure a victim to the policy of the stronger mind as the fly in the merciless spider's web. Looking now at the flushing and anon pallid face; at the worried eyes, that sought even the children's, as if there they might receive help and direction, Mrs. Elwyn felt that she had not long to wait. So she continued to play with little Alice's fair curls, and to slip on and off the delicate finger a flashing diamond ring. This ring, like an evil fairy, filled the poor room with delusive brilliancy. Besides captivating Alice's eyes with its many colors, its glitter and sparkle spread a glamour over those of the tired mother. She glanced at those white, delicate hands, loaded with jewels; then at her own, sodden and swollen with hot water and hard labor. If she should die, what was there before Alice but the same hard labor and perhaps harsh usage?

Now, a mother's love is very unselfish; but, to say the truth, it was not all pure mother's love that acted on poor Mary Martin. People must be as they are; that is, by nature, and by nature she had not a strong mind nor a clear perception. Then, again, she had a weak, foolish love for finery and luxury. Besides, like most people who have never tried it, she exaggerated the pleasure of wealth, and she identified wealth with liberality. How many times she had thought that, if she were only rich, she would do so much good. Like Becky Sharp, she thought it would be easy to give flannels to the poor if one had five thousand a year. Once, when Mary Martin was coming away from Mrs. Elwyn's with a basket of linen, she had seen that lady stepping into her own carriage, and she saw that it was lined with blue silk as blue as the upper sky. It is odd how some little scene like this will cling persistently to memory as the representative of possibilities or expectations. But it is a fact, that on one of the little nucleated cells, which composed Mary Martin's brain, was ineffaceably photographed this heavenly-colored chariot; and now she saw, as in a vision, her own little Alice lying languidly and luxuriously back on the soft silken cushions, or leaning from the tasselled window shades to look at the dirty and footsore crowd below. It would be unjust to Mary Martin to think that for a moment she

confounded herself and Ellen with that crowd. On the contrary, an indefinite future of brightness and ease spread itself, like a golden glow, over all their future lives. How it was to come, in what shape they were to be benefited, she did not curiously inquire; but certain haunting prophecies of the "Asylum for Destitute Children" or the "Orphan's Home" for her little ones, in case of her own death, would be set at rest forever by this new dispensation. It took only a minute for a great many conflicting thoughts to strike sometimes harshly against each other as the mother's eye glanced tenderly to her children. How to live without Alice, and how could Ellen support the solitude, she, who had no other playfellow, and to whom the gentle four-year old companion had been all sufficient? And she herself, how could she part with her pet and love-bird? She could easily earn enough for them all; after all it wasn't much they needed, and there was a pretty little bit in the savings bank. Her eyes filled with tears.

Now, Mrs. Elwyn was a person who wanted a thing after she had once said so much more than before. She felt herself pledged to obtain her expressed desires. Also, she was in the habit of having her own way in everything, so she was not likely to give up now. A kind of fate sparkled in her steel blue eyes, as she fixed them magnetically on both mother and child. They felt limp and helpless before her strong will. Quite ignoring the weakness of maternal affection, she appealed at once to its strength, and to those lower motives which she intuitively felt she could successfully address. "You see, Mrs. Martin, my husband has always felt as I have, so disappointed that we have no children, and he has teased me often to adopt one from the 'Home' or the 'Asylum.' But, the fact is, I can't bear the idea of taking up with nobody knows *who's* child and nobody knows *what!*"

This was said with an inexpressibly contemptuous drawl. Mary Martin felt more than ever what a dreadful alternative the "Home" would be.

"Now, I know all about you and your family, and that it is perfectly good, respectable blood, and that makes all the difference in the world. Your little girl seems already to belong to me, and I'm sure I shall be extravagantly fond of her. If I like people, I like them to some purpose; I do *everything* for them. And it will be so with Alice, you may be sure of that. I already feel quite a property in her, I assure you." Here Mrs. Elwyn stooped over the little girl's forehead, and kissed the Abbot eyes so like her own. A stranger would have taken them for mother and child.

Strange enough is the mingling of good and evil motives, sometimes in even what we call our good actions. Carrie Abbot talking about blood! The vivid recollection of the old tobacco-

shop on Marlboro Street, where Carrie used to visit and stay till she learned the milliner's trade! The Abbots in Boston! Goodness me! Then, again, the chariot. And surely Alice Martin had as good a right to a carriage and high-stepping bay horses as any Abbot that ever grew. So she consented.

Before night the papers were made out and duly signed by which Mrs. Martin released all title to her own child, and she was made over to the guidance and direction of a woman whom the mother disliked and despised. But, like the rest of mankind, "half dust, half deity," she was unconscious of the weakness or even baseness of her motives. She became impatient to finish the signing and sealing. She longed to feel that Alice was already in the process of being beautifully dressed, of driving in the silk-lined carriage, of going towards the cool sea, and to the health and vigor of the salt winds and bracing surf. She longed to have the few summer weeks over, when once more she should press in her arms, and gather to her bosom, her precious pale girl, and see her blooming and fresh, with red cheeks and more flounces and diamonds than Cinderella herself.

On the evening of the day when Alice departed forever from her sheltering attic, Mrs. Martin felt a little loneliness creep over her. The reaction had come after the excitement of the day, and now a thousand reasons for not doing what she had done presented themselves in mocking array. For once in her life she had decided something important without leaning on a dozen different opinions, while obeying at last the strongest one. She had done this now, in effect, having, indeed, not much choice against the iron will of Mrs. Elwyn; but still she wanted to talk it all over with Martha Hardy, and to be confirmed by her in the wisdom of her decision. So, when Miss Hardy appeared with the confectioner's pie, which she always brought, and which was Mrs. Martin's semi-weekly realization of luxury, she was welcomed with more than even the usual heartiness.

Miss Hardy began, abruptly: "You needn't tell me nothing about it. I was there at the house when she came, and know the whole. I ought to be here and stood by you, Mary, and then you'd never done it. But it's done, and can't be helped now. Best to make the most of a bad bargain."

"But do you really think it bad? Don't you think she'll do as she promised by Alice?" the mother then asked, in a trembling voice.

"Oh, law! yes. She'll do as she says about it. But, deary me, woman! so would the devil when he took our Saviour up into the high mountain, I suppose. However, it is no use talking. The thing is done, and the child looks like a poppet. I was standing by the basement window with Mr. Elwyn when she drove up with

the child, and heard her tell him what she had done. She'd been to the needlewoman's with her, I expect, for she was fixed up like a picture from top to toe, and stepped out from the carriage with her little bronzed boots as topping as if she had been born to it!"

Mrs. Martin smiled and was consoled. "And how did Mr. Elwyn like his new daughter?"

"Law! he's as innocent as a child unborn of all her proceedings, wise or foolish. Little she minds what he likes or lumps. But I shouldn't wonder if he liked it; and anyhow, she'll have all their money now when they die, if that's anything," concludes Miss Hardy, who has lived long enough to know it isn't much. Besides, what's done is done.

The evening is cool after the hot day, and the two good friends eat their pie and enjoy the hour.

Only after Miss Hardy is gone away, and the mother looks at the little vacant pillow where the golden curls were wont to lie, do the tears, which are not all painful, pour down her perplexed and worried cheeks. She wishes again that already the weeks had gone by, and that the soothing emollient of Time were laid on her sore heart. But unless she could change herself, she will never be comforted that way. On the contrary, she has already begun the race of irresolution and indecision, though without goal or object, and henceforth she will never be of the same mind five minutes together, whether or not she has done a good thing. Miss Hardy will steady and encourage her somewhat; but for the most part, she must be now as always the sport of coming events.

As she cannot sleep, she recalls Miss Hardy's account of Mr. Elwyn's first good fortune. How by a blunder as stupid as the celebrated Lord Timothy Dexter's, who sent a cargo of warming-pans to Cuba, he had sent vessels to South America into one of their republics that had just sprung into a blaze. How the folly which should have lost him all, came, unexpectedly, to give him success in a new quarter, and a purchaser for all his stores. Whether it was Paraguay, or Uruguay, or Bolivia, or what, Miss Hardy couldn't remember, only that Fortune turned all his warming-pans into sugar lads, as skilfully as she did Lord Timothy's.

"But such good luck wouldn't happen often, and Mrs. Elwyn, when she found out how narrowly he had escaped being a bankrupt, through his own ignorance and folly, gave him no peace till he threw up business and put his money into Life Insurance stock, and such sort of safe investments. Now he's nothing to do, poor shote, but set with his hands in his pockets. She always rides him down with her tongue if he speaks, and he does really mortify her to death if he opens his mouth before folks. That comes of marrying for money." So said the observant Miss Hardy.

Though Mrs. Martin had entertained

as usual with these harmless details, she already felt her own life-threads somewhat entwined with Mr. Elwyn's, and did not quite like to hear him called a fool. Sometimes she wished she had some more intimate friends of whom to take counsel in the great little affairs of her life; but in truth, with the exception of some half dozen persons to whom she smiled and bowed in the church portico, Mary Martin knew nobody. Even the old clergyman had followed the new fashion of listening for a louder call of duty, and another and new one reigned in his stead; one who had not yet found out where all his flock were folded. As for the Good Shepherd who is known of his sheep, Mary Martin had heard of him in sermons, and she read of him in that old family Bible; but to her he was a great way off, and could by no means understand her difficulties.

Mrs. Elwyn left her husband in the Beacon Street house to take care of the windows and fires, while she and a great many other fine people drove on the Newport sands with the lovely Alice. Pretty enough by nature, thrice pretty by reason of muslins, laces, and the skill of her maid; all Mrs. Elwyn's acquaintances congratulated her on the beauty of her daughter, and the extraordinary likeness to herself. No one wondered at her sudden appearance, each mother having enough to do to think of her own darling pet, without considering whether Mrs. Elwyn had one child or a dozen. The fresh air and the variety brought roses to Alice's cheeks, and though she talked often of Ellen and her mother for the first week or two, yet her head was so crammed with new impressions, that she soon came to forget about the old doll-house. After the season was through at Newport, Mrs. Elwyn joined a party to the White Mountains and Saratoga, finishing off her summer with a little fashionable quiet at Lake George.

By the time they drove up to the house in Beacon Street, Alice was eager only to see the new room that her kind mamma had furnished for her, and to take in the important facts of a hundred pretty knick-knacks, which Norah, her maid, was to keep in order. As the brain and heart cannot be more than full, and as Alice's had been filled all summer long with novelties, it will not be thought strange that the old life was crowded out and passed away like a tale that is told and forgotten. Such a graceful, supple little Alice! Papanti pronounced her a prodigy. It seemed a thousand pities that she wasn't a "professional," and that such a capacity for springing into the air and back on the points of her toes should be lost in the enforced quiet of a fashionable drawing-room. Such a touch for the piano! Such a wonderful talent, if, indeed, it were not a peculiar gift. And so on. Mrs. Elwyn congratulated herself on her good luck, and ad-

mired the Abbot eyes more than ever. Somehow, she had almost forgotten that Alice had belonged to any one but herself. At all events, should she be annoyed, which was not probable, she had arranged a stage effect, which she had no doubt would relieve her from all embarrassment.

The weariful hot summer had passed, and not without its pleasures to the dwellers in attics. It is well known to philosophers that there is really no difference in the enjoyment people have; that the kitchen is as well off as the parlor, the toad in the gutter as the eagle on the wing. So, though Mrs. Martin and Ellen were half roasted in the daytime and the weekday, yet they keenly enjoyed the rest of the Sabbath, and the evening walks on the Common and public garden. They relished as much as did Mr. and Mrs. Waddles the peeps into the shop windows, where were temptingly arranged in all the glitter of gaslight the pretty things they meant to buy when they became rich; for somehow, through Alice's connection with Mrs. Elwyn, Mrs. Martin habitually felt the coming presence of that possible prosperity that was to gladden and refresh them all. How and when she knew not, guessed not. But that it must be was inevitable. Had she not paid the price—full payment, pressed down and running over? Did she not feel it day by day, while her heart ached for her absent little treasure, and while she held down her impatience with the thought of the healthy firm-knit body that was meantime inhaling the strength-giving winds? Ellen's notions on the subject were more definite and practical than her mother's, for she was sure of real dolls in the bright future, while of diamonds she had also an unexpressed hope. Her summer, though lonely in some respects, had not been uneventful, and she had received a certain enjoyment in complaining of her solitude to her school companions, and in relating the reasons therefor. Being naturally of a fanciful turn, she came in time not to be embarrassed by the facts of the case, which, indeed, transcended her comprehension; but she related, with great eclat to the scholars, that all day long Alice rode about in a silk carriage full of sugar-plums, and that she had free access to a barrel of raisins. Having thus glorified her absent sister in her daily talk, Ellen hardly knew what to expect when she should really see her. However, much candy and doll's clothes were inevitable.

Miss Hardy had brought the news the night before of the arrival of "the family," for so Mrs. Elwyn was called, and Mrs. Martin had been looking out for the coming chariot all day. As none came, however, and as sleeping another night without seeing Alice was quite out of the question, the mother and child set off in the twilight to seek her.

The public garden, then hardly redeemed

from unsightly masses of earth, and only laid out in the minds of the City Fathers with prospective beauty, looked upon the lonely Back bay and on the star reflected in the water. No one who walked by the bay at that twilight hour dreamed that in a few years a massive city would spring up where the water was then rippling. There was no Commonwealth Avenue, with its stately palaces; no Arlington Street, no lake, no statues, and no churches. Only the evening star shining after the sunset on the bay.

The two walked rapidly on towards Beacon Street, Ellen asking a hundred questions which her mother was unable to answer, her heart so stuck in her throat.

The wit who said that "Good Americans when they die go to Paris," might have added that while they lived they liked to have their dwellings in Beacon Street. And, indeed, Mrs. Elwyn's house, as Mary Martin and her child stood on the stately stone steps, seemed to them almost a gate of Paradise. While they waited an answer to their modest ring, they turned to look at the still rich verdure of the Common and the deep green of its shaven grass. The still heights of the Park Street houses, where the evening glow still lingered from the sunset; the pond lying like a great carbuncle set in emeralds under the same reflected glory, and the long vista of lamps already lighted on the mill-dam, and stretching away as far as one could see in the distance. It was a fairy-like scene of splendor.

When the door at last opened, and the black man stood in the marble-paved hall, it was only a shifting of scenes equally wonderful and not nearly so familiar. Mrs. Martin made out to ask to see Mrs. Elwyn, and to send word that it was she herself, Mary Martin, that desired that privilege. But the man only led the way to a small reception-room, and left them to solitude. There they stayed, and wondered, and repined. They took an inventory of the furniture, and admired the gas burners, the curtain, and the pictures; but, as that occupied them only five minutes, the twenty minutes more that elapsed before their sable guide appeared seemed twenty hours. Bells were rung in the distance, but no other sign of life appeared, and Mrs. Martin would not dare to touch the embroidered bell rope any more than she would rub a magic lamp to summon an Afrite.

Thackeray says if you want to learn all about yourself and your family affairs, listen at your own kitchen door. If Mrs. Elwyn ever tried that way, she certainly learned much that was true of herself. Even the new set of servants, who formed her present domestic staff, knew everything already concerning her own affairs that she had fancied confined to herself. She would to-night have heard Susan tell the cook that Mary Martin and her little girl were wait-

ing all this time in the reception-room, while madam got up her theatricals; and that Jupiter had gone for the carriage, and sent off Miss Selford with Alice. Some mischief was in the wind somehow. Afterwards Susan came giggling down stairs again, to say that she had got all the gas lighted in the parlors and the child's chamber, and that "the old lady" was rigged out in all her top-knots.

"I helped her claw off her old wrap," said this disrespectful Vermonter, "and got her into her sprigged silk in no time; now she's a putting on her crown. When she rings, I'm to lead them two poor creatures in beyond. She couldn't scare me with her fine things. I know all her hooks and eyes. But what is the woman up to, now, I wonder?"

However, Susan kept her wonder to herself, and only preceded Mrs. Martin and Ellen to the parlors, where she asked them to wait a minute, and Mrs. Elwyn would come down. The parlors were a new astonishment to the impatient waiters. It had never come to the lot of Mary Martin to behold the full splendor of upholstery under such advantages. Carpets she had seen hanging at the shop windows, and furniture in the waterrooms; but such a wondrous combination of richness and luxury had never before met her eyes as now in these solitary and palatial halls. In fact, such a wilderness of pictures, statuettes, mirrors, alabaster, and China is not often collected within the four walls of a private dwelling. Hixon had outdone himself in his carvings and his divans, and the twelve moons of subdued light softened even the splendor of fact into a dreamy enchantment.

For full ten minutes did these travellers in a strange country grope timidly among its wonders; staringly, hesitatingly, lest with too rude a touch they should demolish the glittering fragilities about them, and with a vague fear lest the fairy roses should turn to dead ashes in their hands. Every instant their hungry eyes were attracted to the door by which they had come in, if haply the loved little form might enter. She, who lived all day long in this palace of beauty! She, who dared touch and handle every glittering vase or mysterious ornament! She, who might penetrate even to the library beyond, where, by the light of wax candles in silver sconces, gorgeously-bound folios lay readably open on the library-table, and little velvet and carved wood cases held wonderful pictures. The silence was so complete on the soundless carpets; every object was so separated from its familiar use in their experience, that the two timid explorers retired to the farthest corner in the fear that their movements, however gentle, might injure something. Already Alice seemed a being of a different sphere from their own. Far, far remote from them. They sat still in a hush of expectation. Then Susan was at the door, asking,

softly, if they "would please walk up stairs to Miss Alice's room?" Indeed, they would! How gladly they would "please," indeed!

Though Mrs. Martin's heart beat tumultuously, she followed more in a dream than ever over the thickly padded staircase, that wound broadly to the upper hall; past a Hercules, which held a burning torch in his right hand; past the Graces, entwined in sculptured loveliness in a crimson-lined alcove; then, turning short, Susan opened the door of a large and splendidly furnished chamber, where a low fire was burning on the hearth. The dim light showed a gleaming phantasm, composed of flowers, of curtained windows filled with fairy lace, of a recess, where was a tent-shaped drapery of blue silk covering a little white bed, and of a thousand graceful ornaments and images scattered profusely over the mantle and beneath the great mirrors. The heavy perfumes from the hot-house plants, the reflections mysteriously repeated of their own figures from the long mirrors, with the obscurity and the strangeness of the place, bewildered them more than ever. They drifted farther and farther every moment from the Alice to whose chamber they had thought themselves going.

"Sit down, please," said Susan, and thereupon departing.

But where were they to sit, pray? Not on that brocatelle lounge of blue? Not on that great lolling chair, big enough and deep enough to swallow them? Not on that blue and crimson velvet little chair, which was Alice's very own; nor even on the blue and crimson divan by the door, though by that they might escape on an emergency? No. They both stood stock still near the door, and tremblingly waited for Alice.

Then entered Mrs. Elwyn, like a princess in a theatre, by the other door; and, for as much as she was more gorgeously got up than when she appeared in the attic of the washerwoman, so now she filled and glorified with her hasty but effective toilet her present more impressive surroundings. She seated herself without scruple in the great lolling chair, and, turning the gas up a little, put out her sparkling feet to the fire. She was as one possessed of all the glories of the earth, a being to whom furnishings and ornamentation were but instruments of daily dalliance and amusement. She took no notice of any one being in the room at first. Presently she looked up and nodded slightly to the two silent figures. Then she pointed to the divan by the door, saying, distantly:—

"Were you wishing to see me particularly, Mrs. Martin?"

"Alice?" was all the poor mother could utter.

"Oh! Alice is gone to a children's ball." She touched a little silver bell that stood on a little Japanese table at her elbow. Susan came in. "Has Miss Selford gone?"

"Yes, ma'am, half an hour ago."

"That's all. You see, Mrs. Martin, Alice is gone with her governess. Permit me to ask—what—did you want of Alice?" And here, for the first time, Mrs. Elwyn faced round so as to command a full view of Mrs. Martin and Ellen. She was a merciless woman, this Mrs. Elwyn, no more feeling in her than the stone mantel before her.

And poor Mary Martin, who had all her life done as she was bid, always at the mercy of the last speaker, who had married Mr. Martin because of the advice of her friends, who had always respected and obeyed him until death did them part, and afterwards taken the advice of Miss Hardy whenever she was by, what is this defenceless lamb to do in the grasp of the tiger?

To say that Mrs. Martin felt the effect of all the carefully arranged scenery, which the shrewd woman before her had successively presented, is only to say she was human. Why else do we build thrones, and put men on them, and then fall down and worship the men, nay, die for them gladly? It is a law of our natures to transcend and transfigure the ordinary scenes and objects of life, and, having given them, by the vividness of our own fancy, a glory and completeness of their own, to worship the ideal which lies at the core of all we see. Mrs. Elwyn had counted on the "*omnium ignotum*," which, she well enough knew from her own experience, would make it all seem "*magnificum*." Did she not distinctly remember the gorgeous effect produced on her own mind, not so very long ago, at a similar spectacle of light, lace, and general festooning? So she kept quiet, and let her bird struggle in the snare set in her very sight.

But Mrs. Martin did not even know she was in a net, until she tried to speak, and found she could not utter a word; that her heart beat hard and fast, and her throat was dry as dust. It seemed an hour since Mrs. Elwyn had asked her the question. Still, the cold blue eyes lay on her face, and with a terrible effort, like one in a nightmare, she gasped out:—

"Oh! can't we see Alice?"

It was no use waiting longer whetting the knife. Mrs. Elwyn used it at once, and with the dexterous severity of long habit. Speaking in a low, slow tone:—

"Once for all, Mrs. Martin, you cannot! Unless you fully understand this, and that no communication whatever can be kept up between you and Alice, *she must return to her former life!* She can no longer be my daughter! Decide now, and *finally!*"

At these awful words every limb in Mrs. Martin's body shook with vague agitation. The stern woman before her, an embodied will, bore down and crushed this timid nature, that had never in life decided the smallest doubtful point, and was not likely to begin now. She only gasped out again:—

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"I'm sure—I don't want to be in the way of my own child! oh!" and so tottered into the great entry and to the head of the wide winding staircase.

Mrs. Elwyn touched the silver bell again, and told the ready Susan to show Mrs. Martin out, saying, in a clear loud tone, which rang like a fate in the mother's ear:—

"I consider your decision a very wise one, and should expect it from a person of your excellent sense and discretion. You see yourself there is but one *right way* to do!"

And so ended Mary Martin's dream of reflected splendor and prosperity. So was kicked over, by a few sharp words, this basket of eggs which, Alnaschar like, she had hoped and expected would be so soon transformed into diamonds. She sobbed all the way home to Pleasant Street, and so did little Ellen, but the tears were not all bitter.

This is a free country. And no Mrs. Elwyn that ever grew could keep Mrs. Martin from seeing her own child, or Ellen from seeing her own only sister. This was Miss Hardy's suggestion; the good friend whom the weary tearful pair found by their fireside when they returned. She had anticipated the result of their visit, and was ready with her consoling plea and her sympathy. Miss Hardy laid the matter out, and told her just how to do.

So it came to pass that every fine afternoon on the Beacon Street Mall, where cats as well as kings can walk, Mrs. Martin and Ellen, in their neat if poor and plain clothes, sat and watched from the garden seat, until the fateful moment came. Just an hour before dinner, which Mrs. Elwyn held at the genteel hour of four o'clock, Jupiter opened the door of Olympus and let out the prettiest little figure, all besprinkled with white velvet, and plumes that were tipped with just the color of the lively blue eyes. This dainty little person was always accompanied by a very quiet-looking and plainly-dressed lady, whom Mrs. Martin knew must be the child's governess. She had a kind face, and one that expressed decision as well as goodness. Mrs. Martin stared at her so hard, so devouringly, that she stopped once in her walk and looked at the seated figures to see if she possibly knew them. Then the mother trembled and hid her face under the close sun-bonnet of little Ellen. She had only given unintentional expression to the anxiety that filled her heart as to the person who had the daily charge of her darling. For Miss Hardy had told her that Mrs. Elwyn had nothing to do with her but to dress her and make a fool of her.

Day after day, in the bright, warm October sunshine, Ellen and her mother watched the joyous couple, themselves unnoticed, as they walked or half ran through the long walks and under the elms, golden with autumnal ripeness. If Alice had only chanced to turn her head

sometimes where the lonely longing figures stood watching, she must have heard and recognized Ellen's low scream of delight, or the mother's happy sigh. But she looked forward and onward, tripping daintily, or bounding healthfully, with glowing cheeks. That was a comfort indeed, amidst all the deep pain of the separation.

When the winter came, were the short cold days filled with every variety of clear-starching, crimping, fluting, mending, and cooking? Not at all to the Pleasant Alley dwellers. In the little attic they lived a whole winter of Alice's gayeties. Of Alice driving away to dancing-school with Miss Selford in the blue silk carriage; of Alice in a dozen new hats and plumes, and with a suit of ermine about her throat and over her small hands; of Alice, when the snow came, calling pettishly to Jupiter to bring her another shawl to wrap her in the gay sleigh; of Alice behind prancing horses flying over the snow out towards Brookline, and passing other prancing horses and gay sleighs with tinkling bells all the time answering the music of their shoutings and laughter; of Alice returning safe with Miss Selford and with blooming face and sparkling eyes. Many lives they lived in hers of diversified enjoyment, and when Mary Martin remembered that as soon as the winter was over and the hot weather should come again, her darling would be taken away to the cool breezes and the sea-foam, she did not know whether most to smile or sigh.

But now, in only one little year! Oh, if she had only had faith to wait, or if, indeed, she had acted only from pure, right motives; but then she couldn't be more than she was. Now appeared a letter from the lawyer in Barton to Mrs. Mary Martin. Had she happened to keep a deed of the land of the old place? the old house that fell to her on her uncle's death, and which nobody had ever considered worth living in, or the house worth repairing? A tumble-down old house on a long stretch of swamp land thickly sown with stumps and stones? So she remembered it.

She had kept the deed; she did not know why. It was in the dark closet among the other things which hadn't gone to the rubbish man. Now she sent the yellow representative of so much dreariness and waste, and presto! the benevolent lawyer transformed it into a lively parterre of railroad crossings. Its stumps and stones made up into a noisy junction, and the desert blossomed into a number of roses. Mary Martin's daily life was thenceforward changed from poverty to comfort, from toilsome days and sound sleep to ease, plenty, and the small worries that come with more and novel indulgences. She bought a pretty house on Charles Street, one not very far from Mrs. Elwyn's own, from which she could easily reach the gar-

den seat on the Mall to watch Alice. She sent Ellen to a good private school where the rudenesses and roughnesses, contracted under public auspices, were gently rubbed away, and where she improved in manners as rapidly as she grew. Tall and blooming she was far beyond her years, and, as the days went on, she learned to sympathize clearly with her mother's anxiety and interest in Alice.

It did not occur to Mrs. Martin to take Alice home, any more now than before the improvement in her circumstances. Comfortable and pretty as her house and furnishings were, she was still at an immense distance from the luxury that surrounded Alice, and her own taste of ease and plenty had only exalted her appreciation of the exuberant abundance in which Alice lived. To take her away now would be worse than ever. Besides, she felt herself bound by her implied promise to Mrs. Elwyn. So, every day, as the seasons went on, the two walked watchfully up and down the Mall until the bright form came tripping forth for pleasure, or exercise, or to go on some expedition for entertainment. From Miss Hardy they gathered all they did not themselves make out, and they knew or guessed almost every article of her wardrobe. Thus Ellen kept in her heart and dreams the sister who had long ago forgotten her, and whom she too must have otherwise forgotten, so utterly had she passed out of the sphere of her daily existence.

Once Ellen, in going forward of her mother, came so near to Alice, who was walking with Miss Selford, as to brush against her clothes. Alice turned and looked full at her, but without recognizing her, and Ellen hurried back to her mother to hide her agitation. They told dear Martha Hardy about it in the evening; both of them tearfully, when that good friend dropped in as faithfully as she used in old times to drop up.

"The poor child hadn't the least idea, of course, you silly creatures! You wouldn't like it better if she had known you! and how's she to know you? From the time that woman told me, with the stuck-up toss of her head, 'that it was desirable old associations should be broken in her mind,' and from the time Susan went off, I've never spoke to her about you, and I was the only thread betwixt her and you—don't you see?"

And then Miss Hardy would tell the newest news of the Elwyn household, and of other households where she made and mended; and Mary Martin didn't need to buy novels, for there was a plenty of wonderful incidents to be had from Martha without even asking. Such tragedies! such household comedies! such high life below stairs, and oh! such low life above!

And how of Alice herself? Unconscious of the eager, loving glances of the strangers behind her, something in Ellen's face as she

looked up in her eyes, troubled her memory or fancy. She nestled against Miss Selford, and said, in a low voice :—

"Did you see that person who looked so at me? that one behind?"—

Miss Selford said No, and did she mean the little girl sitting under the tree now? For Miss Selford by no means agreed with Mrs. Elwyn in her human classification of gentlemen, ladies, and persons.

"She pushed me—she had a common de laine on. Mamma wouldn't like to have her rub against me, I think," said the little lady, with hauteur.

Miss Selford answered, pleasantly. "I don't think she meant to push you. She seems a nice little girl. Besides, we must all expect to be pushed in our turn, except the queen. As to dress, mine is a delaine, and a particularly pretty one, I consider."

Alice is puzzled. For Miss Selford is not a person, and Miss Selford tells her Hans Andersen's story of the snails which were served on a silver dish.

The governess loves Alice dearly and watches her carefully; but she finds it impossible to counteract, by her own, the daily influence of a vulgar, pretentious woman, who at the same time stands in the relation of mother and benefactress to her pupil. Miss Selford was recommended to Mrs. Elwyn as a lady of the bluest Boston blood, and therefore capable of imparting every accomplishment which humanity is capable of receiving. Mrs. Elwyn pays her a high salary for her services, and delivers Alice as far as possible into her hands. She feels that Miss Selford's sphere of thought and action is quite separate from her own, and she has respected her extremely ever since she knew that she had in her possession a grandmother's India shawl so delicate that it could be drawn through a ring. Miss Selford is so far from being alive to the reflected importance of this garment that she almost never wears it, which astonishes and mystifies Mrs. Elwyn more than ever.

Miss Selford has always known Martha Hardy, and heard from her truth-telling lips the whole story of Alice Martin while she was putting up the patch curtains in the school-room. So she knew exactly what she had undertaken, and told Martha to tell the child's mother that she would do her very best for Alice.

(Conclusion next month.)

No man's spirits are very much hurt by doing his duty. On the contrary, one good action, one temptation resisted and overcome, one sacrifice of desire or interest, purely for conscience sake, will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits beyond what either indulgence, or diversion, or company, can do for them.—*Anon.*

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

BY MARY E. NEALY.

Oh! art thou still the very, very same
Dear friend of mine,
As when we kindled first the sacred flame
On friendship's shrine!

Do no dark doubts or deep corroding fears,
My dearest friend,
No heavy shadows, damp with midnight tears,
Above thee bend!

Or does thy faith, and love, and sacred trust,
Dear friend of mine,
Still free from earth and time's decay and dust,
Around me twine?

For I believe if e'er a warm heart beat,
My dearest friend,
With truest pulses, making life more sweet
Even to the end,

It beats within that strong and noble breast,
Dear friend of mine.

Oh! may I there still hope to find the rest
Which is divine?

Oh! earth is changeful, and hopes decay,
And the winds blow over the sea;
But I am still faithful to you to-day,
If you are so to me.

For friendship yields friendship, and love brings
love;

It is just as the seed is sown,
And we heed not the clouds in the sky above,
If no clouds in the heart are known.

And, after wandering weary years
In search of the fount so sweet,
We pause some day with our sighs and tears,
And find it—at our feet!

And you cannot think when the soul has found
Her beautiful rest at last,
She would ever give her enchanted ground
For the future—or the past!

THERE are few mortals so insensible that their affections cannot be gained by mildness, their confidence by sincerity, their hatred by scorn or neglect.—*Zimmermann.*

DEATH.—When Socrates was told by a friend that his judges had sentenced him to death: "And has not nature," said he, "passed the same sentence upon them?"

LIKE a morning dream, life becomes more and more bright the longer we live, and the reason of everything becomes more clear. What has puzzled us before seems less mysterious, and the crooked paths look straighter as we approach the end.—*Richter.*

THE eye of age looks meek into my heart! the voice of age echoes mournfully through it! the hoary head and palsied hand of age plead irresistibly for its sympathies! I venerate old age; and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding.—*Longfellow.*

ACTING CHARADE.

WATERFALL.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

Characters.

MISS MELINDA CRAWFORD, an eccentric old maid; very rich.

HERBERT CRAWFORD, MISS MELINDA'S nephew.

HELEN CRAWFORD, HERBERT'S wife.

MRS. GRAVES, landlady of a seaside boarding-house.

ARAMINTA SERAPHINA LETITIA HARRIET, a colored servant about fifteen years of age.

HATTIE, MRS. GRAVE'S niece.

SCENE I.—WATER.

SCENE I.—The parlor of MRS. GRAVES' house.

Curtain rises, discovering MISS MELINDA dressed in the extreme of the fashion, standing before a mirror arranging her hair. She wears an immense waterfall, covered with a net of gold thread and beads.

Miss Melinda. There, I think that will do now! The effect is very good, I am sure, in spite of the ridicule of my impudent niece.

Enter MINT.

Mint. (With a courtesy.) Sarvent, missee!

Miss Melinda. Why, who on earth are you?

Mint. Well, I 'se Araminty Seraphiny Letitia Harriet. De folks mostly calls me Mint—kinder shorter like.

Miss Melinda. What do you want here?

Mint. Missee Graves done 'gaged me to wait on de quality folks dis yere summer. 'Deed did she!

Miss Melinda. Then you are the new servant?

Mint. Now, honey, de way you 'se hit dat ar nail on de head ker plumb, does credit to your 'scrimination. 'Deed it does, now! My sakes, ain't dis yere a quare place?

Miss Melinda. (Sitting down.) Queer? What makes it queer, Mint?

Mint. Why, fustis place fummostly, dar 's de oshum.

Miss Melinda. The what?

Mint. De oshum, de water.

Miss Melinda. Oh, the ocean.

Mint. Dat 's what I done said, de oshum, a roarin' like some o' dese yere savage critters dey tells about. Comes a splittin' in on de beachum, a lickin' an' a lickin', creepin' 'long like it was 'shamed o' hisself, and when dis chile thinks it 's done got fixed, jest turns round an' goes outen ag'in same creepy fashion.

Miss Melinda. That 's the tide, Mint, coming in and going out.

Mint. Oh, sho, now! you 'se pokin' fun, you is. How de mischief it go in an' out when it 's tied? You can't cram nuffin' like dat ar down dis chile's froat. Hi-yi! ain't there lots o' folks here a promeraidin' up an' down?

Miss Melinda. Yes, they come for sea-bathing and the mineral springs.

Mint. What 's dat ar? Dat ar water?

Miss Melinda. Yes, water to drink, to make you well if you are sick.

Mint. 'Spected 'twas some kind o' water. 'Most de 'visions in dis yere place is water. Wonder if dere 's any kind o' water in dese parts for washing a nigger white. Reckon I 'll jes' look roun' for dat ar water and take a wash. He-ye! (Laughs.) 'Specs white folks stare see dis chile go in brack, come out all whitey. Take de kinks outen de wool, too. (Laughs loudly.) 'Specs all de niggers come to dis yere place if I makes 'scovery o' dat ar water.

Miss Melinda. I think they would, Mint.

Mint. Sart'in for sure dey 'd do dat ar, missee. Does you want any waitin' on, honey?

Miss Melinda. Why?

Mint. Miss Graves done sent me here to wait on you.

Miss Melinda. I want nothing just now. If I need you I will ring.

Mint. Jes' so. You jes' give de bell a tink-lum, an' it 'll fotch me quicker 'n a locomotion engine. [Exit MINT, hopping on one foot.]

Miss Melinda. Poor ignorant child! Now, I suppose some folks would not have spoken five words to her, but I soar above such petty prejudices.

Enter HELEN.

Helen. Good-morning, Aunt Melinda. Why, you are dressed for luncheon. Are you not going in to bathe?

Miss Melinda. I think not. The fact is, Helen, I am sick of the very sight of water.

Helen. I don't wonder at it.

Miss Melinda. What with the ocean bathing twice a-day, and drinking night and morning from the medicinal springs, and the sailing, and fishing, and shell gathering, it 's nothing but water, water, water, from morning till night.

Helen. But why not return to town if you are so tired of the sea-shore?

Miss Melinda. Return to town in the middle of the summer?

Helen. Take a trip to the mountains, then.

Miss Melinda. And spend half a year's income jolting round in coaches, and getting up hundreds of feet in the air to see a view that I don't care a pinch of snuff for when I do see it. I've had enough of that!

Helen. Go into the country, then.

Miss Melinda. And have the smell of pig-stys in my nose all winter.

Helen. Go to Niagara.

Miss Melinda. Been there a dozen times. Besides, I tell you I 'm sick and tired of water.

Helen. (Pettishly.) What do you want to do, then?

Miss Melinda. You know very well the doctor said I must come here for my health, and that I must stay.

Helen. (Aside.) For her health. She never

saw a sick day in her life. (*Aloud.*) Well, dear aunt, if you are not disposed to bathe, shall we take a walk or a drive? It is a lovely cool day, and it seems a pity to stay in the house.

Miss Melinda. Where can we drive?

Helen. We have never visited the beautiful lake four miles from here. All the visitors speak in such glowing terms of the beauty of the drive and the lake itself, that it would be a pity to return to town without seeing it.

Miss Melinda. More water!

Helen. (*Laughing.*) I did not think of that.

Miss Melinda. Well, there is no other place where I care to go to-day, so we will drive to the lake. I will go to my room for my hat and shawl, while you order the carriage.

[*Exit MISS MELINDA.*]

Helen. (*Yawning.*) She is not half so weary of water as I am. Just like her notions, to come to this little stifled-up boarding-house, instead of going to a hotel where there is some life and excitement. (*Rings the bell.*) She said her health required change.

Enter MINT.

Mint. You done ringed dat ar bell, honey?

Helen. Why, who are you?

Mint. I 'se Mint, I is. 'Gaged here to wait on de quality folks dat's a-boardin' loug o' Missee Graves.

Helen. Oh, the new domestic.

Mint. 'Spects dat ar 's the French for it.

Helen. Well, go and order Miss Crawford's coachman to have the carriage here in half an hour. You will find him at the stables of Congress Hall.

Mint. Whar's dat?

Helen. Mrs. Graves will tell you. Don't bother me!

Mint. (*Looking bewildered.*) What's I to do, honey? Can't get de idee frou my wool an' save my 'sistence.

Helen. (*Impatiently.*) Go tell Mrs. Graves that Miss Crawford wants her carriage in half an hour. She will tell you where to find the coachman.

Mint. (*Aside.*) Snee-a-p snap-p-i-n' turtle! 'Tother quality wuff seven 'leven o' dis one. (*Aloud.*) I'll tell Missee Graves, honey. 'Deed I will! An' de way dat ar kerridge 'll fotch up to dis yere door 'll be a caushum to white folks, 'deed it will. [*Exit MINT, shuffling her feet.*]

Helen. Disgusting! That's another of the beauties of a boarding-house, having such servants instead of well trained waiters.

Enter HERBERT.

Herbert. (*Yawning.*) What's the programme for to-day, Nell?

Helen. We are going for a drive to Mixywixy Lake.

Herbert. Am I expected to go?

Helen. Of course. You know Aunt Melinda

always makes a fuss if you are not ready for escort duty at any time.

Herbert. When are you going?

Helen. In about an hour. I ordered the carriage in half an hour, and you know Aunt Melinda makes it a rule to keep James waiting about half an hour always. She takes longer to dress than any young belle here.

Herbert. I should think it would take one hour to get a hat or bonnet on over that gigantic waterfall she wears.

Helen. Don't mention it! Did you ever see such a bunch? I despise the extreme of fashion.

Herbert. You can see plenty of that at a watering-place. I'm going to the billiard-room, Nell, and you can stop there for me as you drive past. I'll be looking for you.

Helen. Very well.

Herbert. Mixywixy Lake! I should think Aunt Melinda could see water enough here without driving four miles to look at a lake.

[*Exit HERBERT.*]

Helen. If I was a man, I would go and play billiards, too. I'm sick and tired of this hateful little coop. Nothing to do, nothing to see, nothing to hear, but the roar of the ocean, varied by Aunt Melinda's whining!

Enter MINT.

Mint. Miss Crawford axin arter you, honey.

Helen. She wants me to arrange her dress, I suppose. If I had as much money as she has, I would keep a lady's maid. [*Exit HELEN.*]

Mint. Quality folks going a ridin'. Dere'll be nobody dat 'quires waiting' on till dey comes back, so I jes run down and pull off my shoes to paddle in de oshum.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.—FALL.

SCENE.—*Same as Scene I. Curtain rises, discovering MISS MELINDA lying upon a sofa dressed in a gay wrapper. She has pillows under her head, and is covered with a handsome Afghan. HELEN is seated at some distance from her reading a novel. MINT, on a low seat beside the sofa, is fanning MISS MELINDA.*

Helen. (*Looking up from her book.*) The first of September. I did not think of it before. To-day is Herbert's birthday.

Miss Melinda. And the first day of fall. Oh, dear! we were to return to town to-day.

Helen. Yes, and now we may be kept in this stupid place till winter. It was bad enough when there was plenty of company, but, of course, fall weather will drive everybody home.

Miss Melinda. I am sure you need not complain. You may go where you please, and you are gadding about somehow the best half of your time, leaving poor me tied to this sofa.

Helen. Mint is always here.

Miss Melinda. Yes, if it had not been for Mint,

I should have had a pretty time of it since I got that terrible fall. It is Mint who rubs my poor sprained back, and Mint who lies beside the bed at night to get me water and wait upon me, and Mint who fans me and keeps the flies off, and Mint who runs my errands and waits upon me day and night.

Helen. (*Coldly.*) She is a servant, and does a servant's work, of course.

Miss Melinda. She has done what no mere servant would do for any wages. She is a good, kind-hearted girl, and, Mint, some day you will find that your services are not forgotten.

Mint. Dear me, honey, my sarvices ain't nuffin. Dis chile couldn't no way see anybody git such an orful bone breaky fall as you had an' not try to 'leverate dere 'flections. Poor thing! You tink Mint hear yer groany, groany all de dark night frou, an' not hist up to rub yer poor hurted back, an' get yer de doctor's stuff make you all fust rate well again?

Miss Melinda. Others can hear me, Mint, and not feel any desire to alleviate my sufferings.

Helen. You know, Aunt Melinda, that I am as ignorant as a baby about sickness.

Miss Melinda. It is time then you learned to care for others in suffering. It is woman's peculiar mission, in my opinion.

Helen. I, at least, have not found it my vocation. Mint does so well that no other nurse is required.

Miss Melinda. Affection might suggest some attentions. Now, my head aches at this minute as if it would burst, but I suppose Mint will have to bathe it, if it is to be relieved.

Mint. I'll go for de ice water dis bressed minute. [*Exit MINT.*]

Miss Melinda. Dear, good girl. How carefully she has nursed me ever since my terrible fall. If I recover, I shall owe much to her kind care and attention.

Helen. Dear me, Aunt Melinda, what a fuss you do make about Mint. Of course, she expects a five dollar bill, or an old gown or two, when we leave.

Miss Melinda. (*Significantly.*) She will find my gratitude is not confined within such narrow limits.

Helen. (*Aside.*) What does she mean? Can she intend—how absurd I am! She has never made any will, and Herbert is heir-at-law. Her fancy that people die as soon as they make a will is very lucky for us.

Miss Melinda. What are you muttering? I think the best you can do is to keep quiet when my head aches so badly.

Enter HERBERT.

Herbert. Headache, did you say, aunt? No wonder with that great waterfall on. How can you lie down in any comfort with that enormous bag on your head? Nell, take it off for Aunt Melinda.

Miss Melinda. No, I prefer to wear it.

Helen. That is one of Aunt Melinda's fancies. I don't believe she has had that thing off day or night since her fall.

Enter MINT, with a bowl in her hand.

Mint. Here's de cure for de nasty ole headache. (*Sits beside MISS MELINDA, and bathes her head.*)

Herbert. (*Aside to HELEN.*) It seems to me, Nell, that colored girl completely usurps your place in taking care of Aunt Melinda.

Helen. (*Aside to HERBERT.*) I have no talent for nursing, and Mint does very well.

Herbert. (*Aside to HELEN.*) But—

Helen. (*Aside to HERBERT.*) Don't be absurd, now, my dear. Of course, if it was any of the relations or dear friends, I should interfere, but she can't leave her property to a colored girl.

Enter MRS. GRAVES.

Mrs. Graves. Good-morning, all!

Miss Melinda. Good-morning, Mrs. Graves!

Mrs. Graves. I just stepped in, ma'am, to see about the rooms.

Miss Melinda. The rooms?

Mrs. Graves. Why, you see, ma'am, this is the first of September, and all the other boarders leave either to-day or to-morrow, and we never have any new ones come in the fall.

Miss Melinda. Well?

Mrs. Graves. Well, ma'am, our family at the present prices won't pay me for keeping up the house.

Miss Melinda. But, my good woman, you know the doctor says it will be as much as my life is worth to move from here now, and I cannot even cross the entry to my own room without assistance.

Mrs. Graves. I know, ma'am, but I'm a poor widow woman, and I can't afford to have all I've made this summer eaten up keeping house for three people during the fall.

Miss Melinda. Oh! it's a question of money, then?

Mrs. Graves. Yes, ma'am.

Miss Melinda. It is very unfortunate that I had such a bad fall so late in the season. Will double the price for our board pay you, Mrs. Graves?

Mrs. Graves. Well, ma'am, I shan't make anything, then, but I think that it would save me from loss.

Miss Melinda. Well, consider it settled, then, until I am able to move.

Mrs. Graves. Thank you, ma'am.

[*Exit MRS. GRAVES.*]

Helen. I think, Aunt Melinda, that is an instance of perfect extortion.

Herbert. Can't be helped, Nell. Of course, she knows she can get any price under the circumstances.

Mint. Poor head! Do it ache bad now, honey?

Miss Melinda. Yes, Mint, it *does* ache. Oh! who would want to be rich, the victim of selfish relatives and extortionate landladies, without one real, true friend in the world?

Helen. You are unjust, Aunt Melinda.

Miss Melinda. Perhaps so.

Mint. Now, if you'll send 'em boff away, honey, I'll have you asleep quicker 'n winkin'.

Miss Melinda. I will release you, then, my most affectionate niece and nephew. Mint has quite a mesmeric power in her hands, and an hour's nap may do me good.

Helen. (*Sarcastically.*) Mint has every perfection. Come, Herbert, we will take a stroll on the beach.

Herbert. I hope your head will be better for a nap, Aunt Melinda.

Miss Melinda. Thank you!

[*Ezeunt HERBERT and HELEN.*]

Mint. Now, honey, let me jes' take off dat ar waterfallum an' nuss your head. (*Takes off the waterfall, which MISS MELINDA carefully places under her pillow.*)

Miss Melinda. If I ever get well again, Mint, you shall go to town with me, and stay as long as you live.

Mint. Bress you, honey, Mint don't ax nuffin' better on dis yere snubinary spere dan dat ar. Don't yer git low now, honey, 'bout gittin' well. You 's boun' to 'cover, you is.

Miss Melinda. I don't know, Mint. I'm an old woman to have such a severe fall. It may be the death of me yet.

Mint. Sho, now, you 's got de blues, honey, dat's all, an' de blues is very 'pressin' to de spirits, 'deed dey is. You cheer up, now. I'll put you to sleep, honey, now, an' you 'll wake up fust rate. (*Bathes MISS MELINDA's head, making a purring noise with her mouth.*)

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE III.—WATERFALL.

SCENE.—*Same as Scene I. HATTIE discovered putting the chairs in order.*

Hattie. Well, this is a nice winding up to Aunt Graves' summer at the sea-shore. A funeral is always gloomy, but this one seems especially so. That nephew and niece of the old lady don't seem to care a pin for her. Indeed, I think poor Mint was the only true mourner there.

Enter MRS. GRAVES.

Mrs. Graves. Well, it is all over at last.

Hattie. Have they read the will?

Mrs. Graves. Well, it wasn't exactly a will, you know, only a kind of memorandum; but she made her nephew promise before the doctor and me to respect her wishes, there expressed, the same as if it was a regular will.

Hattie. Well?

Mrs. Graves. She has left him her house and furniture, and a lot of bank stock, and, indeed, everything except—guess what?

Hattie. I never could guess anythin'.

Mrs. Graves. You know that stupendous waterfall she always wore, even when she was sick?

Hattie. Of course I know it. It was the laughing stock of the house.

Mrs. Graves. She left that to Mint.

Hattie. The mean old thing! Why, Mint was perfectly devoted to her. Is that all she left her?

Mrs. Graves. That's all!

Hattie. Well, I'll never believe in gratitude again. I thought she would leave Mint a hundred dollars at least.

Mrs. Graves. We have no more time to stand here talking, Hattie. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford go back to town this afternoon, and we must get ready to shut up the house to-morrow.

Hattie. Come, then, we have no time to lose.

Ezeunt MRS. GRAVES and HATTIE.

After a moment's pause. Enter HERBERT and HELEN.

Helen. But are you sure, Herbert, she had so much money with her?

Herbert. Don't I tell you I drew it out of bank myself a few days before we came here, and bought ten thousand dollars' worth of Government bonds, and ten thousand dollars' worth of large notes.

Helen. But, Herbert, what could she have done with it?

Herbert. It must be in her trunks, somewhere.

Helen. It is not in her room. I have searched every corner, opened every article of dress, ransacked all her pockets, unfolded every scrap of paper. There is no money there, except about two hundred dollars in her pocket-book.

Herbert. Then where is it?

Helen. She must have invested it somewhere before she left town.

Herbert. Nonsense! Did not I transact all her business for her? No, it has been stolen, and I'll have this house searched before I leave it.

Enter MRS. GRAVES, in time to hear the last speech.

Mrs. Graves. (*Angrily.*) Have my house searched, indeed! Pray, may I inquire what you have lost, sir?

Herbert. We have lost twenty thousand dollars in Government bonds and thousand dollar notes.

Mrs. Graves. Mercy on me!

Enter MINT, hugging MISS MELINDA's waterfall, followed by HATTIE, laughing at her.

Mint. (*Sobbing.*) 'Tain't no good pokin' fun at me, Missee Hattie. I done loved her, I did, an' I 'se a poor missable, forlornity nigga', now

she's gone to glory. Oh! oh! oh! wish't I was dead, too!

Hattie. Did you ever see such a time, hugging that old waterfall as if it was a box of jewels? Pretty pay that is!

Mint. Didn't want no pay, I didn't! Many's de time I've histed dis yere off her poor achey head, an' I'll never gib it to nobody till I dies.

Herbert. Mint!

Mint. Yes, Marse Crawford'.

Herbert. Stop that howling, and answer some questions for me.

Mint. Yes, Marse Crawford'.

Herbert. When you were alone in the room with my aunt, did you ever see her put away money or papers?

Mint. Heaps o' times, Marse Crawford'.

Herbert. Where did she put them?

Mint. She done put de papers in dat ar big desk long side de winder, and de money in dat little velvety portemonkey in de brewreau drawer.

Herbert. Nowhere else?

Mint. Never seed her put none nowhere's else atop of dis 'varsal airth. She allers done put 'em jes dar.

Helen. Are you sure, Mint?

Mint. Sure, for true, certain.

Herbert. Did she ever give you any money, Mint?

Mint. Nebber, sure's I'm a born nigga. She done promised to think of me if she got well, but she (*breaks out sobbing*) done died dead afore she ever 'covered her health, spite de good nussin' dis chile 'stowed 'pon her day an' night.

Hattie. Well, then, Mint, stop blubbering, and try on your new waterfall.

Mint. (*Griming.*) You g'long, Missee Hattie. Waterfall'd look pretty for sure 'long of my black wool.

Hattie. Oh! put it on.

Helen. Herbert, we must find that money.

Hattie. Come, Mint. Here, I'll pin it on for you.

Mint. No, no. You shan't touch it. You jes keep your hands to yourself, Missee Hattie.

Hattie. Let me see it.

(*HATTIE attempts to take the waterfall, MINT resisting her and holding it fast. In the struggle it is torn in two, and a number of folded papers fall out of it on the floor.*)

Hattie. (*Picking up the papers.*) Hullo! what are these? (*Opens one.*) A thousand dollar note! (*Opens another.*) A government bond for five thousand dollars!

Herbert. What do you say? Let me see!

Hattie. No, let Mint take them. (*Gives the papers to MINT.*) You are a rich girl, Araminta.

Helen. That is where she put the twenty thousand dollars.

Herbert. We were idiots not to examine it before we gave it to Mint.

Mint. (*Who has been examining the papers.*) Is dey all money, Missee Hattie?

Hattie. Yes, Mint. There is money enough there to keep you in comfort all the rest of your life.

Mint. Ki! y! Specs dis darky lie abed snorey in de mornin' now.

Hattie. You must find some gentleman who will tell you how to take care of it, Mint.

Herbert. I will take care of it for you, Mint.

Mint. Specs not, Marse Crawford'. Tain't to be spected folks dat 'lected and slighted dere own aunt's goin' to be speshunially good to a poor nigga gal.

Hattie. But who will advise you, Mint?

Mint. Marse Smiff, whar I live 'fore I come here. He was allers good to me. Reckon he'll tell me 'bout dese yere papers.

Helen. I declare it is too much to endure!

Mint. Don't 'dure it den. Dat's my 'vise to you, honey.

Mrs. Graves. (*Sarcastically.*) I hope you are convinced now, Mr. Crawford, that your missing money was not stolen.

Herbert. (*Angrily.*) Come, Helen, we may as well pack up and return to town.

[*Exeunt HERBERT and HELEN.*]

Mrs. Graves. Hattie, we must go, too.

[*Exeunt MRS. GRAVES and HATTIE.*]

Mint. Specs I'll have to go, too, 'long of de rest. Jest to think, all dis yere's money! What on de 'varsal airth'll I do with it till I've 'sulted with Marse Smiff. Never had a portemonkey in all my days. Allers kep my wages in an ole stockin'. Land! I know. I'll jes stuff the whole 'cumerlashun of papers back here in Missee Lindy's ole waterfall.

[*Curtain falls.*]

DIVERSIONS.—Of all the diversions of life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty spaces as the reading of useful and entertaining authors; and, with that, the conversation of a well-chosen friend.—*Spectator.*

A CHEERFUL TEMPER, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.—*Addison.*

THE origin of all mankind was the same; it is only a clear and a good conscience that makes a man noble; for that is derived from Heaven itself. It was the saying of a great man that if we could trace our descents, we should find all slaves to come from princes, and all princes from slaves; and fortune has turned all things topsy-turvy in a long series of revolutions; besides, for a man to spend his life in pursuit of a title, that serves only when he dies to furnish out an epitaph, is below a wise man's business.—*Seneca.*

THE LADIES' MEDICAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

BY MRS. HALE.

THE truism, so often repeated, that this is an age of progress, does not mean that good can be obtained without effort. Earnest work and patient waiting seem necessary before faith, hope, and love, eliminating the wrong from the right, can elevate moral sentiment to sustain the latter, and thus make the progress of humanity, like the quality of mercy, twice blest.

The readers of the *LADY'S BOOK* will, we hope, recollect the announcement that the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania was established in 1849. At that time we were preparing a work, "Woman's Record, a Biographical Dictionary of Distinguished Women." Two important matters had been pressed upon our attention in the course of our labors. One was the miserable condition of heathen women, who seemed to be without hope in the world, dead while they lived; and the other, the wrong to Christian women, especially those of the Anglo-Saxon race, in being excluded from one of their own special duties, that of Midwifery. The founding of this Medical College for the sex suggested the idea that single ladies could become Medical Missionaries, and thus bear to the perishing heathen at once the light of the blessed Gospel for their minds, and the healing of disease to their bodies.

To carry out these ideas, we consulted with those who had faith in God and sympathy with missions, men and women who were esteemed for good works. Encouraged by their approval, we formed, in December, 1851, a constitution with the following preamble:—

"Believing that God, in committing the care of the young especially to woman, imposes on her the duty of preparing herself, in the best possible manner, for her important vocations, among which are the care of her own health, the physical well-being of her children, and tendance on the sick, suffering, and helpless; and finding, also, that the BIBLE recognizes and approves *only woman* in the sacred office of *midwife*, therefore we, who give our names to this benevolent association, agree to unite in the following purposes:—

"1st. To co-operate with the efforts now being made in this city of Philadelphia, to qualify women to become physicians for their own sex and for children.

"2d. To give kindly encouragement to those women who are engaged in medical studies.

"3d. To give aid and sympathy to any among them who may desire to become Missionaries, and go, in the spirit of love, to carry to the poor, suffering women of heathendom, not only the blessings of the healing art, which Christian men can rarely, if ever, bear to women in those lands, but also the higher and holier knowledge of the true God, and of salvation through his Son, Jesus Christ."

Thus was formed the

PENNSYLVANIA LADIES' MEDICAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The official Board had the following named ladies as

MANAGERS.

MRS. SARAH J. HALE, *Episcopalian*.
 MRS. MARIA WOOD, *Presbyterian*.
 MRS. D. B. HINMAN, *Baptist*.
 MRS. JOHN P. DURBIN, *Methodist*.
 MRS. CHARLES GIBBONS, *Friend*.
 MRS. W. S. ROBERTS, *Baptist*.
 MRS. T. A. STROUD, *Methodist*.
 MRS. E. D. WHITNEY, *Dutch Reformed*.
 MRS. SARAH PETER, *Episcopalian*.

President, MRS. THOMAS WOOD.
Secretary, MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

We then laid the Constitution and plan of the Society before clergymen of various denominations that their approval might be obtained, and that we might appeal to the public with the sanction of their names.

The Rev. Dr. Malcom (Baptist), who has visited the East, and knows the wants of Missions, gave the plan his warmest approbation.

Rev. Dr. Durbin (Methodist), in his letter to the authoress of this Appeal, after expressing his sympathy with the movement to educate women physicians to take charge of their own sex and of children, adds, "If I were stationed in this city, I would give the effort my personal aid; now I send my own name, and that of Mrs. Durbin, as members of your Society."

Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter (Episcopalian), in his letter, thus nobly cheers us on our way: "The importance of securing for women a larger sphere of usefulness, and the especial propriety and desirableness of qualifying them to practise the healing art among children and those of their own sex, will be admitted, I should hope, by all persons. If there are those, however, who think otherwise, I certainly am not of the number, and I shall rejoice heartily in the success of every effort which is calculated to promote such object."

Rev. Charles Wadsworth (Presbyterian), after observing that he had "long entertained the opinion that Medical Science should, in all cases, form part of a woman's education," etc., thus concludes: "The design of the *Ladies' Medical Missionary Society* seems to me truly benevolent, and its constitution eminently wise. I need not say that it has my most cordial wishes for its entire success, and that I shall rejoice to be able in any way to further your wishes in a cause so good."

Rev. Dr. Stevens (Episcopalian), now Bishop of Pennsylvania, who was for some years a physician, thus sanctions our plan: "Whatever will tend to give true, Christian elevation to woman, whatever will enlarge the sphere of her legitimate influence, whatever will give her more efficiency in raising her sex in heathen lands, and in spreading among them the life-giving truths of the glorious Gospel, is worthy of the attention and co-operation of all those who have at heart the true welfare of our race. 'The Ladies' Medical Missionary Society' aims to secure all these points, and is therefore deserving the support and encouragement of the Christian community."

In March, 1852, "An Appeal to American Christians" on behalf of this Society appeared

in the *LADY'S BOOK*. It was kindly received by our host of readers, and responded to from almost every section of our wide land. The appeal was also noticed with commendation by many editors, who gave extracts, or reprinted our entire article in their journals. It was also republished in England, and circulated on the Continent. In short, our idea of training women to become physicians for their own sex and for children, and thus to be employed as Missionaries, was made known to hundreds of thousands who had never before considered its possibility or its importance.

In the following year, June, 1853, we published a second article in the *LADY'S BOOK*—"Doings of the Ladies' Medical Missionary Society." Two beneficiaries had been received, and had entered on their college studies: Miss Elizabeth G. Shattuck (Baptist), commended to us by Rev. A. D. Gillette, and Miss Mary J. F. Thayer (Congregational), commended by Rev. S. B. Treat, Secretary of the American Board of Commission for Foreign Missions. A third beneficiary was admitted—Miss Emeline Horton (Presbyterian), and we had been cheered by many tokens of public approval. No direct effort had been made to obtain subscriptions. The ladies most devoted to the cause hoped that the different Missionary Boards would take up the task of sending out and sustaining our missionaries. We had sought to open the way by gathering facts and diffusing information to show the need of this new aid in the conversion of heathen households to the Christian faith.

Our appeal had been widely circulated, and brought us a multitude of letters. Nearly all were encouraging as well as kind. We could fill a dozen pages with quotations from the letters of eminent clergymen and men of other professions, whom we had scarcely expected so frankly to approve. The following extracts are selected:—

From Rev. Howard Malcom, D. D.

Among the movements of the age denoting progress as well as philanthropy, the Ladies' Medical Missionary Society is one of the clear and strong indications.

"There can be no good reason for shutting the door against women becoming qualified to treat many diseases of women and children, and especially to preside at childbirth. Indeed, it seems as if we had gone backward in this matter. Among polished nations of antiquity, such as the Egyptians, women were the midwives and physicians as well as nurses. Inoculation is said to have been a discovery, or rather invention, of Turkish women; and a woman introduced it into Europe.

"Certainly a qualified feminine physician and surgeon could, as a missionary to the East, find access to harems and houses, where else there seems no chance to introduce Christianity."

From Rev. Robert Baird, D. D. (Deceased.)

"Most willingly I add my humble testimony

to the nature of the noble enterprise on which you have entered. It is a most happy conception, this, of preparing Christian women to be useful as physicians to children and women in heathen lands. What a field of usefulness it opens!—so vast, so appropriate to pious ladies! Nor is the projected work less important for our own country. It is certainly no proof of advancing civilization among us, that men physicians are so often employed in cases where women should be. It is indeed time that this subject should be brought before the good people of this country. Feminine physicians are much more employed in many countries in Europe, among children and their own sex, than with us. Institutions in which women may receive a proper training, both as to medical science and the best treatment of the sick, are common on the Continent. It is high time we had such among us."

From Rev. L. S. Hamline, Bishop of the M. E. C.

"My feeble health forbids my enlarging, but I have great satisfaction in expressing my cordial approval of the three special objects for which the 'Appeal' announces your Association is formed—of the mode by which you propose to accomplish its aims, and of the arguments by which your noble enterprise is vindicated and commended to public favor. So far as my health and consequent retirement enable me, I certainly will 'encourage' your benevolent labors, and trust the favor of Providence will crown the efforts of the Society with success."

From Rev. A. A. Wilkits, Pastor of the First R. D. Church, Philadelphia.

"In answer to your 'Appeal,' I would say, that the idea of medically educating women has had for a long time my sympathy and admiration. I conceive its practical realization will confer immense benefit to society, and it ought to have the aid and comfort of every friend of humanity.

"The connection of this idea with the cause of missions is a new and very pleasing aspect of the subject, to my mind. It must, most certainly, commend itself to the head and heart of every friend of missions who will give it consideration. I look upon your organization as a noble step in the path of progress, and most heartily wish it God-speed."

From Rev. B. B. Smith, Bishop of Kentucky.

"My various relations as Pastor and Teacher have impressed me very profoundly with a sense of the importance of imparting to every well-educated mother a competent knowledge of the physical constitution of children. The laws of hygiene are next in importance to the laws of a higher life. I can easily conceive the intimate relation between a very superior medical education, imparted to a few favored ladies, for professional purposes, and its more general diffusion through all the educated classes, and ultimately through all ranks of life. I am fully persuaded that the time is near at hand when, except in extreme cases, the offices of ladies alone will be tolerated by ladies of the highest refinement, and, of course, midwives must be educated and skilful, as well as kind-hearted. May the blessings of Almighty Providence attend your efforts!"

From Rev. Wm. Neill, late President of Dickinson College, Carlisle.

"I have read your 'Appeal on behalf of the

Medical Missionary Association,' and very cordially bid you God-speed in the noble design. In so far as you can qualify women, married or maiden, for service in the missionary cause, you will serve the cause of God and humanity. I am also of opinion that the duties of midwifery would be better performed by well qualified women than they can, ordinarily, be by men."

From Rev. Wm. Hosmer, Editor of the Northern Christian Advocate.

"Your idea of educating women as physicians for Foreign Missions, is most admirable. It will be popular, and do immense good. But what is the import of such a step? Does it not say that our customs, in regard to the medical treatment of women, are so vile that even the most degraded heathen spurns them? When your sex rise up with indignation against the abominations to which they are now subjected by the Faculty, the Faculty will stand aloof, and leave to woman the sanctity which belongs to her."

Public opinion seemed warmly favorable to the plan. The young women graduated with honor to the College and to their own abilities. But the obstacle to sending them arose from the heathen people, who, as the Foreign Mission Boards feared, were not ready for such an innovation. A letter of 1852:—

From Rt. Rev. Bishop Boone, Shanghai, China.

"All the ladies of the Mission have read your letter and circular, and I have consulted particularly with the more experienced of them. They all agree in the opinion that no single lady could sustain the position here of a medical practitioner among the Chinese women and children from house to house. She would most probably meet with such taunts and insults as would put an end to her going from house to house."

True, there were other foreign missionaries who expressed a stronger hope; both letters were dated in 1852:—

From Rev. H. G. O. Dwight, American Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., at Constantinople.

"I may be too sanguine, but it is my present belief that a well-taught feminine physician in this place would find access to the families of all classes of the people, not excepting the Mohammedans; and she would not find time to attend to one-quarter of the calls that would be made upon her professional services. If, now, in connection with her medical knowledge and experience, she possessed the love of Christ, and the zeal of Christ for the maladies of the soul, how unlimited would be her opportunities for doing good! She would gain access where the missionary never can go, and access, too, to that portion of the community which greatly influences all the rest; for even in Turkey, where woman is so degraded, she still wields a mighty influence in society. For here, as everywhere else, it is true that those who stamp the character of the nursery stamp the character of the nation."

We found the American Foreign Mission Board inclined to Bishop Boone's opinion that serious disturbances might result to the Missions in India and China from the attempt to send out single ladies as physicians for women

and children. The Boards declined to take the responsibility of sending our missionaries abroad; but Miss Thayer was employed to take charge of a school for Indian girls at the Tuscarora Mission.

The other two beneficiaries did not go out. Miss Shattuck was admitted to the Blockley Hospital as an assistant physician, where she continued to serve with the esteem of all who knew her. She had rare abilities for her office, and such abiding faith that she should finally be allowed to go on her Medical Mission to Burmah, where so many Baptist women have proved their usefulness, that she would never enter on her profession as a doctress here. But she was about to be appointed Resident Physician at Vassar College when she died of a malignant fever taken from sick patients, whom she would not leave in the hour of need. She was faithful in all her duties, and her premature decease was deeply mourned.

Miss Emeline Horton was married to the Rev. Mr. Cleveland. They were about to go out as Missionaries, when a severe illness so injured his constitution that he has never since been able to preach. Mrs. Cleveland is now Professor in the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. This College was opened in Philadelphia in 1849. Since then it has struggled on with varying fortune, but always with usefulness and credit. A recent donation from the late Isaac Barton, amounting to sixty thousand dollars, has largely increased its opportunities of doing good. It is presided over by Mrs. Cleveland and others, ladies of distinguished ability and cultivation, who have won for the institution the thorough confidence of the public. Ladies preparing to be Missionaries will find in this College the best opportunities that the world can offer them.

As the Boards declined to send out our Missionaries, the plan was for a time given up. But another hope came after several years waiting. The wife of the Rev. Dr. Mason, a Baptist Missionary in Burmah, returned to this country with a new plan of teaching heathen women. This was by the "Woman's Union Missionary Society of America for Heathen Lands." We saw that this association, if successful, would in time give opportunity for sending out single ladies as Medical Missionaries, and we gave to Mrs. Mason our aid in forming the Philadelphia Branch of this Society. It was organized in May, 1861. The New York Society had been formed a few months earlier. We have no space in this article to give an adequate idea of the marvellous success of this effort to evangelize heathen women. We would refer our readers to the "Reports" of the Societies, and to their general organ, "The Missionary Link."

We make no boast of our own doings, but God's time had come for the enlightenment of heathen women, and His blessing rested on our work. We give a short extract from a letter

of Miss Brittan, an American lady, who has been for six years the zenana teacher in Calcutta:—

"The Missionaries, who have been laboring for the last fifty years in India, were never able to gain access to these prisoners, but they prepared the way for us. They taught the gentlemen, and, by the Christian knowledge they imparted, have shaken to its very foundation the whole structure of heathenism, so that gradually one superstition after another has been thrown away, and now gentlemen of the highest castes are desirous that the blessing of Christian civilization should be extended to them, and even to their women, that their nation may arise to take its true position among the enlightened nations of the earth."

An extract from a speech of Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on our seventh anniversary, thus sums up the results of our Mission at home and abroad:—

"This Society has been in the field but a few years, and on this Seventh Anniversary you come, not with lamentation and sorrow, but with lessons of glorious deeds. From every open door come glad tidings of rejoicing, crowding to you from all lands whither your Missionaries have gone. They send back word that 'the fields are white, and the harvest is ready.' They ask for more laborers and more means. The work there stimulates the work here. Oh, may the sunshine of Christianity pour into every hamlet and every home in India; and may the women, ay, and the men, break from their bondage into the light of holiness! I congratulate you, Christian ladies, on the success of your Society."

Our Philadelphia Branch had chiefly directed its efforts to the support of native Bible-women, and of schools for native girls, though we also assisted in zenana teaching. Now, it seems that the time has come for medical ladies to be sent out as healers and teachers in the homes of the awakened and expecting heathen. The way is open. In Burmah, India, and China we are called to meet their needs. We give an extract from a letter of Mrs. Thomas, wife of the Missionary in charge of the Girl's Orphanage in Bareilly, Northern India. After dwelling upon the pressing necessity of a Medical Missionary to instruct the pupils, and practise among the natives, she says:—

"Since last December we have been visited by at least three wealthy native gentlemen. One of them offered to build a small hospital here, on the mission premises, for the use of the class, and to receive patients when it was necessary to have them under immediate supervision. Doubtless these gentlemen would subscribe largely for books, charts, etc. They are quite ready to take upon themselves the support of such girls as may enter the class, while they are going through the course. Gunga Pashad told me it would be one of the noblest and best works we could enter upon. He said it would open the doors of the zenanas to us as nothing else would. Besides this, said he, you will save thousands of lives that are now sacrificed through the ignorant and bad practice of native doctors. Now, I see no way of having this class of native girls properly instructed except

by a lady; and you will see at once that a full-fledged Medical Missionary lady is what we want as soon as possible, here in the Girl's Orphanage. I ought to have made this appeal two years ago. Do you think the Women's Union Missionary Society, to which you belong, would help us by sending out the doctress if one could be found willing to come? I am sure that in addition to teaching this class, she would find plenty of practice among the native Christians and among zenana women in the city; and her pupils could attend her at these places, as soon as they are in any way competent, and so acquire the practice as well as the theory of medicine."

We immediately made arrangements with a lady—Miss Clara Swain, M. D.—eminently fitted for this important post; pious, faithful, and thoroughly educated in her profession. She was to go out with Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Gracey, who are stationed at Lucknow, and have the orphanage at Bareilly under their care; but the ladies of the Methodist Church, to which Miss Swain belonged, had formed a society to co-operate with the Methodist Mission Board, and claimed the privilege of sending out Miss Swain and supporting her. She sailed last November, and has now probably opened her Medical School, the first ever taught by a woman in Asia. Thus our long cherished hope has been fulfilled. We quote a few words from the pen of Dr. Parker, to show the feeling which exists through Hindoostan and Burmah, and, to some extent, even in China:—

"The demand for Medical Missionaries is great. The heathen call for them, and woman's missionary societies are ready to send them out, but where are the qualified laborers? Devoted Christian ladies must be educated for this work, and other devoted ladies must aid them with the necessary means."

We have made great progress during the last twenty years in the unification of nations. China, in particular, after an isolation of thousands of years, has been thrown open in a measure to European enterprise. But all that has been done has not reached the heart of the matter. After a century of British rule, the Hindoos and Mahometans of India keep up their social and religious barriers against the white intruders with unrelenting severity, and the empire of the superior race is maintained through strength alone. The only effectual conquest is that which shall be won in the homes of the people, and shall bind their hearts to the victors. Let the women of India be civilized and made Christian, and the very root of disunion will be torn up. And how better can the work be done than by the Christian Doctress? She has access to the innermost recesses of heathen homes; she has the reverence which all Eastern nations pay to medical knowledge; she has the natural kindness felt by men for women. If India and China are to take their place by the side of Europe and America, in this way only can it be done.

TREHERNE'S ROSE.

BY LOUISE BARTON.

It was that loveliest hour of early autumn, when it is not yet sunset, but the shadows fall with longer sweep, the cloudless skies are glowing with a mellow sapphire, and the freshening breeze just stirs the tree-tops in the park with a rustle as of the approach of evening. It is an overgrown, neglected spot—so broken in upon by undergrowth, that it might seem a stretch of unkempt wildwood, filling the low-lying hollow between the rambling old ivy-grown grange upon the hill and the sea, blue and golden still, that swept away beyond the wood. An avenue once crossed this deepest glade, but now the untrained growth of a dozen years had wandered at will into and across the road, and so left but an irregular bridle-path. Along this, on that autumn evening, was sauntering a man not far upon the sunny side of middle age, if one judged from the thread or two of gray in the dark hair, and the lines of care in the face, which, if not handsome, was such as impressed even a casual observer with its thoughtful power and character. If one judged from the athletic figure, full of strength and vigor, one might perhaps strike off some years from the first impression of his age; and yet there was that about the firm-set mouth and the keen gray eyes which seemed to have little fellowship with the sunny side of anything. He certainly had chosen a gloomy walk enough. He loitered on among the gathering shades, his gaze fixed absently upon the fallen leaves, which now and then he tossed from out his path with a twirl of his stout cane.

The wood had been very still as he went idly on. The rustle of the foliage, which makes loudest stir when falling into decay, the twittering of nest-bound birds, the hoarse caw of the ravens swooping overhead toward their ancestral oaks about the grange, and here and there the patter of a nut dropped by a squirrel, or shaken off in the light breeze, were all the sounds that reached his ears. But as he neared a cross-road through the wood, or rather a mere path which formed a short cut through his lands to a village which lay beyond them, the sound of hoofs caught his attention. With an impatient shrug he left the path and struck into the copse, which was here only dense enough to serve as a screen, not a barrier.

Returned but yesterday, after an absence of a dozen years, he did not care to encounter any chance acquaintance. All ties of neighborhood had been too rudely snapped asunder long since, when he had gone away into exile, for him to hope or even to wish to join them ever again. The rending had been fiercely painful at the time—had been cruelly felt, even through an anguish keener beyond all comparison. But the pang of that rending was over now. It had been a sharp lesson, but it had been learned in

early manhood, that it was possible to stand alone, without one friend, and with the stain of blackest calumny upon his name, and yet to stand, not falling into the shame and degradation which all who knew him believed to be his.

Ralph Treherne's whole life had been overshadowed by one hour, and that hour was that which made him the master of the grange. Treherne Grange with its lands was an entailed estate, and Ralph being the son of a younger son, had, in childhood, been left by his father's death a pensioner upon his uncle. The elder Treherne was a rough man, and of a savage temper when roused, as not seldom happened, by wine. He was of the hard-riding, fox-hunting type of squire, and, under his bachelor rule, the old halls of the grange were sunk in dull and gloomy silence, broken only by carousals. It might have been imagined that Ralph, his heir, would have grown to the same stature of manhood, with mind and principles dwarfed in such an atmosphere. But whether it were that in his memory some breath of the earlier life yet lingered, and made him revolt against that which encompassed him—certain it is, that as he emerged from mere boyhood, he drew more and more aloof from the old squire, his boon companions and surroundings. Compassion for the lad, and kindly remembrance of his father, and the days when Treherne Grange was under fairer auspices, induced some one or two of the country families, friends of the Trehernes in former times, to take him by the hand. Of course there were prejudices against him to be overcome—for what that was good could in these latter days come out of Treherne Grange? But in his frank straightforwardness he was fast overcoming them, and making his own way, when, in the midst of all, he fell in love.

Now, it so happened that the Dacres had been the first, years ago, to turn the cold shoulder upon the Treherne Grange proceedings. Therefore, the elder Treherne, who bore no good-will to his equals and censors in the neighborhood generally, kept the fiercest of his enmity for this one family. His rage was beyond bounds when some of his satellites reported on the visits of his nephew; and there was no gentle scene between them in the presence of more than one witness, ending in the uncle's throwing a glass of wine in the young man's face, and taunting him with being a milk-sop like that white-livered Dacre brood. Young Treherne, stung to the quick, flung himself on his horse, and rode straight from his uncle's presence to that of his lady love. Pretty Ellen Dacre was not one to soothe his angry mood, but, rather, grew alarmed at his vehemence and incoherent words of rage. As he rode up she was sauntering along, gathering roses on the lawn, which overhung the sea, and which could be seen in full view from Treherne Grange. She had half shrunk from him as he grasped

both her hands, and bade her vow nothing should part them—nothing that his uncle could say to her father. She had obeyed. And then as he grew calmer, she had paced the terrace, to and fro, leaning upon his arm; and at parting had fastened a rose on his coat, playfully declaring that she would be true as long as it should live. Her words were verified. Two hours later there was the report of a gun above Treherne Park, where Gilbert Treherne and his friends were shooting, the hill round which wound the bridle-path from Dacre Hall. One of the sportsmen coming up, found Gilbert Treherne fallen on his face full length upon the ground, while his nephew, stooping beside him, raised the body, which proved to be shot through the heart. In vain the young man explained that he had only hurried to the spot on hearing the shot, and that the gun must have gone off accidentally in his uncle's hold. The bystanders had witnessed the morning's altercation—and Ralph was the heir. Appearances were too strong for him. Nothing could be proven in his favor by the position of the gun, for he had thrown it out of his way on springing from his horse to his uncle's aid. And although nothing could be proven legally against him, yet public opinion, even among those who heretofore most warmly had befriended him, now condemned him. Mr. Dacre, on the morning after Treherne's release from prison, passed him by without a bow; and Ellen sent him not a word. He faced the frown of his little world, until some later nine-days' wonder made him half forgotten; and then he left the country, and had only yesterday returned.

No wonder, then, that though he dared boldly meet any man's glance, he did not care to encounter the gaze of curiosity which would be his only welcome home. And so he drew apart, while the hoof-beats approached nearer and nearer. He did not intend to conceal himself, however, merely to avoid being in the direct path of the riders, for two he presently saw they were. They came on at a canter—a stripling and a girl hardly more than a year or two older. Treherne set his teeth together as she rode past, without a glance for the man making his way there through the undergrowth, who, in his velveteen coat and slouched hat, might have been the keeper. But he looked long and hard at her. Every movement of the girlish figure resting in such unconscious grace in the saddle—the massy, half-curling knot of golden hair, the dazzling white and rose tints of the face, half shaded by the black plume of her riding-hat; the very smile with which she turned to her companion, were Ellen Dacre's.

Treherne breathed more lightly as she passed him, and the next moment half smiled to himself. Of course it was not Ellen Dacre. The thirteen years which told so wearily on him, could not have left her quite the same. It must be one of the sisters—Lucy, Rosamund—

yes, little Rosamund must be quite seventeen now; and Guy—that lad was tiny toddling Guy.

He had been moved by the rush of memories which the fancied presence of Ellen Dacre brought. But not one lingering breath of the old love had been among them. Anger, scorn, impatience at the cloud which overhung his life, had pressed home to him. But his boyish love had died out long ago. Not because she gave him up. From the very moment when he saw his name could not be cleared, he determined that she should not bear it with the shame that clung to it. If she had sent to him to come to her but once—had said her father's will stood now between them—or had even said that she was only a girl, not strong enough to take the burden of the world's contempt upon her shoulders, or if she had merely written him one line—the simple word farewell—he could have kept his first sweet memories of her, he might have loved her to this day, or at least could not have distrusted all women for her sake. It was long since he had thought of her before, and he strode out with these bitter recollections thronging on him. When on a sudden a loud shriek broke the calm of the air, and, as he sprang forward into the road again, a riderless horse dashed past him.

One instant and he had gained the turn of the road, and was stooping there, lifting the fair head upon his arm, with a shuddering recollection of another whom he had thus supported in this very park. He clasped the cold, limp hands, while Guy stood by in helpless horror, for it was he who had caused the accident by some mad prank which terrified her horse. Treherne directed him to a brook which bubbled by, from which he brought water in his cap, and then the boy was dispatched to the grange for aid. Very soon a rude litter was arranged, and the unconscious girl borne to the house, while Guy rode off for his mother, since to remove Rosamund that night was out of the question. Out of the question for that night and for many more. Blank as little Mrs. Dacre looked at the prospect, there was nothing for it but to prepare for a lengthened reception of the hospitalities of Treherne Grange. The shock to Rosamund had been so severe that for weeks she hovered between life and death.

Treherne Grange appeared to have no master in those days, or rather to have an invisible one; for surely some ruling spirit so ordered all that Mrs. Dacre found her every need anticipated, and the way was smoothed for Mr. Dacre and for Guy—poor Guy, who lurked along the corridors, and dogged the doctor's every step. Treherne was seldom or never to be met with after Mr. Dacre's first visit, when the host had placed Treherne Grange at Mr. Dacre's command as earnestly as under the circumstances an utter stranger must have done. But Guy, of whom no one else had time to

think, touched to the quick the sympathies of the man who had not forgotten those days of his own youth, when he first felt himself an outsider to every one. No woman could have listened more patiently to the boyish lamentations and outpourings concerning the only home sister—for Lucy was dead, and Ellen long since married. Treherne's gloomy library was the one spot where a gleam of light came into the lad's heart on those unutterably dark days.

This morning was darker than all that went before. Not that Rosamund was now in danger—she was even gaining in strength—but more than one eminent surgeon had just met in consultation, and, as they drove away again, Guy, who had been lying in wait for them for hours on the stairs, rushed past Treherne, shaking off the kind hand laid upon his shoulder.

Treherne did not follow as the boy rushed down the steps and out into the wood. He merely stood and looked after him. His heart knew its own bitterness too well not to fathom this. "Best leave him to himself till the first pang is over," he said, and shut himself up in the library, thinking far more of the brother's pain than of the sister, who perhaps lay dying. A hard world had not so deadened his sympathies that he could turn to his usual friends, his books, with any zest now. He was idly walking up and down the room, when there came a tap at his door. He gave a careless "Come in," but started when Mrs. Dacre stood upon the threshold.

She paused there, putting her hands out as if blindly reaching for support. Her face was stained with weeping, and lines of care had graven deeply the fair face once so like Ellen's. Against this woman Treherne had felt even more anger than against the girl who had played him false, anger which he had never borne for Mr. Dacre, who had merely had a surface knowledge of him, while this woman had been his friend in all his troubles till that last, and therefore should have understood him better than to have believed him guilty of that crime. But now he forgot all this. He went to the grief-stricken mother, and she clasped her hands over his arm, and waited a moment, struggling for composure. Then she said, sobbingly:—

"Rosamund has begged to see you, Ralph Treherne."

How long since anyone had called him Ralph. That word, if possible, warmed him more to her, and he gave his arm as they went up stairs together. But, when she would have entered with him to Rosamund, she burst into such a passion of weeping, that she could only sign to him to pass in alone, while she went away to her own chamber.

Treherne opened the door, expecting to see a shaded room and a perhaps dying girl, for that there was fresh cause for distress he knew.

But, to his astonishment, sunbeams danced in brokenly through the ivy drooping round the windows, and flitted even to the sofa, where she was lying propped on pillows. Her blue wrapper made her pallor yet more evident, while it brightened the clustering rings of golden hair, for the wealth of coiling tresses was gone. The voice, though faint, was cheerful which bade him good-morning, and a little hand was stretched out for his.

"I was hardly prepared to see you so well, Miss Dacre," he said, as he took the chair beside her.

"Where is Guy, Mr. Treherne?" she asked, abruptly.

"Guy? He wandered out into the park some time ago," was Treherne's answer.

"They won't let me see him, yet, Mr. Treherne. He told mamma you were so good to him. Oh! would you keep him with you as much as possible, and let no one but yourself tell him!"—

"Tell him what?" he asked, bending toward her with a pitying impulse, for the pale lip began to quiver, and two large tears coursed slowly down her white cheeks.

"Tell him—I shall be a cripple always—I shall never walk again."

What could he say? But there was no need to soothe her with words of compassion; for she brushed the two tears hastily away, and no others came to take their place. She went on, bravely:—

"Don't look as if you were so sorry for me. I am so glad, so glad I am not to die. And it would have been so hard for Guy. It was not his fault, you know, but he thinks it was, that Shekla threw me. He will miss me in his rides, but still there is a great deal of happiness in living, Mr. Treherne. He will see that after the first shock is over."

"You will help him to bear up, I see," Treherne said, looking at her cordially. "You are a generous little maiden. You will not forget that he is even a greater sufferer than you."

"Indeed, he is. And this is why I sent for you, Mr. Treherne. My father feels the blow so much for me that he cannot be quite just to Guy, and mamma is so wretched that the sight of her grief will but make the poor boy more unhappy yet. Oh! if I could but see him for a moment. They are all mistaken when they say it would do me harm. If I could but see him, I could make him see that I can bear it very well, can bear everything but having him so miserable. But you will tell him, Mr. Treherne—you will find him now, at once, and comfort him?"

He rose. "I will tell him," he said, lifting the wasted hand reverently to his lips, "that he has no right to be miserable when an angel is left to him on earth."

A lovely color flushed her pallid face, and she followed him with her eyes as he turned

toward the door. But, when he had reached it, she spoke his name again. "This time I have a very unangelic request," she said, lightly. "I do want so much to look at myself. Won't you bring me that small hand-glass yonder?" Then, observing his glance of astonishment, she added: "I suppose mamma and my nurse think my face will frighten myself; they put me off every time I have asked for a peep into the mirror. Please let me have one, or I shall be fancying I am wrinkled and marked with smallpox and quite gray. They have cut my hair off I know; Guy used to like my hair."

Treherne obeyed. With childlike eagerness she gazed into the glass as he held it for her. He was beginning to think the face reflected there, wan as it was, was lovelier than anything on earth. But she turned her head away, and hid her eyes upon the pillow.

"Don't let him know how I look, Mr. Treherne. Perhaps I won't be quite so ugly when he is allowed to see me. And you will come and tell me about him, won't you? And—and I should like to see you again for yourself—you have been so kind to us all," she added, timidly, looking up at him with dewy eyes once more. "I'm afraid you won't get rid of me for some time yet. The surgeons say I must not move."

It was some time—for weeks did she remain a prisoner at the grange. Treherne still maintained the course which had been his from the beginning, therefore they met but rarely. Yet he was fast learning to watch for the occasional interview brought about by Guy; or for the bow and smile from the latticed window as he rode by for it. She was fast becoming the rose of the world to Treherne. The first rose which he had worn was bright and glowing, but it withered in the hour of his trial. The second was but pale and fragile, and he could not hope to wear it, yet it breathed a sweetness over his life which he had not thought that life could know again.

So time wore on, and Rosamund was to-day to leave Treherne Grange. She had now first ventured down stairs, leaning on Guy's arm, for the boy could not bear that she should use a crutch. As they paced the terrace for a few yards, Guy stopped his sister, earnestly:—

"Rosy," he began, then faltered as the pale face was uplifted, and he saw how inappropriate the pet name had become.

"Your white rose," she said, softly, with a smile; "what does Guy want with her?"

"No one has been near Mr. Treherne, Rosy, and I think it would be but kind in you to stop in the library and say good-by."

"But would he like it?"

"That I am sure he would."

They passed at once into the hall, and Rosamund tapped at the library door. There came no response.

"He must be out," her brother said. "What if you were to rest here and wait for him? Nay, you need not draw back. He bids me come and go, just as I choose."

She turned the lock. But the apartment was not unoccupied, as she had thought. There, at the farther end, sat Treherne, his head bowed on his arms crossed on a writing-table. Rosamund moved away. But at the rustle of her dress he raised his head, then rose at once, expressing in a few earnest words his pleasure at the visit. He led her to the seat which he had just quitted—the only luxurious article which the stiff, old-fashioned plenishing of the library could boast. Guy lingered, talking for some moments, then strolled out again upon the terrace.

"And you will come and see us soon, Mr. Treherne?" said Rosamund, for she and Guy had been unfolding "the order of their going" back to Dacre Hall.

Treherne made no reply, and she repeated her words, this time in the form of a question.

"Not so, Miss Dacre. We may hardly meet again after to-day."

She uttered nothing in reply. Only the hot blood rushed into her face, and she dropped her eyes upon the carpet. When, after moments that were very long to her, she lifted them again, she met his resting full upon her, wistfully. He stretched his hand to her across the table. "Did you think it was not pain to me to say that we can meet no more?" he asked, keeping her soft palm in a light clasp while he was speaking. "But, Miss Dacre, there is not a door in all this county which would open wide for me."

"For you? Mr. Treherne, for you?"

"I do not think you can have heard my story—its novelty died away when you were a mere child. I do not think you know this hand which touches yours is called a murderer's."

For an instant she shuddered. But only for an instant. In the next her other hand was safely laid on his, and then she withdrew both, and folded them together on the table, looking up, unshrinkingly to him.

"You do not believe it?"

"I do not," she said, quietly.

"And yet," he answered, "those who should have known me better than you, did. How long will your faith stand the test of hearing the evil story?"

"Tell it me yourself. I shall trust it from no other."

So he told her, leaving out the cause of his uncle's wrath, the woman who had played him false. "You see," he ended, "there is no shadow of a hope of clearing my fair fame. There is no witness to prove my innocence. The crime could not be proven, but its brand is on me all the same."

"But you did wrong in one thing," Rosamund replied. "You should never have turned

your back upon the accusation. You should have faced it out here in the grange."

"I see I have not been frank enough with you. I—poor fool that I was—was madly in love; and when, after the trial, she passed me by again and again without recognition, I had not nerve to bear it."

"No woman could be so hard. You must have been hasty in your judgment of her."

"Not more hasty than her second engagement, which was arranged before I quitted England. She married within the year."

"And you have never married for her sake?"

He smiled. "For her sake—but hardly in the sense you mean, Miss Dacre. As the utter coldness of her falsehood killed my love, it withered, too, my faith in all fair-seeming, and I learned distrust."

Rosamund shook her head. "We are not better—you and I—than our kind," she said, gravely, "and we are trustworthy."

"You are, I am sure," he replied.

"Then," she said, softly, "if one woman has shaken your faith by her changeableness, let another establish it by knowing no shadow of changing."

He bent toward her, then checked himself, and, rising suddenly, went away to the window, standing there with his back to her. "It is too late," he said. "Rosamund, twelve years ago such a woman as you might have saved me, but now it is too late to breast the tide. I must never look now for the lot of other men. I must end my days, as I have lived them heretofore, alone."

No answer, and he remained standing there apart, feeling his isolation to the full. But presently Rosamund had made her painful way across the room, holding by chairs and tables as she came. "It is not too late," she cried. "Have patience only, all shall yet be right."

He answered nothing, save by the firm resolve which sprang into being, responsive to her words. He could not trust himself to speak and leave unsaid that which he must not utter till he should indeed have lived down ill-report, as she had said. Guy coming in across the lawn just then, broke off the conversation.

Years went by before it was resumed. Meantime, as Rosamund had foretold, her friend had overcome. People first began to say Treherne had broken off his wild course on the Continent, and was attempting to redeem the first half of his life with the last. After a time it dawned upon them that his course abroad need not of necessity have been wild; and once amenable to conviction, his censors found more than one authority for the fact that wild it was not. Little by little doubt was thrown on the old story of his guilt, until at last those who had shaken most their heads over his name, were now the foremost in declaring suspicion had been harbored only in a few weak minds. All this did not come to pass at once, without now

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and again a drawback. But Treherne's calm dignity, which never courted an advance, and yet repulsed none, his public spirit and charities, above all, an opportune shipwreck on the rocky coast beneath Dacre Hall, when every life on board was mainly owed to Treherne's daring, smoothed the way for the turn in the current of popular feeling.

It was just at twilight on a summer evening, that he rode up round the lawn at Dacre Hall, and sprang up the portico steps. He had but touched the bell, when a voice from the drawing-room window greeted him.

"Mr. Treherne, is that you? Come in! I thought I knew your step."

Rosamund was lounging in an arm-chair at the window open to the floor, and held her hand out to Treherne in welcome as he entered. But he did not take it. He threw himself upon the seat opposite, and leaned forward, looking at her before he spoke. "Miss Dacre," he said, at last, "if you suffer me to take your hand, I mean to keep it. Only you can mend or mar my fate now. As far as concerns the outside world, my victory is won. Read that," and he laid in her lap an open letter.

She could hardly hold it her wrist was shaking so. The characters so swam before her, that it was a long moment before she could make out that the writer was no less a person than one of the most prominent men in the county, and that he was urging Ralph Treherne to stand for a certain constituency. She had not one word for him. But she turned upon Ralph a face radiant with triumphant faith in him.

"Rosamund," he said, in a sunken voice, "since I told you my story in the library at Treherne Grange, I have been dreaming of this hour. When you so bravely crossed the library and came to me, I resolved that if ever I should live down the stain upon my life, I would put that life in your hand, to keep or cast aside as it should please you. But I am not strong enough for that. I cannot suffer you to put me aside. I have waited long; I must, I will have my rose now! He had risen in his eagerness, and she stood, too, steadying herself by his arm.

"A poor, faded, broken rose," she said, with quivering lips.

"The one rose of the world to me." And then she laid both hands in his, to have and to hold.

MANY have been ruined by their fortunes; many have escaped ruin by the want of fortune. To obtain it the great have become little, and the little great.—*Zimmermann*.

THAT which is good to be done, cannot be done too soon; and if it is neglected to be done early, it will frequently happen that it will not be done at all.—*Bishop Mant*.

GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS IN DRAWING.

LESSON XII.

PROPORTIONS OF THE HUMAN FIGURE.

WE have deemed it best to keep this class of drawing, treating of the proportions which different parts of the human frame bear to each other, according to the acknowledged standard of beauty, as derived from measurements from the antique, separate from the others. The student will find the lessons here given of great assistance in enabling her to draw from casts. We should advise her to habituate herself to this

given in Fig. 1, is equal in width to the length of one eye and a half, and the height to one-half. The mouth in profile is exactly the same height, but only half the width; the upper lip projects less than the lower one. The nose in width is equal to one eye, and the height to two eyes, measuring parallel to the eyebrows (Fig. 2). The eye is composed of the ball, the sight, the lachrymal point (which is the point nearest the nose), the upper and lower eyelids, and the eyebrow (Fig. 3). The ball, when seen in front, is an exact circle, with the sight in the centre; the height is equal to half the length, and the eyebrow is situated above the eyelid about one-third the length of the eye. The eye in profile

Fig. 1.

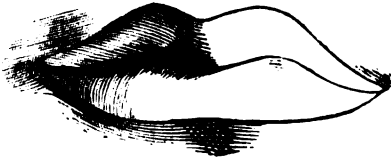


Fig. 3.

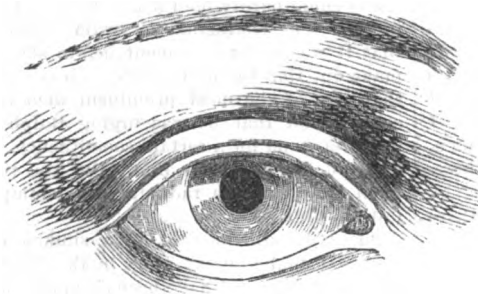
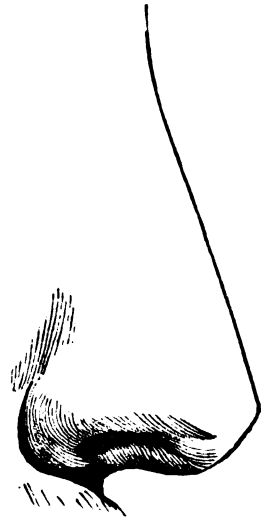
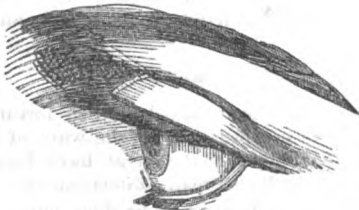


Fig. 2.



practice, as it will lay a foundation for attaining with ease a correctness of proportion, which constitutes the chief beauty in drawings of the human figure. She must not, however, suppose that beauty is always attained by attention to these rules, but chiefly correctness. There are many styles of beauty, the qualities of some consisting in a slight deviation in some point or other from the established proportions. This, however, is not carried so far as to become incorrectness.

Fig. 4.



is half the length and exactly the same height as when seen in front; the eyeball forms an ellipse, and the sight is always in the centre (Fig. 4).

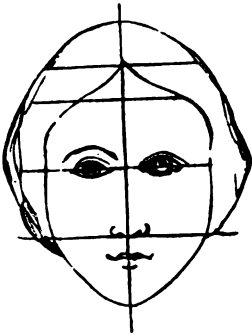
Fig. 5.



We first begin with the various parts of the human "head divine"—the seat of the soul, as some term it. The mouth, of which a sketch is

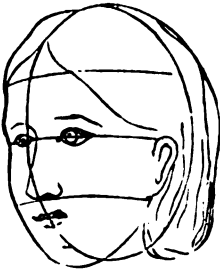
The ear in width is equal to one eye, and its length to two eyes (Fig. 5). In the annexed figure (Fig. 6) a front view of a face is given.

Fig. 6.



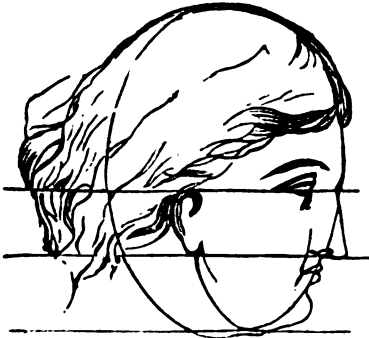
In order to obtain a correct proportion, a perpendicular line must first be drawn, and then di-

Fig. 7.



vided into two parts by a horizontal line drawn across the centre of it, which will give the point

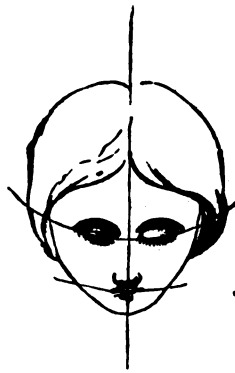
Fig. 8.



for the height of the eyes. After drawing the outline of the face, the perpendicular line must

be divided, as in the sketch; the lower point will give the place for the lower part of the

Fig. 9.



nose; the mouth is situated about half an eye lower than this; the ear is exactly the same

Fig. 10.



length as the nose, consequently these are on a level. The same proportions are observable in the figures 7, 8, 9, and 10.

A FRIENDSHIP that makes the least noise is often the most useful; for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.—*Addison*.

SORROW seems sent for our instruction, as we darken the cages of our birds when we would teach them to sing.—*Richter*.

"THE HUGUENOTS."

BY J. K. S.

In the dim garden, by the ivied wall,
 Silent they stand, enfolded each by each;
 Silent, save for a look, that serves for all,
 And more than all that lips and tongue can teach;
 Around his arm she strives to draw the band
 That saves his body, through his honor's stain:
 Can he that look of passionate love withstand?
 The mute appeal that those closed lips contain!
 But see! his hand the knotted scarf withholds!

On his firm lips a sad, sweet smile doth play;
 His dark eyes scan the face his arms enfold;
 "It cannot be, my love," he seems to say.
 For truth and God he loveth more than all,
 And therefore her he loveth still the more;
 A glorious paradox! to disenthral
 The soul, by adding bonds it lacked before!
 To all our lives let this an emblem be:
 "Who would love others, let him first love me!"

DESTINY.

BY VIOLETTE WOODS.

It was noon-recess at a country-school. Groups of girls of different ages were scattered here and there throughout the woods, but one sat idly and listlessly upon the stone steps that led into the house. She was a beautiful child of twelve or thirteen years, with merry brown eyes, clustering ringlets, and rosy, dimpled cheeks. As she sat there, with her chin resting in the palm of her hand, her little foot beating an accompaniment to a woodland song which escaped her lips, two gentlemen rode leisurely up, and startled her from her reverie. After raising their hats, and bowing politely, they asked for a glass of water, and, having received it, passed on their way. They had gone but a little distance, however, when one of them turned, rode back to the door in which the young girl was still standing, and asked:—

"What is your name, little maid?"

"Betsy Jones," she answered, after a moment's hesitation.

"And what is your father's name?"

"Timothy Jones, if you please."

"Do you know that you are very pretty?" he asked, gazing admiringly into her bright, uplifted face.

"Yes, sir," she replied, with an indignant toss of her brown curls.

"Who beside myself has told you so?" he inquired.

"Jonathan Doolittle, sir."

"Ah! yes. A lover of yours, isn't he?"

"So he says, sir," she replied, not at all disconcerted by the gentleman's pertinacity.

"Well," he continued, "when you have grown to be a young lady, I am coming back to see you. Do you suppose you will still be living here?"

"Yes, sir, if we have not moved away."

The stranger laughed, exclaimed "Very likely," and, putting his hand into his pocket, drew forth a small volume bound in blue and gold. "I have a book of poems," said he, "which I would like to present to you. Will you accept and read them?"

She hesitated awhile, bent her dark eyes upon the ground, and finally answered: "I am much obliged for your kindness, sir, but I am not allowed to receive presents from strangers."

"But it is only a book," said he, "and I am sure there will be no impropriety in receiving it even from a stranger. If your parents object, you can destroy it or give it away. Will you accept it?"

She replied in the affirmative.

"Betsy," said he, "I hope you will like these poems. They were written by Schiller, a German poet of great talent, and you will find them worthy, not only of perusal, but study." He wrote her name upon the fly-leaf, and, handing it to her, added: "Now, good-by, and remem-

ber I am coming to see you in a few years." He looked once again into her dark eyes, kissed his hand to her, and cantered out of sight.

The dimples in the young girl's cheeks grew deeper, and a soft smile gathered upon her lips, as she opened the volume and read the inscription: "To Betsy Jones, from an unknown friend."

"I wonder what papa and mamma *would* think if they knew of this," she murmured, half-aloud. "But he had no business asking my name and so many other questions. I've half a mind not to read a word in his book, but then I should be the loser by it, for I am not so ignorant as to know nothing of Schiller's merit." She threw on her straw hat, and, strolling off into the woods, soon seated herself beneath a large tree, and was soon absorbed in the contents of her book.

As the two young men rode along, one of them said to the other: "I tell you, Harvard, that is my wife."

"What? That little brown gypsy to whom you were talking in the door of the school-house?"

"Yes. That very 'gypsy,' as you call her, will one day be Mrs. Grant Atherton. I saw my destiny mirrored in her eyes as plainly and as clearly as we saw the stars mirrored in that little lake, upon whose margin we stood last night."

"Don't be foolish, Grant," was the only reply he received to his enthusiastic outburst.

"I am not foolish," Grant returned, "only convinced. Remember my prophecy, for, if you live, you will see its fulfilment. Shakespeare says:—

'What Fate imposes men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.'

I shall not resist mine, however, and am truly grateful for having had a glimpse of it thus early."

"Pshaw! I am astonished at hearing so sensible a man talk so foolishly. I'll warrant you'll never see or hear of her again," and Harvard Graham tapped his dusty boot with his whip.

"But I *will* see her again," exclaimed Grant, warmly. "I am no more afraid of losing her than I am afraid of ceasing to breathe while I continue to live."

"Why, Grant, you do not even know her name."

"Yes, I do."

"What is it?" Harvard was becoming interested.

Grant hesitated, and his cheek colored perceptibly.

"Why, what is the matter?" inquired Harvard. "You are blushing like a school-boy. What is her name?"

"Betsy Jones," Grant replied, doggedly, averting his head.

"Betsy Jones!" repeated Harvard, with

peculiar emphasis, and his laugh rang loud and long through the woods. "What would your stately mother and my own little Bella say to the alliance?" he asked, as soon as he could control himself sufficiently to speak.

"Nothing, I suppose, seeing that they are willing to receive you into the family. But, Harvard," he continued, seriously, "please say nothing of this at home. Whenever they do get a joke on me, they torment me unmercifully."

Harvard promised to keep his secret; and, relapsing into silence, they proceeded on their journey, until the shades of evening induced them to seek shelter for the night at a village inn. After they retired, Grant tossed restlessly upon his couch.

"Of what are you thinking?" asked Harvard.

"Of Betsy Jones," Grant replied, with a sigh. "The impression made upon my mind and heart to-day is ineffaceable as well as indescribable. I cannot tell you what I saw in that sweet, childish face to charm me so irresistibly. It was not her eyes, for others as bright have beamed upon me, and I derived no pleasure from their brilliancy; nor her mouth, for rosier lips have smiled upon me without arousing a softer feeling than admiration of their beauty."

"You contended to-day that it was destiny," said Harvard. "It must be so, though I acknowledge that I cannot indorse your theory."

"Yes, it is destiny," said Grant, fervently. "She is the embodiment of my ideal in embryo. The magic touch of womanhood will develop it in all its fair and beautiful proportions."

"I am glad to see your heart even this much interested," said Harvard, warmly. "I had predicted that you would be a bachelor, but there is, at least, the prospect of a life of happiness for you."

It was late before Grant could sleep, and, when he did, he dreamed that he was a rejected suitor, that Betsy Jones had discarded him for Jonathan Doolittle.

Six years passed away. It was evening in Rome. A full moon illuminated the city of seven hills, once the queen and pride of a worshipping world. Grant Atherton, restless and wearied, derived no happiness from her thousand sources of beauty. He had drawn from every fount, but still his thirst was not slacked. At twenty-five he was tired of the world. His mother was dead, his sister married to Harvard Graham, and, with no domestic ties to bind him at home, he was a wanderer from it. Although he had spent years in society, he had never loved. But one face had ever made an impression upon his heart, and that had haunted him ever since it had dawned upon him at the door of the country school-house; bright, pure, and, as he then fondly thought, the day-star of his destiny. He had recalled it in his dreams,

where it had shone upon him with renewed and fadeless lustre, and he had watched for it with every step he had taken in native or foreign lands. He had once visited the old school-house, hoping to obtain some clue to her parents; but, upon inquiry, learned that no such man as Timothy Jones had ever resided in the neighborhood. So he turned his horse's head, and wended his way homeward.

For months he had been in Rome. Restless, unoccupied, moody, and reserved, he attracted attention, and few forgot his appearance who had ever seen him once. As I have said, it was night—night, glorious, beautiful as those of which Italy alone can boast. Grant wandered among the mighty ruins which surrounded him on every side, and, without being aware of it, his feet strayed to the Coliseum. He had visited it at morn, when the beams of the rising sun had bathed its broken monuments in roseate light; at noon, when the golden rays sifted through every lonely niche and arch; and when the sombre shades of twilight threw a dusky mantle over the venerable pile; but never had it possessed such a fascination for him as upon this particular night. The moon poured a flood of silvery lustre through myriad decaying arches, revealing the lonely passages and crumbling stairways which once had teemed with life, and happiness, and pride. As he wound carelessly along through the deserted, desolate ruin, emerging from darkness into light, the hum of distant voices fell upon his ear. He stood silently in the shadow of a broken column, and waited unseen. A gentleman and lady, accompanied by a guide, approached the spot upon which he stood, and paused just where the moonlight fell full upon them, and clothed them in her silvery sheen. The gentleman was tall and dignified, gray-haired and middle-aged. The lady, and Grant Atherton's heart almost ceased to beat as his eyes fell upon her, was young, beautiful, and his destiny. The same matchless eyes, which but once had looked into his, were before him now; but her gaze was turned from him, and he dared not move, lest he should frighten her away. Her dress was of white, and she wore no ornament except a cameo pin at the throat; but a crimson scarf, wound carelessly about her shoulders and head, protected her from the dews of night, and formed a pleasing contrast to her snowy attire.

"Come, Zoe, we will go farther yet, if you are not tired."

Grant could not hear the lady's reply to the old gentleman's invitation, but her white robe fluttered against him as she passed, and he inhaled the exquisite perfume of the flowers she held in her hand. He waited until their return, intending to follow and learn their place of residence, but they entered a carriage and were driven rapidly away. He picked up a rose that had fallen from her hand, kissed it

reverently and placed it in his bosom. As he lay upon his couch that night, he pondered in his mind this incident of the evening, and tried to reconcile it with that which had made such an impression upon him six years before.

"Her name was Betsy—Betsy Jones," he said to himself, "and this young lady was called Zoe. I am sure of it, for I heard it distinctly. But they have eyes alike, and the same expression of countenance, except that Zoe's is more thoughtful, more exalted, just as Betsy's must be if she is the woman I thought she would make. Well, well, 'it is all but a dream at the best,' " was the conclusion of his reflections, "but I shall certainly be glad when the awakening comes."

For a week he wandered over the city, peering into every face he saw, seeking the one which shone upon him amid the ruins of the Coliseum, but in vain; and, weary of roaming and restless endeavor, he turned his footsteps homeward.

As soon as possible after his return to his native land, he visited the old school-house, having determined to make one more effort before abandoning his pursuit. It was noon, and the master, a pleasant, dignified old gentleman, came forward to learn his business. He inquired concerning Timothy Jones, and was again told that no man of that name had ever lived in the neighborhood.

"Had you ever a pupil called Betsy Jones?" and Grant's face colored perceptibly, although he tried to look indifferent.

"Betsy Jones," said the master, readjusting his silver-rimmed spectacles, and looking steadily upon the ground; "no, I think not. I have been teaching here ten years, and can remember no such name." He paused, pondered a moment, and added, whilst his countenance brightened, "Oh! yes, yes, you are thinking of Bessie, Squire Jones' daughter. She came to school six or seven years ago, but she has been married twelve months or more. Yes, yes, Bessie Jones—Mrs. Lawton that is now. She was a good child, sir, and has grown up to be a noble woman."

Grant thanked him for his information, and turned into the public road with a heavy heart. He derived but one consolation from his visit, and that was, that if he had been unsuccessful, so had Jonathan Doolittle; and now, bereft of even the faint hope which had cheered him previous to learning of her marriage, he determined to lay aside his cherished dream and take up the realities of life.

Friends bantered him because he would not marry; ambitious mammas used their influence, and pretty daughters smiled encouragingly, but he resisted them all.

One evening, at a party to which he had strolled at a late hour, his hostess said to him, in a pleasant, bantering tone:—

"They tell me, Mr. Atherton, that you are

invulnerable, but I do not believe it. The world says that you are naturally a woman-hater, or have been most wofully jilted. Now, honor bright! which is it?"

"Neither, dear madam, I assure you. Instead of being a 'woman-hater,' I love the sex so dearly that I cannot concentrate my affections. This confession clears me also from the accusation of having been jilted. So you see the world does me great injustice."

"I am glad to hear it," was the reply, "for I have a charming young friend to whom I wish to introduce you. I have already spoken of you to her, but I could not promise her the pleasure of your acquaintance, knowing as well as I do that you are almost a recluse. Come, will you be presented?"

"Certainly, madam; but wait a moment, if you please," he exclaimed, before offering his arm. "Tell me what kind of eyes the lady has; dark or light?"

"Dark."

"And her name?"

"Is Allen. She is a daughter of Senator Allen, of B——."

"And her Christian name?"

"Is Zoe. There she stands by the window. You can see her to an excellent advantage."

He looked, and for a moment he felt as if he were again in the Coliseum at Rome. The moonlight streamed through its broken terraces and lonely arches, and revealed the form of a young girl clothed in white and crimson the same as now, but the arrangement was different. To-night she wore a dress of snowy satin, crimson fuchsias in her brown hair, and blood-red corals upon her arms and neck.

She turned her face towards him, their eyes met, and that glance quickened his desire for an introduction. After a few general remarks, he said to her:—

"I believe we have met before, Miss Allen."

"If I have had that pleasure it is strange that I should have forgotten it," was her reply.

"You have visited Italy, I believe?"

"Yes."

"And wandered through the ruins of the Coliseum by moonlight?"

"Yes—once. I shall never forget that visit, nor the impressions produced by it."

"I was there also," he continued; "roving restlessly about when you entered accompanied by an elderly gentleman whom I supposed to be your father, and a guide. Fearing that you might think me one of the bandits who are sometimes said to infest those ruins, I stepped behind a decaying column and waited for you to pass. I remembered your face perfectly when I saw you here, and felt much pleased in the prospect of an acquaintance."

"I saw you upon the night you have referred to," said she, "for I passed very near you as I ascended a flight of steps. I imagined you a robber, and even divulged my suspicions to

father, but he attributed them to a vivid fancy and a desire to connect something romantic with our moonlight excursion. We were not aware of Mr. Atherton's nearness, or we should have made Mrs. Graham's friendship a sufficient pretext for claiming her brother as an addition to our party."

During the winter Grant saw her frequently, and, after a short engagement, they were married. Betsy Jones was forgotten, and the light which beamed upon Grant from a pair of soft brown eyes so long before, was obscured by that which shone upon him from Zoe's matchless orbs.

A few weeks after the wedding they were on a visit to Harvard Graham and his wife. One morning, as they were all seated in the elegant *boudoir*, Harvard exclaimed, with a merry twinkle in his eye:—

"I suppose, Zoe, Grant has told you all of his *affaires du cœur*, has he not?"

"On the contrary, he denies ever having experienced but one," was the smiling reply.

"Ah! I'm afraid his memory is treacherous." Turning to Grant, he asked, mischievously: "Do you remember that horseback excursion we took some six or seven years ago?"

Grant replied in the affirmative, but appeared uneasy and disconcerted.

"Well, Zoe," pursued Harvard, "one day we rode up to the door of a country school-house and asked for water. It was given to us by a child of twelve or thirteen years, in whose countenance I saw nothing remarkable except a pair of fine dark eyes. After we started, Grant turned back and inquired her name, which proved to be Betsy Jones. He raved about her for hours, quoted Shakspeare voluminously, declared that he saw his destiny mirrored in her eyes as plainly as he ever saw stars at midnight, and ended by vowing that he would marry her and no one else. He wandered the world over, revisited the country school-house, could hear nothing of his 'destiny,' and, finally, having seen you, settled down into a satisfied, respectable Benedict. So, hereafter, when he raves about loving you and you alone, refer him to me, and I shall take the brotherly liberty of mentioning Betsey Jones."

"And is all this true, Grant?" Zoe turned her bright face to her husband and looked lovingly into his eyes.

"So Harvard says, and you know he is considered prime minister."

Zoe stole softly from the room, and returned in a few moments bearing a package carefully folded in paper. She placed it in Grant's hands, and said, in a low voice: "This was presented to me by an unknown friend. I have at last discovered his name."

He unwrapped it; it was a volume of Schiller's poems. He handed it to Harvard. "Who

can say now that I have not found my destiny?" said he; and turning to his wife, he looked down, down into her eyes, and added, "It is the same light that beamed upon me years ago; the same, brighter, purer, and more exalted."

"I shall believe in your theory, hereafter," said Harvard, returning the volume to Grant; "but I can scarcely identify Zoe with the little girl who claimed to be Betsy Jones."

"That was the name of a schoolmate," Zoe explained, "and was the first which entered my mind as a reply to Grant's question. My mother was in feeble health at the time, and my father was travelling with her, hoping that change of scene would prove a benefit to her. I was left with an aunt, from whose house I attended the school at which you saw me. My aunt reproved me for the falsehood I told, but I excused myself upon the plea that strangers had no right to question me. I often felt that that casual meeting was in some way connected with my future; but in the past months I have been so happy that I have not recalled the incident. Of one thing, however, I am sure, and that is, that I shall never quarrel with Grant for having had his destiny revealed to him by the light of Betsy Jones' eyes."

SUMMER RAIN.

BY ITHIEL DACRE.

O'er copse and dingle, wood and hill,
With sudden thrill,
Low murmurs, and faint, broken sighs,
The wild wind dies;
And all is still.

The flowers bow as if in prayer—
In thankful prayer—
As gently through the cool, hushed air—
The listening air—
Comes the rain.

Sweet is the music of the rain—
Soft-falling rain—
That taps upon the trembling leaves—
The dripping leaves—
Its low refrain.

It woos to calm and gentle thoughts,
That oft remain
To soothe the weary, troubled heart,
And rest impart
To tired brain.

But, ah! how differently we hear
From year to year
The raindrops fall! More sad they seem,
As fades each dream
That we've held dear.

So many hopes are withered, dead!
And in their stead
Such deep griefs as we thought not of!
But God is love!
Life soon is fled.

BEAUTY without kindness dies unenjoyed and undelighting.—*Johnson*.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

BEAD MAT.

Materials.—Two bunches of white, and two of large green German beads, one of dark lilac, and one reel of No. 1 cotton.

THESE mats are now very much used, and have a very brilliant effect. They are also very durable, and will wash very well, though they will wear a long time before requiring it.

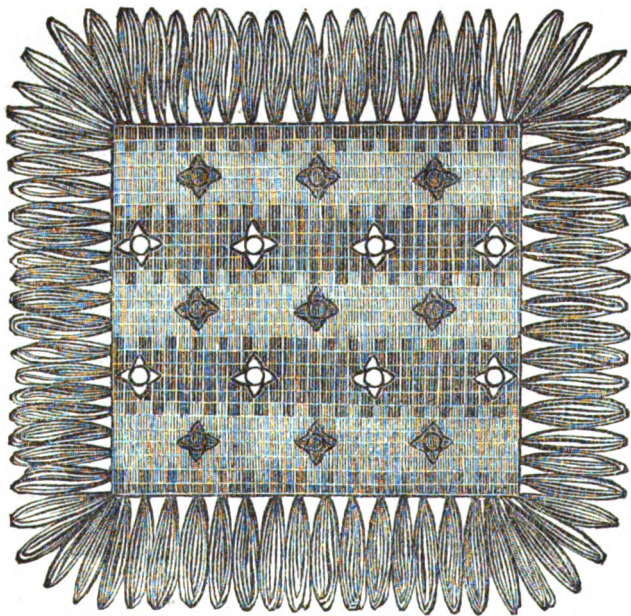
Thread 31 green beads on the white cotton, taking a long needleful, turn 2 beads, and pass the needle through the 3d, * thread a green bead, miss 1, and pass the needle through the next, repeat from * to the end of the row.

2d row. Turn, * thread 1 white bead, pass the needle through the next, repeat from * to the end of the row.

7th. Thread white beads till you come to the bead over the 1 green in 5th row, thread a lilac bead, and repeat.

8th. Thread white beads till you come to the green bead in 6th row, thread a green bead, pass the needle through the lilac bead, thread another green bead, repeat.

9th. Thread white beads till you come to the lilac bead in 7th row, thread a green bead, repeat, work 2 rows of white beads and 3 of green, then repeat the pattern in 1st stripe in white on the green ground, with a lilac bead in the centre, the 1st white bead for the pattern to come over the centre one of the ground between the two patterns in last stripe, repeat these 2 stripes alternately till 3 of white are done, then



Work the 3d and 4th rows of white in the same manner.

5th. Turn, * thread a white bead, pass the needle through the next, repeat from * twice more, thread a green bead, pass the needle through the next, repeat from the beginning of the row till 3 green beads are done, then finish the row with white.

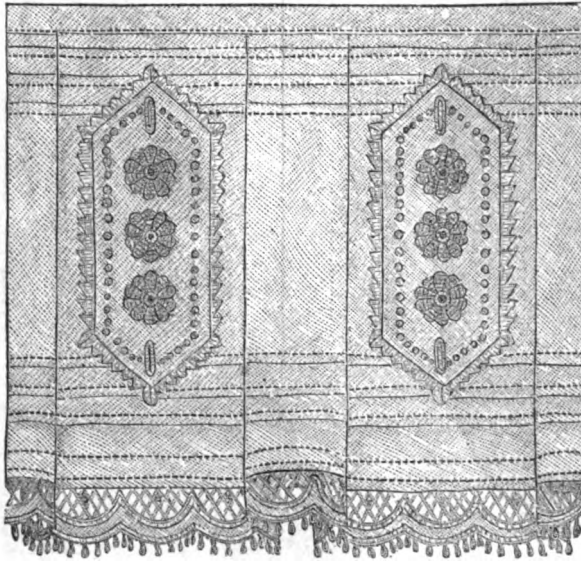
6th. Turn, * thread a white bead, pass the needle through the next, repeat from * twice more, † thread a green bead, pass the needle through the green bead in last row, thread a green bead, repeat the white till the bead before the green one in last row, then repeat from † till the 3d pattern in green is done, and finish the row with white.

work 2 rows of green beads, and add a fringe in the following manner : Thread 7 green beads, 1 white, 1 lilac, 1 white, 6 green, pass the needle through the 1st of the 7 the long way, pass the needle through the 1st green bead down the side of the mat, thread 7 white beads, 1 lilac, 1 green, 1 lilac, 6 white, pass the needle through the 1st of the 7 white, miss 1 green bead, pass the needle through the next, repeat the loops of green and white alternately all around, at the end, instead of missing a bead, pass the needle up one end and down the next between each loop of fringe. In joining the cotton a weaver's knot should be made, and always at the end of the row, as it is more likely to show when joined in the centre.

EMBROIDERY FOR BOTTOM OF PETTICOAT.

THIS trimming consists of a straight strip of longcloth, four inches broad, with narrow-stitched hems on both sides, leaving one and

as well as some of its clothes. It is made of white straw; the bottom of it is decorated with embroidery in satin stitch on a scarlet ground. The bouquet is encircled with braiding. The pockets are lined with white cloth, and orna-



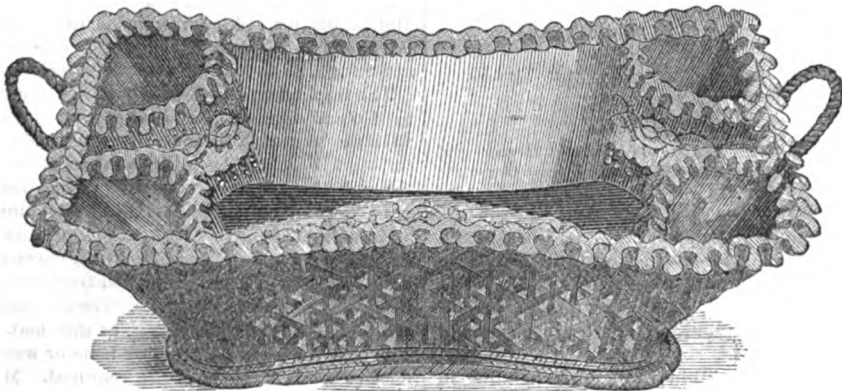
three-quarters of an inch free in the middle. The under edge is finished with Cluny lace, about half an inch broad, put on plain. The strip is laid in plaits, one and a quarter inch broad, nearly two inches distant from each other. For the stitching (see design), the empty spaces are filled with an *appliqué* of white embroidery in the form of straps, and firmly stitched inside the scallop edge.

mented with a braiding pattern. The basket is lined with scarlet Thibet, and the pockets and edge are finished with a scarlet woollen ruche.

THE DAISY MAT FOR MOSS.

Materials.—One dozen light green, one dozen dark green; bone knitting pins.

1st row. Light green, cast on twenty stitches.



NURSERY BASKET.

Materials.—White straw basket, scarlet Thibet, white cloth, scarlet woollen band, soutache, fine gold braid, blue and green shaded silks, and blue buttons.

THIS basket is intended to hold the various small articles necessary for washing an infant,

2d. * Place the wool three times round the first and second finger, and knit them with the first stitch; repeat to end from *.

3d. Plain.

4th. Same as second, taking two stitches together at the commencement and end of row.

- 5th. Plain.
6th. As fourth.
7th. Plain.
8th. As fourth.



THE DAISY MAT.

- 9th. Plain.
10th. As fourth.
11th. Plain.
12th. Join the dark green to light, same as fourth.
13th. Plain.
14th. As fourth.
15th. Plain.
16th. As fourth.
17th. Plain.
18th. As fourth.
19th. Plain.
20th. As fourth.
Work five more pieces same size.

BONBON DOLL.

Materials.—Bonbons in gold and light green glazed paper; plain brown, and brown and white chocolate cakes, in two sizes; dark red sugar flowers and beads; two detonating bonbons; card-board; hat wire.

THE front of our model is of card-board, and measures seven inches in front; the back also of the same material measures eight inches in length; the width at the bottom is twenty inches; both sides are gradually sloped off and sewn up behind.

The head of a China doll, corresponding in size, is sewn on to the shoulders. The under edge of the dress is trimmed with a strip of gold paper two inches broad, and two rows of chocolates fastened with green silk stitches.

The upper part is ornamented with bonbons inclosed in papers of various colors and placed in reversed order.

For the arms place a piece of covered wire underneath the throat, and put a detonating bonbon on it, and bind it on firmly at the top and bottom with ribbon. An almond is placed



at the end of the wire to imitate a hand. The necklace is of sugar beads, and the headdress of narrow ribbon and sugar flowers.

INSTRUCTIONS IN NETTING.

THE beauty of netting consists in its firmness and regularity. All joins in the thread must be made in a very strong knot; and, if possible, at an edge, so that it may not be perceived.

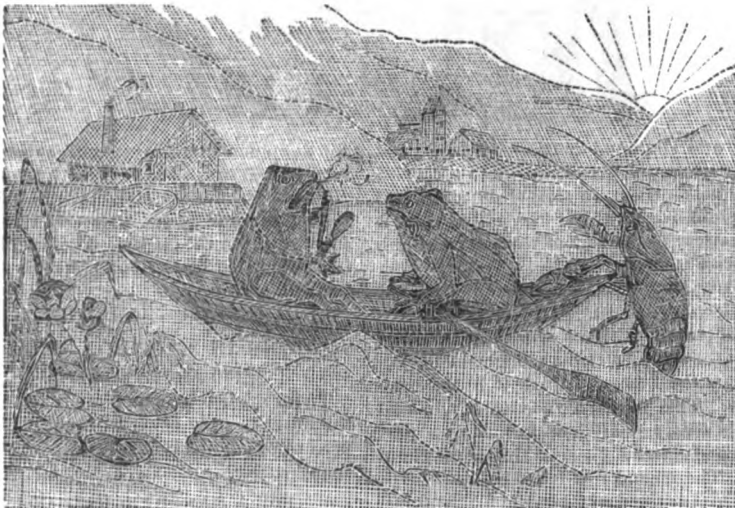
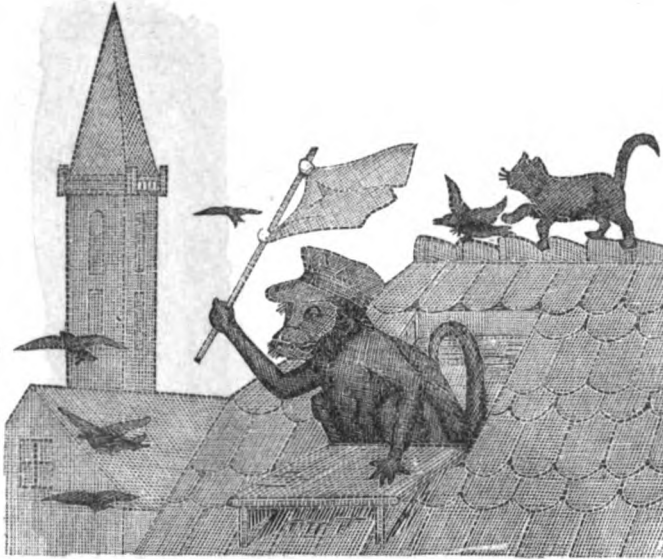
The implements used in netting are a netting needle and a mesh. In filling a netting needle with the material, be careful not to make it so full that there will be a difficulty in passing it through the stitches. The size of the needle must depend on the material to be employed, and the fineness of the work. Steel needles are employed for every kind of netting except the very coarsest. They are marked from 12 to 24, the latter being extremely fine. The fine meshes are usually also of steel; but, as this material is heavy, it is better to employ bone or wooden meshes when large ones are required. Many meshes are flat; and in using them the width is given.

The first stitch in this work is termed *diamond* netting, the holes being in the form of diamonds. To do the first row, a stout thread, knotted to form a round, is fastened to the knee with a pin, or passed over the foot, or on the

hook sometimes attached to a work-cushion for the purpose. The end of the thread on the needle is knotted to this, the mesh being held in the left hand on a line with it. Take the needle in the right hand; let the thread come over the mesh and the third finger, bring it back under the mesh, and hold it between the thumb and first finger. Slip the needle through

the mesh while the stitch is being completed. When the necessary number of stitches is made on this foundation, the future rows are to be worked backwards and forwards. To form a round, the first stitch is to be worked immediately after the last, which closes the netting into a circle.

ROUND NETTING is very nearly the same



DESIGNS IN ETCHING EMBROIDERY.

the loop over the third finger, under the mesh and the foundation thread. In doing this a loop will be formed, which must be passed over the fourth finger. Withdraw the third finger from the loop, and draw up the loop over the fourth, gradually, until it is quite tight on the mesh. The thumb should be kept firmly over

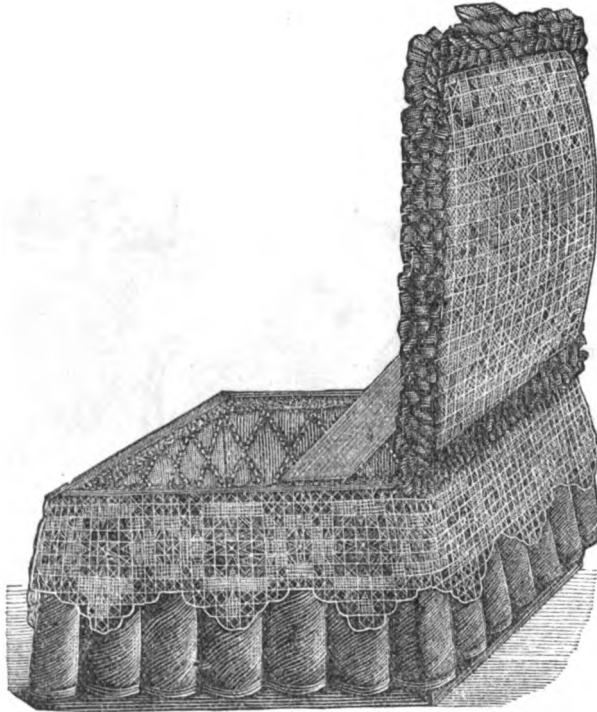
stitch. The difference is merely in the way of putting the needle through the loop and foundation, or other stitch. After passing the needle through the loop, it must be brought out and put downwards through the stitch. This stitch is particularly suitable for purses.

SQUARE NETTING is exactly the same stitch

as diamond netting, only it is begun at a corner, on one stitch, and increased (by doing two in one) in the last stitch of every row, until the greatest width required is attained. Then, by netting two stitches together at the end of every row, the piece is decreased to a point again. When stretched out, all the holes in this netting are squares,

PINCUSHION AND JEWEL CASE COMBINED.

MAKE a square box of pasteboard; cover it with crimson satin, and plait a wide satin ribbon all around it, with a white Cluny lace coming half way down over it. Quilt the satin on wool in small diamonds to line the inside of box and lid. Stuff the outside of the box lid



Square and diamond netting are the most frequently used, and are ornamented with patterns darned on them, in simple darning or in various point stitches. In the latter case it forms a variety of the sort of work termed guipure, now so fashionable.

GRECIAN NETTING.—Do one plain row. First pattern row. Insert the needle in the first stitch, and, without working it, draw through it the second stitch, through the loop of which draw the first, and work it in the ordinary way. This forms a twisted stitch, and the next is a very small loop formed of a part of the second stitch. Repeat this throughout the row. The second row is done plain.

The third like the first; but the first and last stitches are to be done in the usual manner, and you begin the twisting with the second and third loops.

The fourth is plain. Repeat these four rows as often as required.

Use No. 20 mesh for the fancy rows, and No. 14 for the plain.

Stitches in netting are always counted by knots.

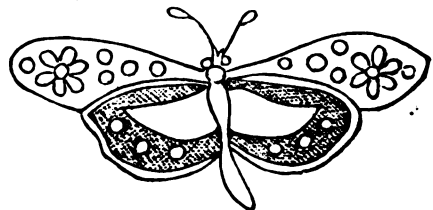
for the pincushion, cover with satin, with lace over it, and finish the edge with a quilled satin ribbon. Fasten the ribbon at the side, to hold the lid up, and place a loop of ribbon on the front, to raise the lid by. The jewels are laid in the bottom of the box; the pins are stuck in cushion in top.

DESIGNS IN ETCHING EMBROIDERY.

(See Engravings, Page 4.9.)

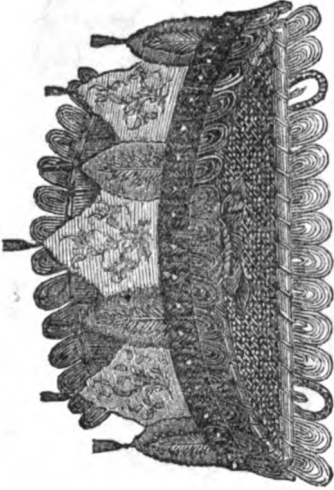
THEY are worked on linen with black silk, the outlines only being worked. They can be used to ornament ties, etc.

FOR A HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



DUSTER BASKET WITH VARIEGATED EMBROIDERY.

Materials.—White and fawn-colored cloth; gold, dark red, blue, and blue-green silk cordon; gold cord; brown sarcenet ribbon, one inch broad; brown floss silk.



THE basket must be purchased. The ornaments consist of scallops of different form and size placed alternately.

red, and one blue-green petal. The flowers are joined with stalk and herring-bone stitch, and ornamented with gold cord. The oval joining scallops of fawn cloth are five and a quarter inches long and one and three-quarters of an inch broad. At the upper part they are ornamented with large buttonhole stitches in gold-colored silk to represent ears of barley; along the middle are three blue-green silk stitches held together by one cross stitch. The point of each scallop is ornamented with a tassel of brown sewing silk. The bows upon the cover, and the ruche which covers the joining on of the ornaments, must correspond with this.

A BABY'S BLANKET.

Materials.—One pound of 6-thread white fleecy and a pair of pins No. 2.

CAST on 180 stitches, knit 4 plain rows.

5th row. Knit 2, knit the next stitch without letting it off the left hand pin, *, knit this stitch again with the next, let off 1 from the left hand pin, repeat from * till within 2 of the end, knit 2.

6th. Knit 2, seam the next stitch without letting it off the left hand pin, *, seam this stitch again with the next, let off 1 from the left hand pin, repeat from *, at the end knit 2.

Repeat the 5th and 6th rows alternately, until you have made rather more than a square, then

Fig 2.

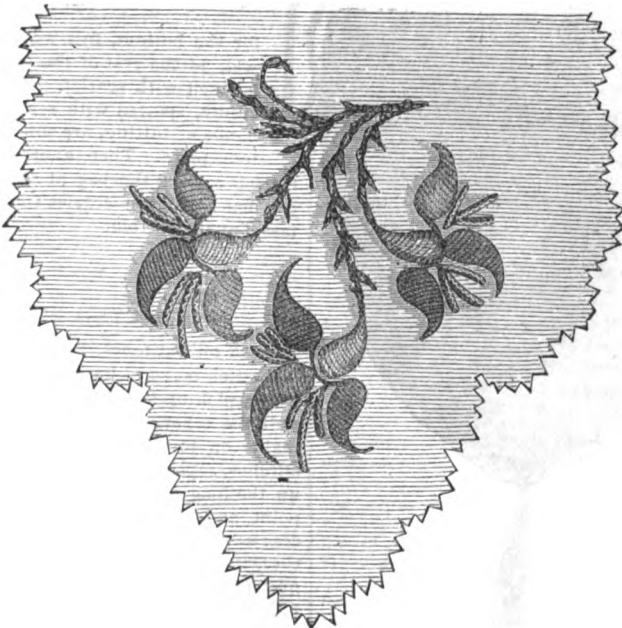
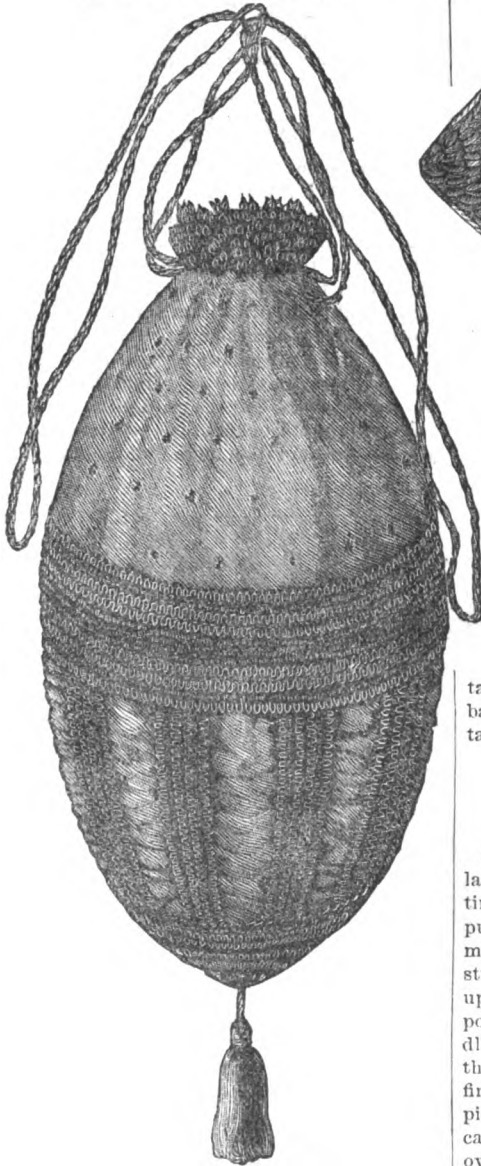


Fig. 2 represents the largest in full size. The Chinese flower patterns are worked in flat stitch upon white cloth, and have always a gold-colored calyx, with one blue, one bright

knit 4 plain rows, and cast off, then cast on 5 stitches, *, knit 5 stitches, pull the 2d last stitch over the last 4 times, slip the remaining stitch on to the left hand pin, cast on 4 stitches, repeat

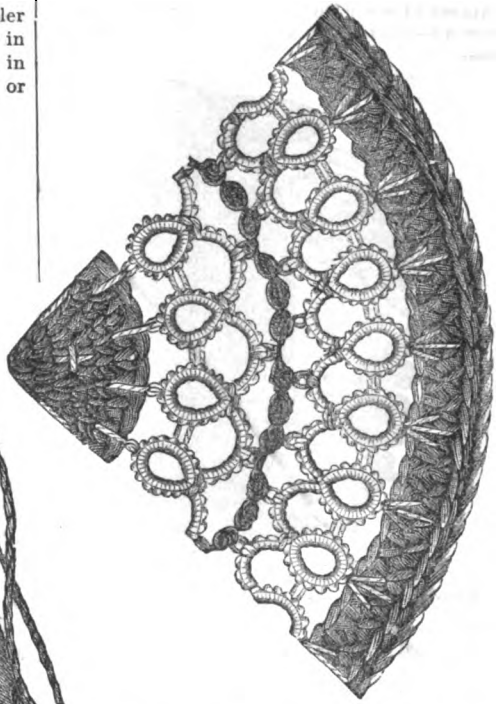
from * till you have done enough to go all round the blanket, sew it on rather easily, and full it a little at the corners; this completes the blanket. If more convenient to do a smaller piece of work, the blanket can be done in stripes, and joined afterwards, 45 stitches in each stripe, and joined either with sewing or single crochet.

BAG FOR FINE LINEN.



THIS bag is made of tatting and muslin. It can be made very ornamental, and hung in the room to hold the soiled fine articles which are

not generally put in the ordinary wash. Fig. 2 represents one-quarter of the piece of tatting



for the bottom, full working size. It, as well as the rest of the tatting of the bag, is lined with scarlet. Puffs of fine white chintz, spotted with scarlet, divided with bands of tatting, are sewed on to this bottom piece. Then another wide band of tatting around the bag at top of chintz. The bag has strings of scarlet wool, and a scarlet tassel at the bottom.

KNITTED EDGING.

CAST on 5 stitches, *, knit 5, pull the second last stitch on right hand needle over the last 4 times, pick up the loop at the end and knit it, pull the other over it, slip the stitch that remains on to the left hand needle, cast on 4 stitches, repeat from * 4 times more, then take up the long loop at the straight edge of each point, and knit it; this will make 6 on the needle; seam 2 together and seam 2, seam 2 together, turn, knit 4, take up the last stitch of the first point and knit it, turn and cast off, slipping the first stitch and seaming the others, *, cast on 1 stitch, pull the stitch to the left hand over it, repeat from * 6 times, cast on 4 stitches, and repeat from the first cross till you have made the length you wish. This is a very strong trimming for children's things.

Receipts, &c.

COOKERY FOR THE SICK AND CONVALESCENT.

THE best methods of preparing suitable nourishment for the sick is a matter of so much consequence, that its consideration here cannot be out of place. Its importance is, perhaps, scarce sufficiently appreciated by any class; and amongst the poor almost total ignorance prevails respecting it. Even when the needful materials are abundantly provided, still, things are prepared in such a barbarous and uninviting fashion, that the fastidious appetite of an invalid turns loathing from them; and this, simply from lack of knowledge, or of attention in preparing. Constantly is the medical man told—"I could eat, but I cannot fancy such food as we have here"—and this, when material is amply provided, but nicely wanting. The following receipts are a few of the most directly useful:—

Sick-room Articles of Diet—and here, it may just be hinted, that neatness in serving up, as well as care and perfect cleanliness in preparing, makes sick-room cookery more likely to be attractive to an easily-offended appetite.

Arrowroot.—Not quite a tablespoonful of arrowroot powder is to be mixed slowly and smoothly in a basin with a little cold water—and when done, a pint of boiling water added; it should then be sweetened to taste, and put on the fire to boil for five minutes, stirring well the whole time. If wine is permitted, it should be put to it after the arrowroot is poured into the basin. The same quantity of arrowroot is a proper one, when it is prepared with milk instead of water.

Oatmeal Gruel.—A dessertspoonful of meal must be mixed smoothly with two of cold water—a pint of boiling water poured on, and the whole boiled on the fire for ten minutes, well stirring for the time—sugar, or pepper and salt, being added, as may be agreeable to or proper for the sick person.

Sago requires thorough washing in cold water, to take away its earthy taste; after doing so (a tablespoonful will be a suitable quantity), put it in a pint of milk, and boil it slowly till it is quite soft and has thickened the milk—ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour is sufficient time—sweeten to taste, and add wine, or flavor with lemon-peel according to circumstances. Some invalids prefer tapioca to sago. It is prepared in the same quantity as the other, but does not require the previous washing, and takes only half the time for softening on the fire. In all preparations for the sick, let the constant stirring whilst on the fire be attended to, whether directed or not. A smatch of burn renders sick-cookery perfectly abominable.

Ground Rice Milk.—A tablespoonful of ground rice, a pint and a half of milk, and half an ounce of candied lemon-peel. Mix the rice very smoothly with the milk, then add the lemon-peel cut into very small pieces; boil for half an hour; and strain as soon as off the fire. This is an excellent nutritious beverage for the sick when strict abstinence is not required, and for early convalescence.

Simple Bread Panada.—Put a moderate quantity of grated or soft stale bread into enough boiling water to form a moderately thick pulp; cover it up, and leave it to soak for an hour—then beat it up with two or three tablespoonfuls of milk, and fine sugar to sweeten—boil the whole for ten minutes. This preparation is occasionally acceptable to the invalid, when milk dietary alone is rejected.

Carrageen Moss—One ounce of it, boiled in a pint and a half of water, is sufficient to form a semi-

transparent, moderately consistent, nearly tasteless jelly, which, when sweetened and acidulated, or when mixed with milk, forms an excellent diet for invalids who require to have the strength supported. The gelatine, now so commonly used, is a very palatable preparation, combined with either water or milk, and may be taken dissolved in tea, coffee, or broth, without impairing the flavor of one or other.

Jelly from Gelatine.—To rather more than an ounce of gelatine add half a pint of cold water to soften it, then pour over a pint of boiling water, and stir till the gelatine is dissolved; pare very thinly the rind of one lemon, and add, with the juice of three or four—if acids are permitted—one pound of loaf-sugar, the whites and shells of three or four eggs, thoroughly well whisked together, and stirred into the whole; let it come to the boil upon the fire without more stirring—if wine is ordered with it, it should be added after coming off the fire; pour it through a thick flannel jelly-bag—what runs through at first will not be clear, and should be returned to the bag again; let it stand till cold, and you will have a clear sparkling jelly, which few invalids will refuse.

Gelatine with Milk.—An ounce of gelatine is to be soaked in half a pint of cold milk; when softened, a pint of boiling milk stirred well with it, till it is quite dissolved, it may be sweetened to taste, and put upon the fire to boil up altogether. It may be flavored with lemon-peel, or cinnamon, or brandy, as is most liked, or most suitable. It will be quite solid when cold.

White Wine Whey.—Boil a pint of milk; add to it one or two glasses of sherry wine, and sugar enough to sweeten; let it boil till the curd has separated, then strain through muslin. If the wine does not possess sufficient acid to turn the milk, a little rennet, or a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, or three or four grains of tartaric acid may be added.

Barley Water.—Barley, when prepared as pearl-barley, is one of the most useful additions to sick cookery; its decoction, "barley-water," being a pleasant and extremely beneficial demulcent in all affections of the mucous membranes, and forming a grateful and nutritious beverage in fever; it ought, however, to be made considerably thicker in the former case than in the latter. To make plain barley-water, two and a half ounces of pearl-barley are to be well washed in cold water, half a pint of boiling water is then to be poured upon the grain, the whole boiled for a few minutes, and the water strained off; a couple of quarts of boiling water must then be poured on, the quantity boiled down one-half and strained. This process does not quite exhaust the barley, and another portion of water may be boiled upon it, by those to whom the saving is an object. A little lemon or orange-peel is a pleasant addition to the beverage. A compound and very pleasant drink is made, by adding to a quart of simple barley-water, figs, sliced, and raisins, stoned, of each two and a half ounces, liquorice-root sliced five drachms, and a pint of water, the whole to be boiled down to a quart and strained. This compound decoction is not so well adapted for a fever drink as the simpler form. Equal parts of barley-water and milk, sweetened with a little refined sugar, is a good food for infants brought up by the hand. It may act upon the bowels.

Lemonade.—The juice of two lemons, the rind of one, added to a quart of boiling water, sweetened moderately, and kept in a covered jar or jug, is a useful drink for those suffering from cold or slight fever.

Toast Water.—This simple beverage is seldom well prepared. Let the water with which it is made have been boiled and become cold. Toast thoroughly of a fine deep brown, but not black, half a slice of stale

quartern loaf; put it into a jug, and pour a quart of the water over it; let it stand two hours, and decant the water from the bread. A small piece of either orange or lemon-peel added with the bread is an improvement to toast-water.

Linseed Tea.—One ounce of linseed, *not bruised*, two drachms of liquorice-root, bruised; pour over one pint of boiling water; place the jug—covered jugs with perforated spouts should always be used for drinks for sick people—near the fire for three or four hours, then strain off. When linseed-tea is ordered to be continued, it should be made fresh every day.

Milk and Soda-Water.—Heat, nearly to boiling, a teacupful of milk; dissolve in it a teaspoonful of fine sugar, put it into a large tumbler, and pour over it two-thirds of a bottle of soda-water. This is an excellent mode of taking milk when the stomach is charged with acid, and consequently feels oppressed by milk alone.

Rice and Gravy.—Let the rich gravy from a leg of roasted mutton, or sirloin of beef, stand till the fat forms a cake on the surface, remove it, and heat the gravy with as much well-boiled rice as will make it thick. A teacupful of this is very strengthening in the early convalescence of delicate children.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Mutton Duck.—Take any cold mutton you may have, and lay in slices on the bottom of a pie-dish. Make a duck seasoning, and lay alternate layers of meat and seasoning; fill up with water, and stew in the oven.

Mushroom Soup.—Take a good quantity of mushrooms, cut off the earthy end, and pick and wash them. Stew them with some butter, pepper, and salt in a little good stock till tender; take them out, and chop them up quite small; prepare a good stock as for any other soup, and add to it the mushrooms and the liquor they have been stewed in. Boil all together, and serve. If white soup be desired, use the white button mushrooms, and a good veal stock, adding a spoonful of cream or a little milk, as the color may require.

Tripe Stewed.—Cut tripe into stripes, put them in rich gravy, with a lump of butter the size of a hen's egg, rolled in flour; shake until the butter is melted. Add a tablespoonful of white wine, some chopped parsley, pepper, salt, pickled mushrooms, a squeeze of lemon. Shake well together and stir until tender.

Oxford Sausages.—Chop a pound and a half of pork, a pound and a half of veal, free from skin, etc., three-quarters of a pound of beef suet; mince and mix well; stir some crumbs of bread in water, mix with the meat. Add sage, salt, pepper, and allspice to taste. Roll into balls, flatten, and fry of a light brown.

Kidney Pies.—Cut into small thin slices some veal kidneys, from which the skin and fat have been removed. Melt some good butter, season it with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Stir in the sliced kidneys; and when they are still saturated, distribute them in small pattypans lined with puff-paste. Cover these with the same paste, cutting a hole in the middle, and having previously moistened the inner edges to make them unite; let them bake quickly in a moderate oven, after which fill them up with rich gravy, and serve. This preparation requires but little time; it ought not to be made until a few minutes before serving.

Veal à la Menagere.—Melt a good lump of butter in the pan, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and let it brown gradually while stirring. Next put in a

piece of veal and turn it until well moistened. Then pour in some hot water, and stir until it boils. Season now with pot-herbs, salt, and pepper. Let it cook gently, and at the end of an hour add the vegetables—onions, carrots, mushrooms, etc.—with which the dish is to be garnished. These vegetables being cooked, serve the piece of veal imbedded in them, and with the sauce poured over. If it is desirable to have the sauce thick and light-colored, mix it with some yolks of eggs. In this case sprinkle in a little vinegar.

Mushroom Sauce.—Peel button mushrooms, and put them into water and lemon-juice to keep them white. Strain them, and put them into a stewpan with a quarter of a pound of butter, a teaspoonful of salt and pepper mixed, and the juice of half a lemon. Stew half an hour; then add a teaspoonful of flour, with half a pint of cream, or white or brown sauce, and boil five minutes. If pickled mushrooms be used, omit the lemon-juice and wine.

Crum Pie.—Mince any cold meat very finely, season it to taste, and put it into a pie-dish; have some finely-grated bread-crumbs, with a little salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and pour into the dish any nice gravy that may be at hand; then cover it over with a thick layer of the bread-crumbs, and put small pieces of butter over the top. Place it in the oven till quite hot.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Delicate Cup Cake.—One cup of butter, three of loaf-sugar pulverized, the whites of ten eggs, five cups of flour, in which two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar have been mixed and sifted. The flour must always be sifted before measuring, and then again after the tartar is in, and lastly a cup of sweet cream with a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it and strained. This can be varied by mixing through it a few currants.

Rose Charlotte Russe.—Take one ounce of isinglass or gelatine, and soften it by soaking awhile in cold water. Then boil it slowly in a pint of cream, sweetened with a quarter of a pound of fine loaf-sugar (adding a handful of fresh rose-leaves, if convenient, tied in a thin muslin bag), till it is thoroughly dissolved and well mixed. Take it off the fire, set it to cool, and beat together until very light and thick four whole eggs and the yolks only of four others. Stir the beaten eggs gradually into the mixture of cream, sugar, and isinglass, and set it again over the fire. Stir it well, and see that it only simmers, taking it off before it comes quite to a boil. Then, while it is warm, stir in sufficient extract of roses to give it a high rose flavor and fragrant smell. Have ready two moulds lined with lady cake or almond sponge cake. Fill them with the mixture, and set them on ice. Before they go to the table, ice the tops of the charlotte, flavoring the icing with rose.

Syllabub Pudding.—Well beat four eggs; add to them six ounces of pounded and sifted loaf-sugar, a glass of brandy, a glass of white wine, and sufficient flour to make it a very stiff batter. Have a quart of milk warm from the cow poured upon it while you continue beating; and, when it is well frothed, put it into a buttered dish, place it in a quick oven, and bake it for a quarter of an hour. Serve immediately.

Rich Soda Cake.—One pound of pulverized loaf-sugar mixed with three-fourths of a pound of sweet butter, the beaten whites of fourteen eggs, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, sifted with a pound of flour, and lastly a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in half a teacupful of sweet milk, and strained. Bake immediately.

College Puddings.—Three-quarters of a pound of stale bread, grated; the same quantity of beef suet, chopped very fine; one pound of currants, half a nutmeg, a few cloves, a glass of brandy, two or three eggs, two spoonfuls of cream or milk; mix these well together, and make into a paste in the shape of eggs. Fry them gently over a clear fire in half a pound of butter; let them be of a nice brown color all over. You may add blanched almonds and sweetmeats. Serve them up with wine sauce.

Fruit Cup Cake.—One cup of sweet butter and three of nice sugar worked to a cream, five well-beaten eggs, the yolks and afterwards the whites, a glass of brandy or wine, half a nutmeg, half a dozen cloves, and a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon. Pulverize a teaspoonful of soda, and mix it in five cups of sifted flour, and stir the flour in the cake. Flour one pound of washed currants, and mix them in, and afterward one pound of seeded raisins cut once and rubbed in flour; stir it well, and just before baking add a cup of sour cream. Do not beat it much after the cream is in, but thoroughly mix, and bake immediately. It will take one hour to bake. Frost while a little warm. It will keep fresh some time. Do not cut it the day it is baked. This is an old but excellent receipt.

Wafer Pudding.—One tablespoonful of flour, two ounces of butter, two eggs, a quarter of a pint of milk, one lemon. Beat the butter to a cream, sift the flour in gradually, pare and finely mince the rind only of the lemon, add the eggs, yolks, and whites, well-beaten, to the milk, and mix all thoroughly. Bake in well-buttered saucers for twenty minutes, serve with sifted sugar. Care must be taken that the oven is not too fierce.

Apple Fritters.—Pare and core some fine large pippins, and cut them into round slices. Soak them in wine, sugar, and nutmeg for two or three hours. Make a batter of four eggs and a tablespoonful of milk; thicken with enough flour, stirred in by degrees, to make a batter; mix it two or three hours before it is wanted, that it may be light. Heat some butter in a frying-pan; dip each slice of apple separately in the batter, and fry them brown; sift pounded sugar, and grate nutmeg over them.

CONTRIBUTED.

MR. GODEY: I send you a few receipts which I know to be good:—

Green Tomato Pickles.—Take the large smooth apple tomato, cut in two or three slices, and about one good-sized onion to four tomatoes, also sliced. Put in layers in a jar, with a slight sprinkling of salt between each layer; let them stand over night. In the morning remove from the brine, rinse in cold water, drain thoroughly; then pour over, to cover them, enough vinegar, which has previously boiled half an hour with cloves and whole pepper. Pieces of horseradish root will prevent scum rising on any pickles. Pour the vinegar on while hot.

To Knit the Heels of Stockings Double.—After setting the heel, widen a few stitches, according to the fineness of the yarn, commence at one side, knit the first, then slip off the next without knitting, knit the next, slip the next, and so on across. In knitting back, slip those stitches that were previously knit, and knit those that were slipped. This makes a double heel like the old-fashioned striped mittens.

To Cement Glass or China.—Take white lead, the thick portion which adheres around the sides of a paint keg, spread smoothly on the edges, unite the pieces, and tie together to keep in place. Lay away in a dry place, and do not use for two or three weeks.

Mrs. C. M. H.

Strawberry Short Cake.—One teacupful of sour milk (not buttermilk), a piece of butter the size of a walnut, one-third of a teaspoonful of soda, quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Mix very lightly, and bake in a quick oven. While baking, take a pint and a half of strawberries, mashed fine with the hand; when the cake is cooked enough, cut in two, taking off about one-third, leaving two-thirds at the bottom; spread each part thickly with batter, then put on the large portion a layer of sugar, then the berries, then sugar, and lastly turn the other part over. Serve immediately.

L. J. L., Douglass, Ill.

I WILL send you some receipts which I can recommend, if you choose to publish them. Wishing you continued success as ever:—

Delicate Tea Cake.—The whites of three eggs beaten to a froth, one cup of pulverized white sugar, half a cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, two cups and a half of flour, a teaspoonful of almonds, half a cup of melted butter.

Family Pudding.—One quart of sweet milk, one pint of bread-crumbs soaked in the milk, three eggs well beaten, one teacupful of sugar, little mace, six good tart apples, pared, cores dug out, and stand them in the pudding, and steam until the apples are well done. An hour will suffice.

Sauce for Family Pudding.—One cup of brown sugar, with a tablespoonful of wine or spirits, boiled like a syrup with half a cup of butter added, and the white of one egg beaten stiff stirred in after the sauce cools. It is very nice and simple.

White Mountain Cake.—Four eggs well beaten with two cups and a half of white sugar, one heaping cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, five cups of flour, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one of lemon, a heaping cup of raisins (whole without stoning), half a cup of candied orange-peel and citron sliced, half a cup of almond meats sliced. It is a delicious cake, and this amount will make two common size ones.

Mrs. S. E. F. L.

MR. GODEY: Will some of your subscribers please give me a receipt for making cream puffs such as they sell in the confectioneries, and explain how the cream is prepared, etc.

Mrs. W. T. S.

A subscriber wishes a receipt for making gold and silver ink.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dirty Knives should be wiped before cleaning, and the handles should never be put in hot water, it loosens them and causes the ivory to become yellow.

Fish Napkins that have been used should be put to soak in water all night, and washed out the next morning. If allowed to dry with the grease in, they become discolored, and no ordinary bleaching will restore them.

A Good Way of Cleaning Oil-Cloth is to sponge it well with skim milk, as it brightens and preserves the color.

Bandolines.—The simplest is soap and water, or water alone. But these are not always efficient. Here is a venerable and familiar one: Take bruised quince seeds, a tablespoonful; clear rain water, a pint. Boil gently to three-quarters of a pint, then strain through muslin, and add alcohol or brandy, Cologne water, of each two tablespoonfuls.

Never let fresh bread-crumbs be made for fish or cutlets. Direct the cook to save the pieces of bread that are not eaten from the dinner-table and other crusts, and to put them in the oven till they are crisp and a pale brown, then pound and sift them. Keep in a large tin ready for use.

Editors' Table.

THE CHILDLESS AND FATHERLESS.

WHILE we have much to teach, it may be that we have something to learn in those ancient regions which were the primitive homes of our race. Our missionaries, who carry the light of Christian education into the households of the far East, find among the domestic usages of the people some which deserve consideration for their good results. Among these is the custom of adoption. Childless parents are not merely allowed, but are in some countries required by their religious sentiments to adopt children, who become in all respects as closely bound to them, in ties of duty and of affection, as if they had been the offspring of the adopters. It is well known that some of the greatest difficulties of the English rulers in India have arisen from their disregard of this usage, and their refusal to acknowledge the right of succession claimed for the adopted children of native princes. This custom of adoption is almost universal throughout the East, so that a childless family is hardly known.

The Romans had the same custom, and it has descended, with their laws, to some of the nations of Europe, though under many restrictions. By the French law, the person adopted must have been, during at least six years previously, under the constant care of the adopter, who must be childless. The adoption must be by a formal contract, approved by a legal tribunal. The adopted takes the name of the adopter, and succeeds to his property if he dies without a will.

The English law and our own codes, which are derived from it, know nothing of this relation. Yet it may well be admitted that this is a serious deficiency, and that it would be far better, in many cases, to follow the kindly Eastern method of adoption, instead of our cold mercantile system of apprenticeship. Much good has been done, we know, by benevolent societies and individuals, who have rescued orphan and deserted children from poverty and misery, and have found comfortable homes for them in Christian households. But a mere apprenticeship, or any other contract, is a poor substitute for that powerful bond of affection which springs up when the natural feelings of parent and child are called forth. The apprentice or bound servant, however kindly treated, remains a mere social walf, without kindred or home. The adopted child enters the family circle; and the holy and tender sentiments, which the ties of fatherhood, motherhood, and childhood awaken, envelop all within the circle, and make them all happier and better.

In those instances which have fallen under our observation where, so far as our law will allow, children have been adopted, the best results have followed. We have one instance in mind of a respectable married couple, who, after the loss of an only son, adopted two young orphan children, a boy and a girl, in no way related to them. They were not rich, but were able to give the children a good education, with the same tender care and thoughtful training which they would have given to their own lost child. In their declining years a reverse of fortune fell upon the adoptive parents, and they found a loving welcome and willing support from their children; one of whom was then an eminent clergy-

man, and the other a happy matron in a pleasant home replete with every comfort.

It would seem that while there are, and ever will be, so many childless homes, which would be made cheerful by the presence of children, and so many orphaned little ones, to whom these homes would bring present safety and future welfare, some method could be devised by which the system of adoption might be made far more general than it is, and invested with a legal sanction—not so restricted as that of France—but giving free play to natural affections and Christian benevolence, while surrounding the child with all the just safeguards which the law can devise. Our legislators and philanthropists will find this a subject well worthy of their attention. But to those childless parents, who have the means of rescuing orphan children from suffering and neglect, we would say: Do not wait for any amendment of the law, which may be long in coming; let your love and pity be a law to themselves, and trust the consequences to that Providence which makes all well-doing, in some way or other, bring its own sure reward.

WOMANKIND IN WESTERN EUROPE.*

WE have long desired to see a book of this sort. Women, as a sex, have undoubtedly a history; and the direction of public opinion to-day upon the questions of their fitness for the suffrage, and their position before the law, give a particular importance to any work which will enable us to judge of the future by the past. The book now lying on our table is not itself a philosophical history, but it is an important and valuable contribution towards that history—*Mémoires pour servir*, as Frenchmen would call it—and some future Hallam or Guizot will acknowledge his obligations to the research and patience which have collected into one dainty volume the facts that lay scattered here and there through seventeen centuries.

The women of the Greeks and Romans are passed over by the author in a single chapter; and the period that follows, from the fifth to the tenth century of the Christian Era, is so scantily illustrated by records even of the doings of men, that it is only by chance, as it were, that a woman's name is ever mentioned. Towards the beginning of the feudal system, we hear more of the sex; and the extract which we have chosen, and which is itself mainly a quotation from M. Guizot, describes the gradual transition from their situation under the Roman Empire to their position as inmates of the feudal castle. To the state of women in the Middle Ages the great bulk of the volume is devoted; and the work practically ends with the reign of Queen Elizabeth in England and Henry IV. in France. Our space is confined, and we hasten to our quotation; but we must say a word for the beauty and artistic perfection of the illustrations. No letter press could give such a lively impression of the dress and appearance of our ancestors as their pictures "in their fashion as they lived." The book is a storehouse of materials from which we may draw

* *Womankind in All Ages of Western Europe.* By Thomas Wright. London: Groombridge & Sons.

again, especially as it is an English publication, and may not be reprinted in this country.

The Transition to the Feudal Period.—Domestic Life in the Castle.—The Feudal Tenure brought with it new institutions and new forms of life. The new lords of the land formed alliances among themselves, or made war upon each other, at their own will, and their whole aim was to keep themselves in a permanent state of defence. The old residences were now abandoned, and their places supplied by almost impregnable fortresses. The castle, indeed, is become in a manner the symbol or image of feudalism. In this fortress, placed at a distance from all social life without, the lord and his lady lived in a complete state of isolation. The coarseness and ferocity which arose out of this life threw a new impediment in the way of social and intellectual improvement, and these early ages of feudalism were indeed ages of darkness.

Yet as one of the ablest of our modern historians has observed, "at the same time that castles opposed so strong a barrier to civilization, while it had so much difficulty in penetrating into them, they were in a certain respect a principle of civilization; they protected the development of sentiments and manners which have acted a powerful and salutary part in modern society. Everybody knows that domestic life, the spirit of family, and particularly the condition of woman, are developed in modern Europe much more completely and with more happiness than anywhere else. Among the causes which have contributed to this development, we must reckon life in the castle, the situation of the possessor of the fief in his domains, as one of the principal. Never, in any other form of society, has a family, reduced to its simplest expression, husband, wife, and children, been found so closely drawn together, pressed one against the other, separated from all other powerful and rival relations. In the different states of society of previous periods, the head of the family had, without absenting himself, a multitude of occupations and diversions which drew him from the interior of his dwelling, and, at least, hindered it from being the centre of his life. The contrary happened in feudal society. As often as he remained in his castle, the feudal possessor lived there with his wife and children, almost his only equals, his only intimate and permanent companions. Without doubt, he often left it, and led abroad a brutal and adventurous life; but he was obliged to return to his home, where he shut himself up in seasons of danger.

"Now, whenever man is placed in a certain position, the part of his moral nature which corresponds to that position is favorably developed in him. Is he obliged to live habitually in the bosom of his family with his wife and children, the ideas and sentiments in harmony with this fact cannot fail to obtain a great empire over him. So it happened in feudal society. When, moreover, the feudal possessor left his castle to go in search of war and adventures, his wife remained there, and in a situation very different from that which women almost always held in previous times. She remained there as mistress, a lady of the castle, as representative of her husband, charged in her absence with the defence and honor of the fief. This situation of rank, and almost of sovereignty, in the very bosom of domestic life, often gave to women of the feudal epoch a dignity, courage, virtue, and a splendor which they had not displayed under other circumstances, and contributed powerfully, no doubt, to their moral development and to the general progress of their condition.

"This is not all. The importance of the children, of the eldest son among the others, was greater in a feudal household than anywhere else. There was displayed not only natural affection, and the desire of transmitting his goods to his children, but also the desire of transmitting to them that power, that superior situation, that sovereignty inherent in the domain. The eldest son of the lord was, in the eyes of his father and of all his followers, a prince, a presumptive heir, the depository of the glory of a dynasty. Thus the weaknesses as well as the good sentiments, domestic pride as well as affection, joined in giving to the spirit of family much energy and power. Add to this the empire of Christian ideas, to which I here only point passingly, and you will easily understand how this castle life, this solitary, sombre, and hard position, was nevertheless favorable to the development of domestic life, and to that elevation of the condition of woman which

holds so great a place in the history of our civilization. This great and salutary revolution took place between the ninth and twelfth centuries. We cannot follow it step by step; we can only trace very imperfectly the particular facts which assisted its progress for the want of documents. But that in the eleventh century it was about completed, that the condition of woman had changed, that the spirit of family, domestic life, and the ideas and sentiments that belonged to it, had acquired a development and empire previously unknown, is a general fact which it is impossible to overlook."

THE NEW SILK-WORMS.

OUR readers will be interested in what is said of the two new varieties of silkworms which feed on the leaves of the oak and the allanthurus; for if all that is affirmed of them proves well founded, they will bring a new source of employment for women, and will also make the most elegant and durable materials for dresses abundant and cheap beyond all previous likelihood. It appears that a few years ago the eggs of the oak-feeder were procured by the French government from Japan with much difficulty, as the Japanese laws at that time forbade their exportation under the penalty of death. The habits of the insect were not well understood, and the first attempts at rearing it partially failed. But it is said now to be acclimatized not only in France, but even in England. It is hardy, and thrives better out of doors than when confined in rooms. The worm which feeds on allanthurus leaves is of similar habits. The silk produced by it is of excellent quality. A French writer says: "The silk from the allanthurus lasts double the time of that made by the mulberry worm, does not spot so easily, and washes like linen. The strength of the silk is said to be very surprising; and the durability of the Indian Foulards, which are composed entirely of allanthurus silk, is attributed to this fact."

Mr. J. Q. A. Warren, who has just returned from Europe, bringing the eggs and cocoons of these insects, mentioned these and other interesting facts in his report to the Farmers' club of the American Institute, which appears in the *New York Tribune*. He added:—

"The allanthurus tree is easy of cultivation, and can be raised to any extent in America, and the advent of this new insect, the *bombyx cynthia*, will make an important era in sericulture in America. It is easily multiplied and acclimated, and its cultivation must become successful. While in England last August, I visited the farm of Dr. Wallace, and saw some 18,000 worms feeding in the open air on the *allanthurus glandulosa*. The same month I had the pleasure of paying a visit to the beautiful country seat of Lady Dorothy Nevill, Dangstein, Petersfield, about fifty miles from London. Her ladyship had planted a large number of allanthurus trees in a portion of her beautiful garden, and covered them with a strong inclosure of network to keep off the birds. There were hundreds of young allanthurus trees growing, and thousands of worms feeding in the highest state of perfection—a beautiful sight indeed, on entering the inclosure, to see those magnificent silk-worms, from one to three inches long, of an intense emerald green color, with the tubercles tipped with a gorgeous marine blue. They seemed to care naught for wind or rain; their feet having great adhesive power, they cling to the leaves with a peculiar strength—their bodies, being covered with a fine down, seem to turn the rain like the leaf of a cabbage. Some were eating; some dormant; others commencing to spin like weavers, and many had made their cocoons and were stowed away in the leaves. Lady Nevill says they are cultivated at little expense, and the *allanthurus glandulosa* easy to raise. A ready market is found for all that can be cultivated; while the English cocoons are said to be finer than the French. To America what a boon is offered in the introduction of these new species, and the utilization of oak leaves; a material which has never been of the least value, has now suddenly become valuable, nay, precious. If such a statement had been offered one

decade ago, it would have been looked upon with derision, but now, by the medium of an insect, our oak trees and hedges, and the once neglected ailanthus are, by a modern change, converted into a precious silken fabric."

If the insects will thrive in Western Europe, they should certainly do well in this country, where the climate is so nearly like that of China and Japan. Mr. Warren's efforts deserve every praise; if they should be successful, an agreeable and useful industry will be opened here, especially to our countrywomen, which their quickness and ingenuity, we may hope, will carry far beyond the point it has reached in the countries of its origin. Who knows but that the poorest among us may in a few years "walk in silk attire," and oak velvets and ailanthus satins be as common as merinos and muslins!

BOOKS FOR HOME READING.

TENNYSON'S NEW POEMS.—The appearance of a new volume by our great modern poet is always hailed with delight by the thousands who have felt the charm of his genius; and the subject of his book is well calculated to raise their expectation to the highest. Mr. Tennyson's blank verse is simply exquisite. Rhyme is sometimes a hampering restraint to him; but rhythm and metre seem his natural element. The lines of *Elaine* and *Guinevere* flow on with a softness and beauty that predispose the reader to receive and comprehend the poem. The mind is won through the ear. In this new volume the same mastery over words compels our attention. It consists of four Arthurian legends—"The Coming of Arthur," "The Holy Grail," "Pelles and Ettarre," and "The Passing of Arthur." A portion of the last named has long been familiar to us as "Morte d'Arthur," and contains some of the poet's most vivid and beautiful lines. The other long poems are "Lucretius," a striking and powerful monologue, and "The Golden Supper," founded upon a story in Boccaccio, and the rest of the book is made up of short pieces. We have no space for detailed criticism. We can only say that as a whole the new poetry is not quite up to the mark of Mr. Tennyson's best writing; but that parts of it are very fine, and that the hand which wrote the *Princess* and the *Idyls of the King* has lost nothing of its cunning. We will give a few lines from the first poem, describing how Arthur was sent to save Britain:—

"Bleys, our Merlin's master, as they say,
Died but of late, and sent his cry to me
To hear him speak before he left his life.
Shrunk like a fairy changeling lay the mage,
And when I entered told me that himself
And Merlin ever served before the king,
Uther, before he died, and on the night
When Uther in Tintagil passed away,
Moaning and wailing for an heir, the two
Left the still king, and passing forth to breathe,
Then from the castle gateway by the chasm
Descending through the dismal night—a night
In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost—
Beheld—so high upon the dreary deeps
It seemed in heaven—a ship, the shape thereof
A dragon winged, and all from stem to stern
Bright with a shining people on the decks,
And gone as soon as seen; and then the two
Dropt to the cove and watched the great sea fall
Wave after wave, each mightier than the last;
Till, last, a ninth one, gathering all the deep
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame.
And down the wave and in the flame was borne
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,
Who stooped and caught the babe, and cried, 'The
King!
Here is an heir for Uther!' and the fringe
Of that great breaker, sweeping up the strand,
Lashed at the wizard as he spake the word,
And all at once all round him rose in fire,
So that the child and he were clothed in fire,

And presently thereafter followed calm,
Free sky and stars. 'And this same child,' said he,
'Is he who reigns.'"

THE BISHOP POTTER MEMORIAL HOUSE.

ONE of the most important movements in the Protestant Church for many years is that which has opened the Bishop Potter Memorial House. The idea of employing the services of "ministering women" in the cause of the church is almost new to England and the United States, but, wherever it has been put into execution, the results have been such as to encourage the belief that a new agency is open for the good work. The Memorial House was opened in Philadelphia, in June, 1867, under the auspices of Bishop Stevens, of Pennsylvania. Its object may best be described in his own words:—

"The women taught at the Memorial House are there instructed first to do all those several works of mercy and Christianity which the word of God requires, and, having become proficient themselves in the art of attending the sick, visiting the poor, gathering in the outcasts, superintending mothers' meetings, organizing sewing-classes, leading the churchless to the House of God, counselling the fallen, sympathizing with the mourning, praying with the penitent, and guiding the inquiring soul to Jesus, they are sent out into parishes to become instructors of others, to organize the agencies of that parish, to stay up the hands of its rector, to seek out those needing spiritual counsel, and to bring them to the Church, that its nursing care may shelter them under its wings of love. There also they learn the nature and best mode of working the several plans of Christian benevolence—at themselves to be at the head of such institutions, and are able, as intelligent and specially trained persons, to fit in and adjust such societies or institutions into the working machinery of the parish."

This institution sprung from suggestions made in 1862 by Bishop Potter to the convention in his diocese. The committee to which his address was submitted reported in favor of the establishing an institution which should give direction and scope to the systematic devotion of women to works of piety and charity among the needy; "an institution, primary in position, whose object shall be not only the association and training of women for lives of mercy and labors of love, but also to gather around it all the auxiliaries to Christian usefulness in Homes for the Aged, Asylums for Reform, Infirmarys, Orphan Houses, Christian Nurseries, and the like, to be served by its ministry to the glory of God and the highest good of His creatures." Bishop Potter said of the plan, in 1864:—

"In more than one parish, and especially in one with which you are connected, I have seen godless men and reckless youth, who had withstood all others, yielding to the silent and persevering efforts of ladies, and demonstrating how much can be done among the most forlorn of our people through their agency. It is teaching us more and more the necessity of individualizing our appeals, of making them with all kindness and constancy, and of coupling them with fervent and believing prayer.

"Properly trained, this agency of woman would be most benign in all our public institutions—in our prisons, almshouses, reformatories, and asylums for the sick and afflicted of every name. God bless the noble women who have given themselves to the work! The Lord make his face to shine upon efforts to extend and systematize it; and the Good Spirit rouse our sex—too slow to engage in such works—to emulate the example."

From Bishop Stevens' address we quote:—

"For, let me ask, what is this Memorial House? It is for the training of Christian women in all kinds of Christian work. It is a calling out and developing in the Church agencies which Protestant denominations have long kept dormant. It is giving vent and organic force to influences which only need to be wisely guided to secure blessed results. It is seeking to put women in the place where our

Lord put them when on earth, when he graciously accepted their ministries; where the Apostles put them, when Lydia, and Phoebe, and Priscilla, and Tabitha, and that noble roll of Christian women, recorded by St. Paul in the Epistle to the Romans, labored, under deacons and elders, in the primitive Church."

Of the plan of the institution, Mr. Welsh, the chairman of the committee, to whom its early establishment is mainly due, said:—

"Mrs. Jackson, of Milwaukee, the widow of the Rev. William Jackson, of Louisville, Kentucky, is to be the Lady Principal of the institution, subject to the direction and control of the bishop; and under her charge will be placed as many suitably qualified volunteers as can be procured, accommodated, and supported, without expense to the hospital. These will be trained in teaching and in charitable work, under direction of the principal and such helpers as she may call to her assistance. At the expiration of six months, they can leave the institution, or re-enter to prepare, according to their aptitude or taste, for some special service in the foreign or domestic fields, or for nursing in the hospital or elsewhere."

From these few details our readers will understand how important is the work of the Memorial House. The results have surpassed expectation. We hope that many will be induced to send to Mr. William Welsh for the History of the Institution, published in Philadelphia in 1868, which will give a mass of interesting details. Why should not this House be endowed by the wealthy, and filled with the devoted daughters of the Church?

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—These articles are accented: "The E'en of Blue"—"Wife"—"Beautiful Day"—and "Sea Shells."

The following are declined: "The Kind Auntie and her Little Children"—"Victoria"—and "The Wanderers."

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

BY DR. CHARLES P. UNKE.

INFANTS' FOOD.

In infantile life an ample amount of nourishing food is of paramount importance. Indeed, the growing child needs more in proportion than the adult; for not merely is the daily waste to be repaired, and that constant reproduction of the tissues to be provided for which is essential to the maintenance of vitality in all parts of the body, but each day is to bring with it an increase in size and stature. The nerves, the bones, the muscles, and all the great machinery of the interior of the body are to be built up and strengthened to meet the increasing demands of nature. The organs of digestion, however, as well as those having other offices to perform, are at this period of life frail and delicate, and poorly able to accomplish any great amount of labor. In fact, their development is incomplete; for we find the jaws edentulous, the salivary glands inactive, and portions of the alimentary canal imperfect in its anatomical construction. Nature intended the infant to subsist for the first few months of life upon food which requires but few changes to be made in it. And while she thus points to an article of food that shall yield the necessary sustenance, and shall be so easily assimilated as not to overburden the delicate organs of the young, the question naturally suggests itself, where shall that food be found? We should search in vain through the animal and vegetable kingdoms for any substance that would completely fulfil these conditions; but nature herself supplies the want, and prepares within the mother's own

mysterious organism the very *sine qua non* for the natural, healthy, and complete nutrition of the child.

Milk—the best, and only proper aliment for the young—contains, ready combined, all those elements which are necessary for its growth and for the maintenance of its vitality. How small must be the effort needed to effect the assimilation of this food. "The chief of its solid constituents, the casein, differs little, if at all, from the albumen of the blood, while in combination with it is a considerable quantity of the phosphate of lime—a salt that enters largely into the composition of the bones. Among its other components we find butter and sugar—the former of which probably in part contributes to the formation of the fat that is so abundantly deposited in the healthy infant, while the remainder of it supplies materials for the generation of heat, by being resolved, together with the saccharine matter, into its ultimate elements of carbonic acid and water." This food, too, is not merely suitable for the infant soon after birth, but it continues to be the aliment most proper for it for many months; the casein increasing in quantity as the infant grows older and the demand for materials to maintain its growth increases.

The infant, whose mother refuses to perform towards it the mother's part, or who, by accident, disease, or death, is deprived of the food that nature destined for it, too often languishes and dies. Such children you may often see with no fat to give plumpness to their limbs, no red particles in their blood to impart a healthy hue to their skin; their face wearing in infancy the lineaments of age; their voice a constant wail—their whole aspect an embodiment of woe. But give to such children the food that nature destined for them, and if the remedy do not come all too late to save them, the mournful cry will cease—the face will assume a look of content—by degrees the features of infancy will disclose themselves; the limbs will grow round, the skin pure red and white, and when at length we hear the merry laugh of babyhood, it seems almost as if the little sufferer of some weeks before must have been a changeling, and this the real child brought back from fairyland.

Bringing up children by hand is a serious matter. Much care, much patience, and much judicious management are necessary to counteract the inevitable evils that result from it. And, although it is in every respect desirable that for the first six months at least of their existence, children should derive their support entirely from their mother; there are many circumstances which render it impracticable, and the question we often have to answer, and that, too, sometimes very soon after the infant's birth, is not as to the goodness of a wet nurse, but as to the best substitute for the mother's milk. Now it is obvious that the more nearly the substitute we select approaches to the character of the mother's milk, the greater will be the prospect of the attempt to rear the infant upon it proving successful. Discarding, therefore, all those preparations of arrowroot, sago, tapioca, flour, milk biscuit, etc., in which too many repose such confidence, we shall not need any labored argument to convince us that in the milk of some other animal we shall be likely to find the infant's most appropriate food. There are, however, many important differences between the milk of all the domestic animals and of the human female. Asses' milk, it is found by analysis, approaches the nearest of any, and on this account it is regarded as the best substitute for the child's natural food. Unfortunately, however, *expense* is very frequently a bar to its employment, and compels us to have recourse to cows' or goats' milk, as being so much more

readily procured. And to these substances should the entire food of the child be limited, until, at least, the period of teething is well established.

The practice of feeding young infants upon crackers, and bread, and sweetmeats on account of their supposed lightness, cannot be too highly censured. It is a very wrong and dangerous habit to "get into." For above all things these substances are difficult of digestion at this period of life. When taken, they pass through the stomach undigested, or nearly so, and enter the intestines in a condition wholly unfit to be acted upon by the bile or other intestinal fluids; the intestines become irritated, and, in their efforts to get rid of the offending material, diarrhœa or inflammation is excited, while, if they remain for any length of time in the body they pass into a state of fermentation or putrefaction, and thus produce those horribly offensive evacuations which are so frequently voided by children under these circumstances. And more than this, during the summer months, or while the child is teething, a diet so harsh and unnatural as this, can seldom fail to be accompanied with one or more attacks of cholera infantum or some other similar disease as a consequence. How many children die martyrs to this accursed practice, none but those who almost daily witness the occurrence can disclose.

Literary Notices.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—
HANS BREITMANN IN CHURCH. *With other New Ballads.* By Charles G. Leland. The rare humor, so characteristic of the earlier series of the Breitmann Ballads, would seem, judging from the present volume, to be by no means exhausted. Mr. Leland has also developed a vein of pathos, even, in the midst of his quaint phraseology and occasional irreverence and profanity, which shows him to be capable of touching the finer chords of human feeling as well as of exciting laughter.

HANS BREITMANN'S BALLADS. By Charles G. Leland. New, enlarged, and complete edition. This beautifully bound and handsomely printed volume contains the entire series of the Breitmann Ballads.

THE MAIDEN WIDOW. *A Sequel to "The Family Doom."* By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Mrs. Southworth has no peer in the field of romantic fiction, and her wonderful and interesting stories are read wherever the English language is spoken. Those who became involved in the mesh of mystery woven in "The Family Doom" will be anxious to see its disentanglement, which is accomplished in the present volume.

ROLAND YORKE. *A Sequel to "The Channings."* By Mrs. Henry Wood. The many admirers of Mrs. Wood will find this novel fully equal to anything that has yet come from her pen.

WHY DID HE MARRY HER? By Miss Eliza Dupuy. Miss Dupuy, well known as a contributor to the *New York Ledger*, has, in this volume, completed one of her most interesting, most artistic, and most charming novels. Lovers of sensational literature will need no further announcement.

THE LAST ATHENIAN. Translated from the Swedish of Victor Rydberg, by William W. Thomas, Jr., late U. S. Consul at Gothenburg, Sweden. The popularity of this novel, which was first issued in its present form only a year since, has forced its publishers to issue a second edition. The book, on its first appearance in Swedish, was enthusiastically

received by Miss Bremer, and it was on her special recommendation that Mr. Thomas began the work of translation.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE; or, The Joys and Sorrows of American Life. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

HELEN AND ARTHUR; or, Miss Thusa's Spinning-Wheel. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

THE PLANTER'S NORTHERN BRIDE; or, Scenes in Mrs. Hentz's Childhood. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

EOLINE; OR, MAGNOLIA VALE; or, The Heiress of Glenmore. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

The works of Mrs. Hentz, which were the delight of the past generation, are being rapidly reissued for the benefit of the present one in a style that is creditable to the publisher, and gratifying to the purchaser. Four volumes of the series are before us.

From Mrs. J. HAMILTON THOMAS, Philadelphia:—
THOUGHTS THAT CLUSTER ROUND OUR HOMES. By the compiler of "Drifted Snowflakes," "Leaves Gathered," etc. The little books which this lady publishes are models of typographical excellence. The one before us is printed on tinted, hot-pressed paper, with gilt edges, and is beautifully bound. Its title suggests the character of its contents, which contain a vast number of poems selected from various authors, all of them excellent in their character.

From HENRY C. LEA, Philadelphia:—
THE HALF-YEARLY ABSTRACT OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. *Being a Digest of British and Continental Medicine, and of the Progress of Medicine and the Collateral Sciences.* Edited by William Domett Stone, M. D., F. R. C. S. Vol. I. Jan. 1870.

From the AUTHOR:—
REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE RELATIONS OF ALCOHOL TO MEDICINE. By John Bell, M. D., Chairman. Extracted from the Transactions of the American Medical Association. The subject of the relations of alcohol to medicine seems to be pretty nearly exhausted in the very readable pamphlet of one hundred and twenty pages. Examining the question under the several heads of hygiene, etiology, therapeutics, and medical jurisprudence, Doctor Bell brings the most conclusive evidence to show not only the utter inutility, but also the absolute harmfulness of alcohol, under whatever shape or form, as a medicine.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—
SKETCHES OF CREATION. By Alexander Winchell, LL. D. With Illustrations. A most interesting and instructive volume, giving a popular view of some of the grand conclusions of the sciences in reference to the history of matter and of life. It is in some sort a review, in a style adapted to the comprehension of the non-scientific reader, of what has been done by science in throwing light upon the physical conformation of the earth and of the solar system, as well as a summing up of the various speculations and theories as to their origin and final destiny.

JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO EGYPT, CONSTANTINOPLE, THE CRIMEA, GREECE, ETC., in the Suite of the Prince and Princess of Wales. By Hon. Mrs. William Gray. We find this a very readable account of the recent eastern tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales, having been written by one of their suite. It is in the form of a journal, and was originally written without a thought of publi-

cation; and it was not until the book was actually in print that its authoress knew that it had passed into the printer's hands, and gave her consent to its being made public. The glimpses it gives of life in the harem are specially interesting, and serve to dispel some of the illusions which mystery has woven around woman's life in the east.

THE UNKIND WORD, and Other Stories. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. We have here a valuable collection of stories and essays, which, having appeared first in the pages of English magazines, are now printed in book form, the better to preserve what is so well worthy of preservation.

UNDER FOOT. A Novel. By Alton Clyde, author of "Maggie Lynne." Illustrated.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY. A Novel. By Mrs. A. C. Steele, author of "Gardenhurst."

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE NATURAL SPEAKER. By Joseph Alden, D. D., LL. D., President of New York State Normal School. With a Prefatory Note by James McCosh, D. D., LL. D., President of the College of New Jersey. The peculiar feature of this new book of oratorical exercises consists in the fact that it rejects all pieces calculated to form a theatrical, declamatory manner of speaking. The exercises that have been selected are such as will foster a simple, natural, business-like style of oratory. Most, if not all of the prose selections have never appeared in any similar work.

THE MASTERY SERIES. Manual for Learning Spanish. By Thomas Prendergast, author of "The Mastery of Languages," etc. The principle of the "Mastery Series" of books, of which the present is the fourth volume, consists in first learning the language and then studying the grammar, just as one does in acquiring a knowledge of his native tongue. This is certainly the natural, and, for this reason, appears to us the better method. At all events, the system is worthy of a trial.

RED AS A ROSE IS SHE. A Novel. By the author of "Cometh up as a Flower," etc.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. Monthly Part No. 11. Price 50 cents.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL. Mrs. Jerningham's journal begins with the trials of a six-week's old bride, who, being young, given to pleasure, and somewhat frivolous, yet perfectly innocent, is married to a staid, undemonstrative, exacting husband. She misses her country home, and the amusements and recreations of her girlhood, while her "master" is disappointed and dissatisfied because she does not become at once the staid and demure matron who finds her chief delight in looking after his comforts and "improving her mind." As the journal progresses troubles arise in which each are in fault; but after serious difficulties all ends happily. The poetry is not perhaps of the first order of merit; but it is amusing, and at the same time tells grave truths. Everybody should read the book, laugh at it, and ponder over it.

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through ALFRED MARTIN, Philadelphia:—

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD. By Rev. William Hanna. Part II. *The Ministry in Galilee.* We noticed lately the appearance of the first volume of Dr. Hanna's "Life of Christ." The second is now before us; four are yet to come. The history is brought

down to the Transfiguration. Dr. Hanna's style we have before commended for its clearness and simplicity. The binding and printing leave nothing to be desired.

THE GOLDEN CUP, and Other Stories. By Rev. J. de Liefde, Amsterdam.

BESSIE ON HER TRAVELS. By Joanna H. Mathews. This is the last of the "Bessie Books," and many a child will be sorry to hear the news. The series has been charming: interesting, and varied, free from excessive moralizing, and written so clearly and simply that the youngest reader can enjoy it. We hope to hear from Miss Mathews again.

A BRAID OF COORDS. By A. L. O. E. A collection of little stories called "Braids," contrasted together, the dark against the light. The author's name is familiar and pleasant to many of our readers.

From ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston:—

THE EARTHLY PARADISE. Part III. By William Morris. The lovers of poetry have long anticipated the publication of this volume. The first part of "The Earthly Paradise" was enough of itself to establish Mr. Morris' claim to the highest rank of contemporary verse. We shall give in our next number a more detailed criticism of these new stories, the most graceful, exquisite, and powerful legends since Chaucer. Here we will only say that three months' tales are included, six in number; viz., "The Death of Paris," "The Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon," "Accontius and Cydippe," "The Man who never Laughed Again," "The Story of Rhodope," and "The Lovers of Gudrun." One more part is yet to appear.

MAUPRAT. By George Sand. Translated by Virginia Vaughan. Messrs. Roberts have promised us a desideratum in English literature—a selection from the writings of George Sand, translated by a competent hand. This volume is, we believe, the first of the series. It is one of Madame Dudevant's latest works, and is, we need not say, entirely free from those views which are generally distasteful to American readers. It was composed "to paint an eternal, exclusive love—a love inspired before, and continuing during and after marriage." Of the interest and artistic excellence of the work, the author's name is sufficient guarantee.

A DAY BY THE FIRE. By Leigh Hunt. The papers here collected were published in six different periodicals at widely different periods of the author's life. They are good specimens of Leigh Hunt's best manner; that is, they are very good indeed. We know no easier, brighter, pleasanter companion for a spare hour than such a book. The opening essay, which gives the title, is simply charming. Leigh Hunt has such a thorough and delighted appreciation of good things in art and nature that the reader enjoys them with him. The book is beautifully printed. We have never seen a volume with the imprint of Messrs. Roberts whose mechanical part was open to serious criticism.

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston:—

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR; The Bible and School Fund. By Rufus W. Clark, D. D.

From LORING, Boston:—

A ROMAN LAWYER IN JERUSALEM; First Century. By W. W. Story. Reprinted from *Blackwood*. This is an exceedingly ingenious defence of the character of Judas Iscariot.

From HENRY A. DREER, Philadelphia:—

DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR FOR 1870. This calendar contains a full list of seeds and plants

for flower and vegetable garden, and furnishes also brief directions for the cultivation and management of flowers, vegetables, and fruits.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

MAY, 1870.

"This very morn hath May unbarred the Spring,
And lovers all, to crown the happy day,
To Flora's rustic shrine their offerings bring,
With dance, and laugh, and jocund roundelay."

Our steel plate for this month represents the visit of the cow doctor to a country house for the purpose of affording relief to what appears to be the favorite animal. The wo-begone countenances of the farmer and his family show plainly how anxious they are that something should be done, as the product of that cow is one of the principal means whereby they are sustained. It is a copy of an old painting, as will be seen from the dress of the doctor, who was wont in olden times to habit himself in a style different from his fellow-men.

Our fashion-plate contains some very fine styles of making up spring dresses. On the extension sheet also will be found several more, which are brought down to a later date.

The great number of designs of all kinds presented this month should commend this number to our patrons and their friends, as it will be seen from the variety that all tastes can be gratified.

A GOOD WIFE.—The *Jackson Tribune* says: "This is the fashion book of America, without a doubt, and our wife says she does not see how she could survive without GODEY."

MANY persons are doubtful of their own judgment, and do not fairly know if they like a publication until they find it indorsed by others. This is one reason why we publish commendatory notices from newspapers and letters from individuals. We have no vanity in the matter, because we know we publish the best LADY'S BOOK in America; but we like the doubting to be convinced. We could fill one number of the Book with the most agreeable notices from the press of the whole country.

It is Mr. Godey's highest ambition to do precisely what the *Piqua Journal* says:—

"If Mr. Godey's highest ambition is, as it seems to be, to make the LADY'S BOOK excel all others of its kind, he is succeeding admirably. In our opinion, none have thus far been able to equal it in any of its departments, and the handsome club sent off for it from this place shows that the ladies of our neighborhood appreciate its worth."

POSTAL MONEY ORDERS.—Apply to your postmaster for a postal money order. No more losses by mail.

"The postal money order system established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than \$1 nor more than \$50. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz: For an order for \$1 or for any larger sum but not exceeding \$20, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of \$20 and up to \$30, the charge shall be 15 cents; more than \$30 and up to \$40, the charge shall be 20 cents; over \$40 and up to \$50, the charge shall be 25 cents."

NEURALGIA.—It is said that the juice of one lemon, taken daily in water, will cure the most obstinate case of neuralgia. No sugar must be used.

THE DEATH OF ONE OF THE OLD STAFF.—David Stevens died on the 5th of March, aged seventy-five years. Mr. Stevens had been in our employ for thirty years as superintendent of the plate printing department. Born in England, he came to this country at an early age, and has always been noted for his honorable dealings and his upright character. He was a man of rather commanding appearance, and of infinite jest. He was faithfully attended in his last illness, which was only of a week's duration, by the other employees in the office, who never left him for a minute night or day.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.—The *American Reserve* flows out as follows: "It is the book of books for all our fashion-loving ladies to take."

Pretty much in the same strain is the notice from the *Woodstock Standard*: "GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is in its fortieth year. The lady who has it upon her table wants for little else of its kind."

SHORT, but to the point. From the *Commonwealth*, Marion, Alabama:—

"GODEY—the best magazine ever published."

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.—A splendid engraving with this title, after the picture by the renowned John Martin, has been published by John Danity, No. 31 South Sixth St., Philadelphia. The engraving is by the celebrated A. B. Walter, who puts his name on nothing that is not good. The size of the engraving is sixteen by twenty-four inches, and the prices as follows: Proof before letter, \$8; India proof, \$6; plain proof, \$5; plain prints, \$4. This is the first time this celebrated picture has been engraved in this country, and is a beautiful one to hang in a parlor. All orders to be addressed as above. The publisher will send it carefully by mail.

"A GREAT assistant in the culinary department." Many persons overlook this great branch of our book, and yet all housekeepers acknowledge its worth. The *Nevada City Times* knows the importance of it. The editor says:—

"This justly popular ladies' magazine is again before its patrons for 1870. GODEY is the best household magazine we have. It is a great assistant in the culinary department, an able instructor in the boudoir, and an adviser in the family circle."

ARISTOCRATIC HUMBUGS.—Count Von Bellow is the name of the last imposition. We chronicled Lord Ainslie some time since. The count succeeded in marrying a young lady in New Jersey, and borrowing several thousands from her relatives and friends. What a soft set of people, and how fond the Americans are of titles!

WE ask particular notice to the fact commented upon by the *Wisconsin Record* about the cheapness of the LADY'S BOOK:—

"The cheapness of the LADY'S BOOK, in comparison with the lower-priced magazine, has always been conceded. The plates are more numerous, the music is all original, and cannot be procured until after they have published it; the same of model cottages and drawing lessons. And the fashions, where can you find their equal for truthfulness?"

FREIGHT ON LETTERS AND PREMIUM ON DRAFTS.—We wish our subscribers distinctly to understand, that when they send their letters by express company they must pay the freight, and those who send drafts must pay the premium. We advise subscribers to remit by mail a post-office order or a draft payable to the order of L. A. GODEY. Should either be lost, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

GERMANTOWN TELEGRAPH.—We hail with pleasure the close of the *fortieth* year of this popular weekly. Side by side for that number of years have the *LADY'S BOOK* and the *Telegraph* stood together in the good work of disseminating moral and useful reading among the people. Among the farmers in the adjoining counties, there is no weekly paper that is thought so much of as the *Telegraph*. Its views in everything relating to a farm are considered sound. At the starting of the paper, it was considered a bold venture, but the success it has achieved proves that energy and a strict adherence to right principles will in the end surmount all obstacles. Mr. Freas has our best wishes for his continued success.

"It has no superior in its peculiar department." We annex the whole of the notice from the *Madison, Wisconsin, Democrat*:—

"This magazine certainly has no superior in its peculiar department, and many think it is the best of the kind printed. Everything relating to the fashions, or those matters which ladies desire to be informed about, is here told in full, and with much particularity, illustrated by steel and wood engravings."

NO PRESENTS.—It will be seen by the following from a New York paper that our crusade against begging is having its effect. Many persons now put on invitation cards to weddings—

"No presents." This is the latest and the neatest invention adopted among well-bred people who issue invitations to silver weddings. Tin, silver, and golden weddings, as they are generally conducted, are only a refined species of blackmailing, and we have had quite enough of them during the season just elapsed."

We copy the following from the *Ledger*: "Wanted an experienced operator on shoes." Does not this mean that a shoemaker is wanted?

A VOICE FROM THE KITCHEN.—Upwards of thirty professed cooks, many of them hailing from the best hotels in the United States, have voluntarily come forward and pronounced *RAND'S SEA-MOSS FARINE* the finest article for puddings, custards, blanc mange, creams, jellies, and other favorite items of the dessert that has ever come under their notice.

So much for the palatability of the new element of food.

A still greater number of distinguished physicians and scientific chemists indorse it as a nutrient of the very highest class; while every housekeeper who uses it admits that it is full fifty per cent. cheaper than *maizena*, *farina*, *corn starch*, or any other preparation from corn or the cereal grains.

The new food staple is manufactured, under a patent, by the *Sea-Moss Farine Co.*, 53 Park Place; and, in view of the above established facts, it is not surprising that their extensive machinery is kept running night and day to supply a demand that is rapidly becoming universal.

PUNCTUALITY:—

"It comes as regular as clock work, never having missed a number since it has been on our exchange list." And that is a long time, Messrs. Editors of *Wrightsville Star*.

Another virtue is its promptness, always reaching us in advance of other publications.—*Missouri Investigator*.

PLEASANT.—Hearing a couple of persons, employed to hang the pictures in your parlor, disputing as to which is the top and which the bottom of the pictures.

CHILDREN'S parties, as they are conducted in the present year of grace, are about as lamentable instances of the evil results of the following of fashion as can well be adduced. The old-fashioned children's party, which took place in the afternoon—five o'clock, or even earlier, being considered a very proper hour for assembling—was an entirely different kind of thing. Then boys and girls were boys and girls, not those modern horrors, the "young gentlemen" and "young ladies" of our present juvenile parties. The children's dresses were not so fine as to prevent them from indulging without fear of evil consequence in the games considered proper to their age. Alas for the days of simplicity! Children of the mature ages of six to ten years have now as many engagements as their mammas—very probably more; and the parties to which these young people go are not the simple teas followed by games, but regular set affairs, with the dressing, the company manners, the wine drinking, the suppers, and the late hours of entertainments indulged in by persons of much maturer age.

Children's parties, as they are generally conducted, are productive of very serious evils. The want of sleep at proper hours, the unsuitable food and the wine which are consumed, tell on the physical strength of children with most startling results. The little creatures become pale and hollow-eyed, and they suffer from attacks of indigestion, which produce very serious consequences. Early and sound sleep, plain food, fresh air, sunlight, are wanted, that children may be the rosy, healthy, happy creatures that they ought to be. The crowded rooms and late hours to which our present fashions expose them will undermine many fragile constitutions entirely, and will weaken even those naturally strong. How can children be healthy whose conditions of existence are eminently unhealthy?

Nor are the physical evils the only ones to be deplored. These parties foster in children a taste for excitement, which it is more easy to raise than to allay. We have heard quite young children boasting of the number of parties to which they had gone. Then they are encouraged to ape the manners as well as the dress of their elders; and, while their affected airs and graces are extremely amusing to thoughtless spectators, they are painful in a very high degree to those who consider what will be the outcome of all this juvenile precocity. To those who remember that "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," there seems to be much need for reform in the matter of children's parties.

A LIFETIME.—Nearly forty years it has been a welcome visitor to thousands who could scarcely do without it.—*Wrightsville Star*.

METHOD AND ORDER.—Nature, in every object, however minute, inculcates the invaluable lessons of method and order to man:—

"Each moss,
Each crawling insect holds a rank
Important in the plan of Him who framed
This scale of beings—holds a rank, which lost,
Would break the chain, and leave behind a gap
Which Nature's self would rue!"

I HAVE used my *WHEELER & WILSON Sewing Machine* over ten years without repairs and without breaking a needle, although I commenced the use of it without any instructions; have used it constantly for family sewing; have quilted whole quilts of the largest size, and it is still in complete order, runs like a top, and bids fair to be willed to those who come after me with better powers of production than an unbroken prairie farm. MRS. H. E. G. ARRY.

Whitewater, Wis.

ARTISTIC POWER OF SAVAGES.—Curious facts with regard to the artistic power of those whom we are accustomed to speak of as savages come to light every now and then. The meeting of the Royal Geographical Society of London, lately held, was occupied in the consideration of the gigantic sculptured figures found on Easter Island, a little place not more than twelve miles long and four broad, and lying surrounded by miles and miles of the great Pacific waters, yet abounding in sculptured figures.

The Hydahs, or Indians of Queen Charlotte's Islands, off the northeast coast of North America, possess a very remarkable artistic skill. With a broken knife and a file for tools, they will carve pipes and statuettes, and will construct jewelry from silver or gold coin, wonderful both in the execution and in the taste displayed in the design of the ornaments. A man named Waekus made out of gold coins, for the wife of the English Admiral on the station, a pair of bracelets of the most beautiful design and workmanship. This man had quite an inventive genius. He made the design for the cast-iron railing now on the balcony of the Bank of British Columbia in Victoria; and he could copy engravings or make portraits by scratching on ivory. This Waekus came to a sad end, having been shot by his chief in a drunken quarrel.

Many of the Hydahs possess similar artistic powers. Mr. A. G. Dallas, late Governor-General of the Hudson's Bay Company's territories, has an excellent bust of himself executed in ivory by a Hydah. Another of these Indians carved for Mr. Robert Brown a beautiful ivory chair, doing all the work with a knife, and polishing it with shark's skin. These people copy on slate figures which they see in stray copies of the *Illustrated London News*; so that future ethnological explorers must beware of founding theories on the fact that figures of Assyrian bulls are found traced on slate in "Queen Charlotte's Islands."

These clever and interesting people are dying out. They have no power of becoming settled enough to learn the arts of civilized life, and drunkenness and disease, introduced by white men, are fast putting an end to one of the finest of the Indian tribes. Who is answerable for this? We do not like to answer this question, but we think we could.

WHAT the Press says of the literature of GODEY: The *Nevada Times*, "It is a welcome visitor to the library." "The tone of the magazine is of a high order, and its moral teachings unexceptionable." That is from the *Schenectady Union*, and that is what we pride ourselves upon. "His corps of contributors are of the first class of American writers, as indeed they always have been." This is from the *Port Byron Times*, and the editor of this paper is very particular in his literary notices. "The general tone of this magazine is unexceptionable for any family circle."—*Searcy Record*. We have always said that every story we publish may be read aloud in the domestic circle. "The reading matter is of a high order."—*Wis. Record*. "Of late we perceive that Godey's stories are superior to those of any similar periodical." We thank the *Madison Democrat* for this, and we will go still further. We are willing that a comparison should be made between other as well as similar magazines. "Its literary contents are unexceptionable, and by the best authors."—*Jackson Tribune*. They certainly are by the best authors that money can procure.

BARON ROTHSCHILD is anxious for an English peerage, that he may get in the House of Lords. But the lords still object to the presence of a Jew among them; and yet they cannot prevent the Duke of Hamilton, the greatest blackguard in Europe, from taking his seat, because he has an hereditary right to it. Here is consistency.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY.—A brilliant list of new and fashionable music in the May number, now ready. A choice new *Fantaisie de Salon*, for good players (worth of itself, in the stores, 50 cents); Susie Morne, beautiful song and chorus by our popular contributor, Mrs. Hackelton; Lottie Mazourka, easily arranged for beginners by the favorite composer, E. Mack; Beyond the Sunset, beautiful sacred song; Spring Garden Waltz, easy, are all included in the contents, and as usual are printed upon the best music paper of the full music size. Lovers of music everywhere should send 40 cents for this number, or \$1 (and nine cents in stamps for postage) for the last three numbers. Terms, \$4 per annum. For two subscribers we send premium of \$5 worth of new music gratis.

New Sheet Music.—Happy Gypsy Girl, new song, 30 cents. Mary, my Beautiful Angel, by Mrs. Hackelton, 30. Francie Belle, exquisite song by Krauss, 25. Still True to Thee, very pretty, 30. Sunset on the Mountains, 30. Also, Lyda Polka, easy, 20. Golden Sunset, Reverie, 30. Spring Schottisch, by Mack, picture title, 40. Grand Duchess Fantaisie by Brinley Richards, 35. Catalogues free. Persons ordering \$5 worth of music will receive Holloway's *Musical Monthly* for 1870 free. Address orders for the *Monthly* and for Music only to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

A NEW YORK paper says that "Many people—especially strangers—in this city stay away from church on Sunday for fear of being considered intruders, and this feeling is a very natural one under the circumstances. We have seen in fashionable places of worship half the pews vacant, and yet a visitor unable to obtain a seat, unless he or she would take one near the door or up in the organ loft."

The above will apply to all large cities.

THE London correspondent of the *American Literary Gazette* gives the following as a most remarkable circumstance:—

"I may mention as a rather unusual circumstance in literary history, that *Fraser's Magazine* has just issued a second edition of its January number. The article which caused this demand was Mr. J. A. Froude's article on 'England and the Colonies.' You know Mr. Froude is now its editor? The example set by the *Fortnightly Review* is followed now by 'Fraser.' Several of the articles are signed. The *Quarterly Review* recently found it necessary to issue a second edition; and, if I remember accurately, *Blackwood's Magazine* published a second edition of Mr. Samuel Warren's ('Ten Thousand a Year') eulogium of Prince Albert. These are the only instances of a periodical issuing a second edition I can recall."

It is nothing unusual for us to publish five different editions of our January number, and of many other numbers during the year. We consider this is nothing, as our Book is electrotyped; but before the days of stereotyping, we in one instance set up the type for a January number four times. We are now reprinting several numbers of the years 1859, '60, '61, '62, such is the demand for back numbers of the *LADY'S BOOK*.

A VERY impudent foreigner in New York, a Sig. Barilli, proposing to go to California, advertises a farewell concert in New York, a full dress affair, the necessity of which is that ladies must wear low-necked dresses and the gentlemen swallow-tailed coats, or they will not be admitted; and yet the fashionable donkies in that city will obey him to the letter. Let an American propose such a thing, what an outcry there would be! Cannot one appreciate music without a swallow-tailed coat?

POSTHUMOUS VINDICTIVENESS. The wills of two prelates recently deceased exhibit in a very marked degree "the ruling passion strong in death." The late Bishop of Exeter made special provision in his will for carrying on the Tregony case, which, to the uninitiated laity, seemed to involve no point worthy of posthumous litigation. The late Bishop of Manchester (whose connection with his diocese was marked by many unhappy quarrels) publishes and perpetuates a family feud which one might have thought would have been healed by the lapse of time. Many years ago his eldest daughter married one of his lordship's chaplains—a man of exemplary character—without the bishop's consent. She is by will excluded from all interest in her father's property, who explains his act in these terms: "This I do not in anger, but because I hold it a duty not to let such conduct as hers and the person she is married to prove successful."

We copy the above from the *London Pall Mall Gazette*. One bishop leaves as a legacy—a lawsuit; the other excludes from all interest in his property his first born daughter, because she married the man of her heart, not his—"a man of exemplary character," but only a chaplain. Not rich. If he had been, more riches would have been given him. The excuse given for thus cutting her off is contemptible. He leaves his daughter in poverty, that it may be a lesson. What lesson? That a bishop's daughter must not, no matter how much she may love and however respectable he may be, marry her father's chaplain? Will there be any difference in heaven between a bishop and a chaplain? that is, if both get there, but we think there is a chance that one may not. But we must not be uncharitable; or it may be said we are as bad as the Bishop of Manchester. How could this man ask forgiveness when he forgives not?

THE late celebrated George M. Dallas was once examining a well-known German politician upon the subject of his presence in Harrisburg at a certain time.

"Mr. S—, were you in Harrisburg on the 20th of January last?"

Witness, after considerable hesitation, answered: "No, Mr. Dallas, I was not in Harrisburg at that time."

"Were you in Harrisburg on the 25th of January?"

Witness replied, after long consideration: "No, Mr. Dallas, I was not in Harrisburg on the 25th of last January."

"Well, Mr. S—, please inform us on what day in January you were in Harrisburg?"

Witness replied rather quickly this time: "Mr. Dallas, I never was in Harrisburg."

We are equally surprised with the *Gainesville New Era*—

GODEY is on our round table, and, if such a thing could be, it excels any previous number of that host of all magazines. But the ladies all know how to appreciate GODEY. We are pleased to hear they are making up a club to send for it without delay. We are surprised that anybody who has a wife, sister, daughter, or sweetheart, does not send for a copy. Try it and we will not ask you to try it again unless you are satisfied it is worth twice the subscription price.

A COMICAL transposition of type occurred in a recent number of the *Buffalo Christian Advocate* as follows:—

"Her eyes were once to me the boundaries of the world, and were the first things I ever looked into. And I think the best five herrings each per day, the number of fish for the summer subsistence of this single species of bird cannot be under 214,000,000."

WHICH IS WANTED?—Many persons complain that they cannot find words for their thoughts, when the real trouble is that they cannot find thoughts for words.

EXTRAORDINARY CAB-DRIVERS AND POLICEMEN OF PARIS.—"A curious illustration of the honesty of Parisian cab-drivers and policemen is given in the last fortnightly lists of objects found in public vehicles or thoroughfares and deposited by the finders at the Prefecture of Police. Between the 26th of December and the 12th of January, 13 watches, 22 pocket-books (containing altogether 37,479f.), 3 rings, 1 gold snuff-box, 4 bracelets, 3 lockets, 7 brooches, and 1 pair of gold spectacles were returned. All these objects were picked up in the streets or in the public gardens. In cabs, omnibuses, and theatres there were found 27 purses and pocket-books (containing 63,698f.), 16 watches, 23 opera-glasses, 1 pearl necklace, 3 gold necklaces and lockets, 2 bracelets, 44 umbrellas, 5 ladies' shawls or cloaks, and 9 gentlemen's overcoats. The most surprising feature of the list is the number of twenty-franc and ten-franc pieces picked up and taken to the police office."

The above reads very well; but we were not so fortunate. We had the misfortune to lose two umbrellas and a cane from a cab, and made our representation to Mons. le Prefect, and, after waiting some days for an answer, were informed that, "Some honest man who had found them had not handed them in."

COMPLIMENTARY.

DEAR SIR: In trying to economize for 1870, I thought to begin I would give up all expensive periodicals; but my heart failed me when I came to GODEY, and found I never could do without it, and at the "eleventh hour" sent in my subscription, and was really more than repaid in the charmingly genial face and fatherly form that first met my gaze upon opening the January number. I inclose you some receipts.

Many thanks for the complimentary letter and the receipts.

FROM Thackeray's "Book of Snobs" we extract the following, which is peculiarly adapted to this region:—

"I am sick of court circulars. I loathe *haut-ton* intelligence. I believe such words as fashionable, exclusive, aristocratic, and the like, to be wicked, unchristian epithets that ought to be banished from honest vocabularies. A court system that sends men of genius to the second table I hold to be a snobbish system. A society that sets up to be polite, and ignores arts and letters, I hold to be a snobbish society. You, who despise your neighbor, are a snob; you, who forget your own friends meanly to follow after those of a higher degree, are a snob; you, who are ashamed of your poverty, and blush for your calling, are a snob; as are you who boast of your pedigree, or are proud of your wealth."

There are hundreds in this city who were absolutely poor before the war, and are now rich. These are our snobs, who attempt to make society laws for those who were wealthy before the war commenced.

THE following advertisement appears in a London paper:—

"A young lady, who has received a good education, can read and write, and is versed in geography, history, music, dancing, and elementary mathematics, wishes a situation in a respectable family as washer and ironer."

A young lady versed in geography, history, music, dancing, and elementary mathematics as a washer and ironer!

Another advertisement shows how some poor girls of the period have to rough it:—

"Governess in a farm-house, to instruct six children in thorough English, French, and vocal singing, plain and fancy needlework, with entire charge of children and their wardrobe. Must be amiable and polite. Salary £12."

Sixty dollars American money. The "amiable and polite" is worth the money. A lady advertises in one of our city papers, not professing to teach near as much as the above, but she wants \$1000 salary.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

THIS month (May) is one of unusual interest to the flower gardener, especially in the Northern and Middle States, as it is the month wherein nearly all the plants, classed as "bedding plants," are set out in the flower borders or beds. To insure perfect success, it is requisite to have good soil, as without this the best plants will fail. Those who have not already prepared their flower beds should at once attend to this, and procure some *fresh soil* from a pasture field, mixed with well decomposed stable manure and, if possible, some leaf mould from the woods. With such a soil, the most satisfactory results may be obtained. In *Mr. Dreer's Garden Calendar for 1870* will be found an unusually fine assortment of plants and bulbs suitable for the flower garden. By his careful mode of packing they have been sent to every part of the United States by *express* with perfect safety. His Ten Dollar collection contains one hundred plants, among which are ten Everblooming Roses; twenty Verbenas; four Coleus; four Heliotrope; four Fuchsias; four Lantanas; four Geraniums; four Double Dahlias; two Monthly Pinks; two Monthly Carnations; four Tuberoses; six Gladiolus, with other bedding plants. Those who do not wish the whole collection can have fifty plants forwarded for Six Dollars.

This is also the month for sowing Flower Seeds in the open borders. A One Dollar package of Mr. Dreer's Flower Seeds, containing twenty-five free blooming varieties, will add much to the beauty and fragrance of your flower borders, and are forwarded by mail without any additional expense. Address

HENRY A. DREER, Seedsman and Florist,
714 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

"NEVER MADE HIS MOTHER SMILE."—What a unique and meaning expression was that of a young Irish girl, in giving testimony against an individual in a court of justice the other day. "Arrah, sir," said she, "I'm sure he never made his mother smile." There is a biography of unkindness in that short and simple sentence.

THERE is scarcely any ache to which children are subject so bad to bear and so difficult to cure as ear-ache. But there is a remedy never known to fail. Take a bit of cotton batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it, dip it in sweet oil, and insert it in the ear. Put a flannel bandage over the head to keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

A NEW YORK paper is rather severe on our fashionable young men. In describing a new hotel, it says: "The waiters are of ineffable elegance and of an intelligent cast of countenance. They look like young men going to a party."

TENN.

MR. L. A. GODEY: I was made happy last evening by the receipt of the three numbers of the *LADY'S BOOK*. Thank you, *oh, so much!* for your kind promptness. There was quite a jubilee in * * *, our country home, when the January number was opened, and Godey himself seemed to step forth to greet us. I shall prize the picture most highly, and it will soon grace the walls of my room. You see, Mr. Godey, our dear father had ordered for my sister and self two of the fashion magazines of the day; but dear GODEY, whom we prize above all the others, was not one of them, owing to some sad mistake, but he thought "two were enough for one family." So, having determined to have GODEY, I also determined to obtain it by my own efforts, and I have succeeded beyond my wishes. I do not wonder that the land rings with your praises, if you are always so kind to every trembling aspirant for the honors of your magazine. I hope never again to be without the *LADY'S BOOK*.

F. L. A.

VOTARIES of fashion are constantly seeking redress for their grievances in courts of justice, where their troubles are apt to excite less sympathy than mirth. Of such a nature was a case recently heard against a druggist who had sold some hair-wash to a lady, which had the effect of causing the user to become completely bald. Such accidents will sometimes happen, and had better be endured in silence, no substantial damages being generally obtainable against the careless dispensers of such washes. If the label "For external use only" is affixed to the bottle, the risk incurred by the use of its contents rests usually with the purchaser. Hard-hearted judges are apt to think that the experience bought by the loss of a head of hair is reward sufficient for the amount of injury incurred. At the same time we must protest against the sale of hurtful compounds of the kind, plenty of harmless drugs being in use for the purpose of dyeing hair without having recourse to risky experiments. It is not sufficient to say that ladies ought to be satisfied to appear as nature pleases, and that any attempt at embellishment deserves to be frustrated. In all ages women, and even the sterner sex, have been more or less rebellious against the sway of time. Early Asiatic races were well versed in the use of cosmetics, and the number of such preparations used by Roman ladies was very considerable.

IN the large dry goods establishments the clerks now pass a watchword on the entrance of a certain class of customers. The phrase is simple: *Two on ten*. This means, "Keep your two eyes on her ten fingers."

A GOOD housewife should not be a person of one idea, but should be familiar with the *flower garden* as well as with the *flour barrel*; and, though her *lesson* should be to *lessen* expense, the *odor* of a fine rose should not be less valued than the *order* of her household. She will prefer a yard of shrubbery to a yard of satin. If her husband is a skillful *sower* of grain, she is equally skillful as a *sewer* of garments. He keeps his *hoses* bright by use; she keeps the *hose* of the whole family in order.

How the present French Prime Minister got his wife as described by herself:—

"Well," she begins, when asked, "I used to go *aux Eaux* (watering places); he used to come *aux Eaux* too; I was a little thing; he was tall. The following year I went *aux Eaux* again, and so did he. I had grown a little, he was much taller. The third year I went *aux Eaux* as usual, almost grown up, but he had got taller than before, tall enough for both of us, so he drew me up to him, and I became his wife."

"MAMMA," said an intelligent little girl, "what is the meaning of a book being printed in 12mo?"

"Why, my dear," replied the mother, "it means the book will be published in twelve months."

WE copy the following point of English law for the benefit of those who are looking to the Old Country for great legacies:—

"Most of the persons who are duped are ignorant on two points, which, in nearly every instance, would satisfy them at once of the utter folly of the hopes they indulge. The first is that an alien cannot be an heir in England when there is no will, and that he cannot take real estate, even if left to him by will. The second is, that in England estates devolve upon the eldest son alone, and on his oldest son in succession, and are not divided into shares among all the children. Yet nothing is more common than for persons to assert heirship to the supposed shares of younger brothers and sisters, or to claim, as natives of the United States, heirship to Englishmen who have left no wills."

SHAWLS.—The passion for shawls, all other wraps devised by Fashion to the contrary notwithstanding, among all women everywhere, is remarkable. In one country the shawl may flow from the head like a veil; in another it hangs from the shoulders; in another it is knotted round the loins, like a sash; in yet another it is swathed round the body like a skirt. Whenever worn at all, it is the pet article of dress.

At the Russian Court ladies judge one another by their shawls as by their diamonds. In *la belle France* the bridegroom wins favor by a judicious gift of this kind. In Cairo and Damascus the gift of a shawl will cause almost as much heart-burning in the harem as the introduction of a new beauty. In England, the daughter of the house spends the whole of her first quarter's allowance in the purchase of a shawl. The Paris grisette and the London dressmaker go to their work with the little plaid shawl pinned neatly at the waist. The lost gin drinker covers her rags with the remnant of the shawl of other days. The peasant's daughter buys a cotton shawl with a gay border for her wedding. The maiden aunt, tender on the subject of years, takes to wearing a shawl in the house in midwinter; while granny would no more think of going out without it at any season, than she would of retiring without her night-cap. The value of the Thibet goat, from which the shawl known as cashmere is manufactured, is worth one thousand dollars, which price, comparatively enormous as it may seem, is not a speculative one, for no fleeced animal has wool of such fineness, softness, and durability.

The prices paid for the real cashmere shawls, of those woven in India, have sometimes been almost fabulous. A full-sized shawl, such as we call a long shawl, ordinarily commands in Paris or London from five hundred dollars to five thousand dollars, according to quality. Scarfs and square shawls, being smaller, sell for less.

Let not our lady readers for a moment suppose that all these shawls are manufactured in India in the shape in which they are sold here. The centres and borders are made separately, and are put together afterwards in sizes, and after patterns to suit customers. Moreover, a large number of the shawls sold as real India or cashmere, are actually manufactured in France; for the Thibet goat was introduced into that country more than forty years ago, and the cashmere shawls imitated with considerable skill. The real India shawl has a less evenly woven web and shows brighter colors, but it requires a competent judge to detect the difference between the real and imitation. The border of the genuine cashmere is invariably woven in small pieces, which are afterward sewed together, as the whole border is substantially sewed on the centre.

Ladies of the present day, who purchase worsted or woollen goods under the denomination of cashmeres, are, or ought to be, aware that such goods are *cashmere* only in name. A real cashmere shawl, made by the inhabitants of that India valley, from the wool of a peculiar variety of goat reared on the plains of Thibet, is a most costly article, eagerly sought after by the Rajahs and Sultans of the East, but rarely indeed finding its way into Europe or this country. To make a pair of large and handsome cashmere shawls requires the labor of twelve or fourteen men at least six months. The animals from which the material is obtained are covered by nature with two kinds of coat for clothing—the one, fine, curly, generally gray, imparting to the skin a down more or less thick, as if to guard against cold and damp; the other coarse, lank, and giving a general color to the animal; and as it is only the inner and finer coating which is used for the fine shawls, the quality produced is limited, and therefore higher priced. An idea of the costliness of the real cashmere may be formed from the fact of the late Buneet Liugh, Chief of Sahvre, paying five thousand rupees for a pair of shawls, the patterns of which delineated his victories.

—
“**OLDEST, newest, best, and greatest of the family periodicals.**”

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The last number will lose nothing by contrast with the splendid January number of this oldest, newest, best, and greatest of the family periodicals. Its contents are as interesting as usual, and every department full and showing vigor, energy, taste, and an up-with-the-times-spirit that keeps GODEY'S up to the A. No. 1 standard.—*Gazette*, Glen Cove, N. Y.

JAPANESE PETS.—From the letter of a traveller: “Japanese ladies possess a very choice breed of pet dogs. These dogs are small, with beautiful silky hair, fringed paws, and pug nose. So completely is this feature diverted from the purpose it ordinarily serves in dogs as a breathing passage, that it is difficult to believe the effect has not been artificially produced. It was not until we saw some very young puppies quite as deficient in useful noses as their parents, that we could believe the pretty little doggies were not cruelly used in their infancy, by their noses being in some way compressed. They are very delicate little creatures, and the utmost care is bestowed upon them by their mistresses, which they repay by manifesting much satisfaction when in the society of women, and selecting the long dresses to sleep on. Owing to the peculiar formation of the nose, they snuffle and snort during sleep, and the tongue hangs out from the side of the mouth. We recollect once going to a dog-fancier's at Nagasaki, where numbers of these little animals were collected for the purpose of sale. They lived in elegant kennels, and at certain times were let out into a small dry courtyard for their morning airing, where they frisked, and barked, and snuffed together to their hearts' content, and then these dear little things—dear in more senses than one, for the price ranged from twenty-five to fifty dollars, or from thirty to forty dollars each—were fed on boiled rice and fish, and replaced in their domiciles. Japanese cats are different from common tabbies, inasmuch as their tails are merely stumps. In that respect they resemble the Manx cats. Cats are there, as here, household pets, and are encouraged for the same services which they render to us—viz., that of preying on rats and mice.”

—
ORIGIN OF THE FLOATING ICEBERGS IN THE ATLANTIC.—The valleys of Greenland are all filled with glaciers, of which some have an enormous extent. They are always in motion, gliding downward like rivers of nearly solid matter, which have their outlet in the sea, only their motion is exceedingly slow, not exceeding about one hundred feet for the whole summer season. The lower extremities of these glaciers, reaching the ocean, are buoyed up by the deep water, and then are broken off from the rest of the mass, when they slowly drift away to the south. They sometimes have an extent of several miles, and are really mountains of ice—icebergs—of which about seven-eighths is in the water, and less than one-eighth exposed above the surface. These floating ice mountains often carry enormous blocks of rock, torn from the mountain side along which they have moved, and drop these rocks when and where the iceberg is finally lost. In this way geologists explain how boulders and erratic rocks happen to be found where there are no similar formations—namely, by icebergs, at a time before the present surface of the continents were upheaved from the ocean. It is known that this is one of Agassiz's favorite theories. He supposes that the whole earth was covered with glaciers.

—
THERE is always something singular in the history of paintings. Here is a case:—

“One of the celebrated Watteau paintings, called ‘Gilles,’ and representing a *pierrrot*, had as adventurous a history as many artistic treasures now preserved with religious care. A collector saw the painting outside a stall, which displayed its nondescript wares amidst a medley of similar *bric-a-brac* establishments which, fourteen or fifteen years ago, disfigured the great court of the Louvre. To draw attention to it, the salesman had scribbled in chalk upon the canvas, ‘Pierrot hopes to please you,’ and pierrot was not disappointed, for the keen eye of the amateur recognized the master's touch, and quickly bought it for 200fr. It soon after passed into the hands of M. de Lacaze, and, when he had it some years in his collection, an English gentleman offered him for the picture 250,000 francs, which he refused.”

—
A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BOUQUET.—The Cubans manifest their admiration for opera *artistes* in an odd way. Instead of throwing bouquets on the stage, they throw a young negro covered with bracelets of gold and jewelry. The black is, in fact, the favorite's jewel casket. Some one should introduce this fashion as *apropos* at the performances of the Christy Minstrels.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

Will you take the nest away,
From beneath the hawthorn spray,
And the poor bird's labor spoil,
After all her pains and toil?



She has only flown for food,
For her young and tender brood;
Think, oh think, how she will moan,
When she finds her darlings gone.

Patience for many a day,
When the sunshine looked so gay,
On the little eggs she sat—
Will you not remember that?

And her faithful mate would sit
Near her with his joyous twit;
Singing, all the livelong day,
Pretty songs of shining May.

Little birds, shall all your care
Now be changed to sad despair?
Who would take the nest away
From the twinkling hawthorn spray?

AMUSING GAMES.

THE KEY OF THE KING'S GARDEN.

This game somewhat resembles the old one of "The House that Jack built," and is played in precisely the same manner. It begins thus, and may be carried on for any length of time, according to the pleasure and ingenuity of its conductor:—

I sell you the key of the king's garden.
I sell you the string, that holds the key of the king's garden.

I sell you the nail, where hangs the string, that holds the key of the king's garden.

I sell you the beam, in which is the nail, where hangs the string, that holds the key of the king's garden.

I sell you the rat, that gnawed the beam, in which is the nail, where hangs the string, that holds the key of the king's garden.

I sell you the cat, that killed the rat, that gnawed the beam, in which is the nail, where hangs the string, that holds the key of the king's garden.

I sell you the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that gnawed the beam, in which is the nail, where hangs the string, that holds the key of the king's garden.

I sell you the stick, that beat the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that gnawed the beam, in which is the nail, where hangs the string, that holds the key of the king's garden.

I sell you the fire, that burnt the stick, that beat the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that gnawed the beam, in which is the nail, where hangs the string, that holds the key of the king's garden.

I sell you the water, that put out the fire, that burnt the stick, that beat the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that gnawed the beam, in which is the nail, where hangs the string, that holds the key of the king's garden.

which is the nail, where hangs the string, that holds the key of the king's garden.

I sell you the pail, that brought the water, that put out the fire, that burnt the stick, that beat the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that gnawed the beam, in which is the nail, where hangs the string, that holds the key of the king's garden.

I sell you the well, that filled the pail, that brought the water, that quenched the fire, that burnt the stick, that beat the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that gnawed the beam, in which is the nail, where hangs the string, that holds the key of the king's garden, etc.

THE LITTLE OLD MAN.

This is only a variation of the preceding game. The players seat themselves in a circle, and the one best acquainted with the game, commences it thus:—

1st. I sell you my little good man.

2d. I sell you the house of my little good man.

3d. I sell you the door of the house of my little good man.

4th. I sell you the lock of the door of the house of my little good man.

5th. I sell you the key of the lock, etc.

6th. I sell you the string of the key of the lock, etc.

7th. I sell you the mouse who gnawed the string of the key of the lock, etc.

8th. I sell you the cat that eat the mouse, that gnawed the string, etc.

And so on. Every player making a mistake has to pay a forfeit.

SOWING OATS.

The players range themselves in a circle, and dance round without singing, whilst the air is played once. The song then commences thus:—

I.

This is the way my father sows
His oats, as through his fields he goes.

[repeat
repeat

(Here the players imitate the action of sowing.)

And when the grain springs from the ground
He folds his arms, and gazing round—

(Here they all fold their arms, pirouette round and return to their places.)

Says, "Soft rain fall, and bright sun shine,
And make my oat-crop fine!"

II.

This is the way my father reaps
His oats, and when they lie in heaps—

[repeat
repeat

(Here they imitate the action of reaping.)

In yellow heaps, upon the ground,
He folds his arms, and gazing round—

(Same movements as in preceding verse.)

Says, "Rain keep off, and bright sun shine,
And make my oat-crop fine!"

III.

This is the way my father binds
His oats in sheaves, and when he finds

[repeat
repeat

(Each player here passes her right arm round her companion's waist.)

No more remaining on the ground,
He folds his arms, and gazing round—

(Same movements as before.)

Says, "Thanks to rain and bright sunshine,
My oat-crop has been fine!"

IV.

This is the way my father's oats
Are made to lose their husky coats— [repeat
(Here each player imitates on her companion's [repeat
shoulder, the action of threshing.)
And when the flail rings on the ground,
He folds his arms, and gazing round,
(Same movements as before.)
Says, "Come what will, come rain or shine,
My crop is housed in time!"

ORIENTAL NUPTIALS.—A marriage was recently celebrated in the synagogue on Chrystie Street, New York. The reform movement among the Hebrews has occasioned among those who remain orthodox a fondness for customs which were falling into disuse, and the marriage we speak of was performed with all the imposing ceremonies of the Orient of long ago. All the women were on the right side, and all the men on the left. These latter wore their hats, invited Christian guests included. The reader, who officiates also as rabbi, was clad in the black robe and peculiar cap of the Hebrew clergy. Soon the bridal cortege made its appearance, the happy pair leading, and followed by five bridesmaids and best men. On arriving at the altar, the bridesmaids ascended the platform on the right, surrounding the bride, and obscuring her from view. The gentlemen of the party surrounded the bridegroom. At this juncture the violins in the gallery struck up an air, monotonous and decidedly oriental. The ensuing service was almost entirely in Hebrew, the bridegroom, bride, and reader standing under a canopy of flowered silk, which was held by the groomsmen. Before and after the betrothal with the ring a cup of wine was presented first to the bridegroom and afterward to the bride. At intervals the violins gave snatches of the same doleful strain. The service was sung, rather than chanted, by the reader in a fine baritone voice. This gentleman wore, during the ceremony, a white shawl over his shoulders, and a white scarf was placed around the bridegroom's neck. The benediction and breaking of a wine glass concluded the service.

A FRENCH TRICK.—A sharp hand has long succeeded in making a good living at the expense of the owners of the leading restaurants by stealing the silver and plated forks and spoons. His assurance and ingenuity have defied all attempts at detection until the day before yesterday. His mode of operating was this: He placed wax underneath the frame of the table at which he was sitting, stuck the silver to it, and then, with the utmost sangfroid, told the waiter to bring another *couvert*. When arrested by the police he was found to be a walking silversmith's shop well stocked.

Another: There are many ways of making money in this great city of Paris, but which to scrupulous minds might not appear legitimate. A complaint has been made to the Procureur Imperial against a personage passing himself off as Grand Chancellor of Mexican orders. He has amused himself and his dupes—for a money consideration—with conferring, *ad libitum*, the Orders of Guadalupe, Mexican Eagle, and the feminine Order of San Carlos. The price which human vanity will pay for ribbon is represented to have been in some cases exorbitant. It is a pity that the recipients of these decorations should have had their eyes opened. Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.

WAY OF THE WORLD.

Determined beforehand, we gravely pretend
To ask the opinion and thoughts of a friend;
Should his differ from ours on any pretence,
We pity his want of both judgment and sense;
But if he falls into and flatters our plan,
Why, really we think him a sensible man.

"THE best periodical of its class issued, and no rivals."

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is an established favorite, and has long enjoyed the reputation of being the best periodical of its class issued. Its claim as such is certainly well based, and does not seem likely to be disturbed. No rivals have as yet succeeded in encroaching on its popularity.—*Courier*, Geneva, New York.

We copy the following from an English publication, it may be a warning to our own countrywomen:—

"Green ball dresses are always much in fashion for the fair complexioned ladies whom they suit. But the bright green which looks so charming carries death with it, and the dressmakers who make up the dresses, and the ladies who wear them, suffer from the effects of the arsenite of copper which gives the much-admired dye. We extract a note sent to a contemporary, which contains a warning as to these poisonous ball dresses.

"You are read in so many households where ball dresses are required that I am sure you will do good service in calling attention to the green batiste, of which and its arsenical dye I sent you a note the other day. I wrote to the firm who supplied the sample I examined, and in reply they say, 'We are aware that the green batiste contains arsenic in the dye, and some time since we gave instructions to our assistants to mention it to all customers purchasing it, and believe it is now generally known by ladies, and we feel ourselves compelled to keep it to supply our customers to prevent them going elsewhere.' It is certainly not generally known by ladies that this green is arsenite of copper, and I am sure that a hint from you would save many a dressmaker from the evils to which she is now subjected by thoughtless or ignorant customers."

THE Princess de Metternich and a new dance.
Extract from a letter:—

"The Princess de Metternich is another high-born lady who has been pretty fairly discussed, but she never cries; she does not care much, and outwardly braves it all. In private she has written her memoirs, only they are not to come out till after her death. She opened the German ball at the Grand Hotel, where the battle of Sadowa '*en chambre*' was danced. That is the figure of a fashionable cotillon, and couples proceed as follows: Cavaliers stand down the dancing hall side by side, with their fair partners in front. Explosive paper crackers are held out from line to line, and firing begins along the whole row. He or she who has pulled the side from which comes forth a paper cap has to put it on and waltz all round in this grotesque head-piece, be it a glazier's or drum major's. The effect on German heads can be fancied above gold-rimmed spectacles. At this ball it was I noticed some hideous toilettes, an excess of colors blended as inharmoniously as on the person of the first blue stocking met in London."

AWAKENING SUDDENLY.—To awaken children from their sleep with a loud noise, or in an impetuous manner, is extremely injudicious and hurtful; nor is it proper to carry them from a dark room immediately into a glaring light against a dazzling wall; for the sudden impression of light debilitates the organs of vision, and lays the foundation of weak eyes from early infancy.

FRENCH HEIRESES.—France is the country, *par excellence*, of heiresses. The other day Rigollot, the inventor of a new kind of mustard-poultice, gave his daughter a dower of 3,000,000*f*. Mdlle. Pinsaud, the perfumer's daughter, who was married last week, had a still larger portion, to say nothing of her great expectations. The approaching wedding of Mdlle. Lebeuf, better known as Miss Margaret Bellanger, is announced in nearly all the papers. She is to espouse one of the partners in a house of the Howell and James calibre. The marriage is to take place under the dotal régime, so that the lady will remain mistress of her own fortune. A few of the items in the inventory are a hotel, style Louis Quinze, built in 1867, in the Avenue Friedland, worth 1,700,000*f*; Gobelin's carpets, almost fresh from the looms, manufactured for the aforesaid hotel; many lots of building ground; laces, diamonds, gold and silver plate, shares in mines, railways, and gas works, with autograph letters from illustrious personages, which are said to be of historical and family interest. It is a pity that no "Golden Rose" perfumes this precious *Corbeille de Mariage*.

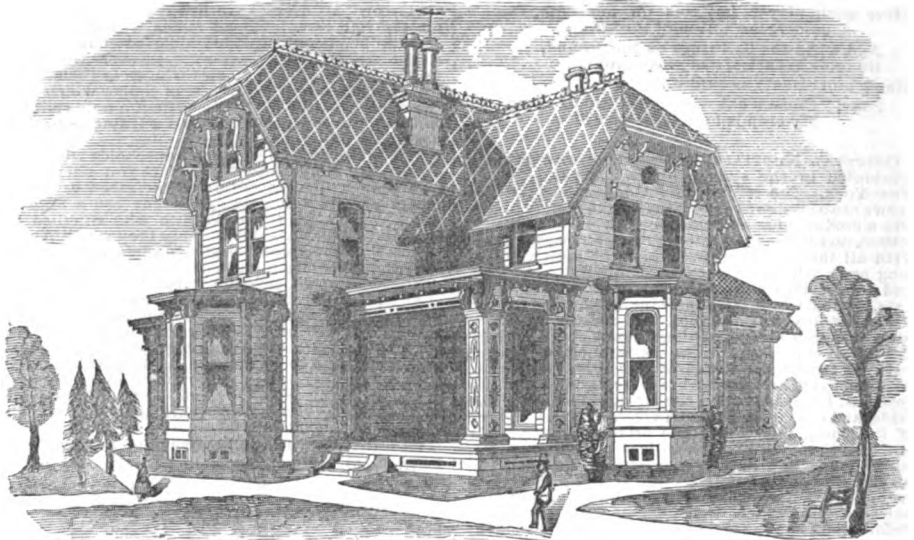
LETTER from an editor:—

MICHIGAN.

The Book makes our home bright and cheery with its regular monthly visits, and I wish I could tell you how glad we always are to receive it. W.

SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.

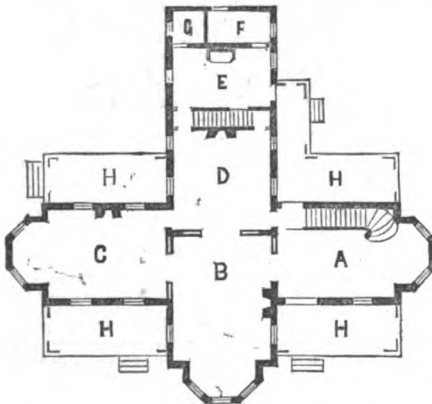
Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 436 Walnut St., Philadelphia.



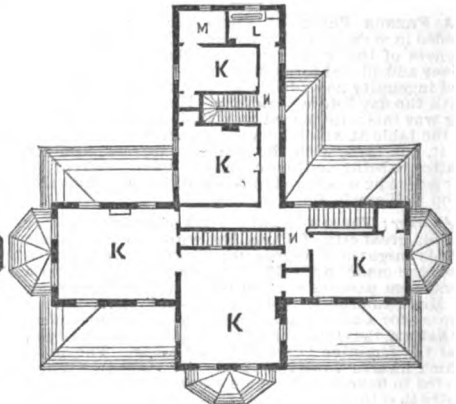
THE above beautiful cottage was designed and built for Mr. Wm. Jackson, near Pittsburgh, Pa., and is a very commodious and comfortable residence. It is built on the slope of a hill, and entirely surrounded by large forest trees. Its peculiar plan affords the greatest possible capacity, as the hall, dining-room, sitting-room, and parlor can all be thrown into one grand room, which, being connected with back and

money possible; some, indeed, do their best for the owner and he may find a beautiful scroll here, a nice bracket there, elegant cornices may surmount the whole, but in the end it wants unity and breadth.

We have seen many houses costing over \$100,000, that have no merit or beauty, nothing to educate the taste, and not to be called ugly, are merely a waste of money by wrong appropriation and bad



FIRST STORY.



SECOND STORY.

front porches by windows running to the floor, containing a very large area so that thirty sets of cotillon have danced comfortably at one time. The kitchen apartments are entirely separate, and the family can render comfortable a sufficient part of the house for their wants in winter. It has been occupied for two years, and the owner has remarked that if he were to build another house he would not alter in a single instance any portion of it. These sizes being less than used by him, the cost will be in accordance to finish and material used. The house cost the owner \$15,000, but we will place it by the side of many costing \$50,000, and for capacity, grand interior, as well as largeness of external appearance, entirely eclipse them. This may seem strange to many not knowing the value of architectural effect, and to the penny-wise and pound-foolish who attempt to build expensive residences without the aid of an architect, or who obtain a design from a carpenter or builder whose interest it is to make all the

proportion. Our charge for full drawings, specifications, and bills of quantities is always $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. upon the estimated cost of the house, or as per schedule:—

For 4 elevations and all necessary plans,	$1\frac{1}{2}$ per ct.
For details, drawn full size,	$\frac{1}{2}$ per ct.
For specifications,	$\frac{1}{2}$ per ct.
For bills of quantities,	$\frac{1}{2}$ per ct.

Total,	$2\frac{1}{2}$ per ct.
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For blank specifications and bills of quantities, One Dollar each.

First Story.—A stair hall, 18 by 22 feet; B parlor, 18 by 30 feet; C sitting-room, 18 by 22 feet; D dining-room, 18 by 18 feet; E kitchen, 13 by 18 feet; F scullery, 6 by 10 feet 6 inches; G pantry, 6 by 7 feet; H porches.

Second Story.—K chambers; L bath-room; M linen closet.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Address "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Mrs. E. C. B.—Sent pattern February 19th.

L. R. S.—Sent hair braid and lead comb by express 19th.

Mrs. M. H. A.—Sent rubber gloves March 3d.

Mrs. C. G.—Sent rubber gloves 3d.

Mrs. H. C.—Sent articles 3d.

T. K. R.—Sent pattern 10th.

Miss M. A. C.—Sent sleeve buttons 19th.

Miss V. H.—Sent pattern 19th.

Mrs. G. E. L.—Sent pattern 19th.

Mrs. H. H.—Sent pattern 19th.

Miss A. E. F.—Sent pattern 19th.

E. L. G.—Sent pattern 19th.

Mrs. M. F. V., Nebraska.—We can get you the diamonds you wish at any price between \$5000 and \$20,000, and as much higher as you may please.

Jose.—Lead combs cost \$1 70. India rubber gloves \$2 50 and \$3 50 per pair, the latter having gauntlets. It would be impossible to do as you suggest, as we furnish everything desired, and it would be impossible to mention all.

Stanton.—1. We would advise the use of no cosmetics, nothing but pure soap and water. 2. Fine checks and stripes are very fashionable; black and white, lilac or green. 3. \$12.

Ingemiso.—The author of this novel is requested by the ladies of Camden, Ala., to write another.

O. M., Leona, Texas.—We have published such receipts from year to year. We do not care to republish them, but can send you a copy of the *LADY'S BOOK* containing them for twenty-five cents.

A. F. B.—Every alternate page is best, but every page may be filled.

M. T. R.—We cannot make any new engagements during this year; perhaps next.

Metia.—Pronounced ay-yer-e.

A. D. R.—Crimping with heat injures the hair. Crimping by plaiting or putting up in pins does no harm. We cannot prescribe a remedy for the eruption on your face. Consult your physician.

M. L.—No sensible woman would dye her hair. Therefore we do not recommend any dye.

Mary.—Of course. Send back all the presents you received during the engagement.

E. O. R.—Philadelphia has many eminent dentists. If you write and inclose a stamp we will give you a name. Nothing is more unpleasant than to see decayed teeth. They are also unpleasant in another sense. We think you owe not only a duty to yourself but to society to have them replaced with artificial ones.

Polly and Carrie.—If the gentlemen has been introduced to you, and the presents he makes you are only of a trifling value, it is better to accept them gracefully than to decline them, which might possibly suggest that you attached more importance to them than he intended to convey.

P. E. D.—We recommend cutting the ends of the hair once a month.

Attie.—The lady need not recognize the gentleman unless she wishes to do so.

Elsie.—We think dancing a very healthy and pleasant recreation, and can see no objection to it.

H. P.—If you are engaged you should discontinue the correspondence, unless it is with the approval of your lover.

Fuchsia.—This elegant plant was so named in honor of Leonard Fuchs, a German botanist of the 16th century. This beautiful exotic is a native of Chili. The fuchsia, in the language of flowers, is appropriately used as the emblem of taste, for there is a peculiar elegance and beauty in the appearance of its pendent blossoms, which have also gained for it the name of "The Lady's Eardrop."

Will the author of "Where are the Daisies" favor us with her address?

VOL. LXXX.—31

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

The Publisher of the *LADY'S BOOK* has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the Fashion Editor does not know.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Walking-dress of green silk, made with one skirt and casaque. The skirt is trimmed with two narrow ruffles with a wide box-plaiting above them. The casaque is very bouffant in the back, and trimmed with the plaiting. The waist is turned back with revers and trimmed with white lace. Coat sleeves. White chip bonnet, trimmed with lace, and white flowers, and green leaves.

Fig. 2.—House dress of silver gray poplin, made with one skirt, but trimmed with quillings to simulate several skirts. The quillings are of the same, with a band of blue satin heading them. They are arranged square in front, in points at the sides, and finished with large blue bows. Plain corsage, with postillion jacket in back, heart-shape in front. Coat sleeves, trimmed with quillings at the elbow. Blue velvet diadem in hair.

Fig. 3.—Walking suit of black and white striped silk, with a ruffle of lilac silk, with a box-plaited ruche heading it. Tight-fitting jacket of the striped silk, cut open with vest of lilac silk. A sleeveless jacket of lilac silk, with a short upper skirt in the back, trimmed with a puff of the same. White chip hat, trimmed with lilac velvet and flowers, with a gauze veil.

Fig. 4.—Dress of *ecru* silk, made with two skirts; the lower one is trimmed with one ruffle headed by a ruche, with fan-shaped bows at intervals. Upper skirt very bouffant in the back, trimmed with a quilling at the edge, two narrow folds of satin and rosettes between. Plain corsage, trimmed square, with a ruffle bound with satin. Coat sleeves.

Fig. 5.—Underskirt of blue silk, trimmed with a ruffle scalloped and trimmed with a box-plaited ruche, and two narrow ones heading it. Overdress of white muslin, trimmed with embroidered ruffles, and looped in the back with blue bows. Low square corsage, trimmed with lapels of work. Blue flowers in hair.

Fig. 6.—Dress for little girl of eight years, of green and white striped percale, with an overdress of plain green percale, looped in the back and trimmed with ruffles. Low corsage, with ruffle round the neck, and underwaist of white muslin tucked. Hat

white chip, trimmed with green velvet and small feathers.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Evening dress. The underskirt is of pink silk; the overskirt and waist of white French muslin, trimmed with pink satin and white lace. Pink satin bow in hair.

Fig. 2.—Walking dress of pearl color pongee, made with one skirt, trimmed with two narrow ruffles. The Polonaise is puffed in at the back, and straight in front, trimmed with a ruffle and band of velvet. Coat sleeves, trimmed to correspond. Bonnet of pearl color chip, trimmed with flowers and lace.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress of black silk, composed of one skirt and casaque, forming an upper skirt. The skirt is trimmed with one ruffle, headed with a fancy glimp. The casaque is cut in small gores, each gore trimmed with a narrow quilling of silk, divided by a band of satin. It is cut surplice in front, with a small round cape of black satin. Coat sleeves, with puffs at top. Black lace bonnet, trimmed with blue satin and feather.

Fig. 4.—Dress of lilac silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a plaited flounce, headed with a quilling. The upper one cut pointed at the side, and laid in a deep box plait, open in the back; and the upper part puffed in a pannier, trimmed with white lace, with a row of black over it, and a band of velvet. Basque with lappels, trimmed to correspond. Coat sleeves, trimmed with a row of lace up and down, with two bands of satin between.

Fig. 5.—Suit of *écru* buff fowlard, made with two skirts. The lower one trimmed with one ruffle, headed with three narrow quillings; upper skirt open at the sides, and trimmed with two quillings, the sides joined together by cords and fancy buttons. Jacket pointed in the front and back, faced with satin and revers at the throat. Hat of white straw, with trimming and feather to match the dress.

Fig. 6.—Walking dress for girl of eight years of pearl color summer poplin, made gored. The gores are turned back on the skirt, *en revers*, and faced with plaid satin, with narrow ruffles between in the space. Corsage cut heart shape, with square revers of satin. Coat sleeves, with cuff of satin, and a wide sash tied at right side. White straw hat, trimmed with plaid satin and ears of wheat.

Fig. 7.—Gentleman's scarf of green satin, with gold-colored figures in it.

Fig. 8.—Cravat bow of lilac satin and ribbon.

Fig. 9.—Bow of pink satin and black velvet.

Fig. 10.—Bow of blue satin, the ends and top being covered with black spotted nut.

Fig. 11.—Bow of black satin, trimmed with gilt cord.

Fig. 12.—Morning slipper of bronze kid, with velvet scallops on top, edged with gold thread. Bow of velvet and gilt buckle.

Fig. 13.—Morning slipper of black velvet, lined with quilted satin, and trimmed with narrow lace and shells made of satin. Silver buckle.

Fig. 14.—Fancy cape, made of puffs of illusion, divided by satin bands. It is edged with two rows of lace, and finished with a satin bow at the waist.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Suit of gray silk serge. The skirt is trimmed to simulate an upper skirt, with a narrow ruffle of the same, headed with a band of silk of a darker shade and bows of silk. Short sacque, with hanging sleeves, trimmed with fringe and silk, silk

revers at throat. Gray straw hat, trimmed with gray feather and velvet.

Fig. 2.—Black silk coat cut with deep points in the back and looped up with a wide ribbon bow and ends, which terminate the trimming of loops of ribbon which extends down the back from neck. The skirt is trimmed with a row of thread lace, headed with the same loops. Hanging sleeves trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 3.—Waist of black spotted net, trimmed with a band of black satin, put on in points and edged with a narrow lace; narrow black velvet bands trim between the points.

Fig. 4.—Black straw bonnet, with diadem front, trimmed with black lace, small plume, and flowers. The strings are illusion, fastened at one side.

Fig. 5.—Bonnet of blue China crape, trimmed with white flowers and black and white lace. The strings are of white illusion, edged with black lace.

Fig. 6.—Hair arranged in puffs, with small curls hanging over the forehead. A large rosette of curls are in the centre of the head in front.

Fig. 7.—Ladies night-cap, made of Nainsook muslin, with a row of insertion down the centre. The edge is trimmed with a narrow worked edge.

Fig. 8.—Ladies night-dress. The skirt is gored, with a pointed yoke set in, which is edged by two rows of insertion. Coat sleeves.

Fig. 9.—Suit for boy, made of very pale buff cassimere. The jacket has a vest of same. The revers and cuffs of jacket are of brown velvet.

Fig. 10.—Infant's robe of fine Nainsook muslin, with an embroidered edge and ten small tucks around the bottom. The front is *en tablier*, composed of rows of insertion and tucks, with two rows of edging on the sides. Puffed sleeves.

Fig. 11.—Child's apron, made of Nainsook muslin, and trimmed with narrow Valenciennes lace. The neck is cut square, with an ornament in front made of tucks with rows of lace between.

Fig. 12.—Blouse apron for boy of three years, made of gray linen. The front is plain; the back confined with belt and buckle. It is trimmed with a band of chambray, headed by a fancy braid.

Fig. 13.—Short-sleeved night-gown for a child of two years, made of cambric muslin. The sleeves and neck are edged with narrow embroidery.

Fig. 14.—Dress for girl of four years, made with two skirts; the lower one of blue and white striped summer poplin, the upper one of plain blue cut in points, the two back ones puffed. Low square corsage. Sash of same. The trimming consists of a quilling of blue silk.

Fig. 15.—Black silk underskirt. This underskirt is useful to put on under any dress. It is trimmed with a deep puffing, fastened down with a narrow scalloped-out edge, and with a flounce put on with a heading and scalloped out on both sides. All the scallops are edged with black satin.

Fig. 16.—Ladies chemise. The yoke is formed of squares stitched, with embroidery on the two edges. The sleeves are very short, and are trimmed to correspond.

Figs. 17 and 18.—Parasols. Fig. 1. Parasol of lilac silk, with pinked-out edge, headed by two bands of white feathers. Pearl handle. Fig. 2. Parasol of black silk, trimmed with a band of black satin put on in points, and finished by a lace rosette. Rustic handle.

Fig. 19.—Garden glove. These gloves are merely intended to be worn over the hands when picking flowers and fruit. They are made of brown Holland, or any other washing material, and trimmed with black braid. The gauntlets serve to protect the cuffs and wrists.

WAISTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, ETC.

(See Engravings, Page 422.)

Fig. 1.—Waist of white alpaca, cut low square, and trimmed with a puff of blue satin. A fan ornament and bow of satin in the back. Coat sleeves, trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 2.—Waist of white Nainsook muslin, cut surplice, and formed of puffs in front, divided with narrow muslin bands. The neck and edge ornamented with narrow lace. Coat sleeves, trimmed with puff.

Fig. 3.—Collarette to be worn with an open dress, made of spotted lace, and edged with a row of wide Valenciennes lace, headed with three satin bands. A Marie Stuart frill, edged with lace, goes around the neck.

Fig. 4.—Collarette of Valenciennes insertion and lace. It is finished in front with loops and ends of the muslin, trimmed to correspond. A plaited ruff stands around the neck in back.

Figs. 5 and 6.—Ruffles for throat and waist, made of fine muslin, edged with lace.

Figs. 7 and 8.—Collar, cravat bow, and cuff of Valenciennes lace.

Fig. 9.—Collarette made of two rows of Valenciennes lace, plaited.

Fig. 10.—Habit shirt of fine linen, with linen collar turned back at throat.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR MAY.

As the season advances each day shows new beauties in the way of dress goods, millinery, etc. We thought last month we had seen the prettiest spring goods that could be shown, but there are prettier; not so many different goods, but different styles of the same goods are daily being opened.

First the percales; some of these suits when made up have the appearance of silk at a short distance; these are the satin and soft finish; the former with a gloss, but different from what we have heretofore had; the latter finished to look exactly like a heavy Foulard silk. They can be had in dark and light colors, have ruffles stamped with a pattern for the skirt, and a short tunic trimmed with a ruffle; a plain waist, fancy cape and sash, or a jaunty little jacket completes the costume, which is pretty, lady-like, and within the means of all. With care, one of these suits can be worn a season without doing up.

In organdies, white and pearl-colored grounds, with bouquets of gray-colored flowers, robes with ruffles with a garland of flowers on each ruffle, are the favorite. Two styles we saw were particularly beautiful, a plain white ground with small moss rose-buds scattered over it, with ruffles which seemed to be fairly made of garlands of cut flowers, so brilliant and natural were they. The other had tiny violets over the ground, with ruffles similar to the former.

A novelty this season is the wide mesh hermani in all colors; formerly it could only be purchased in black, now it is to be had in all the most delicate and desirable colors. We saw a lilac, which, made in an upper skirt and short saque over a silk dress of a darker shade, would make a beautiful costume. The wide mesh black hermani also comes with worked silk figures in blue, green, gold, white, crimson, and lilac. These are also new goods; and can be made over a black or colored skirt as fancy dictates. We also saw plain black, with a lining of color woven in, having the appearance of a satin underskirt; these are expensive, but where the expense of a silk underskirt is to be considered, they are less expensive than the two combined.

Fine stripe silks are most worn for costumes when

black is not worn, blue and white, green, lilac, brown, and the ever popular hair stripe of black. Among the wider black and white stripes we see the American silks, which are, and rightly so, gaining popularity. They compare favorably with the imported silks, and at a less cost; as yet there is no variety of colors, but we hope that difficulty will soon be overcome, and that we will be able to have silks of home manufacture in all colors and styles. We have long had American ribbons, why should we not have silks also?

Another new brand of goods is the American poplins, similar to all wool de laine. They are the first goods of the kind manufactured in this city, are of good quality, and of all the plain colors so popular for home or street wear. C. Stoddart & Brother of North Second Street have them for sale.

Black is very much worn, and, to those persons who do not desire a silk suit, we would recommend the Buffalo brand of alpaca as being the best substitute for it. This brand of alpaca at a first glance looks like a fine silk alpaca, but at a short distance looks like a *gros grain* silk; it is durable, keeps its color, and will outwear a cheap silk; it costs no more than the ordinary alpaca, and is much more serviceable. These beautiful goods are sold by most of the leading dry-goods merchants throughout the country; and will only require to be once tried to find the merits of them.

Short skirts are not changed in shape, and are trimmed with bias bands, satin rouleaux, and the inevitable flounces put on in various ways. One plan is to leave the skirt plain four inches from the edge, and then arrange the trimming to sweep down from the belt to simulate a tunic. Over this is a real tunic forming pointed wings, with the trimming following the outlines of the tunic, to give the appearance of two or three tunics or basques.

The most marked novelty of the season in dresses is the general adoption of two costumes in one. The lower skirt is made plain, with the exception of the trimming about the bottom. Over this is fastened a removable train, over which is worn the short basque skirt in four pieces. Two of these come around to the front, and meet under the girdle, they are faced with a revers. They are joined by the pointed back pieces at the sides, where the fulness of the back is caught up with rosettes. The fulness is also gathered into a sort of puff in the centre behind. The idea is to have this short overskirt plain in front and very bouffant behind. Over it is worn a sash all bows and puffs. On going out the train is taken off, and the dress is then perfectly appropriate for the street without any alteration or addition.

Lace will be as universal a trimming for summer garments as velvet has been for those of the winter. Those who cannot afford fine lace, will resort to the excellent imitations. For the narrow lace used as frills, sharply-pointed edges are most effective. As stated in our last, white lace is worn in Paris on black silk wraps, but this requires refined French taste to arrange so that it shall not be too conspicuous. Black lace over white lace will better suit the quiet taste of the American ladies.

There are no new hand-made trimmings, but many are still used, especially side platings, either fast without heading, or in frills, and in both cases bound with satin.

Velvet will not be entirely discarded. A jaunty little *paletot* is beautifully trimmed with two rows of velvet points, with points of lace appearing between. For outside garments there are three shapes, the short *paletot*, the long *casaque*, and the Metternich mantle. This may not seem to promise much that is novel, but there are so many modifica-

tions and changes that, among fifty garments, no two were exactly alike. The *paletot* is loose like the sailor jacket and slightly longer, or else slightly cut into the figure by side bodies. In all cases it is slashed up in various places. It may be cut open half way up each front, or under the arms, or in the back, or in all these places, and the trimming is carried all the way up the back, giving the garment the appearance of being open behind. The neck is cut out in heart-shape quite low in front, and finished with a ruche or ruffle of the lace used in trimming.

Sleeves are almost invariably flowing, or else sabots, with a band to run the hand through, with a ruffle below. If coat sleeves are retained, a separate cuff is set on reaching nearly to the elbow.

New casaques are of medium length and very bouffant, many of them having additional widths at the back, that give the appearance of a double basque, or a third skirt if the garment is worn with a short silk skirt. This third skirt may be simulated by trimming, but more frequently the material is set on and lined with foundation net to make it more bouffant. The front is buttoned all the way down, and is frequently trimmed to outline a Louis XIV. waistcoat. Revers at the neck are wider and longer than those which have been worn, they are somewhat in the shape of a fichu. The sleeves are very wide open up the inside of the arm, or else closed and inserted very high on the shoulders to make them hang backward like the drapery of the Metternich mantle. The belts are ornamented with bows, loops, basque ends, tassels, or ruches behind.

The Metternich mantle remains unchanged in shape. It is made of black silk, trimmed with lace or of the material of the dress. It has a revers at the throat, and is adjusted perfectly to the figure, thus combining the merits of a jacket and a mantle. Perfect freedom is given to the arms. It is so very convenient, and, at the same time, so very dressy, it is a general favorite this season. The material most used for all the above wraps is heavy *gros grain*, and the trimming such elaborate quantities of thread and gimpure lace as was never used before.

Hats and bonnets must not be passed over. The hats have high sloping crowns, high straight crowns, and many different shapes, all similar as far as height goes; some have turned-up brims on both sides, or on one side, or in the back; others have straight brims. We see straws in brown, black, black and white, white with lilac edge, plain white, blue and white, blue, buff, and green. Plain white chip and fancy braids are among some of the varieties. The most noticeable feature is that all the trimming is perched upon the top of the hat, falling down in sprays and festoons at the back, leaving the front almost bare, but for a scanty trimming of lace and satin folds about the low brim. This gives the hat something of the appearance of the old-fashioned gypsy bonnet of some twenty-five years ago. An inclination to resuscitate these old styles is still further shown in an odd looking little bonnet, which is nothing more nor less than the cottage bonnet of the school-girl days of our mothers, only it has no curtain to it, fits close to the face, and has not a vestige of trimming inside, except a plain edge of black lace. The other shapes are high, so high that the bonnets worn the past season, to which we are hardly yet accustomed, seem so low as not to even deserve the name of high. The straws are very similar to those seen in the hats, and the thinner bonnets are made of China crape, so much worn in Paris the past and present season. The colors are of the most delicate shades, and gauze flowers are used to match. For young ladies, wreaths and diadems in light flowers are worn; bunches of flowers

of a heavier description placed at the side of those of more advanced years. The flowers that are most worn at this season on hats and bonnets are clusters of the elder flower, apple blossoms, sprays of the sweet white locust bloom, and other early spring flowers. Black lace and tulle, both for bonnets and round hats, will be as stylish as ever. There is a novelty in black tulle, in which the net is fine and close, and thickly studded over with little jet dots not larger than a small pin head. It also comes in colors; but then the dots are in colors also, and not in jet.

One of the greatest novelties of the season is the *parure cornouailles*, consisting of a collar with bow, band for the hair, and bow for the bodice. It is composed of velvet, embroidered with beads and glittering objects, and forms a suitable ornament for old and young.

A novelty in handkerchiefs is spotted all over with tiny dots or figures in black or colors. We do not admire the style, it gives a soiled look to the centre.

In parasols the handsomest are of white or some pale-colored silk, with a lace cover and stick of pearl and gold or coral. Some very pretty parasols are of a thin white silk, lined with blue, cherry, or lilac silk, and trimmed with three narrow ruffles, bound with the color. The color shows through the silk (which looks like a heavy silk grenadine), and has a very pretty effect. In sun umbrellas a light buff is the favorite color, with the edge scalloped and bound with color; the inside lined with the same color as binding, the edge being pinked, and just showing below the scallops.

We have seen some illusion already puffed. This is a great invention, as any person who has ever had occasion to puff illusion will know. It is admirably adapted for waists, the only trouble being to cut out the waist as from plain goods. We have long had puffed muslin, but illusion is a decided novelty. A very elegant style for party or ball dresses is the representation of different flowers; thus, a rose is formed by a cloud-like underskirt of pink tulle, with a foliage of green at the edge; an upper skirt of pink silk, with scallops overlaying each other; the bodice of tulle, with sash and trimmings of leaves and blossoms. A mountain daisy was also admirably represented, and it is suggested that other flowers, as camellias, tulips, etc., may be easily imitated, and form a novelty in the ball room.

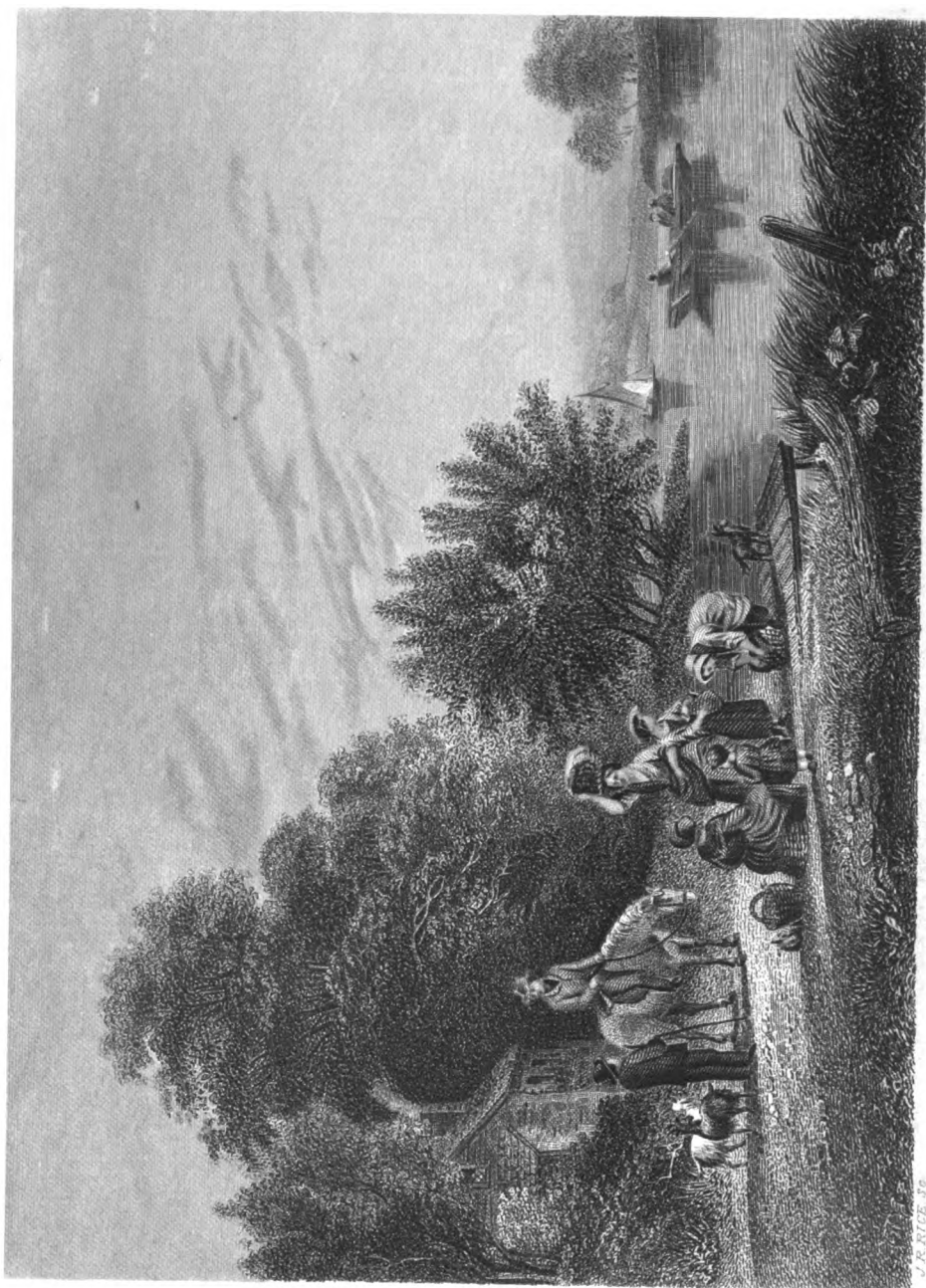
In sleeves, the Hungarian, put in with the coat sleeve, and hanging loose from the shoulder, is the only novelty for in-door dresses. A new style of sleeve for half costume is a deep but nearly plain flounce put on the coat sleeve a little below the elbow, giving the appearance of a tight sleeve within a flowing one. The Sabot sleeve is to be closer than it was, and looks neater so.

The newest jewel is a gold and gemmed brooch worn on the waist, from which the fan is hung. The poetic, the eloquent fan will soon have fluttered its last breath out. It is now being mounted with ivory handles, carved in the shape of rifles and revolvers, and, when ladies pull one of these out, a shiver runs over us before we have time to reflect.

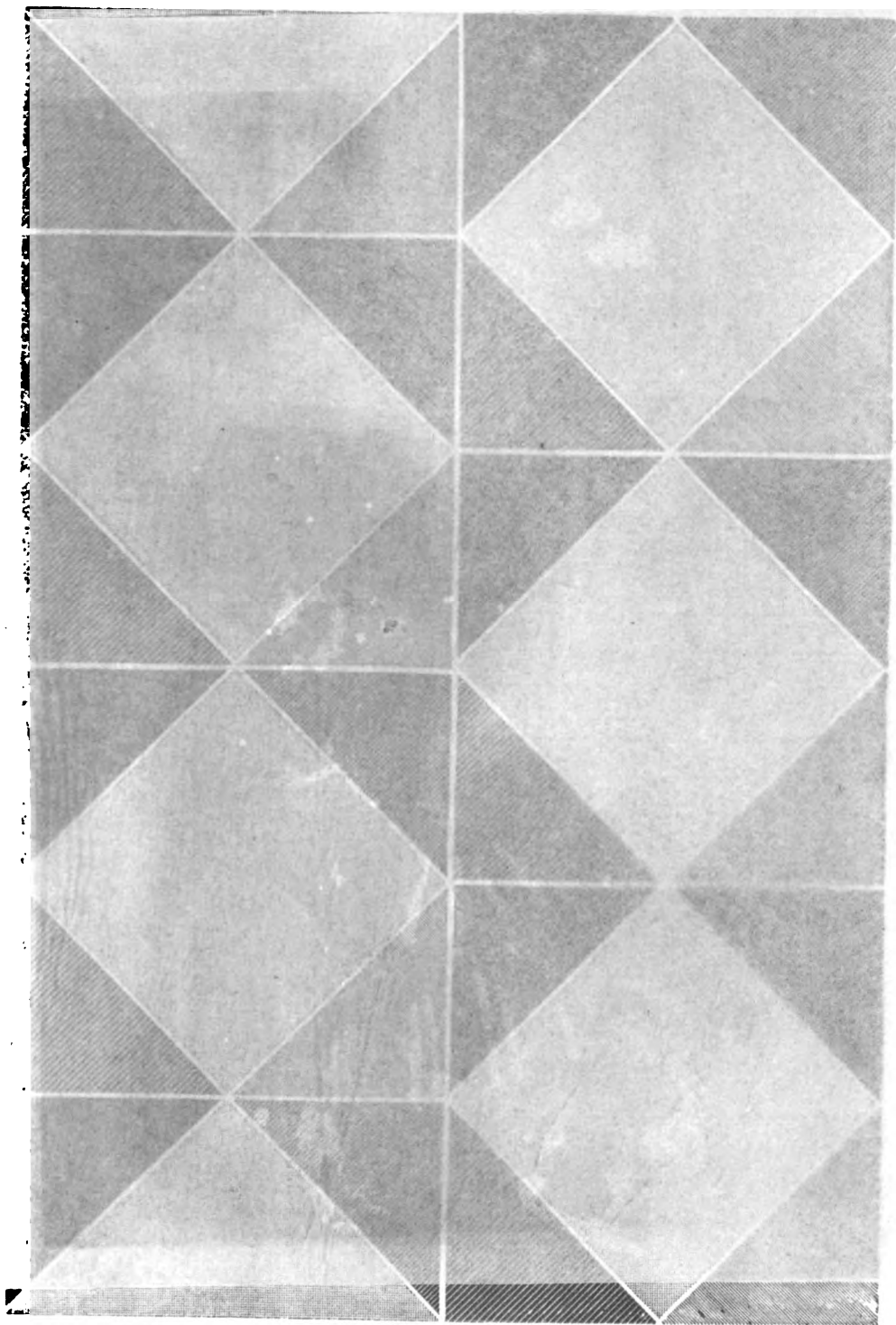
A new bodice is worn low and square in front, with a delicate muslin frill all round, and a small narrow necklet of velvet tied behind called the "irreconcilable."

The prettiest headdress is the butterfly bow of satin or lace, which hovers on the front of Chate-laine plaits, with a diamond, coral, or amber nob in the centre, and from under which falls behind a trail of light flowers, such as jasmine stars or leaves, with gold berries.

FASHION.

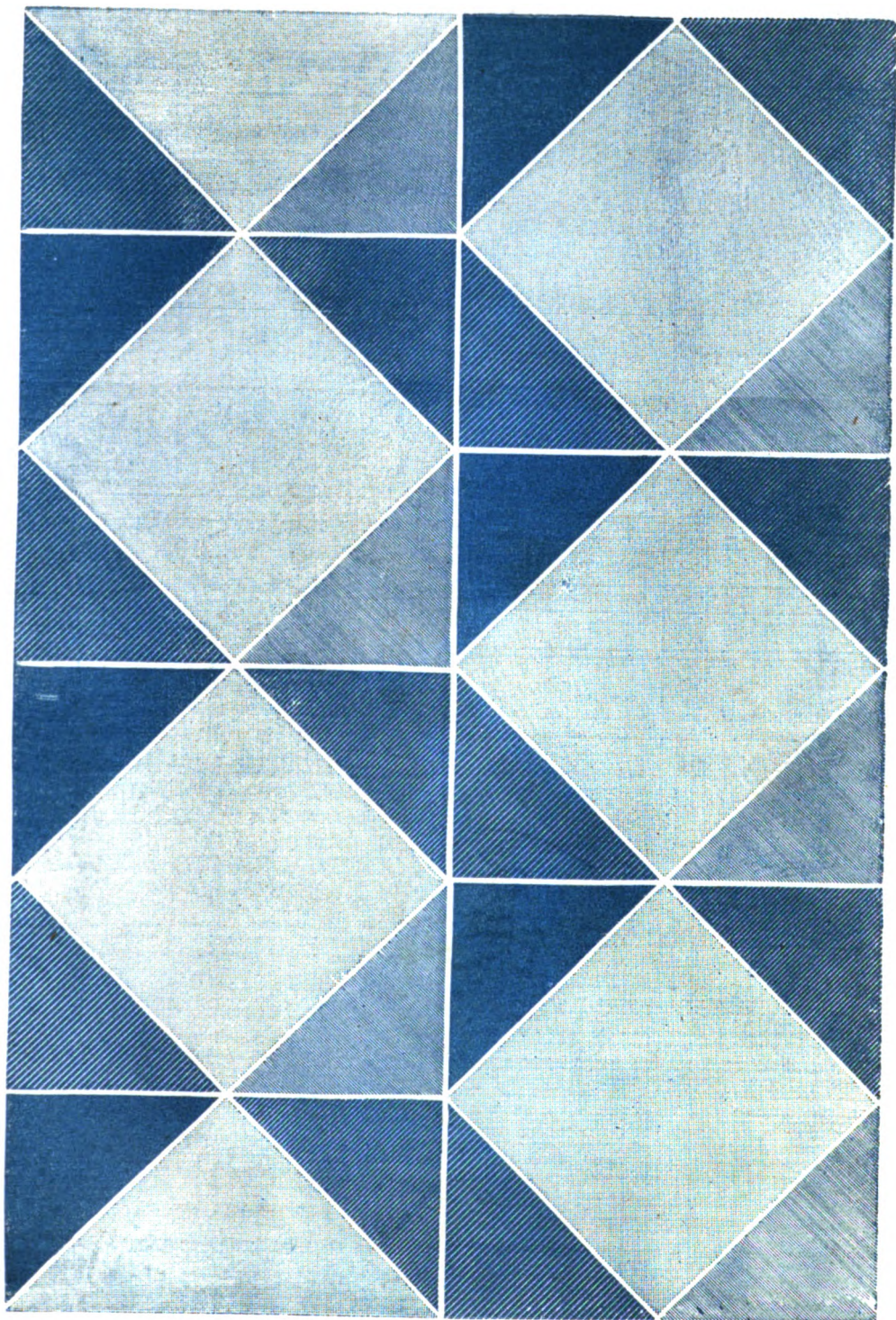


WAITING AT THE FERRY.



PATCHWORK.
(See Description, Work Department.)





PATCHWORK.
(See Description, Work Department.)

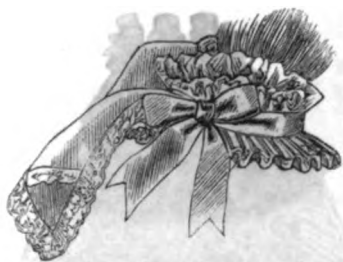


Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.



Fig. 9.



Fig. 1.





Fig. 13.



Fig. 14.



Fig. 15

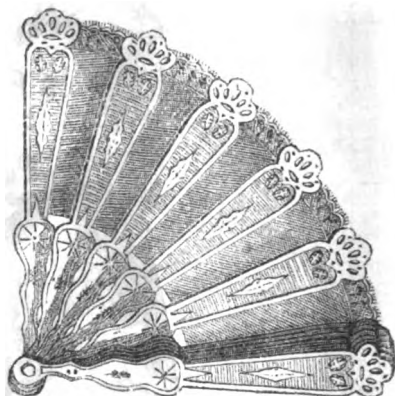


Fig. 16.



Figs. 17, 18, 19.



THE UNEXPECTED LETTER.

OCEAN SPRAY GALOP.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By an Amateur.

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INTRODUCTION.
Con spirito.

GALOP.
Allegro con leggiero.

PIANO.

ff

p

cres.....dim.

cres.....f

dim.

FINE.

mf

The musical score is written for piano and features a 2/4 time signature. It begins with an 'INTRODUCTION' section marked 'Con spirito' and a 'PIANO' dynamic. The first system shows a treble and bass staff with a forte (ff) dynamic. The second system transitions into the 'GALOP' section, marked 'Allegro con leggiero', with a piano (p) dynamic. The third system includes a crescendo (cres.....) and decrescendo (dim.) marking. The fourth system continues the galop with a decrescendo (dim.) marking. The fifth system concludes with a 'FINE' marking and a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic. The score is characterized by rapid sixteenth-note patterns in the right hand and block chords in the left hand.

OCEAN SPRAY GALOP.

The musical score is written for piano in G major and 2/4 time. It consists of six systems of two staves each. The first system features a treble staff with eighth-note patterns and a bass staff with chords, both marked with 'cres.' and 'V' accents. The second system is the start of the 'TRIO' section, marked 'D.C. 3/8', 'Animato.', and 'Sva...'. It includes dynamic markings 'ff' and 'f'. The third system continues the 'Sva...' section with a 'f' dynamic. The fourth system introduces 'Sra... loco.' and 'Con dolore.', with dynamics 'ff' and 'pp'. The fifth system continues the 'Con dolore.' section with a 'p' dynamic. The sixth system concludes with a 'D.C. 3/8' marking.

cres.....

TRIO. *Animato.* *Sva.....*

ff *f* *ff*

Sra.....

Sra..... loco. *Con dolore.*

ff *D.C. 3/8* *pp* *p*

D.C. 3/8

HEADRESSES, HATS, AND BONNETS.
(See Description, Fashion Department.)



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXX.—NO. 480.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1870.

WHO THINKS OF IT?

BY MARION HARLAND.

"ARE you alone? Where are the children?" asked Mrs. Steinway of her sister, Mrs. Hewes, as the latter, shawled and hooded, showed her face at the drawing-room door.

"I am the bearer of their excuses, regrets, etc.," replied the visitor, smilingly. "Or, to state the case more correctly, of their regrets and my excuses, which, I am sorry to say, are not altogether satisfactory to the youthful mind. They are accustomed to such early hours and simple habits, that, after serious deliberation, their father and myself have concluded to deny them, for their real good, the pleasure of complying with your kind invitation for this evening. They went to bed at their usual hour, partially consoled for the loss of the party by the promise of a visit to the Natural History rooms with papa, some day very soon."

"'Twasn't mamma's invitation at all! It was mine!" said Estelle Steinway, fluttering to her aunt's side—a pink-winged butterfly—all silk, and tulle, and streamers. "And I am glad you are not *my* mamma! I shouldn't think your children had a bit nice times."

"Sh-sh!" corrected her mother, but restraining her amusement so imperfectly that the child was emboldened, instead of reproved. "You should not speak in that way to your aunt, my dear. She knows what is best for her own little girls."

"She *tries* to make them happy," said Mrs. Hewes, gently. "And generally succeeds—she hopes and believes. They shall spend a Saturday with you before long. Or—you must come to see their new baby-house, their Uncle John's Christmas gift to Susie. She and Josie are never tired housekeeping. They have a new tea-set, too, and have tea-parties at all hours of the day."

"I hate dolls' tea-parties!" interposed Winnie, pertly. "They are only fit for babies!"

"Fie!" said her mother, with real gravity. "You forget yourself to-night, child; your spirits are so high. Young ladies at their first parties must not be impolite. Turn around! I want your aunt to see how well your dress fits. Miss Duchesne is a genius in her way, Emily. I was speaking to you, the other day, of her taste in the matter of children's dresses."

Winnie wore a puffed underwaist of sheerest linen lawn, trimmed elaborately with lace inserting and fluted ruffles of the same costly material. Over this was a low, square bodice of pink silk, and this, with the silk overskirt, was ornamented by puffings of white tulle. A white silk petticoat, set off with quillings of pink ribbon, completed the toilet. The aunt readily pronounced it to be pretty and becoming, but her eye, used to marking the evidences of comfort or pain in her own children, perceived at once that the stiff, tight stays cramped the lungs, that the child's waist was unnaturally compressed, and that her neck, shoulders, and arms, like those of her two sisters, were entirely uncovered except by the thin muslin. The atmosphere of the parlors was at a somewhat low temperature, as is wisest when they are to be brilliantly lighted and crowded with human beings for several hours. They felt unwholesomely chilly to Mrs. Hewes when she reflected that Winnie's, Emmy's, and Lilly's everyday dresses were thick merino and poplin.

"Ought they not to have light sacques or talmas on until the rooms are warmer?" she could not help saying, anxiously. "Lilly's throat is so tender!"

Whereat Winnie, already exhilarated beyond all bounds of discretion, sneered openly. "The idea, Aunt Emily! Who ever heard of one's wearing a sacque at a party?"

"Come and see the supper-table before they begin to come!" suggested Mrs. Steinway, not sorry to remove the guest from the vicinity of the unmanageable queen of the *fête*.

Mrs. Hewes was not fashionable, but her sister had great respect for her excellent taste and right judgment, and was, moreover, warmly attached to her, widely as their habits and opinions differed upon many subjects.

The supper was more nearly ready than is customary with grown-up people's entertainments at so early an hour of the evening.

"Mr. Steinway will insist that children ought not to eat salad and oysters later than ten o'clock," his wife mentioned, in explanation. "It seems absurdly early when the arrivals are not over until half past nine; but he will have his own way."

"Half past nine! Your cards say half past seven, and that seemed to me a very late hour for such an assembly to come together."

"True; but the monkeys will imitate the follies of their elders, and make a tardy *entrée*," said Mrs. Steinway, indulgently. "You must stay and watch them for an hour or so. It is the most diverting study you can imagine."

"Thank you! But Charles is to call for me about eight," rejoined the sister, running her eyes over the long and well-laden board.

In the centre was an *épergne* filled with green-flowers, and on either side were lobster and chicken-salad, pickled oysters, game *pâtés*, boned turkey, pyramids of candied orange, and spun sugar and cocoanut cakes, nougat baskets, French mottoes and painted bon-bons; dishes and salvers for creams and jellies which were not yet turned from the moulds; precisely the same array one would have expected to see at a large party for persons of mature years, and appetites cultivated to the enjoyment of rich and highly-seasoned dishes.

"You give them wines, too, I suppose?" said the spectator, jestingly.

Mrs. Steinway shook her head in severe virtue. "That I will not consent to do! Many treat the dear little creatures to champagne and Malaga, but it is not safe. I have known boys of eight and ten to get very drunk at such parties. It is infamous. Of course we have Roman punch, but it is passed around by careful waiters, and no child is helped more than once. I regard it as an admirable preventive against indigestion."

"Peppermint would not be amiss as a sequel," remarked Mrs. Hewes, in her pleasant tone.

It would have been easier to speak sarcastically as she thought of the tender stomachs to be crammed with lobster, *pâté*, and manifold sweets, while their owners were heated with dancing, and wearied by late hours and over-excitement.

The door-bell hurried them back to the parlors where Mademoiselle Winifred and her supporters had already thrown themselves into reception attitudes. The arrivals were many and close together during the half hour in which Mrs. Hewes awaited her husband's ap-

pearance; the costumes rich, varied, and fantastic. A band of music was on hand, and the spacious rooms were soon like an animated flower-bed with light-footed dancers.

"The Lancers, eh?" said Mr. Hewes, who, although what was popularly styled in that region "an orthodox" clergyman, was not opposed in conscience to children's dancing. His exclamation, however, was not all pleasure, and his wife interpreted aright the seriousness that chased the smile from his countenance. His lively sympathy in juvenile delights was dampened, to some extent, by the survey of the bedizened, thinly-clad manikins spinning about him with the airs and graces—falsely so-called—of their fashion-ridden seniors. These were not such simple, healthful diversions as he loved to encourage, and his heart was wounded with his taste at what he conceived to be the violence done to Nature.

"How late do they mean to keep it up?" he queried of his spouse, when they were out-of-doors.

"Until twelve o'clock, at least," was the answer. "Doesn't it seem shocking that parents should so maltreat their children's bodies—imperil their lives? I could have cried over the poor darlings, happy as they thought themselves. And this thing is a weekly—during very gay seasons, and in the holidays—almost a nightly occurrence with some of them, Sophia tells me. No wonder our nurseries are filled with sickly children, our land with prematurely-old men and women! That reminds me that I called upon Mrs. Manly, yesterday afternoon about five o'clock, and happening, in the course of the visit, to speak of Ella, who is in my Bible-class, the mother said, 'I would call her down to see you, but she has been asleep all day, only awaking to take her breakfast and dinner which I sent up to her. She was at a party last night, although she was not feeling quite well, and danced until four o'clock in the morning. When she does this, she is obliged to lie in bed most of the day following. To-night there is a meeting of the "Parlor Musical Circle" here. She sings a great deal, and loss of sleep would injure her voice. What can be the reason, Mrs. Hewes, that the girls of this day are so frail? I study to guard the health of mine by every means at my command, but the least irregularity of habit—a trifling cold, or slight fatigue upsets them completely.'"

"Such ignorance of the commonest laws of hygiene is culpable as well as pitiable," observed Mr. Hewes, severely. "To say nothing of the moral and spiritual effects of this life of frivolity, and the waste of time, such girls as Ella Manly are daily and hourly committing grave sins against their own bodies. When will people begin to understand the obligation laid upon them by their Creator to conserve in purity and safety the physical temples over which He has made them the keepers? We

call that tenant lax, slothful, and dishonest, who deliberately and needlessly defaces or undermines his landlord's house. But the crime of self-injury exceeds this in heinousness in proportion to the greater dignity and value of the thing abused. And the offence appears grievous indeed, when we regard it as a systematic abridgment of life—of the time allotted for preparation for eternity—for usefulness to mankind, and work for the Master. Viewed in this light, the law of self-preservation is the first of human duties—if not the highest—since without health, the existence which should be a benefaction to our fellows is a burden upon them—sometimes a curse.”

“Very true!” Mrs. Hewes believed in her Charles, as all dutiful wives do in good husbands, and his deliverances on this theme were to her the words of truth and soberness. “Very true, my love!” she assented. “But who thinks of it in the hurry and bustle of everyday life? It is so easy to trespass unwittingly upon the reserve forces of Nature.”

“As I have said, such trespass and such thoughtlessness are in themselves a sin. It is not a valid excuse for the destruction of my employer's property, that I meant to take care of it when I had partaken of this and that pleasure—enjoyed my own chosen delights to satiety. People who thus reason and act are heaping up for themselves a crushing weight of remorse. I am thankful that we agree in our ideas respecting the physical education of our children. If they do not enter upon the active business of life with sound, robust bodies, it shall not be their parents' fault.”

It was like—“As for me and my house!” The boast did not sound vain-glorious when the mother visited her sleeping darlings upon her return to her own quiet, orderly home. The two girls were in the nursery adjoining her chamber. It was a large airy room on the sunny side of the house, and would have been set apart by most housewives for the accommodation of transient guests. The register by which it was warmed in the daytime, was closed regularly at five o'clock P. M., and a window lowered while the children were below stairs at their tea, that the air might be completely changed. The little ones were undressed in the next room, by an open grate fire, Mrs. Hewes rightly considering that they ought to be comfortably warm when laid under the blankets. Their feet were carefully examined, and if, as will often happen with the most active and healthy, they were cold, they were chafed with dry flannel, and held near the glowing coals until circulation and warmth were restored. Above all things else, they were put to bed happy—at peace with themselves and the whole world. Their mother had not said so to her worldly sister and her flip-pant daughter, but the young Heweses would have resigned the prospect of the gayest party

that could be offered them for one of “mam-ma's” talks and stories over the fire. She always saw them to their pillows herself, unless she were ill—an event that stood in their calendar as the synonym for the darkest of dismal days. Susie's arm lay lightly over the younger sister's chest with a protecting caress, that moved the parent to a tearful smile. The cheeks of both were rosy, round, and cool with the dews of healthful sleep, their breathing regular and full. The baby, now two years old, slept in a crib in his mother's room. The door leading into the hall was open, the sash of the window farthest from him was lowered several inches, and a screen was drawn before the dying fire that the glare might not disturb him.

“Children need darkness while they sleep as much as flowers do,” was one of the wise mother's maxims. Her babies never cried for the light, and grew and strengthened from their restful slumbers in a manner that should have been the means of abolishing reading nurses and night lamps from the nurseries of all her acquaintances.

“Mrs. Hewes' children were the finest in town,” said everybody. “Yet both parents looked delicate.”

The mother certainly did, as she turned up the gas in the sitting-room, and sighed involuntarily in uncovering her work-basket. It was always full, despite her incessant diligence. There were so many calls upon her time outside her home, that she was hard pushed to meet the demands made upon her as wife, mother, and housekeeper. The congregation over which her husband presided was large, and zealous in all good works. She was President of the Dorcas Band, leader of the Ladies' Weekly Prayer-Meeting, and a teacher in the Sabbath-school. This was, she often said, not more than she could attend to without neglect of home duties, or undue strain upon her strength. But the cause of benevolence at large had its say when she had looked well to the ways of her spouse's spiritual household. Other pastors' wives were prominent in public charities, and she must not hold back. So her name stood with theirs among the Visitors of the Charitable Society, Managers of the Industrial School, and Directors of the Orphan Asylum. She must give of her means also, as an example to the rest, and, to compass this end without defrauding her family, she practised self-denials her wealthy associates never dreamed of; made over garments, achieved marvels of amateur millinery and dress-making, and devoted to this purpose nearly all the wedding fees. Their income was inadequate to their support, if they lived in the style their parishioners expected them to maintain. But Mrs. Hewes was reputed to be an excellent manager. That is, she kept a table to which no man need be ashamed to set down an accidental friend—and “accidentals” were

plenty at the parsonage as in a page of modern music—dressed her children tastefully; looked well herself, and made her house attractive to the eyes of master and guests without running in debt, or keeping more than two servants, or putting out any plain sewing.

"I do all my own household sewing," was so common an observation among the "smart" matrons of her acquaintance, that the over-taxed pastoreess never bethought herself that she was not obliged by conscience and providence to do the same.

She had had an arduous day. It was Tuesday, and the "second girl" must iron, and the chamber-work, in addition to that of the parlors and dining-room, devolved upon the mistress. Then came Josie's lessons—Susie went to school—and at twelve o'clock a board-meeting of the Charitable Society, of which she was Secretary. Home to dinner at two, and, after swallowing it with what appetite fatigue had spared her, she snatched time to write out the minutes of the meeting from the notes she had made during the session. Then two hours at the sewing machine, and a call from a fussy old lady, who was full of complaints that the minister and his wife, the elders and their wives, the deacons and their families, paid her so little attention because she "wasn't a high-flyer," brought night and tea-time, and the necessity for consoling the children for the loss of the party by an hour's chat, embodying one true story and two fairy tales. Next the walk with Charles around to Sophia's—the first gleam of relief from care, the only lessening of the tension upon mind and body, since her awakening at dawn.

"I could ill afford the time for it," she said, looking anxiously at the clock. "It is nine now. I am late getting to work." She frequently remarked, without reflecting upon the melancholy significance of the admission, that the bulk of her day's work was accomplished after the bairns were in bed. A new book lay at her elbow, the leaves uncut. It had been there for a week, she hungering for it all the while, but unable to get a permit from duty to peep at its contents.

The needle is, in all Christianized lands, the symbol of womanly industry. Clothes must be made and mended, say practical men, and who shall provide them, if not the wives, and mothers, and daughters of our highly-favored country? So, we must have houses and factories, and stores, and depôts, and churches, and bridges, and steamboats, and all manner of conveyances upon land and sea. But must I, perforce, paint every man with a trowel and jackplane in his hand? I write it calmly, and with a thorough conviction that I am understating, rather than exaggerating the truth. I believe the needle has slain as many women in America as the bottle has men. Hood told but half of the story when he sang of "seam, gus-

set, and band." If the mantle of his genius had fallen upon me, I could furnish a companion-picture of "tuck, ruffle, and scallop," the more pitiful because the seeming necessity for the sacrifice of eyesight, health, and life is so much less than when bread is to be bought by it. And the evil grows mightier every day. Within the last lustrum there has come upon our homes a curse of over-trimming, which is numbering its victims by the hundred. In vain the clicking seconds of the sewing machine, by outstripping time itself, seek to lift the intolerable load from bowed backs, and bent fingers, and weary eyelids, and lungs which are literally nothing for the lack of fresh air. Fashion, in her decent guise of custom, says: "I chastened your mothers with whips; I scourge you with scorpions. My little finger has grown to be heavier than were my loins in the homely days at which your pale lips sner."

And public opinion, her twin-sister, walks with her to flog into the toiling ranks those whom independent thought or physical disinclination tempts to desertion. I have a friend whose services as a magazine writer and novelist command—when she can find time for such pursuits—a clear income of thirty dollars *per diem*. She loves to write, and six or eight hours at her desk weary her less than one hour's stitching. Three days' steady application to her needle bring Nature's revenge of a sharp pain in the side, and cruel, nervous headache. This has been her experience from early girlhood, and she is now nearly forty. Yet that woman sews every day, sometimes late into the night, makes flannel petticoats for her babies, and handkerchiefs for her husband, and hems calico aprons for the Hindoos, and performs pity knows what no wonders in other branches of "female industry," of which the wondrous little stiletto is—mark you!—the sole emblem. And why? I asked her once.

"I would not be accounted unfeminine, would not give occasion for increased clamor against literary women. By abjuring the use of the needle, moreover, I may cause my weak sister to offend," she replied.

I do not defend her action, or deny that she is in this one respect a moral coward. I merely cite the instance in support of my assertion, that many stick to the needle for fear they "will be talked about" if they declare openly that they consider the occupation, in their individual cases, a sacrifice of time, strength, and the money they might gain by following other avenues of labor for which their talents qualify them.

Mrs. Hewes was neither author nor artist by nature, and she considered that stern duty bound her to the accomplishment of the task before her. Charles' shirts were "giving out" fast, and the girls would need new night-gowns by the time she finished this set of white *piqué* Gabrielles for baby. She had made them as

simply as possible, only scalloped them around the bottom of the skirt and sleeves.

"My children look neat, but always plainer than their playfellows," she thought, with a slight pang. "If I could but economize my time more judiciously, I could get up as elegant things for them as I see in the children's wardrobe establishments. Mrs. Thompson told me last week that she was half through her spring sewing already. She actually has long resting-spells after the quarterly work is over, and, during the hot months, does nothing but fancy-work. I envy some women the time they complain hangs heavily upon their hands," the swift fingers buttonholing the corrugated edge of Willie's fourth frock. "I am forever up to the eyes in work. Hardly are we fitted out for summer, when the winter campaign begins. I wonder if I am growing slow and clumsy that I seem to accomplish less and less every year?"

She sighed again—a long, struggling respiration from the depths of a weary spirit—and moved the gas-standard nearer. Her vision was assuredly less clear than of yore. There were sharp, neuralgic pains darting through her temples and eyeballs that had become unpleasantly familiar to her lately. She had described them to the family physician, who talked about the loss of tone in her nervous system, and prescribed *nux vomica* and rest. She had taken the medicine, and dismissed the second clause of the prescription with the curt "They always say 'Don't work.' I should like to know what would become of husbands, children, and houses, if the wives were to take a holiday?"

Her pain in the side—every seamstress knows the precise locality of the keen-toothed trouble—came on before she had bent over her sewing for half an hour, and in due time another in the back of her neck, that stabbed her between the joints of the vertebra with hot and icy bolts alternately. They did not alarm her. They had pricked and dug, chilled and burned for years, whenever she sat long at the work she and not another must do. She shifted her position uneasily now and then when the suffering was very severe, and the steady, swift needle held on its course. Such a mountain of labor arose before her discouraged thoughts—Ossa upon Pelion piled, of garments small and great to be made and mended, remodelled and pieced out—a rugged Hill Difficulty to be levelled by the tiny thing that bent between her slight fingers.

"What is it, darling?" said her husband's voice behind her.

She had not known that she was sighing yet again, and audibly, until he spoke.

"You look jaded," he continued. "You are injuring yourself by incessant application to your needle. How often have I entreated you to allow yourself the needful recreation of

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reading, music, and cheerful society in the evening?"

"I have not touched my needle to-day until an hour ago," she said, in quick self-justification.

"Because you have been too busy with other things. The wear and tear of your life is telling upon your nerves and strength. I cannot allow it, Em. Your health and life are too precious to me and our babies to be endangered by your affectionate zeal for our present comfort. I came in to talk with you for five minutes, and you must sit on my knee while I tell my news."

The foolish tears rushed to her eyes, as he took away her work with playful force, and pulled her down to the proposed resting-place. He was very fond, very solicitous of her welfare, very dear and good, but men could not understand that woman's work was never done; that if she "lazed" to-night, to-morrow's burden would be the heavier. Charles was getting used to the sight of these hysterical symptoms, and managed them more wisely than might have been expected from a novice. He kissed her with a soothing, loving word, then passed to what he knew would interest and please her.

He had found upon his table, on his return to his study after their walk, an invitation to deliver a public address at an approaching anniversary celebration, a grand affair, the fame of which would insure him an immense audience. The names of the committee of invitation made his voice ring as he read them aloud, and his wife's face glowed brightly in listening.

"Isn't it delightful?" she ejaculated, her eyes full of prideful tenderness.

"It is the highest compliment I have ever received," said the still young divine, with modest exultation. "I am only afraid I shall disappoint their expectations. Yet the occasion is, in itself, an inspiration. I had thought of treating the subject somewhat after this manner"—

His rapid synopsis, animated and perspicuous, showed that his brain was alive with the thought, his pulses full of warm, eager life. His wife's earnest attention and approval were an additional stimulus.

"If you will order Kate to make me a cup of strong coffee, dear, I will write for an hour or two longer," he concluded. "I am afraid I shall lose the idea if I await a cooler moment. It is always safest to write when the fit is upon me. Talking with you has made everything so much clearer to myself. I must jot down the outline of my address before I sleep. I shall be very busy to-morrow. There is poor Williams' funeral at twelve, you know."

"I wish you were not so terribly driven with work," said Mrs. Hewes, rising to give the order, one too common to excite surprise below

stairs. "You rarely get to bed before midnight nowadays."

"We are incorrigible nighthawks, aren't we?" laughed her husband. "Don't sit up for me. Night is the student's best ally."

"And coffee?" interrogated the wife, archly.

"I do not disdain the help it brings. But the current of thought never flows so smoothly and strongly with me at any other hour as when the last sands of the day are running out. Then, study is luxury, not labor."

He retreated to his sanctum, brightened the gas and fire, and began to write. The pen dashed off without pause for twenty minutes or more until his introduction was written, then the face above it was graver as he contemplated the division of his subject and line of argument. After a little the pen was still, and the orator elect walked the floor slowly, head bent, and fingers tugging nervously at his beard. Halting on the fourth round of the promenade, he selected a cigar from a stand on the mantle, lighted it, and resumed his walk. The cloudy brow cleared gradually, the perplexed eye flashed into brilliancy, and, ere the diminutive comforter was half-consumed, the pen was again hard at it, its quick race over the paper the only sound in the room save the labored pant of the lungs in giving out the breath bated beyond its wont by sympathy of the body with the energetic play of the mind. The coffee, black and strong, was sipped in its turn between the first and second cigars, and still a third had burned itself to ashes when the clock, striking three in the next room, recalled the rapt student to a perception of the real season and place.

"I wished afterward that I had not stopped work even then," he said to his wife at the breakfast-table, "for my brain was active long after I laid my head on the pillow. I heard the bells strike five before I could close my eyes. I said the alphabet backward, and counted a thousand in every language I knew, and tried every other conceivable expedient for inducing drowsiness, without effect. But see the perversity of poor human nature. Now, when the rest of the world is awake, I am yawning my head off."

"And eating nothing," put in his wife, in mild reproach.

"I am not hungry, only thirsty. My mouth is as dry, and my head as giddy, as if I had been drunk over night, and very drunk. Another cup of coffee, please, dear! Without milk, this time. I must get my senses awake. I have a busy day before me. A funeral at twelve, a public school examination at four, my weekly lecture at half-past seven to-night. And between times I must answer five letters relative to church matters, and make out our Bible Society Report. The annual meeting will be held to-morrow morning."

"You have more work laid upon you because

you are willing and active," said Mrs. Hewes. "Your associates shirk their share."

"Better wear out than rust out.' Never fear for me, little woman! I am strong, and shall pull through somehow. What is left undone in the day will be made up at night. I never work so well as under the spur."

The clergyman's companions in the ride to the cemetery were three elderly gentlemen—the family physician of the deceased, a city banker, and a rich, retired merchant—the two latter of whom were pall-bearers.

"This is a frightfully fast age in which we live, Mr. Hewes," said the doctor, who spoke in short, jerky sentences, his head trembling like that of a palsied old man. "I am appalled when I consider the utter disregard of Nature's laws that prevails in all ranks of society. Now, there was poor Williams! In the prime of life, with as fine a constitution as I ever handled. Good principles, fair means, nice wife and children. Everything to make him take care of himself and hold to existence. What does he do? Like an ignorant baby, got caught in a shower last summer while fishing at his country-place, and sat in his wet clothes all the evening. Took what he called a slight cold—little cough and worrying pain in the chest. Laughed when advised to take care of himself. A fortnight later played at haymaking on the lawn with his children. Became overheated. Drank copiously of ice-water, then lay down in the shade on the grass without coat or vest. Never saw another well day. Rapid consumption. No reason under heaven why he should not have lived to be ninety. Little better than suicide!"

"You shiver, doctor! Are you chilly?" queried Mr. Hewes, kindly. "Do you feel the air from that window?"

"Not at all! Mere nervous prostration consequent upon loss of sleep and mental anxiety. City very sickly just now. I average just three hours sleep in the twenty-four. Last night had but two. So, all the while, week in and week out."

"Your practice is too large," said the fat merchant. "You should take a partner. You must have made a fortune by this time. Hang it, man! (Beg pardon, Mr. Hewes!) I was saying I wouldn't lead the dog's life you do for all you make. A man can have but one lifetime, and I wouldn't spend thirty or forty years in a treadmill. And you medical men are, half of you, wretched dyspeptics. You eat at irregular hours, and have long fasts, and are obliged to jump up a dozen times at each meal, if your office is in your house, and turn out of a warm bed on cold nights and see all sorts of sickening sights while your stomachs are empty. Ugh! The wonder is to me that any of you live to be thirty."

"An arduous profession, I grant, Barclay!" said the terse Galen. "And an ill-paid. But

when a man has worked hard to get a footing, he doesn't like to give it up. It isn't pleasant to be laid on the shelf before one is sixty. Doctors live longer than merchants as a rule. Temperance in eating and drinking, and a knowledge of sanitary rules lengthen out their years to three score and ten as often as in the case of other men. The ascetic will outlive the glutton. We have no time for the pleasures of the table. All the better for us."

"You're threatened with paralysis already, aren't you?" blurted out Barclay, who was a noted gourmand. "You won't see seventy by fifteen years, if you don't work less and sleep more."

"Not half so seriously as you are with apoplexy," the doctor retorted, replying to the most obnoxious part of the remark. "You don't know what you are talking about when you give me advice. I do, when I talk of your danger," running his eye meaningly over the pursy body, short neck, and florid face of his *vis-à-vis*.

Barclay laughed in invincible good-humor. "I understand that hit. You haven't forgiven or forgotten my clam-bake exploits last summer, when you were *hors du combat*. It was not exactly a fair advantage to take of you. I'll tell you the story, gentlemen. A party of us—twenty, or thereabouts—went down to the shore for a clam-bake. I was master of ceremonies—made the chowder, directed the waiters and the like. The sea-air and exercise gave me a capital appetite, but the hot sun brought on one of the doctor's sick headaches. He is not used to the open country or beach, you see. When dinner was ready in the tent, I hunted him out of the corner where he lay groaning in the shadow of a rock, and gave him the place of honor at my right hand!"

"Stop there!" ordered the doctor. "I'll tell the rest. The place of honor! Faugh! He dragged me there and forced me to see him feed—I can't say 'dine.' Four plates of chowder; a roasted chicken, even to the drum-sticks; six spoonfuls of mashed potatoes; three platefuls cucumbers and onions; eight ears green corn; three plates lobster salad; a whole peach pie; Charlotte russe and ice-cream; two mammoth sherry cobblers; and a glass of brandy and water 'to settle all.' Settle! why, there is not a human stomach in creation that could hold the abominable load without rank rebellion. Correct inventory, as I am a gentleman. Not a syllable of exaggeration."

"I don't dispute it. I could have done better but for you looking so qualmish," returned the gourmand. He laughed himself purple, goggled, and gasped, and wheezed until Mr. Howes was both alarmed and disgusted, and the hitherto taciturn banker, a thin, tall man, whose complexion and hair were alike pallid, stared at him in blank consternation.

"Seriously, Mr. Barclay, I think you would do well to heed the doctor's admonition," he said, gravely. "Do you not apprehend danger from your luxurious style of living, joined to your full habit?"

"A short life and a merry one isn't a bad motto, Hurst," said Barclay, jovially. "But I am hale and strong—good for many years of first-rate dinners, and hot suppers, and roaring clam-bakes—eh, doctor? Enjoy the world as it is going, say I. If there is anything pleasant in it, I mean to have my full share. I look and feel younger than you do by ten years, Hurst, for all your Graham bread and sawdust puddings, or mush and milk, or whatever you call the stuff you were eating the other day, when I called to see you. I heard somebody say, yesterday, that you, like most of the active money-makers of the day, were dying at the top. You can't be more than forty-five; I am fifty, and I leave it to any impartial judge who looks at us, to say what he thinks of our comparative chances of longevity."

The banker fidgeted and muttered something about the deceitfulness of appearances and the fallibility of human judgment. The doctor, who was his medical adviser, looked out of the window and made an irrelevant remark touching the value of certain city lots. Mr. Howes understood the evasion and aided in diverting the conversation from the disagreeable channel in which it had flowed for several minutes. A well authenticated rumor had reached the pastor, some weeks before, that Mr. Hurst's nearest relatives were becoming uneasy at certain unfavorable symptoms which had developed themselves recently in the health of the indefatigable Midas. "Softening of the brain" was more than hinted at.

"It ought to excite no surprise in the minds of those who are acquainted with his mode of life," said the clergyman to his wife, that night, over the nice, nourishing supper of fried oysters, coffee, and biscuit, with mince-pie for dessert she had ready for him when his out-door labors were finished for that day. Not a mouthful of anything except cold water had passed his lips since breakfast, and it was now nine o'clock. Like the majority of his class, he objected to eating before speaking in public, not holding to Mr. Weggs' theory, that unctuous food "mellors the organ." But he was very hungry and heartily grateful to the best of wives for strengthening the inner man for the labors that yet remained to be performed before bed-time.

"It has made me over again," he congratulated himself, taking down a cigar to promote digestion and intellectual briskness. "We were talking of poor Hurst. He is the hardest worker I ever saw. From daylight to midnight he toils as the meanest clerk in his employ would scorn to do. Money getting is his

life, financiering his one talent. Painstaking, cautious, vigilant, he trusts nothing to others which he can look after himself. He is rolling up wealth every day. His riches are a mighty snowball that grows by turning, but he must lift the increasing weight by his own strength. Every faculty is strained in the endeavor, and some day there will be a snap of the lever and a collapse."

"Will he not be warned in time?" asked Mrs. Hewes.

"He says, and with a show of truth, that a sudden cessation from the cares and excitement of business would be sure to accelerate the reaction they fear. He promises himself and his family that he will gradually extricate himself from the fatal toils, but he will not. There is a fearful fascination about the whirlpool not one in ten thousand is able to resist. It is strange as sad. The Frenchman takes to suicide with airy philosophy. It is for him the last throw of a hopeless gamester, and he does it with a grace as he has done everything else since he was born. But with the American people, self-murder, by a thousand different methods, is a business. We engage in it, as in other pursuits of importance, with our whole souls, and very thorough work we make of it. We deify intellect, and degrade the body, made in the image of its Maker, into an ill-used beast of burden, an uncared-for machine, or a bestial slave of its own appetites. Heaven forgive us this horrible and unnatural wrong!"

Mrs. Hewes had a bad headache. A bandage, wet with camphor and water, was tied tightly about her temples, and her face was pale, and drawn with suffering. The pain in the sunken eyes absolutely forbade her setting the minute stitches which are the pride of every follower of the needle. But she was basting work for the sewing machine.

"It is so irksome to sit with one's hands in her lap," she had pleaded, when her husband begged her to spare herself. "And I can do this without looking steadily at it. It withdraws my thoughts from the pain, too, to some extent." She exerted herself to appear cheerful in Charles' society, but her tone was languid, her accents slower than usual, and now and then she faltered slightly as the neuralgic pangs waxed very fierce.

"Susie, who has really good taste in the selection of articles for her scrap-book, brought me this to-day, which she had clipped from a newspaper," she resumed, presently. "I kept it to show to you. It is beautiful in itself, and accorded so well with what you were saying last night I thought you would like to see it." It was Mrs. Sigourney's "Farewell of the Soul to the Body."

Mr. Hewes had seen it before, but he read it with interest, repeating some lines aloud feelingly:—

"If I have ever caused thee pain,
The throbbing heart, the burning brain;
With cares and vigils turned thee pale,
And scorned thee when thy strength did fail—
Forgive! forgive! thy task doth cease—
Friend! lover! let us part in peace.
If thou didst sometimes check my force,
Or, trifling, stay mine upward course,
Or lure from Heaven my wavering trust,
Or bore my drooping wing to dust—
I blame thee not—the strife is done—
I know thou wast the weaker one,
The vase of earth, the trembling clod,
Constrained to hold the breath of God.
Well hast thou in my service wrought!"—

"But who thinks of sparing the poor body?" interrupted Mrs. Hewes, with her involuntary sigh. "Of sparing or respecting, much less of thanking it?"

"See that you do for one," said her husband, with sportive tenderness. "And, as a preliminary measure, put aside that work and go to bed. Let to-morrow's sewing take care of itself."

"And you?" asked she, deprecatingly.

"Oh! I am just in the vein for study. I may sit up until one o'clock. Don't be uneasy. My body and soul are upon most amicable terms with one another."

As each of his companions in the funeral procession would, without doubt, have affirmed of himself. If they had ever thought of the subject in its individual application, which is not likely. Who does?

ONLY HOPE! OR, THE GOLDEN SHEAVES.

BY C. E. F.

BLACK and stormy is the sky,
And the winds go wailing by,
While the billows break upon the spirit's shore;
But the time will soon be here,
Full of gladness, never fear,
When our sorrows and our toll will all be o'er.
Chorus: Only hope! the days are coming,
Days of peace and golden store,
When the merry harvest time,
With its ringing silver chime,
Shall forever drive the shadows from our door.
Though the sky be overcast,
Darkness cannot always last;
Soon will see the flashing of the early dawn,
That shall make our faces bright,
Fill our homes with happy light,
And the sadness from our hearts will then be gone.

Chorus.

Flowers and fruits will come again
When the early summer rain
Wakes to life the buds among the shining leaves,
And we hear the silver chime
Of the merry harvest time,
As the reapers gather in the golden sheaves.

Chorus.

HEARTS may be attracted by assumed qualities, but the affections are only to be fixed by those that are real.—*De Moy.*

THE DEFORMED HEIRESS.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"DREAMING, Stella?"

The little figure by the brook-side moved as the kindly voice made the inquiry. "I suppose I was, but I was not asleep. Do you know I was fancying if I could stay here for months, or years, I should grow like—like other folks. It seems hard to think of pain and suffering *here*."

As she spoke she raised a tiny, wasted hand, and pointed forward. The scene was one that might well challenge admiration. Far away in the hazy mists of a distant horizon stretched a line of hills, not majestic enough to awe by their solemn grandeur, yet framing in a landscape that a Lorraine might have lingered to gaze upon. Little white cottages, nestling among trees or set round with gem-like beds of flowers were scattered here and there, but just beyond the babbling brook, beside which the little dreamer rested, the grass, dotted with daisies and violets, lay emerald green in the sunshine, while bending flowers kissed the water as it saucily dashed past them, with only a hurried sparkle to reward the lowly devotion. The sun was sinking, and the variegated clouds, piled above the hilltops, were tinted with his golden rays, till, melting into opal-hued shadows, they were lost in the clear blue expanse above. Behind Stella, as she lay upon a large cloak spread blanket-like upon the ground, was a farm-house, surrounded by acre upon acre of cornfields, nodding sleepily in the sunset; cabbage patches spreading their broad green leaves to screen the unsightly mould; bean fields, with their bare poles telling of plenty reaped and gone; tomato beds with their ruby-like fruit peeping out from the green leaves; and broad pasture lands where the patient cows stood waiting for the evening visit of the farmer's pretty daughter Nettie. The farm-house itself, browned by age till its wooden walls were venerable as granite, was large and convenient, looking down complacently upon the wide barn beyond it, and showing plenty in every crack of its well-worn paint, and carefully-tended fences.

It was a strangely new thing for Stella Rodman to lie thus on the green grass and drink in Nature's beauties. Her little fragile figure would have been slight and small in a child of ten years, yet had borne the pain of seventeen. From a babe in her mother's arms she could recall no hour of freedom from suffering. Only five months had passed in her baby life, when her nurse, stumbling herself over some trifling impediment in her path, fell headlong down the stairs of Mr. Rodman's stately house, and was killed, crippling her little charge for life. Year after year the curvature of the spine became more apparent in the little figure, while the beautiful face never gained the roundness

of health and youth. Only the rich chestnut hair and the even, pearly teeth escaped the traces of illness. Many days had seen the soft brown eyes wild with pain, or dulled with weariness, the little mouth contracted with agony, the white brow drawn in lines of suffering.

It had been a strange life for a loving heart, too. Until within the last year the child had been a neglected eyesore in the eyes of both parents, a laughing-stock to her two beautiful sisters, the butt of her brother's cruel pranks. Then death came suddenly and swiftly, and a contagious fever swept away the three bright, handsome children, leaving no young life in the great house save that of the crippled Stella.

Mr. Rodman was a proud, ambitious man, a prominent wealthy citizen, and rather pompous in his estimate of the value of his wife, children, position, and influence. Mrs. Rodman's character may be summed up in few words, she was a woman of fashion. The three beautiful children who had preceded Stella in the nursery, were not more fondly welcomed than the youngest, whose star-like eyes had given the idea of her poetical name; but when she became unsightly in form, pale, fretful, and puny, the parent's love seemed to die away, as their pride shrank from the thought of a crippled child. Rarely did either father or mother visit the nursery where Stella dreamed away her monotonous existence, but when death swept away the bright jewels they had idolized, Mr. and Mrs. Rodman suddenly recalled their love for the pale lily of the nursery.

Can you fancy a flower shut up in a damp cold cellar till every leaf drooped and the very sap of life seemed dying, suddenly transplanted to a gay parterre, nursed by tenderest care, flooded with sunshine, with no breeze but softest summer zephyrs to fan its blossoms? So Stella's life changed.

Bereft of their noble boy, their darling daughters, the life of this fair child became the dearest object in life to the wealthy parents. Doctors who had grown indifferent to the pain of the neglected girl tended only by the care of an old nurse, suddenly grew wonderfully attentive to the welfare of the heiress of Joseph Rodman's vast estate. She had never been ill treated. Nannie, her old nurse, was kind and loving, though often impatient or weary of her charge, but she had never known love in all the years of her life. Her parents endured her, her sisters mocked her, her brother taunted her, till she fairly dreaded any break in the monotony of her life. She learned to read from Nannie, and when but eight summers had passed over her head, her Heavenly Father opened her eyes to His gift given to gild her poor sorrow-stricken life. She had loved music from a child, but had never dreamed that the passion could ever be to her more than a delight in listening to others. When she was barely eight years old, Mr. Rod-

man presented to his oldest daughter a grand piano, and the square one that had before stood in the drawing-room was banished to the nursery. It was with timid fingers Stella first touched the ivory keys, but courage came day after day, till the genius of music woke to vivid life in her soul. No rule or note guided her. To hear once an air that struck her fancy was to impress it lastingly upon her memory, and, as the baby heart became matured, the old piano became to her what loving mothers, kind sisters, and dear friends are to other children. In wailing minor chords and mournful melodies she tried to drown pain, while brief hours of gladness filled the nursery with joyous arias and bravuras. It was wonderful to see the tiny fingers mastering the intricacies of execution that would have puzzled many a professor. Hours spent in conquering cadenzas, scales, or rapid passages she had heard floating up the broad staircase from the drawing-room, were hours of quiet happiness. She read as her fancy prompted, and many a poem became the inspiration for gems of melody. Yet, at seventeen, her ignorance of school books would have made a boy of ten blush. Geography and history she had learned in part from varied reading; of arithmetic she knew nothing; but her store of poetry, fiction, classic translations, and metaphysical speculations was wonderful for her years. This was the dreamer who lay by the brookside in the summer sunset. The doctors had advised country air, and freedom from books or music for a time, and Mrs. Rodman, suddenly calling to mind a cousin whose farm lay in Massachusetts, had sentimentally confided her "poor, afflicted, darling Stella" to her care for the summer months.

The speaker who had roused Stella from her day dream demands here a word of introduction. Marion Willden was the daughter of the clergyman of Clifton, the little village near which Stella's cousin had his farm. She was very kindly in disposition, and the account Mrs. Hill, the farmer's wife, had given her of Stella, had at once opened her heart to the little cripple. With perfect health, rare beauty, a tall, full figure and easy grace of manners, she was also in mental acquirements a complete contrast to Stella. Trained by her father, her education was solid and yet varied. Mistress of French and Latin, well versed in the English branches, playing the piano by rule with much skill, she was at seventeen far more advanced in all practical knowledge than her friend of the summer—Stella.

In answer to the sadly significant speech of the latter, now, she bent still lower over the frail little form. "The same kind love that sends the beauties in which you so delight, sends too the pain, Stella, and both are given in love and wisdom, though it is hidden from us."

"I know, I know," said Stella, "and I think

I could bear all patiently if I might remain here with you in quiet peace; but in one short week I must go home again."

"But it cannot be so dreadful to be with your father and mother in your own home."

"But going home means that my mother's proposal is to be carried out. I am to be introduced to society. I!"

The bitter intonation of the pronoun sounded very sad in the listener's ears. She looked down at the twisted figure, the lovely face, and the large eyes now glowing with a sort of bitter defiance of the anticipated sneers of society, and her tender heart ached for the little sufferer. "Perhaps it will not be so trying as you fear," she said.

"Yes it will," said Stella, with a sudden fierceness; "I am not afraid of any outward token of disrespect; I am Joseph Rodman's heiress, and society will treat me well to my face, but—but, Marion, fancy me in such gay throngs as I have heard my sisters describe."

"But if you do not like it, you can withdraw early."

"You do not know my mother," said Stella. "She will cover this deformed figure with rarest silk and velvet, heap jewels on these wasted arms, wreath the flowers round this pallid face, and then expect the world to bow down before Joseph Rodman's only child. I know it all! But there is one comfort, you will be there."

"Only your strong wish to have it so induces me to accept your mother's invitation, Stella. The clergyman's daughter of this quiet village, whose one silk dress descended to her from her mother, will be strangely out of place in the society you have described. But we will face the ordeal together, and try to support each other."

"You out of place? You, so beautiful, so strong!" and Stella looked with eyes full of loving admiration into her friend's face. "You have no need of silks and jewels to cover deformity, Marion, my queen," and the little wasted hands pressed Marion's cheeks in a loving caress. "But we must go in. The sun is down, and I dare not risk night air, even in this lovely fall weather."

Marion bent her stately head for an offered kiss, and then, lifting the little figure gently, carried her like a child to the farm-house. Softly the twilight closed in, and the stars peeped out, and, lying in her friend's arms by the window, Stella watched the darkness gather.

"Like my life," she murmured, "like my life. Night closes in as pain and sorrow settle round my heart, only the stars of patience and resignation to light the path."

"But dawn comes, Stella, to scatter the shadows."

Would the dawn come to her? The child, so far advanced in some knowledge, so ignorant of life in other senses, questioned as she tossed

restlessly upon her bed. What was this craving at her heart that nothing in life filled? Her music, her books, her parents' newly-discovered affection, Nature's beauties, even Marion's affection, did not fill the void. Sometimes prayer, fervent and sincere, quieted the longing, but it was but seldom the wearying cry of her heart was stilled.

The winter was one of unusual gayety. Mrs. Rodman had determined that her duty to Stella compelled a renunciation of her mourning at the opening of the season, and had issued cards for a large party to meet the *débutante*. Marion, a guest honored for Stella's sake, was also to be introduced under Mrs. Rodman's care, and the world of fashion was quite prepared to welcome any representative of Mr. Rodman's dollars, or friend of his daughter.

The rooms were already thronged with guests when the young girls entered. Just at the moment when Mrs. Rodman was prepared to enter the drawing-room to receive her guests, Stella was seized with a fit of nervous trembling that threatened to end in a paroxysm of pain. There was nothing but an hour of rest that could be relied upon to restore her, and, much against her will, Mrs. Rodman left her with Marion, with strict charge to come to her as soon as possible.

Quite unaware of the necessity for an escort, the girls obeyed, and entered the room together unattended. Every eye turned upon them as they came up the room. Both wore white; but, while Marion's glorious beauty made her simple muslin and starry jessamine flowers as becoming as royal attire, Stella seemed to fairly shrink and wither away in her heavy *moire antique* with a parure of flashing diamonds. Something of pride there was in her slow step, and head carried so erectly above the misshapen shoulders, but Marion could feel the death-like chill of the little hand, and marked the pressure that stilled the quiver of the lip.

One after another of the guests were introduced, and the steady throb of society's heart went on, heeding little the pause the entrance of the young girls had made. It was late in the evening, and Stella had crept away to the conservatory, hoping to escape further part in the festivity. The flowers, bending down to her caress, were old friends, and she went from one to another, softly touching the glowing roses, pale lilies, and fragrant *hellotrope*; whispering sometimes a little confidential plaint to their cups as she kissed them. She found a vacant sofa near the fountain, screened by a trellis, over which Mexican vine and scarlet trumpet flowers were growing in profusion. Here she lay musing. The music from the drawing-room came softened by distance to her ears, the water fell into the basin beside her with a silvery tinkle, the flowers closed round her in fragrant walls, and she sat, half-reclining, in a dreamy state of quiet rest. Suddenly

two voices fell upon her ear; one a lady's, silvery and musical, and it said:—

"I think it would be better taste for the Rodmans to keep that humpbacked daughter out of sight, instead of dragging her into society, tricked out like a monkey on an organ."

Full, rich, and mellow was the answering voice, a gentleman's: "I could pity her, were she an object for pity; but, in her eye and brow, in her sensitive mouth and tender expression, I read the compensation for her physical deficiency. Rarely is such a soul framed in human form as shines from Stella Rodman's eyes, and the heart that is shadowed in their depths is worth a life's devotion to win."

"You are eloquent," and the tone was sarcastic. "I did not know any beauty could win such praise from your fastidious taste."

"Mere beauty could not," was the grave reply. "Miss Rodman can afford to spare that, though her face is one of rare loveliness."

"She would feel flattered could she know Karl Crossman had issued his opinion in such flattering words," and the speakers moved on.

Karl Crossman. Stella treasured the name. She knew him; a tall, handsome man, older by some dozen years than herself, but one who evidently was in some position to please her mother. She remembered the emphasis she had placed upon the name when she presented him. Karl Crossman—she must know who he was. Somebody thought her lovely, somebody praised her. It was not vanity that thrilled to her very heart, but a deeper happiness than mere gratified vanity could ever confer.

She went back to the crowded rooms with a new light in her beautiful brown eyes, a new smile faintly shadowed upon the small, flexible mouth. Several times she saw Karl Crossman as he moved in the gay circle, evidently a much sought, highly esteemed member of the exclusive throng. At last he found her out. Of what did he speak? What magic words did he employ that the half-hour he spent beside her seemed to Stella like a dream of Paradise? She could not tell, nor he. But there was a fascination in the task of making those soul-lit eyes glow and sparkle to his words, and he exerted himself to bring forth the rarely beautiful smile that transformed, as if by a flash of sunlight, the pale little face. He was sure there was genius under the broad white brow, and spoke of art, of poetry, of music, touching the key note of her soul at last. When he left her, he carried her willingly accorded promise to play for him upon some future occasion, with the modest but earnest assurance that she did not know anything of the science of music, and only played by ear, or as fancy dictated.

The next morning at breakfast Stella dared to ask about her hero.

"Karl Crossman," said her mother, "is one of our first men. His father's wealth is enormous, and he is an only child; but he persisted

in learning a profession, and is now one of our most promising young lawyers. By the way, Marion, did he not dance with you?"

No one noticed the flush deepen upon Marion's cheek as she replied in the affirmative. Mrs. Rodman had a welcome theme. Karl Crossman's mother was her chosen friend, and already the matrons had planned a match between him and Stella, though knowing one whisper of their scheme would probably send the young man out of their circle for the winter. But the same caution need not extend to Stella, whose child-like innocence would suspect no hidden motive in her mother's ardent praise. So Mrs. Rodman spoke warmly of Karl Crossman's talents, his high social position, his wealth, his fastidious refinement, till the hero he had been in the eyes of both young girls on the previous evening faded into insignificance before the wonderful demigod the matron pictured.

Stella said nothing of his expected visit in the evening. She was afraid she would be loaded again with finery and jewels, and every nerve in her sensitive little frame shrank from this contrast of figure and apparel. So Karl Crossman, when he entered the small private parlor, where the ladies spent their few home evenings, found the little cripple in a dress of some soft gray material that heightened the beauty of her face, and draped with pitying folds the misshapen figure. They talked of the previous evening, of painting, books, and music, and then Karl reminded Stella of her promise.

"Oh! Stella has never studied music," said Mrs. Rodman. "Marion, my dear, you will play for Mr. Crossman?"

And Marion obeyed, fully believing that Stella would only expose ignorance if she attempted the task. She played very correctly and prettily two fashionable pieces she had learned since her arrival in town, playing in strict accordance with the written directions, and arranging her forte, piano, rallentando, diminuendo, and crescendo, precisely as the author directed, and leaving about as much impression on the heart of the listener as would be produced by a musical box or reed organ.

"Now, Miss Stella," said Karl, after thanking Marion.

"But, Mr. Crossman, I do not play like Marion."

"I believe that," thought the young man, and aloud he said: "You promised, you know."

Stella sat down, and her prelude astonished even her mother. "Give me a theme," she said to Karl.

"Twilight," he answered.

"First sunset," she said. "The reapers are coming home from their labor," and, as she spoke, she broke forth into a harvest song she had heard in the summer. Her voice was not powerful, but very sweet, and the fingers kept up a rapid movement that sustained the melody.

"Now the sun is sinking," she said, letting her fingers fall upon chords that rolled grandly through the room, growing softer, lower, and sadder, till a minor chord carried a soft, dreamy waltz-like melody into sweet dying notes. The twilight gathered and deepened in the wailing tones, till softly, mournfully, the darkness closed in, and all was still.

A hush fell upon the room. Every one of the listeners was more moved than could be suspected from the quiet faces, and the little musician herself was carried away, as she was ever, by the power of her own genius. Upon the profound silence, after a pause, there stole a soft, rippling sound, as if water was rushing over broken rocks and beds of pebbles, then the harsh note of a cow-bell, softened by distance, the tramp of horses' feet on a hard road, the wind sighing among forest leaves, the twitter of the birds among the branches, till, with a glorious burst of choral harmony, the sun rose again. There needed no words to explain the last theme, and Stella's cheeks flushed to a deep crimson under Karl Crossman's praise.

It was the first of many such evenings, and while a new light began to shine from the little cripple's star-like eyes, a faint flush to dwell constantly upon her cheeks, and a sweet smile keeping close to her lovely mouth, Marion grew pale and sad, often creeping away to her own room, and seeming to lose all interest in her old pursuits and studies.

It was not long before Stella discovered the change in her friend. She loved Marion with a sincere, admiring devotion, and it grieved her to see her queen, as she affectionately called her, losing her glorious glowing beauty. "You are ill, Marion," she said, as she sat one morning in her friend's lap, her head resting upon her shoulder, "you are pale, and you press your hand often to your side as if in pain. Mr. Crossman noticed it, too. Why, now you are crimson. Marion, where do you suffer?"

"I am not ill, Stella."

"Then you are pining for the free country air?"

"Yes," she said, eagerly, "that is it. I am homesick."

"O Marion, would you leave me? My queen, the world would be so dark were you not here."

"Then—then you still love me best?"

"Why, Marion, who could take a place above yours in my heart. Best, dearest of all friends, do not doubt my love."

"I will not. I will not, Stella; but—there, let me go; I must dress for dinner."

"But you are already dressed."

"Yes, but my hair does not suit me. I want to wear Greek bands."

"Let me arrange it for you."

"No, let it stay; I am tired, my head aches. O Stella, leave me!"

Wondering what could so disturb her friend, Stella went away wounded, yet forgiving.

At the same hour Karl Crossman was pacing up and down his mother's long parlors musing, in an angry, fretted manner, half resolved upon a dozen plans, rejecting each as they rose in order. "Marry her! Marry Stella Rodman!" so his thoughts ran. "My mother lets me see her wish too plainly. I will not be the laughing stock and pity of the town. Karl Crossman who married Rodman's deformed child for her money! So the world would view it. But—but Stella, my star, my dear love! Oh, I could brave all the world's sneers to win her. What do they know of the glorious soul, the tender womanly heart hidden away in that poor form? What can they see of the wondrous genius in those radiant eyes, the loving spirit in that sweet smile, the rare intellect of that low, broad brow? Can she love me? Yet—yet who would believe it was love, not avarice, that prompted me."

So the pride and the love tossed his heart to and fro, till, weary with the conflict, he sought the starry-eyed maiden of his dreams, to rest in her smile, and lose his sense of trouble in the magic of her wondrous art. Perhaps, had he been left to his own will, his own conscience, he would have opened his heart to Stella and won her for his bride; but he was continually urged to the course his heart dictated, by pleas and arguments against which all the nobility of his nature rebelled. He was reminded of her wealth and position, and once, believing him cold to her suit, his mother drove a chill, sick agony to his heart by reminding him of Stella's delicate health, and prophesying that he would soon be left free to choose a fairer bride. At last, desperate and half insane with the conflict raging in his heart, he took passage on a steamer for Europe, without one word of farewell to any one but his mother, who in vain tried to hinder his departure.

The news came to Mrs. Rodman while she was in Stella's room arranging the details of a new evening dress. Marion was laughingly twisting some flowers into a wreath, and Stella, with dreamy eyes and folded hands, was far away in some place of her own imagination. Tearing open Mrs. Crossman's note, Mrs. Rodman cried out in her first indignant surprise: "Karl Crossman has gone to Europe!"

Marion fell like a log to the floor; Stella rose, rigid and erect. "Gone to Europe, mother?"

"Yes! What does that mean, Stella?" and she pointed to Marion's insensible figure.

In a moment Stella was kneeling beside her friend. "You, too," she whispered. "My queen, is this the meaning of your pale face and sad eyes?"

Angry beyond all restraint, Mrs. Rodman poured forth a torrent of reproaches against the truant, till Stella could bear no more.

"You wrong him," she said, rising from Marion's side, "he has not deserted me! He

has never spoken one word of love to me, never sought to win my heart."

"And you?"

"I am a cripple, deformed and hideous, but I do not give my love unsought!" was the proud reply.

"You had better teach your friend the same lesson," said Mrs. Rodman, with bitter irony, and left the room.

Then Stella bowed her head in bitter self-abasement, only for a moment, the next saw her bending again over Marion, whose long swoon alarmed her. She bathed the pale face with water, chafed the cold hands, forced spirit between the white lips, till the dark eyes opened slowly, with a wild pain in their gaze.

"Stella, it is not true! He has not gone," she gasped.

"I am afraid it is too true, darling. But Marion, O Marion! tell me he was not so base as to have won your heart and cast it off."

"No, no—he does not care for me; but—but—O Stella, if I could die."

Die! Stella felt the sickness of despair creeping over her own heart as the word struck her ear. Die! What would death be compared to the future life before her?

The days passed wearily. Marion, with her fine health, her splendid constitution, seemed utterly prostrated by her grief, while the pale little cripple, whose life seemed to hang upon the slenderest thread, carried her secret under a quiet manner and cheerful smile that defied scrutiny.

Nearly six months went by, and Marion married. Her husband offered her wealth and position, and her love dream had left her heart closed against any future invader.

It was a relief to Stella when her friend was gone. The weak repining, the strangely open freedom of speech upon so sacred a subject, the unmaidenly want of pride and reserve, had dethroned Stella's queen, and, in the place of the former devotion, something like contempt was creeping in. Yet, released from the constant presence of Marion, with no eye to mark her face, the little cripple faded slowly, growing paler and more fragile, more spiritually beautiful, and more lovely in disposition, as her strength grew less and less. The physicians advised change of air, and Mrs. Rodman proposed Europe to her husband.

"My dear," was the hard reply, "in less than a month my name will be in the bankrupt list. I am a ruined man."

In a moment he repented of his abrupt communication. With a shrill cry that rang through the house, Mrs. Rodman fell upon her face in a fainting fit; another followed the first moments of consciousness, then another, till fever set in, affecting the brain so seriously that life was saved, but reason gone forever, before the threatened ruin was made known to the world. On the day when his wife became an

inmate of an insane asylum, Joseph Rodman fled from his home with what he could save of the wreck of his fortune, leaving Stella to fight the world alone. He forgot her. Strange as it may appear, it was true. Her childhood was passed away from his sight, and in the festivities of the past few months he had taken little share. Driven to desperation by the loss of fortune, the horrible ending of his matrimonial happiness, he drank deeply in that month of suspense and pain; and, when, half-dellirious with liquor, he left his home forever; he had forgotten the pallid little cripple who called him father as completely as if she had never existed.

Can I picture to you Stella's horror and despair? She did not realize the loss of money. Fortune to her was an abstract idea. What she needed, all luxuries she craved, came to her at her request often before she demanded them, and she knew nothing of the loss of wealth, or the sufferings of poverty. But her sensitive nature sank under the horror of seeing her mother a raving maniac, and the deep disgrace of her father's flight.

There were friends left to comfort her, first of all Marion. As soon as the world knew of the terrible family misfortunes of the Rodmans, Marion Leighton hastened to Stella. It took but little persuasion to leave her home for Marion's, and rest her weary heart and head in her friend's love and caress. All the old pride was trodden down by the sorrow weighing so heavily upon the young heart, and, with a sort of stunned indifference, she heard that she was penniless.

"What can I do, Marion?" she asked, wearily. "I cannot teach, I cannot sew, I would be useless in a store, and I am too weak to work hard. I must starve."

"Not while I live, Stella."

"But I cannot live dependent upon you."

"Get well, darling, and then we will decide for the future."

"Well? The future?" Stella held up her hand to the light as she spoke. Almost transparent, white, and thin, it looked painfully helpless as the sunbeams struck across it. She was lying on a sofa in Marion's sitting-room, a white wool shawl folded over her crimson wrapper, and hiding her shoulders. Round her face her hair drooped in soft waving bands, and the beauty, etherealized by suffering, looked almost angelic.

"A gentleman to see you, Mrs. Leighton," said the servant, entering.

"Shall he come up, Stella?"

"Yes. He will not notice me." A moment later, and Stella was sitting erect; her hands clasped fast, her eyes straining forward, her face white and fixed, as she listened to the footsteps rapidly ascending the stairs. The door opened, and Karl Crossman entered the room.

Marion half-rose, then fell back in her chair. Unheeding her, Karl crossed the room to kneel by Stella's couch. No need of words. In his eyes, as they rested upon her face, Stella read his heart, his sympathy, his love, and the weary head drooped upon his breast with a sigh of deep content.

Marion stole away. It was long before she returned, but Karl was still kneeling there, only in his arms the little form lay with a stillness that struck cold on Marion's heart. Over the glorious eyes the white lids were folded closely; the sensitive, quivering mouth was still now; the hands, so white and thin, were lying quietly upon the breast, over the heart that had borne patiently its burden of sorrow, but broke with the weight of sudden joy.

SONG—THE E'EN O'BLUE.

Come, let us sing the song to-night,
Which oft we sung in morning's prime;
Come, let us sing the song to-night,
And muse on days of olden time.
For we will roam by Isla's stream,
And ye will bring your harp with you,
And I of former years will dream,
And her I loved with e'en o' blue.

Chorus: The bonnie lass wi' e'en o' blue,
Wi' dimpled chin and cherry mou';
The blawart and the heather-bell,
Are like her cheeks, and e'en o' blue.

It is not for her face so fair,
Nor for her white and burnished brew,
Nor for her soft and silken hair,
I dearly lo'e the e'en o' blue.
Her smile is sweet as ev'ning's beam,
Her step is light as falling dew,
And pure as pearls of Isla's stream
Are her true e'en o' bonnie blue.

Chorus.

The lammie likes the sunny knowe,
To sport about the fernie brae,
The mavis likes the birken bough,
To sing her song o' joy or woe.
But I lo'e best the gloamin' gray,
When softly falls the silver dew
To meet wi' one I dare not name—
The bonnie lass wi' e'en o' blue.

Chorus.

Oh, no! oh, no, we need not roam
By Isla's banks and flow'ry braes;
The bonnie lass wi' e'en o' blue
Is far across the stormy seas.
The bonnie lass I lo'ed sae weel,
For whom my life I'd gladly g'ie;
No more again by Isla's stream
Will gather flow'rets there with me.

Chorus: The e'en o' blue, the e'en o' blue,
That once I lo'ed so weel and true;
The blawart and the heather-bell
To me are as the e'en o' blue.

It is very true that precepts are useful, but practice and imitation go far beyond them; hence the importance of watching early habits, that they may be free from what is objectionable.—*Sir William Knighton.*

PIANO MUSIC.

BY MARY E. COMSTOCK.

"WHAT is it, my love?"

"Professor De Launy's bill, I believe. I have had numerous little slips of paper of like character from that gentleman before, and presume myself qualified to read with my eyes shut," and Mr. Henderson rose from the depths of his easy chair, and walked to the grate, where he stood with his hands behind him.

His wife looked at him inquiringly.

"Not that there is anything wrong about De Launy that I am aware of; but it strikes me, wife, that there is considerable humbug in our expenditures, and music bills are as much to the point as any other."

"Why, Nelson, with your ideas of 'the influence on character of a thorough musical education'" and there was a tone of quotation in the lady's voice. "Your practice only corresponds with your theory, and recommendations."

"I think as highly of the theory as ever. I contend that the harmonizing, refining influence of music in a family of young people of varied tastes and temperaments cannot be overrated. It is a great safeguard to boys, keeping them from many a damaging allurements in unoccupied hours, and it is an excellent safety valve for the girls. They work off discontent and rainy day disappointments at their fingers' ends, and get harmony of spirit and nervous equilibrium for indoor duties as we do in outdoor exercise and sunshine. You have heard me say so a thousand times."

"Exactly. I was merely trying to find a clue to 'the humbug in musical expenditure.' Those were your words, I believe."

"Fanny, my dear," Mr. Henderson crossed the hall with slippers on tread, and called from the foot of the stairs, "step here, a moment, my daughter."

"Yes, papa." A light step, and Miss Fanny came floating down the broad stairway.

"Your mother and I would like a little music, if you can spare the time, this evening."

"Yes; but, papa"—

"Are you too much occupied with your lessons this evening?"

"No, sir. I have all but three propositions, and those I can leave till morning; but, papa"—

"What, my dear?"

"You and mamma do not like my pieces."

"Well, play us something that you like; some of your favorites," and Mr. Henderson settled himself back in his easy chair as though in expectation of a treat.

"Can you not play your examination piece?" suggested her mother.

"I haven't played it three times since last summer. My new pieces take so much time I quite forget the old. I really don't believe I can remember it."

"Play whatever you are most familiar with. The selection is immaterial," said her father.

The young lady searched a pile of music with a rather perplexed expression of countenance, and selected a composition of thirteen pages, a dashing bravura. Mr. Henderson listened with a grave and attentive expression during the opening fortissimo passage, also during the third and fourth pages, where the right and left hands apparently contended for the palm in producing the most deafening crash of chords. A little tinkling, thread-like stream of melody, here introduced by the right hand, wrought a relaxation of muscles, and a relieved look, accompanied by a long-drawn breath, on the part of Mr. Henderson. But the left immediately seized it, while the right in a brilliant arpeggio showered the detached notes of the adventurous tuneful passage like a mid-summer thunder storm on a bed of dainty violets. The wee song blossoms were soon overpowered, and prolonged chromatic runs, and a recurrence of the chord rivalry, followed by octave scale passages in presto movement, concluded the thirteenth page, and Miss Fanny turned on the music stool, while Mr. and Mrs. Henderson exchanged glances.

"I suppose that is very excellent practice. Exercises are highly necessary, I am told, and you seem to have considerable facility. But now, my dear, give us a tune; something you can play without your notes, something enjoyable," said Mr. Henderson.

Tears sprang to Miss Fanny's blue eyes. "It is always so when you, or mamma, or the boys ask me to play. You do not like my pieces. My music never pleases." Fanny spoke simply as making an assertion, not complainingly.

"Not so fast, my daughter. Admit that there is some truth here, it cannot be denied you have a good degree of musical proficiency. Let us look into the matter a little, and see what the difficulty is. Don't you say so, mother?"

Mrs. Henderson had dropped her work idly in her lap, and was gazing intently into the coals.

"Only think how much time I have spent at the piano," remarked Miss Fanny. "Why, mamma, I began lessons with Miss Wortley when I was eight years old, you know, and it seems to me I have been taking them nearly ever since. I am tired of it really, and it doesn't seem to do any good. I don't believe there is any music in me."

"As a little child you seemed exceedingly fond of it," said her mother, "and you enjoy others' music now, do you not?"

"I like Josie Everly's bright tunes, though I don't know but what I would shock Professor De Launy by saying so. Josie plays by ear altogether, you know, and I like Miss Carlisle's playing, but not everybody's. It is most of it just as stupid as mine." Miss Fanny here left

the music stool, and came and sat on a low seat at her mother's feet.

"I know De Launy praises my execution. May Leonard said she heard him say I was one of his best pupils. But where is the good of it all? Let me tell you about the party at Effie Haynes' the other night. Effie wanted some music before the dancing. We were getting stupid, and I knew Effie really would be very glad to have me play, but I could not play a single piece without my notes. Abby Hinsdale played a long piece. Everybody listened a few minutes, and found that she knew what she was about, and would go creditably through it, and then everybody talked. Effie wanted the music to set people talking. They always talk better when there is playing. But Abby couldn't remember another, and I couldn't have helped at all if Effie had not chanced to find among her music a piece of mine. I had nearly forgotten it, but I can read pretty well, and got through it without breaking down. Now is it worth while to spend as much time and labor as I have for such an achievement as that? I know," and Fanny looked apologetically from one to the other, "I know you and mamma have been anxious I should have a musical education, and I have tried to be faithful to my practice, but you meant that it should give pleasure as its end. It seems to me my music can never do that. It is even tiresome to listen to."

"How is Katie getting on?" asked Mr. Henderson. "She used to remember her little exercises and pieces without her notes, didn't she? Was ready with the little she knew."

"She used to, I think, but she doesn't seem to have much musical memory now. Miss Haynes says she is a very good little girl to practise, however."

Mr. Henderson rose and walked up and down the room with his hands behind him. "Sixty dollars a quarter to the professor year in and year out, and half as much to Miss Haynes, who, by the way, spends twice as much time for half the remuneration. What do you think of the investment, wife? That the sum had better be given to the poor?" Mr. Henderson was not a man much given to calculation where family, and particularly educational, expenses were concerned; neither did he make this little computation for publication, be it remembered, but in a quiet spirit of private investigation open to suggestion.

Mrs. Henderson did not reply.

"I think it would be a great deal better for me to stop lessons, for awhile at least," said Fanny. "I will practise if you wish me to. Maybe my music will be of some use some time. I might teach, perhaps, if it were necessary, though I'm afraid I'm not very clear about the rudiments."

"Well," said Mr. Henderson, in a concluding tone of voice, "I wanted you to learn music for

the enjoyment of it, but, if there is no enjoyment to be realized, perhaps you had better suspend awhile. You can do as you like as regards the matter."

Katie came for a good-night kiss, a sweet, bright child.

"Katie, can't you play papa a tune?"

"I can play my last lesson," said the little girl, with alacrity.

"Very well, play the last lesson, puss," said Mr. Henderson, pleased with her readiness.

And Katie sat down at the piano, and, albeit starting a scale passage with the wrong finger, brought some confusion, and allegretto became largo in what looked to Katie a small forest of accidentals; yet gleams of melody, sustained by a very fair touch, quite refreshed Mr. Henderson.

"Play something else, Katie. Papa liked that."

But the little girl, technically speaking, "broke down" in the next attempt, and Mr. Henderson compromised his request.

"Never mind. That is very well for a young lady of your size. Can you play some little everyday tune everybody knows? Can you play 'Yankee Doodle?'"

The national air was not included in Katie's repertoire, nor could Miss Fanny aid her. An old music book of papa's was at length found, and the air arranged for the flute was played with one hand by that young lady, after a discordant attempt to improvise a few bass chords.

"Time and patience are necessary to learn music, we all acknowledge that," remarked Mrs. Henderson, as Fanny closed the piano for the night. "Katie, I think, is making fair progress, and Fanny will take it up with new spirit after an interval."

"Yes, yes, I think so," said Mr. Henderson, resuming the humming of an old favorite, a Scotch air he had in vain been trying to inveigle Miss Fanny into playing by note, rote, or some other method. "I think so, my dear. They are getting the foundation, and De Launy says Fanny has great execution."

A few mornings after, as they sat at breakfast, the mail packet of letters and papers was laid beside Mr. Henderson's plate. And reading superscriptions, "'Mr. Jasper Henderson,' a letter from Tom; 'Miss Fanny Henderson,' your new monthly; 'Mrs. Nelson Henderson,' a letter from Mary." The epistle was passed over to that lady, and waited the replenishing of Mr. Henderson's cup for perusal.

"Good news for you, Fanny. Carrie Tabor is coming, and hopes to be here next week," said Mrs. Henderson, glancing down the page.

And, though there had been light and cheer around the pleasant table before, a sudden gleam of sunshine seemed to have fallen suddenly upon all with most happy influence, and through loving anticipation lingered day by day. Plans were from time to time dis-

cussed for the delight of the expected guest. Fanny watched earnestly the buds of her white rose, hoping it would be in bloom to add grace to fresh appointments of her own pleasant room, rearranged for sharing with a new occupant. And Katie hoped Cousin Carrie would approve the style of her doll's new bonnet, notwithstanding grave fears that said young lady might have no interest in dolls whatever.

It proved difficult, however, to discover that which Cousin Carrie had not an interest in, provided any one else had pleasure in the same. Coming in from a shopping excursion one afternoon not long after her arrival, the notes of Katie's reluctant practice fell upon her ear. "Ah! that charming air from Ernani," and she came and stood by Katie's side.

"Isn't it stupid, cousin?" asked poor Katie, remembering that but the half-hour of scales and exercises had been accomplished, and so much weary time remained.

"What, little one, this piece? I used to like it very much. Mamie and I used to play it as a duet."

"Is it a real tune, cousin?"

"Certainly. Try it, counting the time, and see if you can't make it so," and Carrie idly played a measure or two with her right hand, as she spoke, standing by the instrument.

"O cousin, you play it!" and Katie tendered the music stool with exceeding alacrity.

Carrie looked the arrangement of the air rapidly yet carefully over, and gave it with spirit and touch that delighted the child.

"I wouldn't know it for the same piece, indeed I wouldn't, cousin. Oh, I wish you'd play all my pieces for me!" said the child, enthusiastically.

Another of the little lessons was played, and then naturally gliding through a few chords into another key, a merry dancing measure fell from the ready fingers, and a familiar, spirited air, tastefully varied, and, as the twilight deepened, the tone coloring dropped from gay to grave, and spoke sweet things of the spirit through some of the simpler yet matchless measures of Beethoven.

Turning from the piano after a moment's pause, the self-forgetful musician found as rapt an audience as could be desired. The little girl had remained standing by the piano. Fanny, with wrappings half removed, had taken the nearest seat. Jasper stood leaning on a chair. Mrs. Henderson had come quietly in, and *pater familias*, but just returned from the business of the day, stood on the hearth-rug, head down, delightedly listening. "Why, uncle, aunt, I did not know you were here."

"No more did we, my dear!" said Mr. Henderson very heartily. "Music like yours transports one from place to state, and we live in the inspiration of the moment forgetful of surroundings. You have given us a treat indeed."

"What was that piece, Carrie, that you were

playing just as I came in?" asked Jasper, apparently giving entertainment to an illusion that, together with this newly-discovered gift, his cousin likewise possessed vision in the back of her head, for the velvet carpet gave no foot-fall.

"Won't you play my piece once more?" asked Katie; and so one question or request of appreciation followed another till the summons to tea called them from the subdued light where the music echoes were still lingering, into the precincts of gælight, muffins, and marmalade.

"I fear I shall half envy you your rich-toned piano. Its action is so sympathetic to every variation of touch," said Carrie. "It must be a delight to practise on such an instrument."

"A delight we shall insist upon your enjoying very often, then!" said Mr. Henderson. "You must have devoted yourself to music very assiduously." And then, turning to his daughter, "Time and patience, Fanny! You see what may be accomplished by and by if there is perseverance. It is worth while to have music like that in one's own house and at any hour."

"Why, uncle," said Carrie, and the wonder depicted upon her face was very genuine, "Fanny must be very far in advance of me in music. My pieces are new to you, and you like them, and I suspect, uncle, you overrate. I would not dare attempt the symphony you were practising yesterday, Fanny."

"That is it, Carrie; you seem to have a certain reverence for music. For myself, I call up whatever resolution I possess to play whatever Professor De Launy puts before me; perhaps I'm an exemplification of the fact that 'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.' I'm sure I never feel as you do. Music is to me something to be 'done,' as travellers say of seeing the Alps."

Evening after evening which was not spent out, the piano was the centre of attraction. Jasper, with Carrie's help, revived the primo of a duet, and also one or two little airs he had learned when taking lessons. Katie, through a gift of imitation and her cousin's frequent solicitation of performance, had quite caught Carrie's manner of giving the air from Ernani, having become convinced of the great utility of "counting the time" in order to "make a tune of it," and her even and spirited execution of the simple arrangement quite pleased both her father and her teacher.

Carrie asserted that she herself was making decided musical acquisition. Fanny's exercises in velocity seemed to possess remarkable attractions in her eyes. Once, when she had conquered a difficulty and given a passage with precision, she besought Fanny for an example, and laughed merrily at that young lady's instant glib performance of the same, which was easy as the natural scale to her really well-trained hand.

"Ah, Fanny, Fanny, this flexibility of finger is wonderful. Would I could attain it!"

And Mr. Henderson listened from behind the evening paper. "Aha! musical gymnastics! that is what Fanny has been about all these years, is it? I'm glad you've told me, Carrie. It seems to me, however, that a quiet, reasonable walk through fields of melody and grand cathedral aisles of harmony is more for home enjoyment and heart good. How long have you taken lessons, Carrie?"

"I hardly know, uncle, there have been such intervals between, sometimes. I had a year with Miss Mitchell when I was ten. One quarter, I believe, with Mr. Richter, and I had lessons last year at school at Litchfield. You see I have not had the systematic training that would have been so desirable."

"I have been looking into this matter of musical education a little," said Mr. Henderson, with very deliberate enunciation, and moving a little nearer the group, "and I'm thinking perhaps you can give me some light on the subject. How is it that you, not having had half the lessons that Fanny has, can entertain us by the hour, help others, read accompaniments at sight, and have so much better general knowledge of the different departments of music than she? No disparagement to your finger exercises, Miss Fanny. I see Carrie has an exalted opinion of those. My idea of piano music is that it is a special institution to make home pleasant. I've been patient about ten years, now, waiting for Fanny to give us something sweet and satisfactory. According to your account she seems to have progressed beyond that. I suppose her music is difficult; everybody says so; she seems to suspect that, like Doctor Johnson, they sometimes wish it were impossible, however. I know Fanny likes music; she likes yours. What is the matter?"

The color had rippled into Carrie's face and lingered painfully. Fanny laughed, good-naturedly.

"I'm not sensitive about my music. I've learned better than that. Say what you have a mind to, Carrie. When papa wants an opinion he is irresistible. You will have to give it."

"She gives you *carte blanche*!" said Mr. Henderson.

"I suspect I feel like a novice asked to give a toast at his first public dinner," said Carrie, laughingly. "I can only tell you what my teachers used to tell me, though I assure you Fanny's success has inspired me with new relish for mechanical difficulties such as I never felt before. I suppose my Litchfield teacher would tell her as he did me, and as I suppose he tells every one. 'You must cultivate your heart, my dear young lady; you must have music in your heart if it is to flow from your fingers,'" and Carrie's naturally large imitation led her unconsciously to adopt the original

broken speech and manner of the foreigner, lending more force and interest to the words. "But he never gave me any definite directions how to do it, Fanny," she continued. "He was a great enthusiast. He said to me, before I took my first lesson, 'Do you love music, young lady?' He always spoke of the great masters as though they were holy men, and he used to give delightful anecdotes of them, sometimes with tears in his eyes. He had genuine love for the art, and I think he had a faculty of imparting it to others."

"A great requisite in a teacher, I perceive," interpolated Mr. Henderson with a nod of great satisfaction, which seemed to be intended at the same time as an invitation for Carrie to proceed.

"Miss Mitchell, my first teacher, used to say a great deal about securing availability of musical knowledge. I do not suppose I should remember if I had not heard mamma speak of it since. She used to say, 'I do not want my scholars to spend precious time in practice without laying the foundation at the same time for future use. I do not want them to be merely the possessors of a quantity of sheet music which they have 'taken but never learned,' while they have at command but two or three pieces which they can render in a respectable manner. Music, she used to say, was for everyday home use, the use of 'pleasure.'"

"My compliments to Miss Mitchell when you see her," remarked Mr. Henderson, in a manner which produced a laugh.

"I was sorry when she went away," said Carrie. "She boarded with us the year I took lessons. I have heard mamma say that she was very cautious about giving us music beyond our ability, but she never allowed us to leave a difficulty till it was conquered, and a lesson, if only an exercise, once learned to her satisfaction, she especially desired us to be always willing to play without excuse if asked to do so."

"A capital habit to inculcate," and Mr. Henderson nodded again.

"Miss Mitchell used to tell us she hoped we would be available players," Carrie was continuing, when her uncle again interrupted.

"Just the idea exactly."

"I do not suppose I comprehended her meaning at the time, but I have heard mamma speak of it in connection with Allie's lessons since," and then, as one remembrance after another was revived through association, "I remember Miss Mitchell gave me, before she left us, some easy dancing music. There was a scale passage that gave me some trouble. I could not give it in smooth time, which I appreciated would be bad indeed for the dancing. It made me much more willing to practise scales and exercises after, as I saw in a new light their practical use. When I had conquered the difficulty, Miss Mitchell asked that the first even-

ing we had dancing I might play for it and relieve Mary; and papa 'called off' so as to accommodate my capacity very nicely. She said practice alone could give confidence and independence, in putting whatever we know in available form. I remember how frightened I was the first time I played the hymn at prayers. The music was very simple, and Miss Mitchell asked papa to let me play it. She said it was no more difficult than exercises I had read at sight, and I must begin to put my music into use. I was more at ease the next time, and papa seemed quite pleased that I could do it."

"I suppose that teachers having limited time and no personal interest give knowledge in the crude, and depend upon the judgment of the pupil or home suggestions to make it applicable to social needs," said Mr. Henderson. "Where the pupil has not native musical tact, however, and there is not musical knowledge at home, some practical hints and painstaking training like Miss Mitchell's would be a source of real home enjoyment. Thorough knowledge made available as it is acquired gives satisfaction to all concerned."

"I think, father," said Jasper, who had entered a few minutes before, "you might write quite a treatise on the subject under consideration."

"I don't know but I agree with you, my son," said Mr. Henderson, amusedly. "It would contain only the views of a man who likes sweet sounds, and has faith in the mission of music to make home happy. Nothing professional, I assure you! The question just at present," he resumed, turning to his wife, "seems to be, how can we get our Fanny's finger skill into current coin? Carrie, I propose you stay here through the winter and bring what musical knowledge there is in the house into the atmosphere of 'love' and 'use.' Those were the talismanic words, I believe, Carrie?"

They were silent for a little time, and then Jasper, in his boyish way, exclaimed: "I'll take lessons of you, coz. I like the spirit of your music. It sets a fellow up wonderfully!" and the girls laughed at the unequivocal "spirit" of the assertion as betrayed in the genuine character of the big boy's manner.

"It is the spirit that quickeneth." The words came in silent heart-speech to Mr. Henderson, "and in everything," he supplemented, mentally. "In acquiring, using, and imparting all knowledge, whether of the head or of the heart. It is emphatically so of the noble science which is of both head and heart, and which can be truly taught only with the spirit and the understanding also," and thus soliloquizing, he walked to the window, and putting aside the crimson curtains, listened to the star music, the bright host filling the winter sky singing unutterable things, giving suggestion of harmonies the human spirit has never dreamed

of yet, until the spell grew strong and sweet even to suggestion of tears, and, shutting his eyes upon the glorious brilliancy, Mr. Henderson, with one of his quick transitions, turned abruptly away, saying, briskly:—

"Now, girls, that duet!"

[We mentioned in our February number that we had published a poem by a certain "Lewis Morrison," which we afterwards found to be the work of Mr. Robert Josselyn, published by him in a volume called "Faded Flowers" twenty years ago. The poem was not only stolen, but mutilated. We print it now in full, with the author's name. It is impossible for us always to guard against imposture of this sort, but we can always make a prompt and full acknowledgment. Mr. Lewis Morrison, if there is such a person, knew, at least, what to steal. The poem is well worth claiming.—EDS. LADY'S BOOK.]

THE LAST TEAR I SHED.

BY ROBERT JOSSELYN.

THE last tear I shed was the warm one that fell
As I kissed thee, dear mother, and bade thee farewell;

When I saw the deep anguish impressed on thy face,
And felt for the last time a mother's embrace,
And heard thy choked accents, impassioned and wild,

"God bless thee forever, God bless thee, my child."

I thought of my boyhood, thy kindness to me
When, youngest and dearest, I sat on thy knee;
Thy love to me ever, so fondly expressed,
As I grew up to manhood, unconscious how blest.
Thy praises when right, and thy chidings when wrong,
While wayward with passions, unyielding and strong.

I thought of thy counsels, unheeded or spurned,
As mirth had enlivened, or anger had burned;
And how, when by sickness all helpless I lay,
Thou didst nurse me and soothe me by night and by day;

How much I had been both thy sorrow and joy,
And my feelings o'erflowed, and I wept like a boy.
Years, years of endurance have vanished, and now
There is pain in my heart, there is care on my brow;
The visions of fancy and hope are all gone,
And, cheerless, I travel life's pathway alone.

Alone! Ay, alone, though some kind ones there be,
There are none here to love me, to love me like thee.
My mother! dear mother! cold-hearted they deem
Thy offspring, but, oh, I am not what I seem;
Though calmly and tearless all changes I bear,
Could they look in my bosom, the feeling is there.
And now, sad and lonely, as memory recalls
Thy blessing at parting, again the tear falls.

EARLY RESPONSIBILITY is almost equivalent to early sobriety. If a stick of timber, standing upright, wavers, lay a beam on it, and put a weight on that, and see how stiff the stick becomes. And if young men waver and vacillate, put responsibility on them, and how it straightens them up! what power it gives them! how it holds all that is bad in them in restraint! how quietly it develops and puts forward all that is good in them!

WIFE.

BY F. A. BROWN, M. D.

THERE is perhaps no other word of one syllable more significant or comprehensive than that of wife; the mere utterance of which giving rise only to feelings of sympathy, affection, and love. Indeed, there is a tenderness in it, a charm, a magic; especially to those who can realize themselves in possession of such a treasure, or to one in quest of his ideal model of "perfection" vividly pictured in his imagination; and the thoughtful reflecting mind delights to ponder over the group of good qualities and superior excellencies it implies, or of one worthy the appellation. Wife! brief, though familiar term and replete with interest, the full meaning of which can only be approximated by allusion to the sum of her excellencies. Intelligent, appreciative, kind, gentle, modest, pure, innocent, and true, with a heart warm and palpitating with affection and love for the partner of her toils "in whom her thoughts find all repose," she seeks not only her own but another's happiness; and always agreeable and pleasant, neat, tidy, and attractive, constitutes "home a little heaven." Nor is it in reason, "her outside formed so fair" that—

"So much delights, as those graceful acts,
Those thousand deencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mixed with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeigned
Union of mind."

We use not the term in its ordinary acceptance, as applied to the woman who in some sort of way attends to the house affairs, scolds the children, or, in the absence of them, cooks the meals, washes the dishes, etc., but in that higher sense, as the one in possession of those noble qualities, moral, social, and intellectual, so necessary to render her no more the inferior than the head—

"But in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best,"

and that rare combination of grace, dignity, and love—"love" that "refines the thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath its seat in reason, and is judicious"—together with those more delicate, refined and refining or mellowing influences characteristic of her sex and inseparable from it, so indispensable to her exalted position, and effectual in subduing or smoothing the rough exterior and sharp asperities of man's coarser nature. The model wife, "adorned with what all earth or heaven could bestow to make her amiable," with

"Grace in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love,"

the admiration, crown, and glory of the husband, ever alive to whatever contributes to pleasure and comfort, studies not only his tastes, will, and wishes, but "household good and good works in him to promote."

But in the oft visitations of affliction does the value of a wife appear most conspicuous. Here, perhaps, better than anywhere else, her qualities are put to the full test of practical utility, and often shine forth with resplendent brilliancy and lustre. Especially in sickness, who can so well appreciate the thousand little wants and kindly administer to them as the loving wife, whose whole being is enlisted for the welfare of her husband? Again, who can so well smooth the pillow, adjust the bed-clothes, furnish a palatable dish, a cup of tea to allay thirst, and the many other delicacies a wife *only* can think of as the idol of our affections in whom our confidence is never wanting? And how cheering, how animating and encouraging her calm, but lively and hopeful expression, as she glides gracefully through the apartment, occasionally wiping the perspiration from the throbbing temples, and carelessly impressing an affectionate kiss upon the flushed and feverish cheek? And as the clouds of adversity gather more and more dense, and the saddest of bereavements seems imminent, though the teardrops unbidden occasionally gush from their silent depths, the light footsteps of the vigilant wife will be heard in the active performance of her peculiar and trying duties, and faith fails not, nor does her hope languish or her patience weary: *Faithful Companion!*

Animated and inspired by one so lovely, so entrancing, so heavenly and divine, who would not exclaim:—

"My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight!"

and with just feelings of pride, not only love, cherish, honor, and protect, but acknowledge her *only* inferior to the angels and without a substitute; unexcelled in beauty, peerless in majesty, and unlimited in resources for shaping man's destiny.

MOST marvellous and enviable is that fecundity of fancy which can adorn whatever it touches, which can invest naked fact and dry reasoning with unlooked-for beauty, make flowerets bloom even on the brow of the precipice; and, when nothing better can be had, can turn the very substance of the rock itself into moss and lichens. This faculty is incomparably the most important for the vivid and attractive exhibition of truth to the minds of men.—*Fuller.*

LIFE consists not of a series of illustrious actions or elegant enjoyments. The greater part of our time passes in compliance with necessities, in the performance of daily duties, in the removal of small inconveniences, in the procurement of petty pleasures; and we are well or ill at ease, as the main stream of life glides on smoothly, or is ruffled by small obstacles and frequent interruption.—*Johnson.*

ALICE MARTIN.

BY MRS. HOPKINSON.

(Concluded from last month.)

Three years, four years pass, and then, as Time goes along, he takes some good, and brings some evil and much affectation and folly to the little Alice. Her faithful, conscientious governess cannot always be by, nor can she with her best efforts counteract the ill effects of flattery and luxury. An indulgent mother fondles and caresses her; she sets always base and low motives before her for action. Other people's opinions are to be the guides of her morals. She isn't to lose her temper and be irritable in expression, lest people should think her unamiable. She mustn't quarrel and strike another child, for fear somebody should think it unkind. She is to give to poor children, sometimes, so that they may be grateful, and she is to do for others that she may receive again. Always this woman poisons the heart and perceptions of the little one with her low, worldly motives. She is so incapable of understanding true rectitude or elevation herself that it cannot be matter of surprise if she did not inculcate it. Like Muck in the Pilgrim's Progress, she looks always below her, raking up the basest motives, and never seeing the angels who float always over her head if she will but lift her eyes.

Alice's life is as full of gorgeous novelties as the shifting scenes of a magic lantern. Behind them the old simple life has long ago passed like the shadow of a dream. Possibly it might even now be recalled if she could see and talk with her own mother and Ellen, but she never hears their names. She sees the dancing-hall, and she goes, beautifully dressed, to children's balls, where she eats ices and confectionery, and sits in draughts, taking cold, and making the acquaintance of richer men's children. All this under the care of her mamma, and with her whispered instructions who to speak to and who not. Then she is ill with severe cold, and grows fast, fair, and delicate, and the doctor says she must leave off study. This he says because he knows it will do no good to advise the leaving off of balls and parties, and he sees clearly she must stop something.

Now that Alice has suspended geography, history, and arithmetic, she has ample time to learn the different fabrics at the dry-goods stores, and to make up for any deficiencies in the study of jewelry and laces. She despises the wearers of English lace, and says that people who are anything wear French point. It becomes quite impossible for Miss Selford to counteract all this folly, and she suggests to Mrs. Elwyn that they all go abroad for change of air. The suggestion is eagerly accepted and acted on. Miss Selford is of course indispensable for the languages, and Mr. Elwyn being

left, as usual, to rake up fires and lock doors, the party go forth to conquer new worlds.

Now, for three years, Mrs. Martin and Ellen knew nothing of Alice. But their own life was not without interesting events, and they had learned to let patience have its perfect work. When Alice at last returned, she was so changed by rapid growth and womanly dresses that her own mother and sister scarcely recognized her. Looking in the fair face and soft eyes, they could see the angel in her, and that life and happy experience had done her good at last and not evil. Miss Selford, who was inseparable from her, evidently found in her a friend and companion as well as a pupil; but Alice seemed farther away than ever, when they heard her sweet voice uttering unknown sounds as she walked in the old mall, and the French or Italian cadences, with their mysterious wall of sound, separated them even more than before. At last Miss Alice Elwyn, having attained her seventeenth birth-day, had a great "coming out."

People who remember comings out twenty years ago cannot have forgotten the "Elwyn ball," which was the most wonderful thing of its kind that had ever happened. With all the *prestige* of foreign travel, not so very common an event as it now is, Mrs. Elwyn united a determination to spare no expense in decoration; and she accordingly made large purchases of artificial flowers, with which she garlanded her dwelling, until it looked as much like a bower as was possible under the circumstances.

Mrs. Martin and Ellen knew all about the party, and the dresses, and the jewelry. They knew about Mrs. Elwyn's lace dress, and how much it cost in Paris. But, above all, they knew about Alice's silver muslin, with innumerable sparkles and ruffles, and her set of pearls, that were no whiter nor more lovely than her neck. Miss Hardy described the whole thing, down to the doors being all taken off their hinges, and blue silk drapery hung in their places; and how the white ground carpet got spotted and spoiled by the carelessness of the guests, who would bring things out of the supper-room, with a thousand interesting and authentic items concerning the feast and the waste thereof. What with the necessary outlay and the prodigality and carelessness of people there, Miss Hardy calculated the whole expense as being little, if any, under fourteen hundred dollars.

"Now, there's one thing I haven't told you. About Mr. Stanberry."

And then Miss Hardy told them all that she had been able to gather about this gentleman, because to this little group he was the most interesting person, except Alice, at the party. It had been seen by everybody there that he was very devoted to the fair daughter of the

house, and that he danced with her oftener than with any other lady. And Miss Hardy gathered every fact and opinion she possibly could concerning him, during the weeks that followed the party, among her customers in Temple Place and Mount Vernon Street. There was no doubt about his being a great catch, this Mr. Robert Stanberry, and Miss Alice Elwyn was a lucky girl, or, in the language of the fashionable lyric:—

"She was a charming woman—
And he, a most fortunate man."

He had burst on a Boston public this winter as an English gentleman of rank; was last from Baltimore, and had brought letters of introduction from the South. If anything would stamp a man as a superior being, it must be these two—English birth and the indorsement of Southerners. But he was so very quiet—this Robert Stanberry, or, as some said, Sir Robert Stanberry. However, Englishmen were well known to be very reticent. The ladies pronounced him charming, and at all events a thousand times superior to Sir Harry de Vere, who was really a nobleman, and who looked and acted like a stable-boy.

He made no pretence of being a nobleman, Miss Hardy said, when he proposed himself for Miss Elwyn; but he had a noble turn of mind, that was clear, and so all the servants said, to whom he frequently tossed quarters and sometimes whole dollars. The real disposition is to be seen in these trifles. Nobody did a thing for him but he thanked them, and was as polite to the boot-black as to the nabob. Then people in the parlor had the same good word for him. He had travelled fast and far; spoke familiarly of the Alps and Italy, even of Russia, then little known; and, though by no means a talking man, was never deficient in conversation, altogether excessively intelligent.

By and by came a great gathering before King's Chapel, with many carriages, and policemen to keep order. When Mrs. Martin, and Ellen, and Martha Hardy saw from the steps of the shop opposite that the door of the church opened, and a little white figure was led lovingly and tenderly to the carriage by a stout, red-faced, dark-eyed man, they felt that all was over, and their own little Alice given into a new life.

"And she looked contented. Not a tear. I could see her bright eyes looking into his quite satisfied. Don't you think so?" said Martha Hardy.

"I—couldn't see," faltered the mother; and Martha, observing that she looked very pale, got a seat for her in the shop. Afterwards Ellen whispered to her, and laughed a little, so that presently she became more cheerful, and they all went to the Charles Street house.

In 1857 Mr. Elwyn failed, as it was called. That is, from a rich man he became a poor

one. It all happened in a week. Fortunes fell in every direction, like card-houses at the breath of children. Only in America do such commercial crises occur, for only here do such risks and involvements exist in trade. Most people remember the shock that passed through the commercial community at the failure of the Ohio Trust Company, and the long wail that came from the widows and orphans who had trusted their all to its safe keeping. And many remember the daily failures that followed in consequence of the fall of the great company. So frequent, so heavy were the shocks, that it seemed for a time as if all commercial credit were to be destroyed. Each man looked at his neighbor in the morning, and thought, "Is it I?" and many sadly found it was before night. Mr. Stanberry's own credit had very hard knocks, but it bore sturdily up. Mr. Elwyn lost most of his fortune through the very means by which he had been best assured of its safety.

Being a man of gentle and pliant temper by nature, and well disciplined by the thongs of matrimonial adversity, it seemed as though Mr. Elwyn might have suited himself readily to his circumstances, and borne poverty patiently. But his wife so "aggravated him," as he told his son-in-law, Mr. Stanberry, during a confidential *tête-à-tête*, that life was positively undesirable. He said plainly that he had lost all desire to live; and, apparently not unwilling to give his wife a disagreeable reminder of the past, hanged himself in her dressing-room, "just like a common person," as Mrs. Elwyn indignantly remarked, when she reported his conduct to Alice.

From that time Mrs. Elwyn made Mrs. Stanberry's house her home, and received from both son and daughter every token of respect and affection. She rustled in the thickest silks and the deepest crapes, and doubtless felt, as she well might, that she had made a good investment in that little Pleasant Alley waif.

A few weeks after Mr. Elwyn's death, Mrs. Stanberry drove out to Watertown, and, leaving her mother with a friend for an hour, returned to Mount Auburn. She wished to select a lot in this beautiful cemetery for the burial of her father, and for this purpose drove slowly through a part of the grounds which were less thickly populated. It was a warm, bright October day, and after a time Alice left the carriage, and walked across the bridge which is thrown over Meadow Pond. Keeping on the path which skirts the water, she soon reached a rustic seat, from which she could watch the swans as they glided slowly up and down. It was a wonderfully still day. The clouds hung motionless over their own faces in the water, and the pure beauty of the swans harmonized in their sculptured stillness with the tender silence around. They seemed like happy souls to Alice, as she watched them gliding so whitely up and down the lake, and she wondered if

they were emblematical of the quietness of an uneventful eternity.

In the soft air, and the languor of the autumnal warmth, Alice's tears flowed, she scarcely knew why. The spray from the fountain blew against her face, and she perceived a light wind rising in the whisper of the tall trees behind her. Rising from the garden chair, she walked on the margin of the lake, and then up a narrow pathway.

Up to this time Alice might be described as a person of ready sympathies, but not of a very keen sensibility. In fact, her life-path had been so carefully arranged, its inequalities so nicely smoothed for her, that she had scarcely hit her foot against a pebble, far less had she known what it was for herself or even others to travel with bleeding feet over sharp stones. Of the possibilities of life, or even of her own nature, she knew almost nothing. As serene as the surface of the lake she had just left had her life so far been; even the clouds in it smiling back on the clouds above, increasing the beauty without darkening the picture. Of personal experience, or even observation of any lot of life but her own, she knew next to nothing. The proverb, that one-half of the world know not how the other half live, was eminently true of her; and, though she was liberal in her subscriptions to all charitable objects, and gave her servants general orders to feed the hungry that applied at the back door, she knew almost nothing further beyond her own tranquil existence of daily duty.

Her household happiness was of a particularly serene, untroubled character. Her husband's heart safely trusted in her, and her children arose and called her blessed. She possessed two of these anxious pleasures, but, having retained Miss Selford in her family as friend and companion, felt quite competent with her aid to undertake the task of education. Mrs. Stanberry enjoyed society and the conversation of intelligent gentlemen; but it is not probable that the fact had ever crossed her mind that her husband was no longer very young, and could never have been what was called "interesting." Never had it occurred to her to be faithless to her duties, or to run away from her family with either Smith, Jones, or Robinson, albeit all three were undeniably handsome men, and well versed in sensational novels. Intimate as these three gentlemen were in the family, neither of them had ever taken the opportunity when nobody was by to throw himself on his knees in a paroxysm of passion. There may be very wicked men and women roaming about in the disguise of fashionable society, but Alice had no eyes to detect their wickedness. She might see in her mirror every day, if she liked, that she was attractive and pretty; but somehow no gay Lothario had ever whispered the disagreeable fact to her that she was unappreciated by her husband, or that

her youth and beauty were unsuited to his middle-aged gravity. Thus she went on in what might be called a humdrum sort of goodness, partly from a natural impulse rightwards, and, with not much beyond a sense of duty to sustain and direct her, was a happy wife and mother.

To-day, as she wandered among the beautiful loneliness of Mount Auburn, she felt a great want, she knew not why. A hunger of the heart for sympathy. If Mrs. Elwyn had ever been a real mother to her, she would have felt like falling into her arms, with that cry of "Rock me to Sleep, Mother!" which so forcibly expresses filial longing. An impulse, vague, but powerful, filled her nature with the loving kindness and tender mercy of her Heavenly Father. She leaned tearfully against one of the willows that skirt the water, and watched its mourning reflection below. If she had been a sentimental person, she would have said she had a presentiment of sorrow.

A light touch on her shoulder startled her, for she had not heard a step. Looking up she saw Mrs. Hardy, who had been kneeling near a newly-covered grave, and now rose with eyes red with weeping.

"Have you had trouble?" she said, kindly, to the old carpet-woman. "I am sorry for you."

Miss Hardy wiped her eyes, and looked steadily at her. "Yes. I've just been burying one of my best friends. One I've known and loved this twenty years and more. I expect I look sorrowful, for I feel so. But, oh! Alice Martin! there ain't but one mother!"

Mrs. Stanberry stared at her. Possibly she did not notice the name of Martin. She could not think what to say to this weeping woman. She had never shed a tear over the coffin of her own dead father, partly because she had been shocked and horrified by the manner of his death, but also because no filial sentiment towards him had ever been inculcated in her mind. Indeed, Mrs. Elwyn not only showed him no respect herself, but required none from Alice. He was simply, of "no account."

"I am very sorry for you," she repeated, kindly, "was your mother very old?"

Miss Hardy had covered her face with both hands, and the tears poured between her fingers. Now she commanded her sobs and spoke quietly, looking as before, steadily into Alice's eyes:—

"I told you, there can't be but one mother! Twenty-two years I've known her well, and a kinder, better-hearted, lovinger creature never lived. 'O Alice, you dear woman!' she said, on her dying bed to me, 'give my very best and dearest love to her, my dear, dear child! Tell her I've watched over her all her life—and oh! how I've longed for only one kiss from her lips! But be sure you tell her I loved her dearly, dearly, always!' And I do tell you so, Alice Martin! Come around the corner and

see where she lies—your own, own mother! let other people say what they've a mind to!" She grasped Alice's hand and led her forward as if in a dream. The new-made grave was covered with fresh flowers, and a hedge of arbor vitæ inclosed the lot. "There she lies in peace. Your own mother, that you haven't knowingly looked at since you was four year old, and never will see now, till you see her with the angels before the Great White Throne!"

Now Alice gazed at Miss Hardy, not in a bewildered way, but with a glance of keen inquiry.

But the grieved and weather-beaten face of the carpet woman showed no signs of insanity. She seemed even to be in no haste to reiterate her statement or to enter into particulars, but bent with renewed grief over the just sodded grave.

"I don't understand you, Miss Hardy," said Alice, at last, with a troubled face, laying her hand on the shoulder of the weeping woman.

Miss Hardy stood up, with a long sigh. "Well, I don't know as I ought to expect you to. How can you, to be sure? I forget that it's all so new to you. I *did* think, and she thought, too, that after you was married, that woman might have told the whole story to you. But, you see, your own mother had given her promise, and she wasn't the woman to break it, neither in spirit nor letter. *She'll* tell ye now, Alice, if you ask her up sharp! Tell her you've been to-day to your own mother's grave, and see what she'll say to that! She can't help but own up, and how she'd never let you see your own mother all your life. She won't deny it. She can't!" Miss Hardy's face flushed with angry grief as she said all this with the unmistakable tone of truth.

"Why, what do you mean? Was I stolen from my own mother, Miss Hardy? Tell me a plain story!"

"Oh, dear heart! Stolen! no. Stolen in a land of liberty! Give away! Give away, all out of love to you, Alice, and so's that woman there might give you all the kingdoms of this world. A real temptation of Satan, that was; but your poor mother never meant to do what she did; and, after all, there won't any of 'em compare with mother's love!" Then, in a few words, Miss Hardy told her astonished listener the plain unvarnished tale of the last twenty years, and Alice listened with tears.

"You will come to me to-morrow," she said, "and we will talk further of this. Now I must go." She felt as if all were a strange dream, and walked rapidly in the direction of the carriage, with a half impression that there would be none there, and that if she shook herself she would find herself at home on her own sofa.

She tried, as she drove towards Watertown, to recall some word, some look of those early years, and that tender, loving voice. How cruel it had been in mamma to cut her off from

a single link to that other precious life! And Alice, though unaccustomed to self-analysis, felt keenly now that her love for Mrs. Elwyn was rather a principle than an impulse. It might be filial duty, but it was far from spontaneous filial affection. What a long, long mile it was over which the carriage-wheels rolled before Alice met Mrs. Elwyn! She seemed to have lived years since she saw her. But she had had a paroxysm of keen, vital emotion—such as ripens the soul more than time. Gratitude to her benefactress could not compete, in Alice's clear mind, with a sense of life-long injustice from her, and she leaned back silently, literally unable to speak. Mrs. Elwyn, who herself affected great solemnity of manner in public, and who was covered with weeds within and without, noticed Alice's manner but little, and hastened to recount her own experiences, to talk of her rambles over the beautiful grounds, and the flowers from the green-house with which her friend had loaded her. She forgot even to ask if Alice had succeeded in finding a good respectable lot in an aristocratic quarter of the city of the dead.

It was strange but true, that Miss Hardy, in her hasty and agitated account to Mrs. Stanberry, entirely omitted any allusion to Ellen, and Alice, of course, had not the remotest suspicion of such a relation. She expected Miss Hardy of course, the next day, when a hundred questions could be asked on both sides, and when Mrs. Elwyn herself could give her version, as was but fair, of this important phase of both their lives.

Meanwhile God disposes whatever man may propose. Miss Hardy was taken away the next morning to Malden, where she was kept for months by a rheumatic fever, and by the time she returned to Morton Place, things had assumed a new shape without assistance from her. She said, as she had done a thousand times, that "things were contrived a deal better for us than we could do it."

Alice told her husband that night of her interview with the old carpet woman. She was one of the kind of women, of whom there are many, who are uneasy without sharing all their secrets with the person in the world most interested. Mr. Stanberry received the intelligence with a satisfaction he did not attempt to conceal.

"I am thankful, Alice, that you have no blood tie to a woman whom I so heartily despise. As to anything but character—or whether your parents were rich or poor, it matters nothing to me. How did you break it to Mrs. Elwyn?"

"I meant to wait until to-morrow; but I somehow felt obliged to speak. You know how easily she goes into hysterics when things don't suit her, or if they come suddenly upon her. So, as I felt just then very calm and quiet,

and it seemed the right time, I said, 'Did you know, mamma, that my own mother, Mary Martin, was dead? I stood by her new grave to-day, at Mount Auburn?' And then I broke down myself, with the sorrowful thought that she lay there whose dear loving lips I could never kiss; and thinking of my own children!"

"Was she—did she seem much surprised?"

"Not so much at the death as at my grief. Should you have thought it? She went into hysterics then."

"Don't think of it. If I had been by, I would have thrown a bucket of water over her sensibilities."

"I suppose it was natural that she should have felt some jealousy of my love to a mother whom I have no memory of having seen; but she went on with the greatest violence, saying that my mother was from the dregs of society, and she had just picked me up out of the street refuse; and then she excused herself for forbidding all intercourse between us, saying, 'How could I let a wretched drunken washerwoman come week after week to caress and fondle over my daughter? and could I take you to one of the Broad Street cellars to return her visits?'"

"And what could you say to that?" said Mr. Stanberry, tenderly patting his weeping wife's cheek.

"Nothing, only to cry over and over. Oh, but she was my own mother."

"That didn't help the case, I'll engage!" said he; "made it only so much the worse."

"Oh, she said so much and talked so long! and what a good mother she had been to me, and now she had no daughter that cared a pin for her. It was really so sad to see her weeping and groaning; I felt as much grieved for her as myself, almost. Only one thing, Robert—she had some excuse for not telling me after I was married. She thought you would despise me if you thought me of low origin. And another thing—she begged me never to tell you about it. She said there was no reason for your ever knowing the truth, now that my own mother was dead and could never be coming here, which it seems she has always stood in fear of her doing. She told me Englishmen were the haughtiest people on the face of the earth, and thought most of high blood, and that the knowledge of my mean birth would prevent your having any respect for me. Indeed, she wouldn't wonder at all if you considered it a good ground for a divorce."

"I wonder she hadn't added that it was good ground for sending you to the States' prison!" said Mr. Stanberry, coolly. "And what answer did you make to this rigmorole, child?"

"I told her I was in the habit of speaking freely to you of all my concerns, and that although, of course, there were a thousand unimportant matters that I did not trouble you with, yet that it would make me thoroughly uncom-

fortable and unhappy to be obliged to keep a secret from you."

"You were right, Alice. A straight road is a good road. Isn't it a little remarkable that such a quiet, respectable woman as we know Miss Hardy to be, should have remained the intimate friend of a low, degraded wretch for all these years? and that this miserable woman's death should cause such unaffected grief? Then, again, the inhabitants of Broad Street cellars are not apt to be buried in Mount Auburn. I should say there was a flaw in the evidence; that Mrs. Elwyn's proves too much."

"You should have been bred a lawyer, Robert," said Alice, cheered and comforted by Mr. Stanberry's common-sense views. "Shall I tell you the whole truth? For five minutes I was tempted to take mamma's view of the subject. I could not bear to have you despise me—even for what I could not help. But now, I begin to think the circumstances must be greatly exaggerated, if not misstated."

"I always knew all about your blood, or rather Mrs. Elwyn's; and poor Elwyn himself, in one of his communicative moods, once insinuated that you were not of any kin to himself. The fact of his early successes in trade, which he liked to dwell on, was apt to be mixed up at times with hints of a milliner's shop and a tobacconist connection. It was a real relief to him, after having been more than usually 'badgered,' as he called it, 'by Mrs. Elwyn,' to recall some of the mortifying particulars that pertained to his own beginnings and to those of most successful men here. You know his favorite topic of conversation was the material of which Boston and New York uppertendom is composed."

"I know that I am glad to see you looking at things so sensibly, Robert," said the consoled wife.

After that they waited for Miss Hardy to come, but she did not answer even a summons to oversee a set of new carpets for Mrs. Elwyn's room. She was not in Morton Place.

Nothing farther was said to Mrs. Elwyn on the subject of Mary Martin. But one day, when Alice was sitting in her mother's parlor, and Mrs. Elwyn had been "talking religion" more than usual, and saying, as she often did, since Mr. Elwyn's funeral, how glad she should be to resign life; and that she had nothing now to live for, and that it was far better to depart, Alice said: "You don't really mean what you say, mamma."

"Don't I really mean it? What a question! To be sure I do!" replied Mrs. Elwyn, indignantly.

"We so often hear people say such things under the influence of momentary depression," said Alice, and soon after added: "Would you mind letting me have your crimson brocade to make a bed-cover for the south chamber? it will exactly match the curtains in color."

"My crimson brocade, child! Why, it will last me these ten years; it's as thick as a board! Why, Alice, I don't intend to wear close black more than two years. Then I shall go into black and pearl. What are you smiling at?"

"Oh, nothing. I didn't know you would care for the brocade again. Perhaps it will not be in fashion by the time you want it. No matter!"

But Alice knew that Doctor W—— was right when he said her mother was liable to die at any time of heart disease, and that nothing could be done for her but to keep calm and cheerful, and her mind free from disturbance. She instinctively felt that life and death were such unrealities to Mrs. Elwyn, that they would not bear talking about as facts, but only in a poetical and romantic form. As such her mother had no objection to these very common ideas. Alice, therefore, did not consult her concerning the neat tablet which she erected to her own mother's memory, nor was the name of Mary Martin ever uttered between them.

Before the year closed, however, the Reaper who cuts down weeds as well as blossoms, had terminated Mrs. Elwyn's useless existence. She died as the fool dieth, with perfect self-satisfaction and repose of mind and body, and without recalling the falsehoods about Mary Martin.

On the day of the funeral, and after the other carriages had left Mount Auburn, Alice and Mr. Stanberry remained to strew flowers on the coffin. Then they went to Consecration Dell; and Alice wove some rare and beautiful flowers into a cross as they drove round, which she intended to place on her own mother's grave.

"Do you know, I've a feeling that I shall see Miss Hardy there?" said Alice, as they both looked out and saw indeed a figure bending over the grave and reading the words on the tablet. They alighted from the carriage and walked towards the lot. At the sound of approaching steps, the person turned. It was not Miss Hardy, but a stranger.

A stranger, who, after one quick glance at both, sprang forward, opening her arms widely and clasping Alice to her bosom, with tears of glad emotion. "Alice! Alice! my sister! my own, own sister! At last! at last! Thank God!" Her voice choked, but the heart beat so violently that Alice felt it distinctly against the side where the stranger held her closely, kissing her cheeks and lips, and murmuring soft endearing words between her sobs.

"Why, who is it?" said Alice, dreamily, while she felt that it was her sister. Such power has truth of voice and gesture. She kept her head on the other's breast, leaning fondly against her tall, strong, supporting figure. Time stopped for them, while the mystery of their lives was compressed into this rapturous instant.

Then Ellen raised her head and held out her hand to Mr. Stanberry with a frank smile. She still supported Alice on one arm, for she was a tall, dark woman, full of strength and graceful action, and Alice looked a child beside her. Mr. Stanberry met her grasp with equal cordiality, mysterious as it was. As he afterwards said, he would as soon have questioned the Bible as the truthful eyes before him.

"And this is your husband, Alice? I have seen him a hundred times, and have learned to feel and call him brother. Oh, my Alice—my sister! so many, many years I have looked for this!"

Alice raised her fair head, which was weary with the tumult of her thoughts. "You knew! and I never knew! how can it all be?" she said, faintly, as she looked at Ellen.

Such a stately, noble-looking woman as this sister! such great, soft, dark eyes! such a bright color on cheeks and lips! and such heavy folds of costly raiment falling about her large form! She does not seem to belong to Alice at all.

She stooped quickly and answered Alice's dreamy questions only with caresses. Then she said, with a little laugh, that choked down the tears: "I know you by heart, my Alice! There is time enough to talk it all over. Time enough, thank God! I used to think, sometimes, it would only be in heaven it would happen. But it has come, and oh, how glad I am!" The lip quivered, and Alice saw her look up; she knew she was thinking of the mother to whom this rapture never came, but who, perhaps, at this moment saw and smiled.

"Where do you live, Ellen?" said Alice. She desired to locate this wonderful stranger-sister.

"Only two doors below you, my dear!"

"Is it possible? I heard that a Mr. Brown had bought the house."

"Let us go home, Alice! first to one house and then to the other. We'll go as we used to make our dollys go visiting at each other's houses when we played together. I have your dolly yet, Alice! and all your clothes are in the little trunk, dear. Haven't we kissed them and cried over them a hundred times?"

"How came you to know me, Ellen, when I had no idea of you?" said Alice, when they were all in the carriage together, driving home.

"How could I help it, when I have seen you all my life, and knew every turn of your face by heart? Always every week, sometimes twice, I saw you, except when you went abroad, and for the last two years, when I also have been away. But you haven't changed. I got home last month, and ever since we have been busy fitting up the house. When I heard of Mrs. Elwyn's death, I resolved to reveal myself to you the first good opportunity. Martha Hardy told me you knew a little, but not about me. I saw her last night. She's been very

sick. But I forget you don't know what she has been to us always."

"What does it all mean?" said Alice, with the bewildered look again in her eyes; "and pray, who is 'we,' that is fitting up Mr. Brown's house?"

"We, my dear, is the unit, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, of whom you shall know all in good time. But just now—see! we are both at home!"

How many hours they did talk together, and what a new life Alice lived after this mysterious curtain of the past had been lifted. She was never weary of "getting acquainted" with this twin sister, for whom she had unconsciously longed. She was so different too from herself; and, if either Mrs. Stanberry or her husband thought of believing Mrs. Elwyn's story of her mother's degraded life, the sight of this brilliant, cultivated sister must have confuted it. Her own shy and undemonstrative nature, and her simple, direct manner, found a pleasant complement in Ellen's fluent, dramatic style, and in the expression of her full, rich mind, enlarged and improved by wide experience and travel. For Ellen had lived a much larger life than Alice, and had passed through great varieties of emotion. Ellen had been round the round world, and had just got home from China by way of the Sandwich Islands and California. She had seen jungles, Bengal tigers, and palm groves, and was as much at home in the Indies as in Boston. She told Alice all about her grief at leaving her mother, who was then in quite feeble health; but that they both thought it wouldn't do for Harry to go alone, and how they had both returned only to weep over her grave.

Mr. Brown was a quiet, fair, delicate man, but, as somebody says, his delicacy was positive not negative. It was not weakness but intensity, as one might see by his symmetrical features and clear, steady eyes. He listened delightedly to Ellen's talking, and seemed extravagantly fond of her. Every movement of his wife's graceful figure, every tone of her rich contralto voice, full of depth and feeling, every flush of abounding blood in her round cheek, called out his admiring glance and approving smile. Alice soon learned to love him without appreciating him, for she thought him only a moon to his wife's solar brilliancy. There she was wrong, as time and better acquaintance showed her; and she need not have made her own husband, as wives are apt to do, the standard of all excellence, physical as well as moral.

This harmonious quartette had arranged to spend Christmas day and evening at the Stanberry "house beautiful," as Ellen liked to call Alice's elegant dwelling. Ellen had no child of her own, and was only too happy to be allowed to spoil Alice's. They had not yet exhausted their mutual reminiscences, or become half enough acquainted with each other. Sit-

ting round the parlor fire after supper, and hearing the wind blow sharply up Mount Vernon Street, with the pleasant contrasting sense of warmth and comfort, Alice said, thoughtfully:—

"It seems a strange ordering of Providence, Ellen, that both of us two girls, who, to say the best, were born in a very humble walk of life, should be living in a sort of palace, as we do, with everything that we can desire ready at our hands. Our early years so filled with restraint and scant opportunity; our middle life so easy and luxurious, and through neither effort nor merit of our own. I declare, I feel sometimes like the pie-man in the 'Arabian Nights,' who was transported to the caliph's palace, and as if I might wake up to-morrow, and find myself back in the attic in Pleasant Alley." She leaned over as she spoke to Mr. Stanberry, who had a child on each knee, and was looking thoughtfully into the fire.

"Then, again, that we should both have married superior men, with every advantage we could desire of goodness, culture, polish, and wealth. I believe I have arranged things properly, putting goodness first, but is it not a little strange? The chances were certainly against our both drawing prizes." She laughed as she spoke in this complimentary way, but they could see she was quite in earnest.

"And don't you suppose we think we've drawn prizes?" said Mr. Stanberry, raising his eyebrows.

"Of course, of course," said Alice, and then Ellen said:—

"I don't think I should like marrying the caliph's son. If I were a pie-man's daughter, I'd prefer marrying a pie-man. I don't know about Robert's beginnings, but that gentleman who sits in the corner opposite you has seen you a great many times when he brought the milk to our mother every morning early. From Lexington battle-field he came, in the cart with his father, in snow and storm, in dust and heat, in rain and sunshine, all for to bring milk to us. In that humble disguise, and with a can for his coat of arms, his knightly prowess won my young affections."

"Is it possible?" ejaculated Alice, for somehow she had felt that people were born great, and not that they ever really achieved greatness.

"Possible, indeed! and why not?" replied Ellen, with a slight dash of scorn in her voice.

"A very good beginning it is, too, for a millionaire. Show me a better one. A lucky man is he who can point to an honest farmer as father or grandfather. And it is a great comfort to know all about one's husband from the beginning; to see the old farm-house, and the nice old trees, and the nice old people. Why, I helped him to get his place with the Sturgeises, as you may say, by something I said when I was at school. We always kept sight of each other, and when at last he went off as super-

cargo to China, didn't I study geography and even navigation, so desirous I was to fit myself to be his wife one of these days? He always called me so. I don't remember thinking of anybody else. And at last—not so very long, though, for I was married at eighteen—we did go off together. Well, it seemed long enough to both of us, and he was twenty-eight last week, for all he looks so young.”

“Our mother had the happiness of seeing you well married, and it does seem, Ellen, as if, after I was married, she might have felt it right to come to me,” said Alice, sighing.

“I think mother had a morbid dread of some great misfortune for you if she broke her promise to Mrs. Elwyn. Nothing short of her expressed permission would have induced mother to go to you. Then, I think, she felt more removed from you after you married an Englishman. She felt the separation as more inevitable.”

This Christmas evening was in 1860. Very soon the gentleman began to talk of politics. Mr. Stanberry was strongly Americanized in all his feelings, and “Northernized” in his notions.

“There is such a sense of substance, of firmness, in the broad bottomed boat of a republic,” he was saying to Mr. Brown; “I feel as if nothing could ever overturn it. England may be overset by the conflicting and tempestuous elements there, for there one class grows and subsists at the expense of another—I shouldn't wonder if chartism did worse work there than the nation bargains for—but here, in this blessed land of equal rights, we have nothing to do but to grow, and grow, and grow, till we overspread the whole continent with the principles of a true democracy.”

“Not while there is a worm at the core will the fruit ripen,” said Mr. Brown, in his low, gentle voice.

There was a great contrast between the two men in everything, but especially in their voices. Mr. Stanberry, when he spoke, seemed to fill the room with the sound of his words, and he turned somewhat impatiently when Mr. Brown's answer thus threw cold water on his hopeful expression.

“What strikes me oftenest,” said Mr. Brown, answering the inquiry in Mr. Stanberry's face, “is the absence of the expression at least of national spirit. When I am away from America, my heart beats quick at sight of the stars and stripes. Everybody feels it in a foreign land, I suppose. But getting home I find every part of the country is full of local and sectional interests; the East against the South, the South against the North, and the West building itself against both, that there seems very little national feeling. In the event of a war with England, which may happen any time, what sort of a figure should we cut?”

“Doctor W. says the country is spoiling for a war,” said Alice.

“He is right,” said Mr. Brown. “I think sometimes that we are not fit to live and grow. We care for nothing but getting and spending money. We need war, perhaps, to unite us. War with England would. We should value our national banner if it were wetted with our own blood. Then it might stand to our hearts as an emblem of union, destiny, progress”—

“Oh! don't talk of war with England, or war anyhow,” exclaimed Alice.

“So many things are worse than war,” answered Mr. Brown, gravely.

“Seems to me nothing is so bad,” she replied.

“I mean by war death. You will allow there are many things much harder to bear than death for yourself or those you love.”

“Well, yes; disgrace,” Alice said.

“Yes, indeed,” said Ellen. “Disgrace, or wickedness, or sickness, and being always crippled.”

Mr. Brown turned to his wife with the smile of feeling thoroughly understood. “The same remark applies to nations as to individuals. We shall never be a great nation, honored by other peoples, while we are obliged to blush for ourselves. Sick and always crippled we shall be, and deserve to be. And sometimes I feel as if our downfall was as sure, through the rottenness of our public sentiment, and the decay of private virtue, as ever the Roman empire was. We buy and sell everything: right and manhood.”

Mr. Stanberry put out his hand, and shook Mr. Brown's with fervor.

“But, Robert, I don't believe a war could possibly be got up in this country—against England or anybody else,” said Alice. “We all hate war; and, then, think of the Peace Societies. They wouldn't permit it, you see,” she added, laughing.

“There isn't such a fighting nation on the face of the earth,” said Mr. Brown, still very mildly. “In the event of a war with England, or, indeed, with any foreign power, but one spirit would rule throughout the country. And if—which may be, which possibly must be—we are even to have a civil war; if the foot should say to the hand, ‘I have no further need of thee,’ why, I do believe we should never stop on either side.” He spoke with a fierce energy in his manner.

“God forbid we ever begin,” said Mr. Stanberry, solemnly.

“Now, then,” said Alice, “I positively prohibit any more politics this Christmas evening. Now, I do hate politics, and war, and bloodshed. I propose that the children be said good-night to, and that we have in the nuts and wine, and be really comfortable. And then, Robert, you shall tell us something about your early experiences. In fact, Ellen, I know almost as little of this husband of mine, except as he speaks for himself in his daily life, as you do.”

This motion was applauded by all, Miss Sel-

ford included, who was, indeed, so entirely one of themselves that she is hardly ever mentioned, but who confessed to a lively curiosity about everything and everybody.

"I shall be only too much pleased," said Mr. Stanberry, laughing pleasantly, and not at all embarrassed by the call to confession, "to expatiate upon myself and my experiences until you are weary with listening." Afterwards he leaned back in his chair more thoughtfully, and took his wife's hand in his. His sensible, good face had a happy expression in it, which made it almost handsome.

"I want to shut my eyes," he said, "and to say to myself over and over that it is indeed myself, and no ghost, nor sham, nor anybody else but just Robert Stanberry. Nay, I am but Robert, not even Stanberry. That I sit here, the husband of one wife in whom my heart has complete rest; the father of two boys, boys who must be ready to give their best blood, if need be, to their country; the possessor of half a million of dollars, honestly gained, and which I hope will not make me a hard-hearted miser and fool. And, then, I want to open them—I mean these eyes—and see you all sitting by this pleasant fire; brother, sister, wife, children, and friend, and to say over and over: 'It is not all a dream, such a dream as I have often wakened from.'" He stopped speaking, and held his hand over his closed eyes.

They sent out the boys with good-night kisses, and had in the nuts and wine, and still Mr. Stanberry did not begin. He seemed a little disturbed. He took Alice on his knee just as he had been holding the boys, and looked wistfully into her good blue eyes.

"Now, let the one-eyed calendar begin," said the laughing Ellen. "I, for one, have no notion what you are except the general idea that you are an Englishman of fortune and family, as they say in novels."

"That is because I have seemed rather rich, and you know I travelled with Lord Arthur Arne."

"Not all, I think. You have a kind of an *air noble*."

"Which means, in fact, thinking much of yourself. You would say that Lord Arthur was the shyest, most uncomfortable man in the world. It depends somewhat on whether one feels equal to his duties, or to what is expected from him. If you do, your air is noble. Lord Arthur carried his boyish shyness so far, that in the drawing-room he was always stiff and unhappy. With his inferiors in station he was easy enough. I read to him almost constantly, and, as I was his attendant for years, it was a sort of liberal education for me. It was really cultivated and good society. When Lord Arthur died, he left his private library to me."

"And a very good idea, too," said Ellen. Such a pleasant reminiscence of a friend."

"Very few noblemen would think of doing so to a confidential servant," he answered.

"Or to a friend even," said Ellen.

"Don't you see, Alice? I was his servant, not merely his friend," said Mr. Stanberry.

Nobody spoke. Mr. Stanberry had meant to let them down easily, but he did not quite comprehend the American idea that base is the wretch who—serves.

It was a half-minute, or perhaps ten seconds, when Alice put her two hands on his cheeks, and kissed him heartily on the lips. "Tell on," she said.

"Before or afterwards?"

"Begin at the beginning," said Alice, tenderly.

In the first place, nothing could be worse than he had said, anything further must be somewhat romantic. So thought all the other full-blooded Yankees who sat there, and immediately entertained the continuation of the story which couldn't be worse.

"The beginning was in the streets of Liverpool—the gutter, the slime, the pool. A kind woman fished me out, washed and purified me, and afterwards cared kindly for me. A dozen more were there, she said. They had mothers or some one belonging to them; I had nobody. So she took me. She taught me to be clean and orderly, to say my prayers morning and night, and to weed the little garden. When she died I was ten years old, and for the first time then learned that I was not her own child. I had taken her name, of course, having none of my own except Bob. The gardener at the hall promised my mother to take me and have a care of me; and the housekeeper, who was a good and not illiterate woman, taught me reading, writing, and arithmetic. I liked to read, and, seeing me with a book one day, Lord Arthur took a fancy to have me for his personal attendant. So you see I have been accustomed from early life to the best society. I used to ride with him all over the country. As a sort of groom, you may say, and rather behind than beside him. But then all nature was before me as well as him, and couldn't I learn her pleasant lessons as rapidly? The doctors said he must keep in the air; he had consumptive tendencies then. Finally we went to the continent, and to Italy for the winters. He was shy in society, and did not like it, as I told you, and, as his eyes were weak, kept me reading to him. Thus I became familiar with good English writers, which I am afraid I should not otherwise have liked. He was a very good young man, and very religious. He tried to train me rightly. While he remained in warm climates, he was much better, but the cold English fogs killed him the first month after his return home. He was anxious to try to live in England, and had engaged to marry his cousin the very week he died. As I told you, he left me his books and some money, five hundred

pounds. It seemed a great deal to me. And he advised me to come to America. I could not bear to remain in England after his death, and, indeed, had hardly any friends there. You see, I had lived a peculiar and anomalous sort of life; I was only eighteen years old.

"When I say I had no friends, I mean no efficient ones. None that would help me forward. I could get a servant's place at the hall, under the butler, but you may imagine I was discontented with such a position. Determined on making my way somewhere and somehow in America, I started for New York. Here I knew was room enough, and something I should find to do. Also that I shouldn't be embarrassed with questions. Nobody would ask, as soon as they heard my name, if I belonged to the Shropshire Stanberrys or the Lincolnshire family of that name. I should come to a nation like myself, without antecedents, and among people composed of sovereigns. I learned easily to be one myself." Here Mr. Stanberry paused.

"And you came to New York?" said Mr. Brown eagerly, his own commercial prosperity having dated from there.

"I came, saw, and conquered. Planted my lever, and easily moved my world. With a good coat on, money in my pocket, and a habit of speaking good English, I passed for a gentleman among the innocent New Yorkers. One of my first acquaintances there, without once inquiring how my grandmother was, put me in luck's way, and, as you know, luck admits one very soon to Mrs. Potiphar's saloons. Thence I walked silver-shod over the country, and, liking and admiring it as I well may, soon came to feel a warm attachment."

"That was a good woman, Robert, that Mrs. Stanberry. But don't you wish you could remember your very own mother?" and here her voice faltered, as she dropped her face on his shoulder.

"I wish I could better remember the one who was a mother to me. She was a good woman, I believe. The widow of a tailor in one of the suburbs of Liverpool. I suppose her heart must have been very hungry for child's love, or she wouldn't have picked up such a specimen as I must have been. She said I was healthy looking, but a most dirty, screaming little ragamuffin, of course. I have been repeatedly all over the worst streets of Liverpool, looking into its noisome cellars and its swarming mass of wretched childhood, wondering out of which depth, or hole, or gutter my dear adopted mother picked me, and how I came there. No matter. Their angels stand before the face of the All Pure day and night, waiting till they come for their recompense for all the suffering they have had in this deep pool of earthly misery. Hawthorne says, after looking at a similar spectacle, such as only an overpopulated city can afford: 'The whole

question of eternity is staked there. If a single one of those helpless little ones be lost, the world is lost.'"

"We know they never will be lost, Robert," whispered Alice, tenderly, "and, that some more may be saved from wretchedness here, we will try, you and I will, what can be done to give them homes; yes, indeed, Robert! for your dear sake I will!" Then there was compassion, gratitude, and prayer in the hearts of the four who sat silently together.

When the cold Christmas days melted into spring sunshine, the sight of flowers coaxed the rheumatism out of Miss Hardy's bones, and she naturally came to Mount Vernon Street to see about carpets and a thousand other things very interesting to her. And Alice told Miss Hardy, with a tender kiss on her weather-beaten cheeks, that she should never put down any more carpets; but that the friend of her mother and her own friend, neither she nor Ellen would forsake, and that they had it all arranged that they should share and share alike in Miss Hardy. But the end of that plan came, for Miss Hardy couldn't and wouldn't leave off work. So she is a matron in the asylum for destitute children, and sees Ellen and Alice there every week of her life.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

The writer of this story, if it may be called a story, in so fragmentary and incomplete a form, has the best means of knowing its truth. Part of it, indeed, she was, although she has, with becoming modesty, left herself out as much as possible. She has built up her tower, now a ruin, by little and little, from the memories connected with the characters, and from a journal which she kept through many years. This journal, though full and particular in most respects, had a necessary restraint of expression as regards characters and personal traits. The lapse of time, and the death of all the persons concerned, give somewhat more freedom. To drop the third person, I have not been able fairly to convey my impressions of all these beloved ones. I cannot, now that I am free to do it, put in the fresh tints which are needed to make the picture life-like. It must be a crayon sketch only.

Neither Alice nor Harry Brown are more than shadowed out. She was one of those tranquil-natured women, who offer no salient points for description, who live almost unconsciously lives of duty, practising the home virtues as matters of course. It is only after the temple has crumbled that one feels how these modest qualities are the keystone of the family arch, preserving its balance and harmony, and that one understands of such a character at once its tenacity and tenderness. Death has conse-

erated both Alice and her warm-hearted, noble sister; and since the time when these pages were written, what changes have swept over the land! Both of these brothers laid their lives down cheerfully when loyalty rung out her summons. They found then they had a country to die for. When the hour came the men came. One, with his clear, blue, calm eye, and gentle, delicate face, was foremost in the conflict at Antietam, and led men on to victory, and the Englishman's stout form made a fair mark for the fatal bullet in the dreadful struggle of Fredericksburg. Their souls marched on, and led other following souls to sure success, till the Ark of Liberty rested at last on the mountain of Justice and bathed in the blue air of Peace.

MARION SELFORD.

"BON SOIR."

BY NELLIE C. HASTINGS.

I CAN hardly see you, bonny eyes—
Gray eyes, soft eyes, sorrowful and deep—
But in darkness, as in light, I know,
Never weary is the watch you keep.
Rosy lamplight trembles on the walls,
And the shadows stretch above the bed;
Not a ray upon your forehead falls,
Not a gleam upon your golden head.
Watching, watching me for evermore,
With the old look in those earnest eyes,
Just the wistful quiver of the brows,
And the old, grave, sorrowful surprise;
Always tender for the love they find,
Always grieving for the grief they see,
Could the living eyes be half so blind,
Half so fond or pitiful to me!
You have answered to the last "good-night,"
You have smiled to speak the last farewell,
And no more of pleasure or of pain
In the twilight those mute lips shall tell.
Words of chiding and of careless slight,
With the best and tenderest you gave,
Died one death with summer's light and glow,
And no echo answers from their grave.
God be thanked that I shall never see
Change or pain upon that quiet face,
Where the fightings and the storms of life
Leave no shadow and no lingering trace!
Hate shall never mar, nor death decay,
This dear face that watches from the wall—
Could the living one be half so true,
Half so steadfast, or so pure through all!
Time shall never wear away its bloom,
Life shall never change the loving eyes!
Evermore their beauty shall be bright,
Watching o'er me in their sad surprise.
When mine own are weary of the day,
And the sad years darken as they flee,
Like a link to youth's lost Edenland
This fair shadow on the wall shall be.
Half-reproaching me for thoughts of blame,
Pitying half when passion made me blind,
Calm and tender when I tried to hate,
Always sorrowful and always kind.
God be with thee till the last "good-night,"
Loving eyes that I have loved so well!
God be with thee when the shadows fall,
* And the silence takes our last farewell!

A GOSSIP WITH THE GIRLS.

BY AN OLD MAID.

YEAR after year rolls by, and each month still brings GODEY's familiar face. Now bearing a cordial New Year's greeting, or telling of family reunions around sumptuous Christmas dinners and blazing yule logs; then redolent of summer winds, dainty toilets, and charming sea-side excursions. Always something new for every season of the year has friend Godey, and mammams put on their spectacles as eagerly now to scan its pages as they did when those same eyes were as bright as those of their fair daughters, who, while conceding mamma's right to the first inspection of the LADY'S BOOK, still peer eagerly over her shoulders, and wish that she would not linger so long over the list of receipts, when they are dying to see the "ducks of bonnets," and "loves of dresses," or dip into Marion Harland's last charming story. To these fair ones, constituting the species whose name heads this article, a friend would address a few kindly words of advice, and can think of no more suitable channel than the pages of GODEY, so long and so truly the woman's friend.

To any one who has filed the LADY'S BOOK for the past twenty years, it must be a curious study to note the changes which have taken place in the world over which Fashion is said to reign supreme, i. e., women's clothes; but a little thought will soon convince them that the Dame does not confine her realm to any such narrow bounds, but extends it alike over morals and manners. That her sway is potent just now in the first of these fields, no one can doubt who will look abroad over the so-called religious world of the present day. It is just as much a fashion in this latter half of the nineteenth century to belong to a church as it is to wear short dresses; nor does it require much more preparation for one than the other. Entirely ignoring the doctrine of the necessity of a new birth inculcated by Him, who spake as never man spake, the aspirant for an entrance into Christ's visible kingdom selects the largest and most fashionable church, and, fitting on its ceremonies as an outer garment, gives no heed to the inner life of which they are but the types and shadows. So far from becoming *devoté* and keeping themselves unspotted from the world, they seem to think they have received a *carte blanche* to fill with follies, and indulge more freely than ever in the lusts of the flesh, substituting sensuous æsthetics for duty, the worship of Nature for Nature's God, and amidst all their cant of a "Religion of the Beautiful," forgetting that the only true beauty is holiness of life and purpose.

But lest some of the fair creatures to whom this is addressed should become offended at being considered immortal beings, and, therefore, likely to be interested in these grave

themes, we will leave their discussion to eminent divines, and turn to the effect of Fashion upon manners.

Just now it is the decree of the potent belle dame that woman should be "fast." Laying aside as obsolete the advice of Paul, as to the meekness and sobriety that should rule their conduct, it is their duty to copy as closely as possible the manners of their male associates. You cannot now offend a young miss more than by hinting that she is artless, unaffected, and capable of blushing. It is the aim of her life to acquire a fashionable indifference of manner, to be knowing in the art of *double entendre*, a proficient in slang, and to forget as quickly as possible the shrinking delicacy and retiring modesty once considered as essential to the beauty of the feminine character as the purple bloom to the grape, and the whiteness to the untrodden snow.

That men are much to blame for the present fast standard of society cannot be doubted, although few of them will plead guilty to the indictment.

A girl enters society now at an age when our grandmothers were still confined to the nursery. Her mind is immature, her habits are unformed, and she is easily impressed, either for good or evil. It is natural that she should desire attention from the opposite sex, and she soon learns that the most ready way to gain it is to be "fast." The acknowledged belles of society are flirts, and generally fast girls, for one seems to be the inevitable consequence of the other. The novice sees that wherever they move they are surrounded by admirers, not only youths, but men of mature minds and ripe judgment, while sensible, well-behaved girls are neglected. Not one young girl in a hundred has strength of mind and stability of character enough to resist temptation, seek other objects of interest, and submit to be a wall-flower in most social assemblies, but she yields to the seductive influences around her, and soon learns to flirt and ogle in the most scientific manner. Now, who is to blame for this? Surely the gentlemen, by showing more attention to fast girls than any others, and thus, in effect, offering a premium for ill behavior. Yet how soon after leaving the presence of such is the language of flattery changed to the slighting remark, or stinging sarcasm? Flattery is no more a mark of genuine esteem than the foam on the surface of a stream is of the depth of the waters beneath, and those who utter it may be whiling away an idle hour, but it is not with words like these that they strive to win those who shall reign queens of their hearts and homes.

A reigning belle in society now thoroughly exhausts life, becomes *blaze*, and feels as if she had lived a century by the time she is twenty, an age at which a woman's nature, if unperturbed, is just beginning to lose the crude fancies and

sickly sentimentalities which belong to early youth, to measure its capacities for the lofty aims and holy purposes that underlie this life of endurance and trial, and to garner up those fruitful treasures which in coming years will make her heart a rich storehouse to the one that shall hold the open sesame of its hidden treasures. The pale devotee of fashion, having "drunk every well of pleasure dry" at this early age, finds life a dreary mockery, and enters upon marriage, not as a means of absorption of the heart's tenderest impulses, but as a purely commercial arrangement, which enables her to vacate gracefully the pedestal from which she would be pushed by younger aspirants for the world's favor, and, too often, not even the birth of children awakens her dormant faculties of mind and heart, and she dies as she has lived—a thorough woman of the world. Sadder epitaph no tombstone need ever bear.

Believing that the germs of a true womanhood still lie, not dead but only sleeping, under the latitudinarianism of manners now prevalent in all circles, and that the "fast" airs of many young girls are more errors of the head than the heart, I would beg them to pause and reflect ere they break through the barriers of decorum and true womanly modesty. Be lively, but not giddy; kind, but dignified; modest, yet self-possessed. Affect neither the Grecian bend or German wriggle, feeling assured that American girls have charms enough to win the regards of all sensible men, without adding to them the artificial and disgusting absurdities of foreign countries. It is far better to be called prudish than fast—far better to be an old maid than the jolly girl who is denominated "a whole team" by her gentlemen acquaintances—whose voice, manners, and dress are, in American parlance, "loud," in French, *prononcé*. These may shine in the ball-room, or be "the observed of all observers" on the public promenades, but it is not from these "lilies of the field," though clothed in all the glory of Solomon, that the truest, purest power of woman comes. It was not to this frivolous class of young ladies that we looked for those deeds of heroism which have made the women of America as famous as those of Rome and Sparta; nor is it to their influence we now trust to remove the evil effects of military life, and lead our young men back to the paths of virtue and peace. For the performance of this high mission, we must look to another, and to the shame of womanhood be it said, a smaller class of our women—those who, during the bloody struggle, were heroines in the truest sense of the term, uniting the softness, gentleness, tenderness, of their sex with the energy, endurance, and even bravery of man, and it is impossible to estimate their influence upon the war, not only in mitigating its horrors in the dreary, noisome hospital wards, to which so many devoted their days, but in encouraging

and urging the soldiers on to fresh deeds of valor.

The cause that drew forth these unusual energies has passed away, and with its absence will their excited feelings, intensified in many instances by the pangs of personal bereavement, return to their natural level, and find their proper outlets? What is to absorb the energies, and fill the lives left vacant by the desolating hand of war? Will they join the ranks of Fashion's votaries and become mere gilded butterflies flitting from pleasure to pleasure, or rush to the other extreme, ascend the rostrum, batter at the doors of public edifices, and call conventions to set forth their wrongs? We trust that they may strike a happy medium between these extremes, and find their true mission at the fireside, at the household altar, in the daily tenderness and devotion which lie embosomed in the sanctity of home. Let woman spare no pains, think no labor degrading, which shall make it a sacred temple, where the tastes of its inmates are elevated, true and holy principles inculcated, and love renews its youth day by day, in the warmth of delicate attentions and tender ministrings, which have been aptly termed "the small, sweet courtesies of life," and which tend more than anything else to rivet the chains of household affection.

Fulfilling these duties conscientiously, there will be no craving in her heart for false excitements and fashionable frivolities; no questioning as to woman's mission; she has found it, and who need claim a wider or more important field than to be queen of the little realm to which the heart of every man worthy of the name turns as the goal of his earthly joy and hope, in which are springing up children which she may make crowns of glory to their race by teaching them to love truth, however homely, rather than the orthodox shams of social, moral, religious, and political life, to swear a deathless devotion to principle, to uphold right in the face of conquering might, and to consider nothing dishonor that does not involve a loss of self-respect.

I would not be understood to imply that marriage should be the end and aim of woman's life; if so, the writer of this, as the caption will show, has yet to find her mission, but I speak of her home influence in its broadest sense, as daughter or sister as well as wife and mother. There are few women whose lot in life is so isolated that they have not some one to love, some one to whom they can make this life brighter and happier, and, possessing this, they can easily make for themselves the two other German constituents of happiness—something to do, and something to which to look forward.

If any of my readers should chance to be that saddest and forlornest of human beings, a woman without any permanent home or household ties, let her still not despair. Though the

earthly life be dead, she that lives only to bear her cross, whatever it may be, and thereby do her Master's will, shall find peace and contentment, for out of earthly desolation will come heavenly joy, as the darkness of a well reveals to us even at mid-day the ever shining glory of the heavenly hosts. There are other things for her to do besides weeping and mourning helplessly. There are other breaking hearts that she may cheer, other weary feet that she can help, bleeding wounds that she may bind, and, though the garden of her heart may never be gay again, it will not be a desert, for amaranths and immortelles will take the places of the roses and pansies of former days, and bless and brighten the soil, while above will tremble one bright star—the one that guided the sages of old to Light, Rest, and Peace.

These few thoughts of woman's manners, work, and mission, have, perhaps, been said, and better said, many times before, but they are sentiments which should be kept before the feminine mind, and sometimes a feeble whisper will influence where a loud shout would be unnoticed. They are but hints of a deep and important subject, especially important in these days of license and misrule, when the future hopes of our country are more than ever dependent upon its woman, as such they are commended to all feminine readers to be thought out at their leisure.

IN SUMMER.

BY MRS. S. B. HYNES.

THE golden sunlight glowing rests
On quiet fields and wooded hills;
In tender silence stand the trees,
While rippling glide the sparkling rills;
The yellow grain is gently stirred,
As if from angel's wings the air
Was quivering with a holy breeze
That left an added glory there.

The solemn heights sweep off in mists,
Dropped like a veil from cloudless blue,
As though their silvery purple hid
The Temple's sacred things from view.
In amber lights the land is bathed,
In brilliant calm all nature lies,
And through the smiling stillness seems
A blessing floating from the skies.

Entranced by spell of summer noon,
Earth smiles amid a lustrous dream;
Perchance from unseen gates of heaven
She feels its luminous splendor stream;
While souls that gaze through reverent eyes,
By faith unclosed to open sight,
In worship's ecstasy upsoar
To Him who is Eternal Light.

PREFER loss before unjust gain; for that brings grief but once, this for ever.—*Chilon*.

POVERTY, like other bullies, is formidable only to those who show that they are afraid of it.—*Anon*.

A WOMAN AGAINST HERSELF.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

SHE was not one of the golden-haired type of women, blue-eyed and sunny-faced, with a smile for every bright day, and a tear for the rainy ones; neither of the dark-haired type, with eyes and complexion to match, haughty in carriage, and repellant in gesture, like some of the ideal women that had crossed John Sandelance's vision; but just one of those soft, brown-eyed women, whom men call plain, but nevertheless fall in love with, quiet and grave, with no whims or oddities, yet a mind full of ceaseless activity. You would never have guessed it to have watched her as she sat in the half-twilight of that summer night; her eyes looking out on the purple light over the hills, with a far away, dreamy look in them that one never sees in a child's eyes, and seldom in a woman's, unless she has known some great trouble.

Yet Barbara Græff was happy, and, until this summer, she had not known a desire beyond her present, unless it had been to turn the pages of her life a little faster than time would allow. She had felt no need of another personality to render *her* being a completion; but, since John Sandelance had looked down into her eyes, and spoken low, passionate words of admiration in her ear, she had grown dissatisfied with herself, and begun to feel as if life must be crowned with love, to be a success.

Just then a soft light beamed in her down-cast eye, and a wave of crimson swept across her cheek. She dropped her head lower until it almost rested in her hands, as if half-ashamed of these signs of joy. In a moment more a swift step came up the gravelled walk, pausing just under the roses, which were clambering up the latticed porch as if to reach the purest of the golden sunshine, which rested so lovingly upon them all day long.

"Barbara, are you there?"

The question was followed by a little ringing laugh that rather surprised you, coming from those grave-looking lips, and Barbara put out her hand to the intruder, and he swung himself to her side by the time she had sobered again, stroking her soft brown hair with a motion which was in itself a caress. Then she spoke: "How happy you look, John."

"Do I? Well, that is strange, when I am by the side of the dearest little woman in the world, and I know she is only waiting for the chance to tell me how much she loves me."

"Yes, I love you," and the words came from her lips with a lingering tenderness, as if it was a thing she delighted to repeat.

"It seems like the dear old times, Barby, to have you here all to myself among the roses."

"All to yourself! That is selfishness that merits punishment. Don't you know among so many roses you will be sure to find a thorn?"

"Ah! the thorn has reached me sure enough," with a laugh, as the flutter of light dresses was heard on the stairway, and a man's deep voice inquiring for Miss Græff.

The beautiful color flickered for an instant in Barbara's face, then left it suddenly as she turned to greet the new-comer. "Mr. Bradley, Mr. Sandelance. But where have you left your friends?"

"Moonlight isn't the fashion now, my dear Miss Barbara," after greeting John Sandelance with a most approved bow, which signified to that gentleman that he was ready then and there to connivance hostilities, "and yet you ought to lead the fashion."

"Such is not my ambition, I assure you, so let us follow a good example, and go to the parlor." And she led the way with what both gentlemen chose to call a pretty little show of humility, but which was in fact nothing of the kind. It was only her usual manner devoid of her usual happy carelessness.

Nannie Grahame's eyes flashed very wickedly beneath their beautiful lids as she noted the approach of the three. "I am so sorry," she began, "to have been the means of calling you away from your moonlight reverie, dear Barbara, but you will forgive me this once; I did so want to hear you sing, and Clara too," turning appealingly toward Clara Houston.

"I did not know that you had called," said Barbara, quickly, "but I believe I have been in the dark long enough."

"Not know? Why, I sent Bradley for you."

"Did you? Well, I am here."

Nannie looked puzzled, but broke out in a moment: "Since you have come, you will sing for us, will you not?"

Barbara felt that she could not refuse, yet she hated above all things to sing with those two men standing by and listening. She was in a wonderfully softened mood that night, and she hardly dared trust her own voice lest it should betray her. Finally she selected a song that was unmeaning enough, a bit of musical bubble and foam, with a break here and there as if the sunshine had fallen into it. Those bits of delicious silence! Both men thought alike; if she would only sing what she thought, then it would be worth listening; and the two friends standing there saw that even her silence was more charming than any words of theirs could have been. They were loud in their praises the moment she paused, but knew, too, just where to stop.

"How beautifully you sing, Barbara! I wish I could throw such expression into my voice."

"I am sure"—Barbara began.

"Oh, yes, I know. You cannot help it, of course. I only wish I could not help it either; but you are favored, dear."

Now, when Nannie Grahame said "dear" to any woman, she always had an object in view,

and Barbara shivered slightly as she heard the girl's voice.

Cold and calculating as Nannie Grahame usually was, her whole heart had gone out to this man who stood watching Barbara as she sang, and she could have struck him with the delicate white hand, whose beauty he had so often praised, as he glanced at her with a look of momentary annoyance, which subsided as he looked back again to the *one* woman he had learned to love—though he loved her, as he did everything else, in a peculiar fashion of his own.

"O Mr. Sandelance, do give me that rose. It is too sweet for me to suffer it to remain so far off," just grasping it as she spoke. "You may be sure, Barbara, that he wears your colors without seeing this red rose in his button-hole."

The hot color flamed up in the man's face as he faced her. "Give me back my rose, Miss Nannie. I will get you half a dozen, and remove every thorn."

"Yes, but I don't mind the thorns, you see. I like to take my rose as it grows; don't you, Barbara?"

"I don't know," she replied, rather soberly, "whether I like roses at all, or as much as you do," she added, quietly. "I think we are all of us ready to grasp what promises us a little sweetness, and maybe has more thorns hidden to sting us than we can manage afterwards."

"In what do you mean? You are enigmatical."

"In everything. We do not stop long enough to consider and reflect how any of our actions may influence our after life." Barbara *had* begun to consider, and was even then beginning that good fight with herself, with her *woman's* nature, which made her a better and a purer woman than one is apt to find in this world of ours.

"Ah!" laughed Clara, "you are getting wise now, and I hate wisdom."

"I do not believe you really hate anything, Clara. You are too fond of your ease."

"And me?" questioned Nannie. "Does a love of ease hinder any other passion from possessing me?"

"I do not know yet. I think you *could* hate heartily."

"You are right. I could hate some *people* even, but never *you*," and she waltzed lightly out of the room, catching Paul Bradley's arm as she went.

Barbara turned and went slowly up to her own room, in spite of the anxious glance her lover cast toward her, and he could do no less than walk down the path toward the river with the fair Clara hanging on his arm.

They overtook the others a little way from the house, and Barbara could hear the merry laughter they sent back long after she lost sight of them. Two hours she sat there by the

window, thinking over her past, and planning for the future, and not until then did she hear their returning footsteps. They had changed places, for only Clara and Paul Bradley were in sight, while far behind them, almost lost among the green shadows, John Sandelance sauntered slowly along, with Nannie Grahame leaning on his arm, and looking up into his face with her very brightest smile.

Just as they reached the porch, he bent over and left a kiss on her white forehead, and she nestled her head down on his shoulder half a minute; and then, after a faint ripple of laughter, you might have heard something like a sob.

"It seems so good to have a friend I can trust," she said, sweetly enough. "You know I am alone in the world, Mr. Sandelance, and, if you *will* call me your little sister, I shall be so glad. But Barbara—Miss Græff—she may not like it," half-falteringly.

"Never fear, pet. She is not of a jealous nature, and is not selfish enough to ask for *all* my love."

Barbara heard no more, for she rose and, going across the room, threw herself on the bed with a groan. No, John Sandelance did not understand her. She *was* jealous, and selfish, too, in the sense in which every woman has a right to be selfish. A divided heart she could not share.

A year ago John Sandelance had been devoted to Miss Græff; and Barbara, in the quiet of her country home, with no one else to divide her thoughts, made up her mind that he was one of earth's noblemen, and let her heart go out to him fully and freely. But this summer it was quite a different thing. In the first place John Sandelance had met Miss Grahame almost daily for two months, and had yielded himself almost unconsciously to the spell of her loveliness. He was quite sure he had not been false to Barbara; yet more than one person could aver that, in their wanderings in the old woodland back of the summer resort where they were domesticated, they had seen him with his arm around her, and, if he had not kissed her red lips, it was only because she *was* not ready to let him take the privilege.

Barbara herself had found one or two other lovers while spending the previous winter with her aunt; and, though her hero had not become any less dear to her in absence, she had the opportunity to compare him with other men, and perhaps he lost by the comparison. Opportunity being a golden mean between two very far extremes, desire and possession, Barbara made the most of hers; and, although she had her full share of womanly weaknesses—love of approbation, longing for appreciation, and hope of finding a love truly her own, which last I do not intend to dub a weakness—yet she was possessed too with a clear perception and a firm self-reliance, inherited from her father, which threatened to set at defiance all weak-

nesses, and make her what we seldom see, a woman waging warfare with her own nature. The only question was whether she would yet ride above the level of her own comprehension, or let her present ideas keep her down.

Now they had met again, late in the summer, and somebody had whispered to Nannie Grahame that her reign was at an end, and to Barbara that she was in danger of losing her lover. She wondered what kind of a woman had won him from *her*, and looked a little bit unbelieving, though, when she saw Miss Grahame, she no longer thought it strange. Nannie Grahame was not beautiful in the strictest sense of the word, for her features were not regular, and no one of them half as fine as Barbara could see in her own glass, *except her eyes*. When you looked into them, you forgot the large mouth, and the nose, which some people called *pug*, and you failed to note the lines about the lower part of the face which betokened an unpleasant disposition, for her eyes were glorious. Black eyes, with just a shade of some softer color always lingering in their depths; marvellous eyes, that looked at you until you grew bewildered, and longed to have them nearer, closer, looking back into your own with the fondness you were sure she was no stranger to. That was Miss Grahame's chief attraction, while Barbara, with her even, pretty, delicate features, had no such charm at her command.

The next morning Barbara had put aside her grief, and faced the future bravely. She was not the woman to shrink from any trial, even though it promised to shake her faith in her most cherished friendships. Better to find out your own weakness, and your friend's failure, before it is too late to prevent their warring upon each other. She came in late, after all the others had taken their places at the table, and she saw at a glance the situation of affairs. Just opposite her own seat Nannie Grahame sat, and by her side John Sandelance, watching her face where the exquisite blushes came and went with a breath, and then looking toward the door where Barbara was expected to enter.

"Such a delightful morning, dear Miss Græff, and I am sure you must have been in the garden stealing the roses."

Barbara knew well enough that her cheeks were colorless, and her whole face most unattractive just then, but she made no reply.

"If you would only have waited, you should have had company," continued Miss Grahame, "for Mr. Sandelance and I are going out as far as the woods this forenoon."

"Will you not go with us?" he asked, softly, leaning over towards Barbara; but she avoided his eye, and declined the invitation, saying she had letters to write.

Barbara did not complain even to herself, for her friend had been polite to her, and she had assured herself that this was all she cared about.

And she sat by the window in her room, half an hour later, watching the pair go down the gravelled walk, and did not let one frown darken her face.

Nannie walked slowly along, half-conscious that Barbara's pure eyes were upon her, and fully determined to make her lover play the part *she* had assigned him. "There!" she stopped midway to the gate; "I am always sure to forget something. How provoking!"

"What is it?" Sandelance asked, half-impetuously. "Anything I can get for you?"

"Yes. My shawl is up stairs. Clara would give it to you if you would only knock at the door, but I am making you a great deal of trouble?"

"No, indeed, I am only in haste for our walk. I want to find myself in the depths of those green old woods, where I can crown you queen of the glade," and he hastened off for the shawl.

He returned sooner than she expected him, and found her sitting on a rustic seat near the gate. "Stand up, little sister."

She blushed rosily, while the ready tears stood in her eyes. Then the shawl—a light, fleecy thing that was always catching in the bushes and flower-stalks, but which was nevertheless quite bewitching in its airy folds, and seemed just in place on pretty Nannie Grahame—was placed carefully over her shoulders, and the two walked on, Nannie wondering to herself if the carefulness did not look like tenderness to Barbara Græff in her vine-covered window. If she had known how resolutely Barbara was putting this man out of her heart and out of her thoughts, I do not think she would have been so anxious to carry out the flirtation.

The green old woodland certainly proved very alluring, for it was dinner-time, and dinner-hour was late at Charled Hill, when Nannie Grahame came in, flushed from her walk, a spray of wild roses drooping from one side of her hair, just touching the red in her cheek, which assuredly did not lose by the contrast. Her hair was in that state which some people delight to call "charming disorder," but she did not stop to apologize, for she *could* be a very matter-of-fact sort of person, and just then was very hungry. But fifteen minutes later, when John Sandelance came to the table, and, sitting down, glanced from her over to Barbara, who looked as cool and refreshing as a clear spring in a dusty place, she said, half-laughing: "I know you think I ought to have sprinkled my roses, and changed my dress, but it really seemed *too* much to mount all those stairs after my walk."

"I am sure no one can complain of your looks. For my part, I admire roses on fair faces even more than on a rose-bush."

"Miss Græff does not. I can tell by her look that she thinks I am a fright. Do you not?"

suddenly looking over to where Barbara sat, idly playing with her fork.

"I do not know. Really, I have not been thinking of what you were all talking about," as she saw the sudden angry color mount from Miss Grahame's cheeks to her brow.

In her angry petulance Nannie did what she never would have done at another time. Looking a moment at her companion, she said: "You see, Mr. Sandelance, how your queen of the woods is treated. Will you not act fairly and take my part?"

"Against all the world," he rejoined, hastily, vexed that Barbara would neither look at him, or take any notice of his remark.

"Thank you," she replied, with one of her musical laughs. "No one could do more than that."

He saw Barbara grow a shade paler, saw her make a great effort and control herself, and he marked the little sorrowful lines drawn around the mouth, lines that he was sure were not there a month ago, and then the man relented. "Barbara—Miss Graff," as she was passing him—"let me see you this afternoon, will you not?"

"It is hardly worth while," coloring painfully under his gaze, "I am not good company for any one to-day."

He gazed at her with a reproachful look in his fine eyes, which, a week before, would have brought her to his side in a moment, but now she stood aloof. "You are unkind, Barbara. Why must you always go to an extreme? Because I am sorry for our little Nannie, and help her to pass away the days less sorrowfully, you must withhold all your smiles. She is young and without a friend here!"

Barbara raised her hand as if to check him, but he would not notice that nor the pained look on her face.

"She has taught herself to look upon me as a friend, almost as a brother, during these weeks we have passed together, and you cannot expect her to give me up at once. I fear you are a little selfish, Barbara."

"Perhaps you are right. I believe my nature is a selfish one, but I shall be the last one to stand in Miss Grahame's way, or to hinder you in any way from enjoying yourself." She passed him quickly as she said it, and, before he could recall her, had he wished to do so, had shut the door of her own room.

It seemed as if Paul Bradley had detected the change between them, for he was constantly at Barbara's side, much to the annoyance of Clara Houston, who had set her sensitive heart upon him, and thought him the very embodiment of manly perfections.

Barbara knew this, since she had learned the alphabet of sacrifice, and when, the last day of their stay, she met Paul under the willow-tree at the foot of the lawn, and he endeavored to make her understand there was only one wo-

man in the world he loved well enough to marry, she looked up to him with her honest eyes and said:—

"I know it, Mr. Bradley, and I am sure not only that Clara loves you, but that she will make you a good and a true wife. Tell me when I may congratulate you."

"And yourself—Barbara, are you quite happy?"

"Do I look unhappy?" she said, with an answering look as free and open as he deserved; "do not trouble yourself for me, my friend, for I am certainly very far from being miserable."

He saw the clear-shining in her eyes, the kindly face, just touched with the enthusiasm of an unselfish act, and with a little sigh because he could not make life what he would have it, but must take it as he found it, he turned silently away. Barbara's words had a charm for him, nevertheless, and he found himself oftener thinking of Clara, and of her quiet, womanly ways; and when, the next winter, he met her again in the city, he acknowledged to himself that he knew but one woman who was her superior, and not one whom he loved any better. Clara was very glad and happy, and thanked Barbara in her heart for not taking him away from her.

Barbara, too, was in the city, surrounded by her own little coterie of friends. Her father had died soon after her return home, and she was left, not only alone in the world, but dependent on her own exertions for daily bread. It had seemed strange at first to live without some love in the world to lean on, but through her doubt and loneliness she had been led to look to a higher love, and to hold in her soul a higher aspiration, and so a year more rolled by, and Barbara Graff had grown into a nobler self, a strong, tender, self-reliant woman; happy in her toll, which, under the sun of hearty good health, was no longer a burden. If she had been a weaker woman, she might have regretted John Sandelance; as it was, she felt no desire to recall him, or to fill the place he had once held by another lover.

When the October winds brought a breath of frost and chill to the air, Barbara had lost some of the bloom from her cheeks. To-night the frank, brown eyes drooped as if tired with the world's vision, as if longing to look beyond her little day into a day in the blessed hereafter, which might, perchance, prove fairer and brighter; there was a slight frown on the broad, white brow, too, as if a breath of dissatisfaction had blown through the windows of her soul; yet for all the changed, painful look about her, she must still have cherished some hope that was bright, for she had placed a rose in her bosom, and a trailing stem of lilies in her hair, as if she wished to make herself fresh and fair as might be. She sat a long time before the fire, making pictures in the coals, half dreaming, half listening to the steady

plash of the rain without; suddenly the quiet on her face was broken up, and she lifted her head in an attitude of listening. Yes, it was the old familiar footstep, a trifle slower it might be, yet still the same, and her heart beat faster for a moment, and her cheek flushed, but it was only for a moment; before the door opened she had regained confidence in herself.

She could never tell all he said to her as he stood there looking down into her eyes, and holding her hand. She knew at length that he was pleading for her love, promising to make for her a happy future, and, with it all, looking more like the ideal she had allowed him to represent, than she would ever have believed possible.

"You are the only woman in the world, dear Barby, whom I would make my wife; and, oh, darling, I hope you have not quite cast me out of your heart."

"I bravely bear the pang to-day,
And win to-morrow's peace."

He remembered long afterward just the voice in which she said it; just the look in her eyes as she told him, finally, all the truth—how much she *had* loved him once, but how his own acts had built up a wall between them that could not be shaken, much less broken down. When he would have pleaded with her she would not listen.

"No, John Sandelance, you may not ask me to retrace the steps I have taken since that night the mist fell from my eyes. I was a sadder woman for a while, yet my vision was clear. I may have been selfish then, for I would not share your love with another—but in conquering that, I fought and conquered self—the giant that stands in our way to hurl us to destruction. It cost me a pang, I admit, yet 'to-morrow,' which then looked so far off, has become to-day, and I have won its peace."

"Then you love me no longer? All those pleasant days of the past must go for less than nothing?"

"You willed it so, not I."

"Yet you?"

"Yes. I accepted the decision; and now it is not so difficult a matter as it once would have been to say 'Good-by!'"

It all ended here. She held out her hand to the man who stood before her, eager to regain the place he had lost, for he felt that no other woman could ever be to him just what Barbara Graff had been; he looked at her a moment as if he could not bring himself to utter the farewell of a lifetime; then bending low he kissed her hand, and went out from her door a sadder and perhaps a wiser man.

He did not marry Nannie Grahame, however. A quiet, brown-eyed woman sits by his fireside, who attracts him by a nameless something that reminds him of the Barby he loved and lost. I think it is the same spell of

honesty and goodness which never fail to exert a certain influence with men of his character.

Barbara, herself, has never married. She sits in her studio and indulges in bright and glowing fancies, which she skilfully transfers to canvas, and which hang upon the walls of many a happy home to-night. She is quite happy now. The old illusions are only memories, seldom recognized and never bewailed, while the present holds for her a little cup of joy such as the angels brim over, and afar on the purple, twilighted hills of the future, she hears the faint sound of a song dear to every loving worker's ears, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

BEAUTIFUL DAY.

BEAUTIFUL day, with thy mantle of blue;
With thy balmy breath, and thy crystalline dew;
With thine opening light from the gates above;
Beautiful day, thou art welcome as love.

Welcome as hope to the storm-driven soul,
Clinging in faith, though the dark waters roll,
Gemming earth's pathways with radiance of light,
From high courts of heaven where dwelleth no night.

Far through the ether I look to thy source;
Pierce through the clouds in my soul-seeling course;
I see the white throne, and the purple crown'd hills,
The gem inlaid pavements, the clear gushing rills.

I hear the soft whirring of myriad wings;
I list to the song that the archangel sings;
But the brilliant effulgence, the fulness of light,
Hides the God-head of glory to mortal-bound sight.

Those beautiful jewels that shine in each crown;
Eternally flashing their radiance down;
The sapphires, the rubies, the diamonds of heaven,
Are dark deeds of sin, by our Father forgiven.

And thus through thy grandeur, oh, beautiful day!
My soul plumes her wings, and goes soaring away;
Bursts the dark bonds of night that have trammelled
It long,

And joys amid angels, in glory, and song.

But, beautiful day, if thy light is withdrawn,
Will I sink in my sorrow, unmindful of dawn?
Will the dark waves of trouble engulf me once
more,
And my frail barque of promise be drifted from
shore?

No, no; for the hand that withdraws thee awhile,
Will restore thee again with glad beaming smile;
And the promise of faith in the tempest's dark hour,
Shall gleam like thy sunshine in glory and power.

The cross and the crown are so closely allied,
The sunshine and shadow, for aye side by side,
That although through the darkness my poor barque
be driven,
I'll trust to the anchorage promised in heaven.

So I'll joy in thy brightness, oh, beautiful day!
And welcome thy coming, and bask in thy ray;
And if thou art dimmed by the tempest's loud roar,
I will watch through the storm cloud to hail thee
once more.

VIRTUE though in rags may challenge more
than vice set off with all the trim of greatness.

FLOY'S JOURNEY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY ALPHA.

"FLOY, darling, I really dread the trip for you, and have half a mind to go with you after all," said Grant Percy, as the engine gave its warning whistle.

"Now, never mind, Grant, dear, I've only to look half as saucy as you say I am, and, presto! danger's gone," and the red lips were held up bravely for the brother's kiss, though there was a suspicious trembling thereof. Again the engine whistled, the conductor shouted, "All aboard," and Grant stepped off with many a regretful look towards the car which held his sister.

The obliging conductor threw up the window, through which the breeze wandered temptingly, and Floy looked around her. Most of the passengers had been aboard all night, judging from their looks, which were none of the brightest, she thought. Her lip curled with ill-concealed scorn as her eye fell upon a young lady opposite. She had evidently come from a distance; but a rich lilac silk swept the dusty floor, and perched upon a coil of false hair was an exaggeration of a fashionable bonnet. "Miss Shoddy" she was immediately christened by the merciless Floy, who then turned her attention elsewhere. Suddenly her face lit up with one of those rare smiles that made it beautiful. Upon a seat not far distant there was pillowed upon a heavy gray travelling shawl a beautiful boy of about three summers. One dimpled hand was thrown up over his head, and buried in the sunny brown curls, and the brown lashes fell upon the rosy cheeks, hiding eyes which she knew must be blue. One little foot fell over the side of the seat, and tapped the floor with every jostle of the car. Now our friend Floy had a passionate love for children, and an innate perception of all their wants and needs, and, as she looked at this one, she knew he was not comfortable. How could he be, pillowed on that hot blanket shawl, with the glaring September sun shining full in his face? And then his position. Casting a hasty glance around, she could see no one whom she thought could be his guardian. Miss Shoddy occupied the seat in front, and behind him sat a heavy looking Jew. To neither of these could he belong, she decided, and, "Good Samaritan" like, crossed over to his seat. Now the shawl was well smoothed while she held the brown head against her shoulder, and her dainty handkerchief spread over the spot where his head had rested. Then she laid him gently down, and essayed to lower the blind, but in vain. But determined not to be foiled in her benevolent designs, she took her last *Harper's Weekly* from her basket, and, placing it in the window so as to intercept the sun's rays, spread her veil over his face, and returned to

her seat. Ah! hapless Floy, not to have looked in the seat behind your own in your investigations. As she reached it, she *did* look there by chance, and received a grateful glance from a pair of eyes so much like those of her *protégé*, devoid of their sleepiness, that a warm blush rose to her cheek, and grew deeper as she thought of the amusement it must have given the owner of said eyes to see her interest in the beautiful boy she now knew must be his charge.

"What sad, sad eyes," thought Floy. "He must be a widower. That sad expression could arise from naught but a deep sorrow," and her dark eyes filled with tears as she thought of the motherless boy. Ah, little Floy! Presently stealing a shy glance over the way, she saw that the child had awakened, and the gentleman was at his side. She smiled when she saw how neatly the veil was folded, but the smile gave place to a blush when she remembered that her name in full was on her handkerchief, and saw that the blue eyes were taking notice of it. With a courteous bow they were returned, and Floy thought her romance over.

The day wore on, luncheon and short naps varying the monotony. The usual number of newsdealers made their way through the car, and the ubiquitous "ice cream candy" boy made the air melodious with his cry. At about eight o'clock that evening, just as Floy was composing herself for sleep, the train suddenly stopped, and the affable conductor entered the car and explained the cause. A long freight train had been thrown off the track before them. The debris was still upon the road, so they must walk perforce over a quarter of a mile to meet the train on the other side. To add to the discomfort of the accident, a heavy rain was now dashing against the windows. The conductor was already burdened with packages, besides having that helpless Miss Shoddy upon his arm; so Floy, giving but one thought to the dubious prospect, drew her waterproof well around her and sallied forth. But as she reached the door of the car, she heard, "Allow me to help you, Miss Percy!" in a quiet voice at her side, and in the light of the brakeman's lantern she saw the blue eyes smiling down at her, and her hand was quietly drawn within the gentleman's arm, while with the other he held her *protégé*. The walk through the night rain was, of course, neither romantic nor pleasant, and but few words were spoken. When they reached the train, he procured a comfortable seat for her, and then went to a sleeping car with his charge, so she saw him no more that night. At seven next morning Floy was in her friend's arms in the old school-girl fashion, and, as the Hudson carriage bore her away from the dépôt, she saw the "blue-eyed knight" of her adventure enter a stylish phaeton, and drive rapidly away. "So he lives here," she thought.

"O Floy!" broke in her friend, and all thoughts of the stranger were lost in their "girl chatter," as Belle's brother called it.

Weeks flew by amid the gayeties of Belle Hudson's city home, and gradually all remembrance of magnetic blue eyes faded out of Floy's mind. Party, and opera, and theatre followed in rapid succession, but never was Floy too much engaged for the long weekly letter to her brother. The cup of flattery was placed often to the rosy lips, but she learned to value those airy nothings for what they are really worth, and was still unchanged in mind and heart.

"Who is this Mr. Clayton you speak so much of?" she asked of her friend's brother, one morning, as they lingered over their coffee.

"Why," said Belle, before Stuart could answer, "according to Stuart, he is *the* man in the world, all goodness, etc., but"—

"Belle," said her brother, with an annoyed air, "why will you speak so of my best friend? Miss Floy, he is one of the noblest men in the world. If Belle knew from what he had saved her brother, she would value him as highly"—

"Forgive me, Stuart, I understand," said Belle, with tears in her eyes. And when she and Floy were alone, she told her of the time when Stuart Hudson's life-boat seemed almost sinking beneath the waves of dissipation, and of all his student friends two only came to his rescue, and giving him a cordial helping hand placed him on his feet again, with the star of ambition to guide him. "I only learned to-day that it was Hugh Clayton who aided *your* brother, Floy, in this work," and Belle's voice trembled with emotion.

And Floy lifted her heart in a grateful prayer for her noble brother. But why, with the mention of Hugh Clayton, came there to Floy a fleeting memory of tender blue eyes, and a thrilling manly voice?

But time flew on, and Christmas came with all its gayeties. It was the night before the festival that Floy, being at the theatre with her friends, suddenly grasped Belle's hand. "Belle, who is the gentleman in the box opposite—alone?" was the low, hurried question.

"Why," said Belle, in the same tone, "that is the identical Hugh Clayton, and"—

But Floy heard no more, for she had recognized in this gentleman her knight of the railroad adventure, and saw that he knew her.

"Floy, are you asleep?" said Belle, impatiently, as the maiden addressed walked off the curbstone as they reached the street, thereby causing much discomfort to their mutual escort. But they reached the carriage safely, and, if Floy were asleep, her dreams were strangely vivid and well-connected.

On New Year's Day Mr. Clayton's card was banded to Miss Percy, and after that his visits were frequent until Floy went home, and soon after that, strangely enough, Mr. Clayton fol-

lowed, and with Grant's hearty consent carried her to his Southern home as his bride.

Of course Floy did not forget to inquire after her whilom *protégé*, and Hugh had answered: "My *little nephew* is quite well, and delighted with his new home." But it was not until after they were married that she told him of her former supposition regarding the boy.

"And, do you know, Floy," he said, "I guessed it all the time? And when his mother, my sister, died, and I consented to bring him North to his grandmother, I thought the mistake would be made, but I never thought that Howard would win me a bride." And, dear reader, we'll not remain any longer.

Grant looks on benignantly from his writing desk, where lies a very suspicious looking missive, addressed "Miss Belle Hudson," etc. If what rumor saith is true, Grant will soon have a housekeeper in his sister's place. And this is what came of Floy's trip to New York.

EARNEST LOVE.

BY E. BLYN.

Oh, tell me not that earnest love
Is but a tinted haze
Pervading life's auroral ray,
That fades, like morning mists, away,
Before the light of manhood's day;
It lights my path, my skies above,
With an enduring blaze.

It shines adown my future years,
And gilds them all with hope;
It stirs to thought my sluggish brain,
My energies to daily strain
That I renown and wealth may gain;
It bids me not succumb to fears,
Nor in despondence grope.

If I shall bear from life's hard field
The laurels of renown,
For which my darling oft hath prayed,
For which I battle undismayed,
At her dear feet they shall be laid,
And all that love and toil can yield
My darling's life shall crown.

WOMAN was made out of the rib taken from the side of a man; not out of his head, to rule him, but out of his side, to be his equal; under his arm, to be protected; and near his heart, to be beloved.—*Matthew Henry*.

MAN is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of his acts. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world: it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure, she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and, if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.—*Washington Irving*.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

CAMEO PATTERN.

(See Colored Plate, May number.)

Materials.—Crochet cotton No. 12; one ounce of colored Berlin wool; twelve yards of mohair braid, about three-quarters of an inch wide; and needles Nos. 1 and 2½. The braid and wool should either match in color, or be a direct contrast. Or the braid may be dark green or mauve, and the wool a light shade of these new colors.

THE CAMEO.

1st Leaf. Commence with the cotton and No. 2½ needle, work 22 chain, turn, and down the chain miss 1, 2 plain, 2 treble, 3 long, 2 treble, 2 plain, 2 single, leaving 8 chain for the stem; and for

THE FLOWER.—Make 16 chain, turn, miss the last 8 and work 1 single in the 8th stitch of the chain to form a round loop; turn, so as to cross, and in the round loop work 1 plain.

1st round. Make (5 chain and 1 plain in the round loop, 6 times); 1 single on the 1st plain stitch.

2d. Turn the loops of the 1st round down under the thumb, put the needle in the round loop at the back, between the two 1st plain of the 1st round, and work 1 plain; then make 5 chain, join to the 1st long stitch of the leaf; and on the 5 chain, miss 1, 1 plain, 2 treble which leaves 1 chain; make 1 chain and work 1 plain in the round loop, between the two next plain stitches of the 1st round, that is, at the back of the second loop of chain; then * 6 chain, turn, and on these 6 chain, miss 2, 1 plain and 2 treble; then 1 chain and 1 plain in the round loop at the back of the next loop of chain; repeat from * 3 times more, forming in all 5 divisions; then on the 7 chain, work 3 plain and 4 single; and on the 8 chain, 2 single.

2d Leaf. Make 6 chain, join to the last division of the flower; 6 chain, turn, miss 1, 2 plain, 3 treble; and on the next 6 chain work 3 long, 1 treble, 1 plain, and 1 single; then on the stem 5 plain, 1 single.

THE OVAL, 1st round. Make 6 chain, and up the stem and 1st leaf, miss 10, and work 1 long, 6 chain, miss 5, 1 treble on the leaf—6 chain, 1 plain at the point of the leaf, then (6 chain and 1 plain on each of the 3 divisions of the flower); 6 chain, 1 plain on the point of the 2d leaf—6 chain, miss 5, 1 treble on the leaf; 6 chain, miss 4, 1 treble; 6 chain, 1 single on the last stitch of the stem. Fasten off.

2d. Use the wool and No. 1 needle, and commencing in one of the loops of 6 chain in the 1st round, work 1 plain in it; then * for the 1st point make 5 chain, and work 1 plain in the 1st stitch of these 5 chain, then 2 plain more in the same 6 chain as before; for the 2d point make 5 chain and 1 plain in the 1st stitch of these 5

chain; then miss 1 and work 2 plain in the next 6 chain. Repeat from * all round, when there will be 20 small points; end with 1 single on the 1st stitch. Fasten off.

3d. Use the cotton and needles as before, and commence in the point of the last round which is over the end of the stem, make 6 chain, and work 1 plain in each point; repeat all round.

4th. Miss 1 and work 7 plain in each loop of the last round, so as to form 20 little scallops. Fasten off.

THE SECOND CAMEO.—Repeat the whole of the direction of the first cameo to the last 7 plain of the 4th round, then work 4 plain in the last loop, join to the centre of the 11th scallop in the 1st cameo, then 3 plain in the same loop, and 3 single on the 1st 3 plain of the round, join to the next scallop of the 1st cameo, 1 single, and fasten off.

Repeat this cameo until sufficient are made for one stripe.

THE JOINING PATTERN.

1st row. Commence with the cotton, make 4 chain. Take the left side of the first cameo, and join to the centre of the 6th scallop, counting from where the two are attached; then 3 chain, 1 single in the 1st stitch of the 4 chain, which forms a small loop; * make 8 chain, join to the 5th or next scallop to the right, miss 1 and 1 single on the 8 chain; 8 chain again, join to the 4th scallop, miss 1 and 1 single on the 8 chain; then 10 chain, join to the 3d scallop; 3 chain and 1 single in the 7th stitch of the 10 chain; then 17 chain, join to the 2d scallop; 7 chain and 1 single in the 10th stitch of the 17 chain; then 10 chain, join to the 1st scallop; 9 chain and 1 single in the 1st stitch of the 10 chain; make 10 chain again, join to the 1st scallop of the next cameo; 9 chain and 1 single in the 1st stitch of the 10 chain; then 8 chain, join to the next scallop; 7 chain and 1 single in the 1st stitch of the 8 chain; then 13 chain, join to the next scallop; 3 chain and 1 single in the 10th stitch of the 13 chain; repeat from *, ending with the small loop attached to the 6th scallop of the last cameo; then turn so as to work along the chain stitch.

2d. For the dot make 5 chain and work 1 single in the 1st stitch of these 5 chain; then 3 single on the last 6 chain of the 1st row; then make a dot and 3 more single. Work the same on the other two loops of 6 chain, then on the 9 chain make a dot and 3 single 3 times; make a 10th dot; then 7 chain and 1 single in the third stitch of the 7 chain, to form the 11th dot; and on the next 9 chain work 3 single; then a dot and 3 single twice. Repeat from the commencement of the row.

For the right side, commence at the 6th scallop of the last cameo, and repeat as before.

THE WREATH.

1st Leaf. With the cotton make 12 chain, turn, miss 2, 1 plain, 2 treble, 1 plain, and 1 single, leaving 5 chain for the centre stem. Repeat the leaf until sufficient is made for the stripe; and for

The leaves on the other side. Work 1 single more on the last 5 chain; and for the leaf make 7 chain, turn, miss 2, 1 plain, 2 treble, 1 plain, and 1 single; then 4 single on the 4 chain of the stem. Repeat to the end.

THE DOTS.—Commence in the point of the

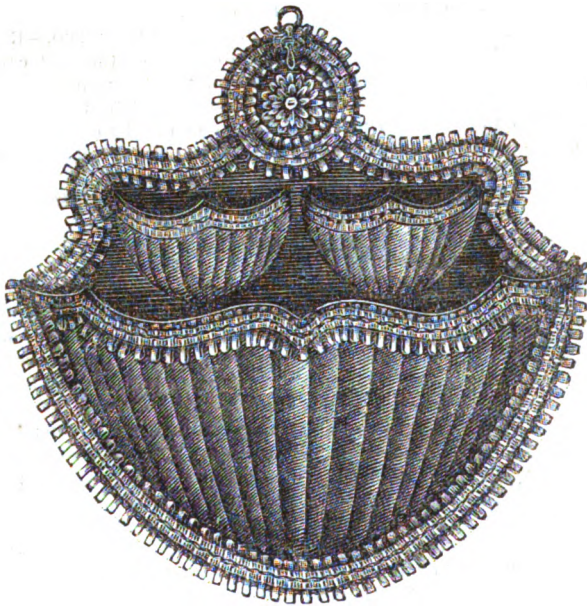
loops on the braid, two on the insertion, three on the next braid, and one loop on each scallop of the cameo. Repeat all round.

2d. Make 5 chain, and work 3 treble in each loop of chain. Repeat all round.

3d. Use the wool. Make 7 chain, and work 1 plain on the centre of each 3 treble. Repeat, and fasten off.

BED POCKET.

THIS pocket is to hang on the wall at the side of the bed, to hold handkerchief, brush and comb, etc. It is composed of fine white



1st leaf, make 6 chain, and work 1 single in the 2d stitch of these 6 chain; 6 chain again, 1 single in the 2d stitch; then 1 chain and 1 single on the point of the next leaf; repeat to the end. Work the other side the same.

THE BRAID.—Take a length of the braid, and with a needle and thread secure the ends by stitching them in a slanting direction, as in the engraving; then commencing at the point of it, sew the dots of the insertion to the side of the braid, placing the tops of them a trifle over the braid and stitching them to it; then take another length of braid and attach the other side of the insertion to it. The dots of the cameos are to be joined in the same manner.

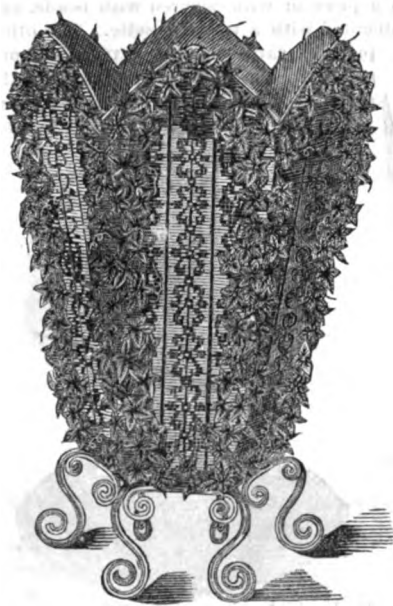
THE BORDER, 1st round. Use the cotton, and commence on the stripe of braid which forms one side of the antimacassar; work a row of 7 chain and 1 plain, putting the needle in the braid and using it for the foundation; the stitches should be three-eighths of an inch apart; then along the end of the pattern work three

muslin lined with pink and plaited, trimmed all around with a pink satin ribbon quilled. The pockets are trimmed the same. A rosette of ribbon is in the centre of back, to which a hook is attached to fasten to wall.

WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

THIS waste-paper basket consists of six parts of deal canvas pointed off at the top, each about thirteen inches long, six inches and a fifth wide at the top, and four inches and two-fifths wide at the bottom. These parts are fastened on to a card-board centre, which is mounted upon a bamboo stand. The deal canvas consists of small pieces of deal fastened on to one another. The different parts of the basket are bound with ribbon and embroidered in gobelin stitch with purple wool. For each square row of the pattern insert the needle between the strips of deal and work two stitches close to one another. Before beginning to work, always fasten the

Fig. 1.



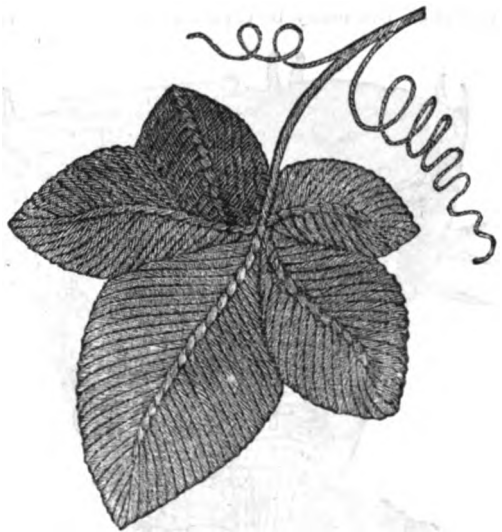
wool on to the thread which joins the strips of deal together; when the wool is to be carried from one place to the other, always fasten it in a straight line above the place where the needle is to be drawn out. The ornaments of the basket

Fig. 3.



consist of leaves or green wool of four shades, arranged into a garland on a strip of card-board an inch and four-fifths wide, covered with some material. Before working these leaves, trace the outlines of each leaf separately on stiff linen, and work them in satin stitch in the

Fig. 2.

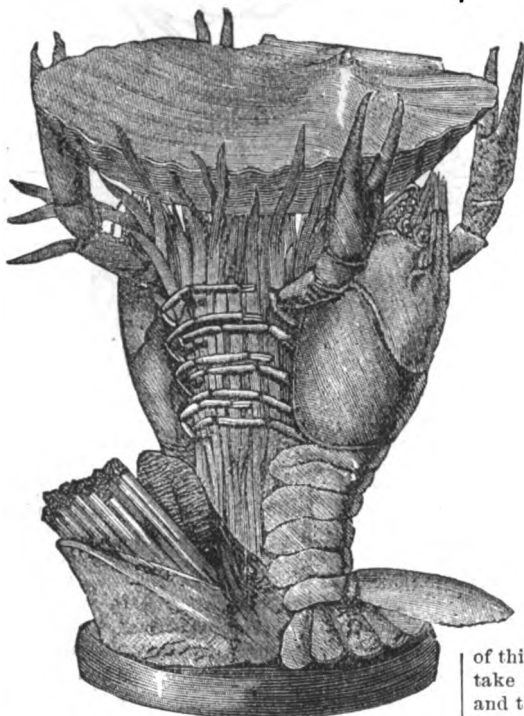


manner seen in Fig. 2, which shows such a leaf full size. Each leaf is worked in several shades. Then cut the leaves out, fasten a piece of wire in the centre, which forms at the same time the veining and the stem; cover the stem with green wool and the veining with overcast stitch, the side veinings of the leaf are also worked in overcast stitches, but not over wire. Fig. 3 shows another kind of leaf full size. It is made of green or red-brown crape, taken several times double, which is worked round with buttonhole stitch round the edges, over wire; the veinings are worked in coral stitch. These leaves are also suitable for bell-ropes or Vandyke trimmings.

CIGAR ASH STAND.

THIS curious little stand for containing cigar ashes is easy to make, and that with materials easily procured. An oyster-shell is meant to hold the cigar ashes, and this shell is supported by two crawfish. The under part is formed of a round piece of black varnished wood, measuring three inches across, and two-fifths of an inch in thickness. A piece of Spanish bamboo three inches long is fastened into a hole in the centre of this wooden circle, and fastened at the top under the shell. At the bottom of the bamboo fasten long narrow green feathers, which imitate reeds. Two boiled crawfish (the meat being of course taken out), gummed together, and made yet brighter with vermilion and gum, are gummed on to the stand and oyster-shell from illustration. At the bottom of the tail they are nailed upon the wooden circle. The head of a dried pike is nailed on close to the crawfish; the open mouth of this fish is meant to hold the matches, and

for lighting these a small ribbed shell is also nailed on to the stand. The arrangement of the whole can easily be copied from illustration.



tion. In Paris, one sees some wondrous little articles made of lobster-shell—its bright color giving a glow and bestowing an effect quite astonishing to those who have not seen them.

WATCH-STAND.

Materials.—Dark red velvet, gold beads, card-board, wire.

THIS watch-stand is made of card-board, dark red velvet, and gold beads. The top is ornamented with a silk cushion, covered with a tatted rosette. First make the bottom part of the stand in card-board. It is four inches and three-fifths long, and three inches and two-fifths wide, cut out in four scallops in the manner seen in illustration, and covered with velvet on the top. Round the edge sew on a row of gold beads close to one another with overcast stitch, threading on three or four gold beads for every stitch, thus imitating a metal border. For the upper part of the watch-stand cut two pieces of card-board, each four inches long, two inches and four-fifths wide, and curve them in the manner seen in illustration. One of the pieces of card-board is covered on one side with velvet. Work a small bead rosette from illustration, and fasten it at the upper edge with a brass hook; fasten likewise on this part a small

silk quilted cushion. This cushion is edged with a piece of wire covered with beads, and ornamented with a tatted rosette. The other piece of card-board is covered on one side with black silk. The frame of the watch-stand consists of a piece of wire



twelve inches long. Bend the six inches in the middle into a loop, which measures one inch and three-fifths across at the place where it is widest; both the ends of this piece of wire are bent into circles. Then take two pieces of wire, each thirteen inches and three-fifths long, wind them round the first piece of wire, binding them also into loops four-fifths of an inch long in the middle of the completed loop; one of these loops must be turned upwards, the other downwards. Fasten another piece of overspun wire five inches and three-fifths long underneath the large loop, at the place where the pieces of wire cross each other; the ends are likewise bent into loops, and must be placed opposite the first circles. The frame is then closely covered with gold beads, then fasten it from illustration on the watch-stand with the two short loops, bending them so as to give them a slanting shape. Lastly, fasten on the stand the part covered with the cushion, and cover the bottom part of the stand with black silk or glazed paper.

PAPER FLOWERS.

FULL-BLOWN MALLOW ARRANGED AS A BOUQUET FOR A VASE.

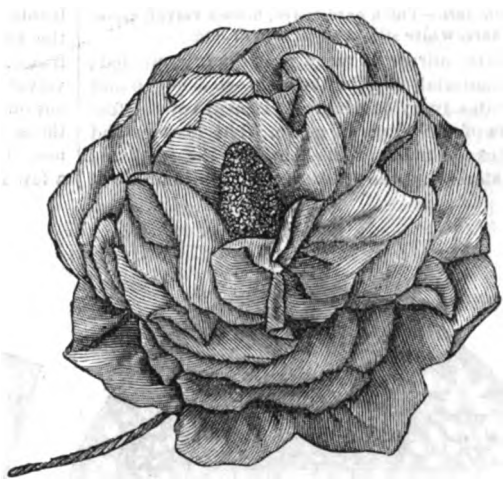
Materials.—Colored and white tissue paper, several shades of water color paints, fine yellow sand, flower wire, thick dissolved gum, pincers.

FIG. 1 represents a branch of mallow in reduced size, with graduated buds and flowers. About twelve such branches are required for a vase. FIG. 2 gives a flower in full size. For a shaded flower, white tissue paper, covered with carmine, or any other color suitable to the

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



flower, may be used. For the colored flowers, tissue paper of the proper color must be selected.

Circles of paper of two sizes may be cut out for each flower. The flowers look more natural not cut too much of a size; these must be folded together from the middle to form a triangle, and then, having folded the flower part so that the paper is threefold, cut so that scallops are formed. Then take the under part of the triangle with the left hand between a piece of thin old linen, lay it with its contents upon a corner of a table, hold it firmly, and push with a twisting movement, pressing the ball of the right hand with great force over it several times, which gives the necessary folds for the circle of petals. Afterwards the triangle of

of petals are placed in regular order; sometimes, also, two of the smallest are first pushed on the wire stalk, and pressed on to it, which must have a pistil of wadding and colored sand (see Fig. 3).

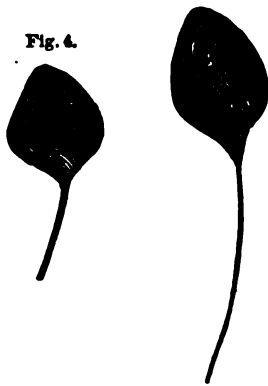
The smaller the corolla the fewer the number of petal circles; the smallest have no pistils. The bud represented in Fig. 4 is composed of wadding wetted with gum, and painted green; the point is squeezed with the pincers crosswise, according to Fig. 5. All the stalks have light green tissue paper twisted round them.

The green leaves may be purchased at very little expense.

Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



white tissue paper must be painted and dipped in clean water, and then laid upon the edge of a plate that the color may gradually run; and, lastly, the separate circles of petals are laid out to dry.

For the large flowers, the sizes for the circles

INITIAL MEDALLION.



SUITABLE for a pocket-handkerchief. These are worked partly in *appliqué*, partly in satin stitch. The open-work parts are worked in straight and slanting ladder stitches.

HAND MIRROR.

Materials.—Thick card-board, brown velvet, goose feathers, white silk, a small mirror, etc.

THIS mirror is very prettily ornamented; the material used for the purpose is cheap and imitates ivory carving. It is made of the feathers of the wings of geese. The flowers and leaves are made of the fringe of the feathers; the stems and the framework on the handle of

Fig. 1.



the mirror are made of the quills, Fig. 1. The shape of the mirror is made of thick card-board, over which a thin, flat, fork-shaped wooden frame is fastened so as to render the shape stronger. This frame is covered on the upper side with velvet, on the wrong side with *glacé*

silk. The velvet covering is edged outside and inside with chenille. The pattern is sewn on the velvet before fastening the latter on the frame. The mirror is fastened between the velvet and the card-board. For the pattern, cut off the fringed part a certain number of feathers, some of which must be shaved and some not. (The feathers are shaved by holding them a few minutes in hot ashes, and then rubbing

Fig. 2.



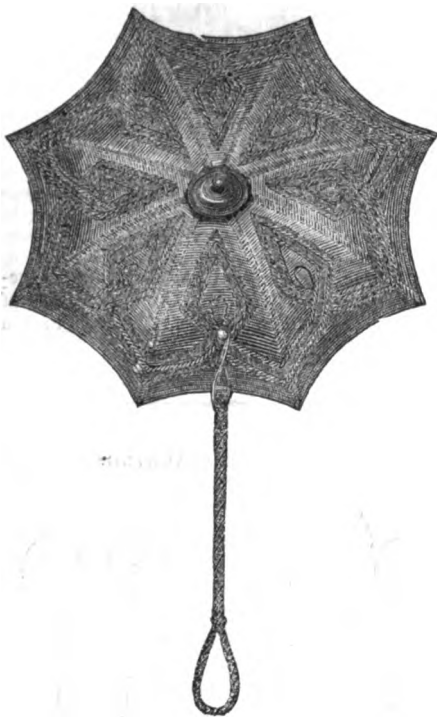
them hard with some woollen material.) The feathers are then split and softened in warm water. Whilst they are softening they must be arranged in the shapes seen on illustrations, and bent accordingly. The separate leaves are then arranged from Fig. 2. The larger flowers are sewn on with silk thickly covered with wax; they are fastened on a card-board foundation of corresponding shape. For the roses, take the leaves made with the feathers from which the fringe has not been shaved off; the leaves, buds, and small blossoms are made

separately with the other feathers. The stems of the leaves and buds are made of the upper part of the quills which have been split into narrow pieces. For the cores and stamens paste on a sufficient quantity of liquid gum, which must be scraped off with a knife. The framework on the handle of the mirror is made with the inner part of the feather, and sewn on in the manner seen in illustration.

LADY'S COMPANION IN SHAPE OF A PARASOL.

THIS companion is in the shape of a parasol (see Fig. 1). The lower part of the parasol, which simulates the lining, and forms the bot-

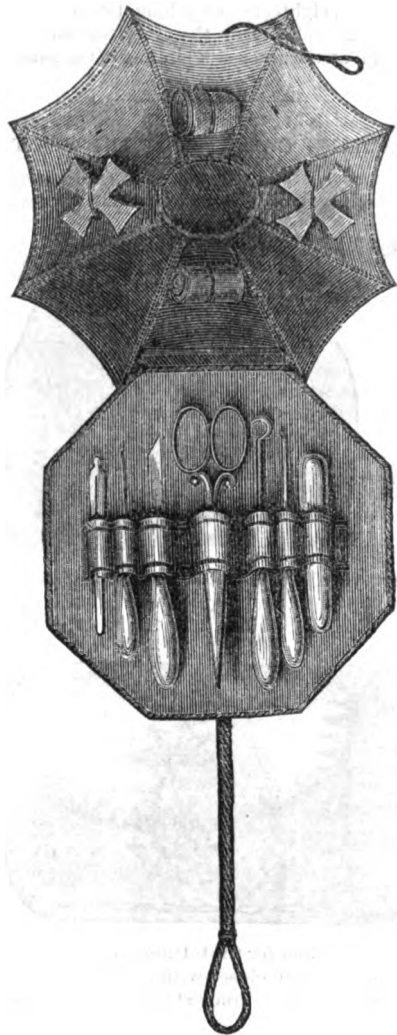
Fig. 1.



tom of the case, is made of card-board, on to which the handle is fastened—on one side only, to the upper part of the parasol—and is buttoned on to it by means of an elastic loop. Cut first for the parasol eight similar parts of thick card-board, cover them on both sides with green silk, and sew them together with overcast stitches. Then cut eight similar parts of green watered silk, draw the pattern seen in illustration on them. Then work the embroidering. The outer lines are formed of fine gold braid, sewn on with black silk; the inner fine lines of green silk braid, sewn on with silk of the same color. Between the lines work point russe with

green purse silk. Then sew the watered silk parts over those of card-board, carefully turning in the edges, and sewing them together with overcast stitches. Sew on inside the parasol a small cushion (see Fig. 2), edge it with gold braid, and fasten strips of elastic over it. Fasten a small metal button in the middle of the embroidered part, and a similar one at the lower edge of the parasol, which fastens at the same time an elastic loop one inch and a quarter long. Then cut an eight-cornered piece of card-board, which must fit

Fig. 2.

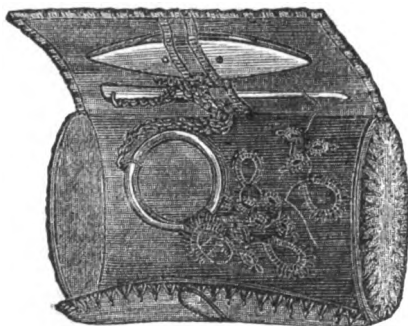


exactly into the upper part of the parasol; cover it on one side with green silk, so that it forms a border of one-fifth of an inch on the other side. On the side covered with silk sew on a ribbon four-fifths of an inch wide, stitched

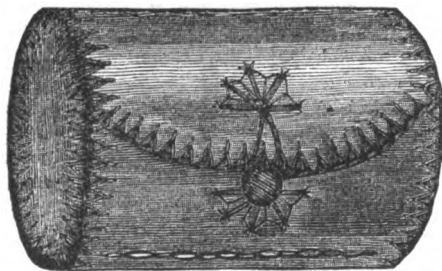
across at different intervals, into which the sewing implements are to be placed. Then fasten at the edge of this part several pieces of wire about three inches and three-quarters long for the handle; these are twisted and bent into a loop at bottom, and wound round with dark brown beads. On the opposite side of the same part fasten a piece of green ribbon four inches long and four-fifths of an inch wide; it forms the hinge, and is stitched down at the other end on the lining of the upper part of the parasol. The lower part of the parasol is covered on the wrong side with green silk, sewn on in plaits. Then cut a long straight strip of green silk, eighteen inches long, two inches and two-fifths wide. Sew the ends together, and gather it on the green silk binding of the parasol.

TATTING CASE, OPEN AND SHUT.

THE case is made of pieces of card-board of the shape seen in illustration. The pieces are



then covered with scarlet merino. After they are joined together, they are worked around the edge with black silk. The inside of case has



pieces sewed on for the tatting implements. It is fastened when closed with a button and loop, worked around in fancy stitch in black silk.

EMBROIDERED SCISSOR SHEATH.

Materials.—Gray kid, gold thread, gold lace, card-board, white kid, gray sewing silk.

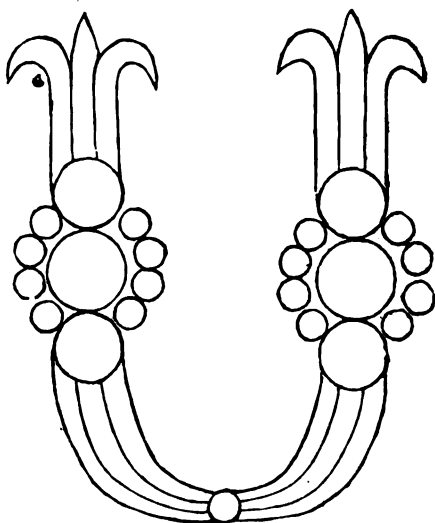
THIS scissor case can be made of gray kid,

cloth, watered silk, or velvet of any color preferred. Instead of embroidering with gold thread, purse silk of different colors may be chosen. The embroidery is worked in raised satin stitch and overcast. The case is made of white card-board, which is covered outside with the embroidered material, and inside with



white kid; the different parts are sewn together with overcast stitch. On the outlines of the case sew on a gold lace, a silk cord, or some chenille.

LETTER FOR MARKING.



Receipts, &c.

PRESERVES.

Apple Jelly.—Select any rich juiced apple, such as golden pippin, Newtown pippin, or bellflower, wash and wipe them, removing the stems and any imperfections of the skin. Allow one quart of water to one peck of apples, and cover the kettle tight. Be careful not to burn the fruit. When perfectly tender, pour them into a jelly-bag, without pressing, and let it drain into an earthen dish until the next morning. Measure the juice, and allow for every pint one pound of granulated sugar, place the syrup on the fire in a preserving kettle; as soon as it becomes hot, stir in the sugar; when it is melted, the jelly is ready for the moulds. It must not boil. Apple jelly can receive any flavor desired of fruit or extracts. The most appropriate are lemon, quince, and bitter almond.

Apple Marmalade.—Take either common or crab apples; after they are washed and wiped clean, steam them by placing a preserving kettle, over a boiler of hot water, with a very little water, not over a pint to a peck of apples; cover tight; when perfectly cooked, pass the fruit through a sieve. Weigh the pulp; to every pound allow one pound of granulated sugar. Boil the pulp until quite thick, then add the sugar. It must be cooked until stiff enough to mould, and stirred constantly to prevent burning. The common apple can be flavored, but the crab is better without.

Currant Jelly.—Pick currants always for jam and jelly on a dry day, and before they are dead ripe; when very sweet and nice for table use, the gelatine has been converted by a process of nature into sugar. Currants must be scalded the same day they are picked, or they may not jelly; look them over, carefully removing all stems, and scald them over boiling water in an enamelled kettle, but do not allow them to reach boiling heat, and pour them in the jelly-bag, without bruising, while hot; hang the bag over an earthen dish, and let them drip, without pressing, until the next morning. Then measure the juice, and allow eight and a half pounds of sugar to eight pints of the juice; put the juice in an enamelled kettle over a clear fire, remove all the scum that rises, and when boiling hot scatter in the sugar with one hand, and stir the jelly with the other; let the jelly become nearly boiling hot, slip in the skimmer, shake it in the cold if it appears like setting, dish it immediately into small moulds, tumblers, or jars. If the currants were in a right state, the jelly will set by the time the sugar dissolves. White currants do not make as pretty jelly as red, but equal parts of white and red make a beautiful jelly. Use only the best sugar for all jellies. Put over jelly, when cold, a tissue-paper wet in brandy, and cover the jars or moulds, with paper cut to fit and notched, wet with the white of eggs beaten stiff. The jelly-bag may be pressed, and a solid but cloudy jelly made from the juice obtained. It is as good for cakes and gravies as the other.

Currant Jam.—Boil the currants gently one hour with the sugar, and put it in jars. This will be dark and very rich, it will not work, and can be used to advantage in large families. If boiled until very thick, it will keep years. If it candies, set the jar in boiling water until it heats through and dissolves the sugar.

Raspberry Jelly.—Prepare the fruit as directed in currant jelly, and make the jelly as there directed.

If raspberries are scarce, use one pint of currant juice to two of the raspberry, and the flavor will be quite as pleasant.

Raspberry or Blackberry Jam.—Boil the fruit after it is weighed until reduced one-third, then add as many pounds of sugar as there was fruit, stir in the sugar gradually, and as soon as it melts and becomes boiling hot, put it in small bottles with large corks while boiling hot, cork immediately and seal carefully. If the bottles are put in cold water, and heated to boiling heat, and drained over heat, and filled while hot, they will not break with the jam; but if cold when the preserve is put in the bottles, they may crack.

Strawberry Jam.—Boil the strawberries until reduced to paste; have ready as many pounds of the best sugar as there was fruit before boiling; add the sugar, stirring constantly until the jam is reduced to a stiff paste; pack it in jars while hot, and cover with paper wet with egg. (See currant jelly.)

Raspberry Syrup.—One pint of juice, two pounds of sugar. Choose the fruit, either red or white, mash it in a pan, and put it in a warm place for two or three days, or until the fermentation has commenced. All mucilaginous fruits require this, or the syrup would jelly after it is bottled. Filter the juice through a flannel bag, add the sugar in powder, and stir it until dissolved; take it off, let it get cold, take off the scum, and bottle it. The addition of a few tablespoonfuls of a good fruit syrup to a glass of iced water or soda water produces a refreshing summer beverage.

Morello Cherry Syrup.—Take the stones out of the cherries, wash them, and press out the juice in an earthen pan; let it stand in a cool place for two days, then filter; add two pounds of sugar to one pint of juice, stir it well on the fire, and give it one or two boils.

Mulberry Syrup.—One pint of juice, one pound and three-quarters of sugar. Press out the juice, and finish as cherry syrup.

Gooseberry Syrup.—One pint of juice, one pound and three-quarters of sugar. To twelve pounds of ripe gooseberries add two pounds of cherries without stones, squeeze out the juice, and finish as others.

Ginger Beer Powders.—Powdered white sugar two drachms, powdered ginger five grains, carbonate of soda twenty-six grains; mix, and wrap in blue paper; tartaric acid thirty grains; wrap in white paper. For use dissolve each separately in half a glass of water, mix, and drink while effervescing.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Lamb's Kidneys.—Cut your kidneys lengthwise, but not through, put four or five on a skewer, lay them on a gridiron over clear, lively coals, pouring the red gravy into a bowl each time they are turned; five minutes on the gridiron will do. Take them up, cut them in pieces, put them into a pan with the gravy you have saved, a large lump of butter, with pepper, salt, a pinch of flour, glass of Madeira; fry the whole for two minutes, and serve very hot.

Beefsteak and Oyster Pie.—Cut three pounds of fillet of beef or rump steaks into large scallops, fry them quickly over a very brisk fire so as to brown them before they are half done; then place them on the bottom of the dish, leaving the centre open in two successive layers; fill the centre with four dozen oysters, previously parboiled and bearded, season with pepper and salt, and pour the following preparation over the whole. When the scallops of beef have been fried in sauce or frying-pan, pour nearly all the grease out, and shake a tablespoonful of flour

into it; stir this over the fire for one minute, and then add a pint of good gravy or broth, two table-spoonfuls of mushroom catsup, and the liquor of the oysters; stir the whole over the fire, and keep it boiling for a quarter of an hour. Half an hour after this sauce has been poured into the pie, cover it with puff-paste in the usual way, bake it for an hour and a half, and serve.

Beef Sanders.—Mince cold beef small with onions, add pepper and salt and a little gravy; put into a pie-dish until about three parts full. Then fill up with mashed potatoes. Bake in an oven or before the fire until done a light brown. Mutton may be cooked in the same way.

To Boil Broccoli.—Cut off the stalks and outside leaves, letting only enough remain to make them look well, and to keep the flower compact. Put them into hot water, and let them boil gently until the flower is quite tender—not long enough for them to break. The rule of cooking them until the stalk is soft holds good only when they are fresh cut, and then only if they have been quickly grown, otherwise the flower breaks before the harder stalk becomes tender. If fresh, they take about a quarter of an hour; but if they are not quite fresh, or have been rather long growing, they take longer. Drain them, and put them to keep hot until the moment of serving. Send melted butter to table with them.

Shoulder of Mutton.—A shoulder of mutton weighing about six pounds requires one hour and a half to roast; if stuffed, a quarter of an hour longer. Before cooking it, take out the bone, and fill the space with a dressing of bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, parsley, sweet marjoram, one egg, and a small piece of butter, mixed together.

A Nice Stew.—Take five or six mutton chops, same quantity of beef in thick pieces, same quantity of veal and pork, six or eight good potatoes, peeled and divided in four, half a pound of onions, a spoonful of white pepper, about one and a half salt-spoonful of salt, a pint of good broth or gravy, flavored with catsup. Cover all down closely, to prevent the escape of steam, and let the stewpan simmer very slowly for two hours. A slice or two of dressed ham is a great improvement; but the art is in simmering slowly as possible and never allowing the simmer to go off. To prevent burning, stir the stew with a spoon every quarter of an hour.

Veal Sausages.—Chop equal quantities of lean veal and fat bacon, a handful of sage, a little salt, pepper, and a few anchovies. Beat all in a mortar; and when used, roll and fry it; serve with fried sippets or on stewed vegetables.

Pig's Head Baked.—Let it be divided and thoroughly cleaned; take out the brains, trim the snout and ears, bake it an hour and a half; wash the brains thoroughly, blanch them, beat them up with an egg, pepper and salt, and some finely-chopped or pounded sage, and a small piece of butter; fry them, or brown them before the fire; serve with the head.

Pig's Head Boiled.—This is a more profitable dish, though not so pleasant to the palate. It should first be salted, which is usually done by the pork butcher. It should be boiled an hour and a quarter; it must be boiled gently, or the meat will be hard; serve with vegetables.

Science of Soup Making.—In boiling meat for soup, cold water should be used at first, so as to extract as much of the nutritive juices as possible, and the heat be raised gradually. But if the meat be wanted in a boiled state for itself, and not for its soup, then it should be plunged at once into boiling water, and kept boiling for a few minutes, so that all the outer

albumen may be coagulated, in order to imprison the sapid and nutritive juices; then cold water should be added till the temperature is reduced to 160°, at which it should be kept till the cooking is completed, because that heat is necessary for the coagulation of the coloring matter of the blood. In all cases, no more heat than is sufficient should be employed in cooking. Thus, in making soup, all the fire in the world will not make the water hotter than its boiling temperature, at which point it can be retained by a very moderate expenditure of fuel. Violent ebullition, such as we see cooks often practise, while it does no good, does much harm, not only by wasting coal, but also by carrying off in the steam much of the aromatic and volatile ingredients of the food.

Poultry Salad.—Take a cold roast fowl and cut it up. Put it into a deep dish or salad bowl; mingle it with bits of the hearts of lettuce. Add hard eggs, anchovies cut in strips, gherkins, and herbs. Vinegar and other sauce may be added after it comes to table.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Almond Cake.—One pound of sifted white sugar, half a pound of sifted flour, thirteen eggs, beaten separately; beat the whites of the eggs with the sugar, four ounces of sweet almonds, two of bitter almonds, or six ounces of sweet almonds; take out two ounces and saturate well with extract of almonds; add part of the flour with the yolks of the eggs; part of the almonds should be pulverized fine.

Good Waffles.—A pint of new milk, the yolks of four beaten eggs, stirred in the milk, and afterwards the whites, a quarter of a pound of butter, melted and stirred in, a little salt, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in the milk and strained, nearly all the flour, one pint of sour cream, and sufficient flour to make the batter as stiff as pound cake. Serve as soon as baked. Grease the irons with sweet butter. Serve with pulverized loaf-sugar and strong cinnamon, ground and sifted.

An Excellent Lemon Pudding.—Beat the yolks of four eggs; add four ounces of white sugar, the rind of a lemon being rubbed with some lumps of it to take the essence; then peel, and beat it in a mortar with the juice of a lemon, mix all with four ounces or five ounces of butter warmed. Put a crust into a shallow dish, nick the edges, and put the above into it. When served, turn the pudding out of the dish.

Macaroons.—Blanche four ounces of almonds, and pound with four spoonfuls of orange-flower water; whisk the whites of four eggs to a froth, then mix it and a pound of sugar, sifted, with the almonds to a paste, and, laying a sheet of wafer-paper on a tin, put it on in different little cakes the shape of macaroons.

Caledonian Cream.—Two ounces of raspberry jam or jelly, two ounces of red currant jelly, two ounces of sifted loaf-sugar, the whites of two eggs put into a bowl and beaten with a spoon for three-quarters of an hour. This makes a very pretty cream, and is good and economical.

Dishes with White of Egg.—**Meringues.**—After beating the whites of five eggs to a strong froth, add a tablespoonful and a half of sifted loaf-sugar, and mix it in by degrees. Flour or sugar some paper, and drop the mixture on it about the size of a pigeon's egg, or turn it out of a spoon; put it in the oven for twenty minutes. When cold, scrape out any of the froth remaining moist inside, and fill them either with flavored cream or jam. They should be baked in a slow oven; and, if not sent to table at once, it

is better to put them in the oven again for five minutes before serving, to raise them.

Spanish Cream.—Two tablespoonfuls of ground rice, the peel of a large lemon, grated, the yolks of two eggs, one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of pounded sugar, one ounce of sweet almonds, one ounce of preserved orange or citron. Beat the eggs well first, and, after mixing all the ingredients, except the almonds and preserved orange or citron, put them into a stewpan, and set it on a very slow fire, stirring the mixture one way until it becomes thicker than custard. Then pour it into a glass dish, and ornament it with the almonds and citron cut into strips and slices. The almonds must, of course, be blanched before they are placed on the cream.

Steamed Bread and Butter Pudding.—Lay your bread and butter in a pudding basin, with layers of fruit jam between; add a custard as for a baked pudding, and then steam it. When served, pour a custard over it.

Fortunatus Pudding.—Two eggs and their weight in butter and loaf-sugar; melt the butter a little, and beat well together. Line the dish with puff paste, and lay some fruit jam upon it. Pour the batter in, and bake a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes.

THE TEPID-BATH.

On immersing the body in a tepid-bath, which takes its range from 85 to 90 degrees, no striking sensation either of heat or cold is felt. But a person much chilled will on entering the tepid-bath feel the water warm, while another, who has been heated by exercise, will find it insensibly cold.

The tepid-bath is attended with several advantages; the surface of the skin is by it freed from that scaly matter, which always collects more or less on the healthiest person; the pores of the skin thus being free, the natural perspiration is promoted, the limbs are rendered supple, and any stiffness, which may have been produced by exertion or fatigue, is removed. Such immersion has been found to allay thirst, a proof that a quantity of water is absorbed, and enters the body through the skin.

The tepid-bath seems the best adapted to the purposes of cleanliness and healthy exercise. To delicate females and young children, it is of primary importance. Nothing can be more absurd than the common practice of mothers and nurses in washing children, no matter how sickly or unwell, with cold water, under the idea of bracing the constitution; whereas the use of tepid water alone is not only the most agreeable, but the most proper fluid to excite the energies of the system in young children.

Affusion with tepid water has generally the same result, except, that if the body continue exposed to the air after the affusion, a sensation of cold is produced, which ought to be avoided by wiping dry the upper part of the body whilst the lower extremities are still covered with water.

There can be little doubt that human existence, by tepid bathing, temperance, and proper exercise, may be made more agreeable and also be prolonged.

CONTRIBUTED.

Strawberry Short Cakes.—Make your crust the same as you would your biscuit, have it about half an inch thick. When baked, split open and butter; put on a layer of berries and crust alternately. Some persons mash the berries; but I prefer stemming and sugaring an hour or so previous to using, so they will become juicy. This is excellent.

Mrs. J. W. B.

Current Catsup.—Four pounds of currants, three of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, two of cloves, allspice, and mustard, if you like; the spices to be ground fine, and the currants to be mashed; add one teacupful of good vinegar. Boil over a slow fire two hours.

To Kill Roaches.—Equal parts of camphor and carbolic acid. Dissolve the camphor in the carbolic acid, which should be in a bottle kept corked. When used, spread it where the roaches resort. Use a brush to spread it.

To Destroy Bed Bugs.—To four parts of white of egg use one part of quicksilver. Rub the whole well together. Spread it on with a brush.

Sponge Cake.—Three eggs, beaten separately, one cup of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda.

Crullers.—Four tablespoonfuls of powdered white sugar, one and a half tablespoonful of lard, one tablespoonful of butter, three eggs, beaten separately, half a cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, a little more heaping than the soda; when fried, roll in white sugar; use fresh lard to fry them. These receipts have all been tested and proved good.

Milk Scones.—Boil two pints of milk; when boiling take off the fire, and stir into the pan sufficient flour to make it into a thick paste, add a little salt, roll out on a baking-board very thin, cut into small rounds like biscuits, and bake on a hot griddle for two or three minutes. They should be put at once into a warm napkin and sent to table very hot.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Grubs in Vegetables.—The plan is to trim the vegetables, and lay them in lukewarm water, into which a handful of salt has been thrown. Let them remain for half an hour, and place them in cold salt and water for another half hour. The tepid salt and water draws out any living thing that may have penetrated the interstices of the vegetable, and the cold salt and water renders the leaves or flower of the vegetable crisp and fresh again as though fresh cut. If properly boiled, vegetables will be green enough without any addition of soda, pearlash, or other substances, which ignorant cooks are in the habit of using in order to counteract the appearance (for the other effects cannot be corrected) of bad cooking. The fault generally lies in allowing vegetables to remain waiting to be served after they are ready for table; but they should be put down in the boiling water with a handful of salt, and only just time allowed to cook them thoroughly, for they should be sent to table directly they are done.

To Clean Cloth from Claret Stains.—Put it in boiling milk as soon as possible after the claret is spilt. The part of the cloth which is stained must not be put in water before it is dipped in the milk, or the stain will not come out.

To Remove Paint and Varnish.—Varnish may be removed by rubbing with spirits of turpentine. Paint spots may be either softened by heat and scraped off, and rubbed with turpentine; or they may be dissolved by caustic lye, made by boiling together two ounces of washing soda and the same amount of lime in half a pint of water.

Walnut Stains.—Walnut stains on the fingers are usually removed with a little sherry. In general, walnut stains are removable by lemon-juice.

Removing Mildew from Linen.—Dip the linen in buttermilk, spread it out of doors; when dry, dip it again three or four times, and the mildew will disappear.

Editors' Table.

MISS AUSTEN.

In our April number we gave a sketch of the life of Miss Mitford from her recently-published letters. The appearance of a biography of Miss Austen gives us the same opportunity with regard to a woman still more gifted. We have not, however, the same redundancy of materials. Miss Mitford's voluminous correspondence seems to include every event of her quiet life, and to express every thought of her mind. Miss Austen, on the contrary, wrote little; and while we feel thankful to her nephew for the affectionate pains and for the faultless taste which combine to make his book attractive, we close it with a feeling of disappointment that no more can be told of a woman whose writings will live so long as the language endures.

Jane Austen was born in 1775 at the Rectory of Steventon, in Hampshire, and there spent the first twenty-five years of her life. She was one of a large family, whose mutual affection and concord are agreeably displayed to the reader in every detail of her life. She had five brothers and a sister; and it is worth noting how their professions and occupations appear in her novels. One was a landed proprietor, another a clergyman like his father, two were in the navy; and her heroes are usually selected from men of their calling. She does not seem to have had any serious love affair, though it seems hard to conceive that a woman so attractive should not have been warmly admired; but she was the idol of her nephews and nieces, who went to her in every emergency, and in whose presence, in the family sitting-room, she composed her novels. The quiet nerves and unruffled temper which enabled her to write amid such commotion indicate her character; and the manner of her life, that of a country gentlewoman, who spent her days like her neighbors, in a placid round of indoor occupation and country visiting, exempt from great care and sorrow, and exempt also from the temptations of extreme wealth, fostered her natural disposition. Her appearance was very attractive:—

"Her figure was rather tall and slender, her step light and firm, and her whole appearance expressive of health and animation. In complexion she was a clear brunette, with a rich color; she had full, round cheeks. With mouth and nose small and well formed, bright hazel eyes, and brown hair forming natural curls close round her face. She was fond of music, and had a sweet voice, both in singing and in conversation; in her youth she had received some instruction on the piano-forte. She read French with facility, and knew something of Italian. She was well acquainted with the old periodicals from the *Spectator* downwards. Her knowledge of Richardson's works was such as no one is likely again to acquire. Every circumstance narrated in 'Sir Charles Grandison,' all that was ever said or done in the cedar parlor, was familiar to her. Amongst her favorite writers, Johnson in prose, Crabbe in verse, and Cowper in both, stood high.

"It was not, however, what she *knew*, but what she *was*, that distinguished her from others. I cannot better describe the fascination which she exercised over children than by quoting the words of one of her nieces:—

"As a very little girl, I was always creeping up to Aunt Jane, and following her whenever I could, in the house and out of it. Her first charm to children was great sweetness of manner. She seemed to love you, and you loved her in return. This was what I felt in my early days, before I was old enough to be amused by her cleverness. But soon came the delight of her playful talk. She could make everything amusing to a child. Then, as I got older, and cousins came to share the entertainment, she would

tell us the most delightful stories, chiefly of Fairyland, and her fairies all had characters of their own. The tale was invented, I am sure, at the moment, and was continued for two or three days, if occasion served."

We have left ourselves little space to speak of Miss Austen's books. Of their exquisite truth to human nature, of their delicate distinction of character and thorough knowledge of the course of ordinary life, nothing remains to be said. Sir Walter Scott and Archbishop Whately called general attention to their wonderful power, in words which have been too often quoted to be here repeated. "*Pride and Prejudice*" was begun in 1796, when she was but twenty-one, "*Sense and Sensibility*" was written in 1797, and "*Northanger Abbey*" in 1798. They remained long in manuscript. The family removed twice to new homes, and for eight years she wrote nothing. From 1811 to 1816 she composed "*Mansfield Park*," "*Emma*," and "*Persuasion*." As so much had been previously prepared, when once she began to publish her works came out in quick succession. "*Sense and Sensibility*" was published in 1811, "*Pride and Prejudice*" at the beginning of 1813, "*Mansfield Park*" in 1814, "*Emma*" early in 1816, "*Northanger Abbey*" and "*Persuasion*" did not appear till after her death in 1818. We may say of her novels, that in them is to be found the reflection of her life. She wrote only of what she knew; and the result is that she left to the world scenes and characters familiar to all educated readers, which Time, that sweeps away the ephemeral rubbish of a thousand contemporary writers, leaves unimpaired in their freshness and charm.

THOUGHTS ON ART.

It is a common idea that the cultivation of the fine arts has a tendency to refine and elevate the character of a people. A very suggestive work, lately published, entitled "*Art Thoughts*," offers a variety of facts and reasonings which leads to a very different conclusion.* The author, Mr. James J. Jarves, is well known in the provinces of art, both as a writer and a collector. His previous works on the subject have won a high reputation; and he has succeeded, by many years of well directed exertion, in bringing together the finest collection of paintings of the old Italian masters which has been seen in this country; a collection, indeed, which nothing else on this side of the Atlantic approaches in its peculiar style of excellence. In his latest work Mr. Jarves gives us, in a succinct form, the result of his experiences and observations, extending over a wide field, not limited even to Europe and America, but furnishing some exceedingly curious and interesting information concerning the art and artists of China and Japan. In all that he writes, the spirit of an independent thinker, and of a zealous inquirer earnest for mental and moral culture, is apparent, compelling respect even from those who may dissent from his opinions.

There are two noteworthy conclusions to which Mr. Jarves's work will lead his readers. One of these, briefly stated in his own words, is that "art itself is neither good nor evil, but passively obeys

* *Art Thoughts: The Experiences and Observations of an American Amateur in Europe.* By James Jackson Jarves, author of "*Art Hints*," "*Art Studies*," "*The Art Idea*," Honorary Member of the Academy of Fine Arts, Florence, Italy, etc. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

the human will." The other is not given expressly as the writer's own conclusion, but follows as an inference from a series of facts set forth as to the state of the arts in different nations, contrasted with the moral condition of those nations. This conclusion, which will surprise many persons, may be stated in the following words: Among civilized nations, those by whom the fine arts have been longest, most zealously, and most generally cultivated, are the most selfish, uncleanly, unmannerly, ignorant, and degraded; while those nations among whom these arts are least flourishing rank the highest in morals, manners, intelligence, and freedom.

Italy for three thousand years, from the era of the Etruscans (of whose wonderful art remains Mr. Jarves gives a very graphic description), down to our days, has been the home of the fine arts, in all their splendid circle; painting, sculpture, architecture, music, the drama, and all the varied products of taste and æsthetic skill. Yet in true refinement and cultivation the Italians are at the foot of the social scale among Christian nations. Four in five of the population are unable to read or write. Personal modesty and cleanliness are little regarded. "If premiums had been offered for improvidence, untidiness, indolence, and shiftlessness, the results scarcely could have been worse." Among the lower classes women are regarded as mere laboring animals; while by the higher orders they are often treated with insolence and rudeness. The aged, the helpless, and deformed are looked upon with dislike and contempt. "The brutality exercised on horses makes it painful to enter a public vehicle." As to the coarseness prevailing among all classes, some of the instances given by the author would appear to Anglo-Saxon apprehensions almost incredible.

Next below the Italians in art, and next above them in morals, are the Spaniards. To these succeed the French. Still descending in one scale and ascending in the other, we come to the Germans; and from these we pass to the English, whose works of art are hardly recognized on the Continent as worthy to be included in public collections, while the English people themselves are, in personal habits, and public and private virtues, the patterns and civilizers of the other nations of Europe. "Anglo-Saxons emigrate and travel more than other races. By these means they spread their notions and habits faster and farther than the rest of mankind. Actually they have done the most to raise the standard of the moral and physical well being, promote material comfort, and enlarge the horizon of political liberty, in fine, to diffuse civilization by individual example, of any people." It is astonishing to observe "how the presence of the English race is felt wherever it settles, in ameliorating local discomforts, introducing sanitary innovations, and improving the common ideas of truth, charity, cleanliness, humanity to animals, and public decorum." And if Americans are, as Mr. Jarves, himself a patriotic American, candidly confesses, below even the English in their cultivation of the fine arts, it is a satisfaction to know that in his opinion "a genuine American can teach Europe much that concerns popular education and individual development, which an Englishman has not yet grown up to." Thus, as has been said, the lowest in the scale of art are the highest in the scale of social and public virtue.

After all, there is nothing mysterious in this truth. It only shows that refinement and elevation of character proceed from moral sources alone. Those nations that have attempted to make the influences of imagination and genius, which are the sources of art, supply the place of pure morality, informed by

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knowledge and enforced by religion, are now exhibiting to the world the sad consequences of their error. Art has its uses, and they are very important, but among them is not to be ranked the creation of a high standard either of morals or manners, which is the office of the Christian virtues. Yet we should not fall into the opposite error of asceticism, and hold art itself responsible for the mistakes of its votaries. Its true province, that of diffusing the enjoyment which springs from the sense of beauty, is one which strikingly displays the beneficence of creative wisdom. But we must reserve for another occasion what is to be said on this point, which will probably be sufficient to satisfy the most ardent devotees of genius. Meanwhile, as we think our readers will be pleased to have a specimen of Mr. Jarves's powers of description, we give his account of the only existing example of Grecian easel-painting:—

"It is interesting not only in itself, but as affording a new evidence of the suggestive truth that while the world, in two thousand years, has advanced so greatly in morals and science, it has stood still, if not actually retrograded, in the fine arts. It was," as he remarks, "a mooted question whether the pictorial art of the Greeks was on a par with their sculpture. This question has been settled in the affirmative by the discovery of the remarkable painting known as the 'Muse of Cortona,' a name derived from its subject and from the ancient Italian city in whose guardianship it is preserved. The picture was found in the last century by a peasant in the earth of his farm. After sundry adventures, it came into the hands of a person who understood its value, and presented it to the museum of Cortona, on condition that it should never be allowed to leave that city.

"The 'Muse,' says Mr. Jarves, "is one of those rare surprises which make the mind realize the meaning of the poet's 'joy forever.' It is kept in a little cabinet in the museum. When this is opened, the sight transports the visitor back to the best period of Grecian art. He sees the head and bust of a young girl, one-third life-size, painted in a wax medium on a fragment of slate. There are sundry abrasions, and some loss of shadow and gradation of tints, but these injuries are slight. Indeed, compared with most paintings of the best Italian period, it is so sound as to offer an argument in favor of the vehicles used and the substance on which it is painted. At first glance its statuesque projection is very remarkable. Evidently it was painted by one trained to the practice of Zeuxis, of modelling his figures in terra-cotta before painting them. No modern painting that I have seen on similar material gives other effect than a flat and reflecting surface. This is surrounded by atmosphere. The eye reposes on a transparent, harmonious, grayish purple ether, in the midst of which stands a low-browed girl, just bloomed into womanhood, not idealized into monotonous regularity of outline, but with the freshness, variety, and flexibility of modelling united into an expressive whole, such as is seen only in the finest living examples.

"Masses of golden brown hair fall over the shoulders and stray in delicate lines to the front, intermingling on the brow with a laurel wreath. The right bosom, of virgin form and tint, is exposed. A transparent drapery heightens the effect of the soft carnation of the left shoulder and the delicate flesh of the other bosom, whose sweet beauty it modestly veils. Drooping eyes give a vestal look to features the intelligence of which corresponds to their comeliness. It seems spiritually super-sensuous; what the Venus di Milo must have been in early girlhood, with the possibilities of the goddess mother nascent in her; in fine, a handsome, healthful child of earth, whose pure instincts are as yet untested by worldly life, leaving the beholder in rapt admiration of the lovely being before him, while undetermined as to her destiny. She might become a Sappho, an Aspasia, or a Cornelia; no matter which. There she stands, more like life than any female figure I can recall of the 'old masters' or of recent painters. In some technical details the best of them may have done some things superior to points of execution in this picture. But the 'Muse' combines that perfect adaptation of color with form which best expresses the complete science and inspiration of art.

THE EARTHLY PARADISE.

THE New Year was signalized by the appearance of two works from the best living poets of our language—Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Morris. "The Holy Grail" has been noticed in our pages; we now have before us the Third Part of "The Earthly Paradise." We need not remind our readers how great was the impression made by the first instalment of this work, or how quickly the lovers of poetry recognized that in the new teller of tales a second Chaucer was among us. The stories contained in this volume are, with perhaps two exceptions, among the author's best. Greek tales and Northern legends are mingled in exquisite variety; and though Mr. Morris lingers with a loving hand on the details both of scenery and of action, there are few who will not thank him for prolonging the spell. We think upon the whole that we like "The Land East of the Sun" best of all; but "The Lovers of Gudrun" is too sweet and powerful to pass without especial mention. We will give a single extract—our space forbids us to dilate—and add our voice to the thousand acknowledgments of Mr. Morris' beauty and genius. Paris, dying of his wound, is brought back to the forest where Ænone dwells. She could cure him if he would love her; but even in death he is faithful to Helen:—

"Oh, strange that he must die
Now, when so clear a vision had come o'er
His failing heart, and keenest memory
Had shown him all his changing life passed by,
And what he was, and what he might have been!

"Yes, then were all things laid within the scale,
Pleasure and lust, love and desire of fame,
Kindness, and hope, and folly—all the tale
Told in a moment, as across him came
That sudden flash, bright as the lightning flame,
Showing the wanderer on the waste how he
Had gone astray 'mid dark and misery.

* * * * *

He knew * * * that all those years with pleasure
Should be a tale 'mid Helen's coming life,
And she and all the world should go its ways
'Midst other troubles, other happy days.
And yet how was it with him? As if death
Strove yet with struggling life and love in vain,
He raised himself: * * *

"And as a man who in a failing fight
For a last onset gathers suddenly
All soul and strength, he faced the summer light,
And from his lips broke forth a mighty cry
Of 'Helen, Helen, Helen!' yet the sky
Changed not above his cast-back golden head,
And merry was the world though he was dead."

Thus we are taught that over the "Earthly Paradise" of Pagan theology, a dark cloud of lost hopes may gather as death draws near. What sharp agony of despair must the human heart have borne—an agony of anguish that even now described makes the Christian reader weep—when its grief can thus be heard in the pitiful cry of the dying Paris!

NOTES AND NOTICES.

VASSAR COLLEGE.—Our readers will remember an article upon "The Two Educations" in the April number of the book, in which the course of study at Vassar College was severely criticized. There will appear next month in our pages a reply to the article, written to defend the curriculum of that institution.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS,* by Ann Preston, M. D. We cannot, in our brief notice, dwell on the interest

* To the Graduating Class of the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania at the Eighteenth Annual Commencement, March 12th, 1870.

of the commencement, nor give even a summary of the successful progress of the College. We aim only to show the real character of the institution as displayed in the sentiments of the Lady Professor who so modestly yet eloquently set forth its aims and its merits.

Parting Words.—We have watched your progress in study with interest and with pride; our hopes and sympathies go with you into the future, and we feel your welfare and success, henceforth, linked with our own. There are many to-day who look upon you with something, indeed, of sympathy, but with more of pity, believing that you have chosen a hard pathway, and that care and sorrow above the common measure must fall to your lot. We do not share in this feeling. If the care and anxiety be great, the compensations are yet greater; if the toil be heavy we believe, with Ruskin: "That whenever the Arts and labors of life are fulfilled in this spirit of striving against misrule, and doing whatever we have to do honorably and perfectly, they invariably bring happiness, as much as seems possible to the nature of man."

What the world needs is truth; what the medical world needs is more of that nice, conscientious observation and investigation by which it may be elicited. In the stirring words of Professor Good-sir: "Let us have God's truth in the measurements—God's truth in everything." Loose observations, unsupported hypotheses, blind adherence to authorities, suffice no longer; here, also,

"They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of truth."

Suffering Woman.—At present, nervous maladies, womanhood enfeebled and diseased, are the fashion of society; and perhaps the most frequent question that you will have to answer practically will be, "What can be done for our suffering women?" There is a deep conviction that these headaches, neuralgias, and weak backs, are neither necessary nor destined to be the permanent condition of womanhood; and ladies, the philanthropist and the scientific, who are looking the remedy, look hopefully to the results of your knowledge and experience in their bearing upon this point.

Some morbid Michelet may speak of this feeble womanhood as the necessary result of advanced civilization, but it is every clear to us that it is not a high civilization, but the failure to reach it, to which this is due. The highest civilization will surely be in harmony with nature, with health, with the moral and Divine law. It will drive out follies as well as fevers; it will foster pure, quiet, simple tastes; and will find its models of beauty in form and drapery, not in the vulgar devices by which fashionable mantua-making distorts and burlesques human proportions, but in the grace and freedom of artistic Nature, and the corresponding fitness of clothing.

Ladies as Physicians.—Ladies, society hails your advent into the field of medicine as among the heralds of this higher civilization—the civilization which is harmonious with Christianity—and you will prescribe for those who seek your advice in the knightly spirit of your profession, with all tenderness, but with all truth. Scorning make-beliefs and pretensions, with the authority of knowledge you will say: "These things you cannot do and realize the joy of health." Nor will you speak in vain. When an evil is once fully seen and admitted, and its cause understood, the remedy will surely be devised.

Whether giving advice to chronic invalids, or watching by the bed of pain and death, to whatever class of diseases and needs you may minister, you will share the life of "that common mass of humanity," which toils along the weary ways of the world," as none others do. You will be intrusted with secret sorrows, be initiated into the hidden springs of domestic life, and become, for the time, in interest and sympathy, a part of the families into which you enter. Your suggestions will be respected and repeated, and your influence for good will be limited only by your own abilities, attainments, and characters. How full of wisdom and knowledge should those be who thus penetrate household sanctities, and deal with the delicate machinery of life! how stainless in honor! how prudent in speech!

There is one principle that covers all medical

well as general ethics. This is embodied in the Divine rule, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you."

The Charge.—Go forth prudently, truthfully, trusting in the eternal strength of the ever-living God, content "to labor and to wait," willing to accept toil and privation as well as ease and victory; and fear not but that a true and glorious success shall be yours—that this shall be to you the "commencement" of a renewed life of enlarged activity, in which, amid cares and responsibilities, you shall often be led beside still waters, and lie down in green pastures.

We have not space to give the portions we had wished from this matchless Address; we hope our readers will obtain a copy. It does honor to womanhood.

MEDICAL WOMEN IN GERMANY.—Women are to be admitted to the University of Vienna.

The Order of Merit conferred upon Madame Adeline Patti by the Czar is described as "a medal, surrounded by thirty-four large solitaires, surmounted by the imperial crown in diamonds, and mounted by a magnificent diamond bracelet. The medal itself is of gold; on one side is the portrait of the Emperor, and on the other side are engraved the words, 'The Emperor of Russia, wishing to give M^{me} Adeline Patti a proof of his high favor and of his esteem for her incomparable talent, has conferred upon her the title of First Singer to the Court.'"

SEA-BATHING.—People who are drowned while bathing in the sea are often those who are the best swimmers. Let any one be content to stand loin-deep in the water, taking the breakers as they come, and a sea-bath is as safe as a bath in one's own apartment.

MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ'S NOVELS.—Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 303 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, have just issued an entire new, complete, and uniform edition of all the celebrated Novels written by Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, in twelve large duodecimo volumes. They are printed on the finest paper, and bound in the most beautiful style, in Green Morocco cloth, with a new, full gilt back, and sold at the low price of \$1 75 each in Morocco cloth; or in paper cover, at \$1 50 each, or a complete set of the twelve volumes, in Morocco cloth, will be sent to any one, to any place, free of postage, or receipt of Twenty Dollars, by the publishers. The following are the names of the twelve volumes:—

Linda; or, The Young Pilot of the Belle Creole. With a complete Biography of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

Robert Graham. A sequel to "Linda; or, the Young Pilot of the Belle Creole."

Rena; or, The Snow Bird. A Tale of Real Life.

Marcus Warland; or, The Long Moss Spring.

Ernest Linwood; or, The Inner Life of the Author.

Eoline; or, Magnolia Vale; or, The Heiress of Glenmore.

The Planter's Northern Bride; or, Scenes in Mrs. Hentz's Childhood.

Helen and Arthur; or, Miss Thusa's Spinning Wheel. Courtship and Marriage; or, The Joys and Sorrows of American Life.

Love After Marriage; and other Stories of the Heart. The Lost Daughter; and other Stories of the Heart. The Banished Son; and other Stories of the Heart.

The above Books are for sale by all Booksellers, or copies of any or all of them will be sent, post-paid, to any one, to any place, on receipt of price of the ones wanted, by the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—These articles are accepted: "The West Window"—"Contrasts"—"My Heart, my Heart is Away"—"Ettie, aged Three"—"Faint Heart"—"Why?"—"Sabbath Evening"—"To My Absent Husband"—"The Ocean Waif"—and "Resurgam."

The following are declined: "Virtues and Vices

Deified by the Ancients"—"The Woman I Love"—

"To My Angel Brother"—and "What Flattery Did."

Mrs. B. will please accept our thanks for receipts.

"The False Lover." No letter and no stamps, and of course not read.

"Rough Paths," by A. D. No letter, no stamps; MS. not read.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

BY DR. CHARLES F. UHLE.

MANAGEMENT OF TEETHING CHILDREN.

MOTHERS generally look forward to the process of teething with many serious apprehensions. And well they may, for it is a period of more than ordinary peril to their little ones. Statistics, embracing the largest numbers, show us the alarming mortality among children at this season of life, and warrant us in regarding its completion as a fair subject for congratulation.

A child in perfect health usually commences to cut its teeth about the fourth or fifth month. The first thing noticed is the greatly increased activity of the salivary glands, organs whose functions seem for some little time after birth to be wholly in abeyance. The mouth is constantly full of saliva, and the child continually drivelling; but no farther changes, to indicate the approach of the teeth to the surface, take place for many weeks, and it is generally near the end of the seventh month, or even later, before the teeth make their appearance.

The two middle teeth of the lower jaw are usually the first to pierce the gum, next in order appear the two middle teeth of the upper jaw, then a tooth on either side of the middle teeth. The first four *grinders* next succeed, then the eye teeth, and lastly the four posterior *grinders*, making in all the number of twenty deciduous teeth. We must not, however, picture to ourselves the process as going on uninterruptedly until completed—a mistake into which parents often fall, whose anxiety respecting their children is consequently excited by observing that, after several teeth have appeared in rapid succession, dentition appears to come to a stand still. Nature has so ordered it that the process of dentition, beginning at the seventh or eighth month, shall not be completed until the twenty-fourth or thirtieth, and has doubtless done so in some measure with the view of diminishing the risk of constitutional disturbance, which might be incurred, if the evolution of the teeth went on without a pause. Observation shows that, while the irruption of the lower middle teeth is generally complete in a week, an interval of six weeks or more often takes place before the upper teeth make their appearance. A pause of three or four months now frequently occurs before we see the first molar teeth, or *grinders* as they are called; another of equal length previous to the appearance of the *cantine* or eye teeth; and then another, still longer, before the last molars are out.

Though a perfectly natural process, dentition is yet almost always attended with some degree of suffering. Many of us, no doubt, can remember feeling much pain when we cut our wisdom teeth, and children probably experience the same kind of annoyance. This, however, is not always the case, for sometimes we discover that an infant has cut a tooth who had yet shown no sign of discomfort, nor any indication that dentition was commencing, with the exception of an increased flow of saliva. More frequently, indeed, the mouth becomes hot, and the gums look tumid, tense, and shining, while the exact position of each tooth is marked for some time be-

fore its appearance by the prominence of the gum. This condition is usually attended with some degree of febrile disturbance, and apparently with considerable suffering to the infant, for it is exceedingly fretful and peevish, and cries out occasionally as if in pain. It is under these trying circumstances, then, that our little aspirant to the duties and doings of adult life demands our most watchful care and attention; for, by a few well-directed efforts, and a moderate display of common reason, many of the aches, and pains, and dangerous complications, may be avoided. And, first, in the way of *proper management*, a careful and judicious regulation of the diet is of first importance. Only the lightest and most digestible of food should be allowed, and that in quantities not to overload the stomach. If the child is cutting its first teeth, the heat of the mouth often induces it to nurse too often in order to obtain the grateful relief of moisture. The mother should especially guard against this tendency, and allow it no more food than is really necessary for its wants. A little water, or barley-water, is very grateful, and may be freely given. If the child has been weaned, or is being brought up by the bottle, still greater care will be required, for it will often be found that it is no longer able to digest its ordinary food, which either is at once rejected by the stomach, or passes through the intestines undigested. Very thin arrow-root, made with water, with the addition of one-third milk, suits well in many such circumstances as this; or there may be substituted equal parts of milk and water, thickened by the addition of isinglass, which answers an excellent purpose. If the bowels be disordered, some mild opiate should be administered to restrain their action, while the child may take during the day an infusion of slippery elm, flaxseed, or some mucilaginous substance, combined with a small portion of soda to counteract any acidity that may exist in the stomach or bowels. If the head is hot, and the child moans or cries out in its sleep, one of the most simple and effectual remedies consists in half a teaspoonful of essence of peppermint added to one teaspoonful of water, with which the head is to be kept constantly moistened. Opiates under these circumstances should not be given, as they increase the flow of blood to the head, and check the action of the bowels, both of which should be avoided.

The child should be carefully protected at all times from draughts of air, either warm or cold, and should not be exposed to sudden extremes of temperature. The bedroom should be light, unless it hurts the eyes, and well ventilated. The clothing light and easy, the feet warm, the head cool. There are circumstances, too, in which the judicious use of the gum lancet may save the child a great deal of suffering. When a tooth is so nearly through that you feel sure it will burst the gum in a day or so, or when there are sudden convulsions or much constitutional disturbance, its use is certainly attended with a great degree of benefit. A physician, however, had better be the judge of its requirements, and the "perpetrator of the deed."

As regards the numerous nostrums and soothing syrups of the day, we cannot but express ourselves as seriously opposed to it. It is not the use of these articles, either, but the abuse of them, which is the means of so much injury, for really there are instances in which their use is attended with decided benefit. But taking the entire matter as it is, with its advantages and its disadvantages, its benefits and its injuries, we pronounce it as our honest conviction that it would be better, far better for the health and good of the people were such things unknown and unheard of.

Literary Notices.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—
LOST SIR MASSINGBERD. *A Romance of Real Life.* By the author of "Carlyon's Year," etc. This is the first novel of an author, several of whose subsequent productions have already become familiar to the American public. Its incidents are sensational, its construction tolerably skilful, and altogether the book is a readable one, although there is nothing specially original or striking about it.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Mrs. Wood is one of the most deservedly popular of English novelists. Her stories, usually more or less sensational, are yet always entirely unobjectionable in point of morality. "George Canterbury's Will" is her latest work, and is quite equal to any of its predecessors.

LOVE AFTER MARRIAGE; and Other Stories of the Heart. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

ERNEST LINWOOD; or, The Inner Life of the Author. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

MARCUS WARLAND; or, The Long Moss Spring. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

RENA; or, The Snow Bird. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

THE LOST DAUGHTER; and Other Stories of the Heart. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

ROBERT GRAHAM. A Sequel to "Linda." By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

We have six volumes before us of the edition of Mrs. Hentz's works. These novels were all exceedingly popular in their time, and will, no doubt, again find favor with the present generation of readers.

From PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia:—

THE "BAT" BALLADS. *Much Sound and Little Sense.* By W. S. Gilbert. A collection of whimsical poems, illustrated by equally whimsical engravings. One of the most humorous of the poems is "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell." The book is beautifully printed and handsomely bound.

THE AMERICAN CHESS-PLAYERS' HANDBOOK. Teaching the rudiments of the game, and giving an analysis of all the recognized openings. Exemplified by appropriate games actually played by Morphy, Andersen, and others. From the work of Staunton.

From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

BEYOND THE BREAKERS. *A Story of the Present Day.* By Robert Dale Owen. This story possesses a certain interest, and introduces the reader to many pleasing characters. But its artistic merits as a work of fiction hardly reach the average; and, though it is mildly sensational, it is not a romance which one reads breathlessly and absorbedly. The reading of it has but confirmed our opinion that it does not necessarily follow that an intelligent man can, as a matter of course, become a first-class novelist.

From CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

TWICE TRIED; or, The Three Influences. Written and illustrated by Mrs. E. L. Courtney. A pretty little story book for children, pleasing to read, and teaching the best of morals.

SLOAN'S ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW AND BUILDERS' JOURNAL. No. 9.

From TURNER & Co., Philadelphia:—

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU. An Autobiography. We find here a picture of society in Eng-

land one hundred and fifty years since. The life of Edward Wortley Montagu was one of the most varied and remarkable on record; and in his autobiography he introduces us to kings, princes, poets, statesmen, and all of the most celebrated men and women of the period.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

A BRAVE LADY. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. With illustrations. Only a brave lady, morally courageous in braving public sentiment, could have written this book. Mrs. Craik does not profess to be a champion of "woman's rights;" but she has in this volume revealed some of the deepest and sorest of woman's wrongs, has uttered her protest against the injustice of English law as it affects married woman, and has spoken bold and fearless words, for the utterance of which the world should be the better. There is no mawkish sentimentality in the book; but it is the story of the trials and sufferings of a woman whose life finds a counterfeit in the lives of many other women who are unequally mated.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. By John William Draper, M. D., LL. D. In three volumes. Volume III. Containing the events from the Proclamation of the Emancipation of the slaves to the end of the war. We are told that "to those who desire to form an impartial opinion of the causes and events of the great civil war, Dr. Draper's book will be an invaluable aid. It is written not in a partizan, but in a philosophical spirit, and from a scientific point of view. In this the reader will find one of its chief attractions, the author, as is now the case with the most advanced historical writers, considering political questions as scientific problems."

HAND-BOOK OF THE SULPHUR-CURE, as Applicable to the Vine Disease in America, and Diseases of Apple and other Fruit Trees. By William J. Flagg, author of "Three Seasons in European Vineyards." A book which will recommend itself to the attention and careful examination of every horticulturist.

THE RULE OF THE MONK. By General Garibaldi. General Garibaldi succeeds better in the role of a politician than in that of a novelist. His book is sensational to the last degree, but in a manner that will amuse rather than horrify the reader. The revolutionists, men and women, are all saints; the adherents to the popedom, priests and laymen, are, without exception, sinners of the deepest dye. This is not a novel plan of arranging the characters in a controversial novel. Indeed, it has been the plan of amateur novelists from the time the controversial novel was first invented. As a romance, the book is nothing; as a record of Garibaldi's position in regard to church and state, it possesses a certain significance.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

HOME INFLUENCE. A Tale for Mothers and Daughters. By Grace Aguilar. We are to have a new edition of the works of Grace Aguilar, one of the most graceful and popular writers of a past generation, but concerning whom we of the present day have small remembrance. The initial volume of the series is one of her best, and is offered at a price (one dollar per bound volume) bringing us back to the cheap times before the war.

PROVERBS, ECCLESIASTES, AND THE SONG OF SOLOMON, with Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, designed for both Pastors and People. By Rev. Henry Cowles, D. D.

MARY'S GRAMMAR, interspersed with Stories, and intended for the Use of Children. By Mrs. Marcet, author of "Conversations on Chemistry," etc. There is certainly a novelty in the plan of making a grammar in the form of a story. But the idea seems an excellent one, and we find young children, who would look upon the science of grammar as it is ordinarily presented to their notice, as one of the dulllest and dryest of studies, reading this volume with great interest and actually picking out the information it contains by way of amusement. It is not suited for a text-book at schools, but is just the thing for home use.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART. The twelfth monthly part of this periodical is before us, containing one steel engraving, numerous fine woodcuts, and much excellent reading.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

WONDERS OF GLASS MAKING IN ALL AGES. By A. Sauzay.

THE SUBLIME IN NATURE; Compiled from the Descriptions of Travellers and Celebrated Writers. By Ferdinand de Lanoye. With large additions.

THE SUN. By Amédée Guillemin. From the French by A. L. Phipson, Ph.D.

We cannot say too much in praise of Scribner's "Illustrated Library of Wonders." It presents in popular form a vast fund of information on a great variety of subjects. The volumes constituting it are not only instructive in their character, but exceedingly interesting, which interest is augmented by their numerous illustrations.

From CARTER & BROTHERS, New York:—

REMOVING MOUNTAINS. Life Lessons from the Gospel. By John S. Hart. Professor Hart has included in this volume fifty-two "lay sermons," short popular illustrations of truths recorded in the Scriptures. These little treatises average but six pages each, of small size, and in large type. They are written clearly and forcibly, laying the kingdom of Nature and the ordinary doings of men under tribute to set forth and enforce the text of each brief sermon. "Returning from this rich field," says the author, in his modest preface, "where, for a time, I have been gleaned after other and abler reapers, I lay my little sheaf at the foot of the Master, humbly thanking him for the joy it has given me to gather these few golden grains, and willingly leaving them to such service as he himself may appoint in supplying the spiritual wants of his own dear children." The book is beautifully bound and printed.

EXPOSITORY THOUGHTS ON THE GOSPELS. By Rev. J. C. Ryle, B. A. John. Vol. II. We noticed the first volume of Mr. Ryle's exegesis on St. John some months ago. A third volume will finish the work, after which the author intends to take up the Acts of the Apostles. Mr. Ryle's style is brief, familiar, and practical.

GOD IS LOVE. From the ninth London Edition. The aim of this book is to show the affection of God for His people. The illustrations are mainly selected from the Old Testament.

THE CONVENT. By R. McCrindell.
THE TWO MARGARETS. By Emma Marshall.
SAMBO'S LEGACY. By Rev. R. B. Power.
GREYSTONE LODGE.

These little books are excellently bound and printed. We commend especially "Sambo's Legacy" as both amusing and instructive.

From LEYPOLDT & HOLT, N. Y., through CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFKELFINGER, Philadelphia:—
THE HOHENSTEINS. A Novel. By Friederich Spielhagen. From the German by Prof. Schele de Vere. We are glad to see the best literature of Germany being translated for the benefit of American readers.

From J. W. SCHERMEHORN & Co., New York, through J. N. BANCROFT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. *Opinions of Individuals and of the Press, with Judicial Decisions.* This is the fifth volume of the Library of Education.

TROUT CULTURE. By Seth Green. Published by Seth Green and A. S. Collins, Caledonia, N. Y. This is entirely a practical work, written by the largest and most successful trout culturist in America, for the benefit of those who wish to adopt his plan in raising trout.

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, through CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFKELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

DIALOGUES FROM DICKENS, for School and Home Amusement. Arranged by W. Eliot Fette, A. M. The title of this book sufficiently announces its character. The selections from Dickens are made with judgment, and the volume should be in great request, as soon as the evenings begin to lengthen, and there comes a demand for social amusements.

THE TONE MASTERS. A Musical Series for Young People. By the author of "The Soprano," etc. Mozart and Mendelssohn. This is the first volume of a series of books designed to supply a vacant place in juvenile literature. Both children and older people will be interested in reading it.

BRAKE UP; or, The Young Peacemakers. By Oliver Optic. The fifth of the "Lake Shore Series," and a book which every boy will want. Oliver Optic deserves all his popularity, for there is no writer who knows so well how to please both young and old.

From ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston, through LIPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL. By Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women." "What is there new and good among books?" asked a friend the other day. "Miss Alcott's 'Old-Fashioned Girl,'" was our unhesitating answer. It is really the book of the month, fresh and charming, though not entirely original, as "Polly" bears a family resemblance to the young heroines in "Little Women." It is a book that everybody, young and old, will read, and everybody, fashionable or old-fashioned, be delighted with.

GETHE'S HERMANN AND DOROTHEA. Translated by Ellen Frothingham. This beautiful pastoral poem has been translated with tolerable ability, and makes its appearance a model of neatness and beauty in typography, illustration, printing, and binding.

From LORING, Boston, through TURNER BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

TALES OF EUROPEAN LIFE. Their author has in the stories which comprise this volume, embodied the memories of a residence of several years in Europe; and has attempted, under the form of fiction, to give true pictures of manners, customs, and places of interest.

FARMING AS A PROFESSION; or, How Charles Loring Made it Pay. By T. A. Bland, Editor *Northwestern Farmer*. The author of this book is, we should judge, better versed in farming than in story

writing; but it is a book which we can recommend to every one who is interested in the cultivation of the soil.

SORRENTO WOOD CARVING. *What it Is. How to Do It.* We recommend this book to all who have leisure time that they would like to employ pleasantly and satisfactorily.

RATIONAL TEMPERANCE. By Henry G. Spalding, Pastor First Parish Church, Framingham.

From WILLIAM V. SPENCER, Boston, through CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFKELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

THE SIX CUSHIONS. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." An exciting and interesting story for girls, full of excellent moral lessons.

From A. ROMAN & Co., San Francisco:—

ONWARD; A Lay of the West. By A. W. Patterson. An attractive appearing volume of smoothly written poetry, descriptive of the rise and progress, characteristic scenes and events of a western village. It is given as a kind of contrast to Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

Godey's Arm-Chair.

JUNE, 1870.

WE have now arrived at the close of our *fortieth* year of publication. During that time we have given to the public *eighty* volumes, containing 40,000 pages! 1000 steel-plates, and wood-cuts innumerable! We have not accomplished all this without WORK. It has been the weapon with which we have hewn our way through the crowds of rivals that have risen up around us, and with it we have won an honorable success! With the revolution of *forty* years many changes have occurred in the fortunes of magazine publishers, owing to the financial troubles that have occurred at various times during that period. But the LADY'S BOOK stands ALONE to-day of all the numerous magazines which years ago aspired to public favor. The flag early unfurled by us with the motto of "Exeelsior!" inscribed upon it has been the beacon that has cheered us in the darkest hour of our publishing history, when all others sunk under the trying ordeal of a decreased circulation, to push onward, with confidence that we would be sustained. And to whom are we indebted for this great mark of public favor? We answer, to THE LADIES! We thank them for their assistance, and trust that we may be spared to see another generation of them grow up and be counselled and edified from the pages of the only LADY'S BOOK in America.

"WAITING at the Ferry" is our steel plate this month. A six-figure colored fashion-plate is also given, together with a large number of wood-cut designs, all of the latest date. The reading matter is worthy of perusal.

OUR COLORED PATCHWORK DESIGN.—There are two figures in this design, a square and a triangle, and these should be cut in tin, and papers afterwards cut upon the shape of the tin. The darkest triangles are all black velvet, the remaining figures silks and satins of various shades. The materials should be tacked on the paper figures, the edges neatly turned in, and the various pieces evenly seamed together on the wrong side. When the entire cushion is finished, the tacking threads must be removed, and the papers left in, as they help to preserve the form better.

IN MEMORIAM.

DEPARTED this life on the 6th of April, 1870, TILLINGHAET KING COLLINS, in the 68th year of his age.

It is with feelings of profound sadness that we chronicle the loss of our dear and honored friend, who for thirty years was the printer of the *LADY'S BOOK*. We knew him in the full flush of health and vigor; and we witnessed the closing years of his life, when, sustained by the recollection of duties well performed, and consoled by an earnest and unquestioning faith in the Redeemer of mankind, he

"wrapped the drapery of his couch about him,
And lay down to pleasant dreams."

As a shock of corn fully ripe, he was gathered to the great granary of his Father.

It is spiritually healthful to linger at the shrine of the good and the true—of those who have uncomplainingly "borne the burden" in the "heat of the day"—of those who, amid great tribulation and trial, have been "weighed in the balance," and not "found wanting."

Left, at an early age, with a widowed mother, and a younger brother and sister, to encounter the great battle of life, he went forth to the contest with a precocious understanding of the circumstances which surrounded him, and a joyous consciousness of the ultimate realization of his desires. In the darkest hour of his struggles he never for a moment lost his bounding energy; never for a moment did he "bate one jot of heart or hope;" never for a moment did he fail to show a calm and sunny temper. When success had crowned his efforts, his honors were quietly and meekly borne. Even the conspicuous reverses which occasionally marked his career were due to the abnormal development of a frank and generous nature. He always looked on the bright side of life; and when he did a favor his kindly manner of doing it enhanced immeasurably the value of the act. Hence, of all the printers who within the last few years have been gathered to their fathers, there is not one whose loss has been more severely felt, or whose name will be more tenderly remembered.

T. K. Collins was born in this city on the 14th of October, 1802. His great-grandfather on his father's side emigrated from Ireland to Rhode Island during colonial times; while his great-grandfather on his mother's side was a Welshman, a lawyer by profession, who resided on an island in the Delaware River. His father was a sailor, and a native of Cranston, R. I. His mother was born near Trenton, New Jersey.

When thirteen years old he entered the wareroom of MATHEW CAREY, whose history during a large part of his life is the history of Philadelphia. Shortly afterwards he was received into the printing-office of James Maxwell, at that period proprietor of one of the largest establishments in this city. From this office he graduated a ripe and thorough printer—of rare skill, energy, and fertility of invention.

From Philadelphia he removed to Washington, and was employed by Peter Force, and successively by Duff Green and Gales & Seaton, all well-known printers and publishers. Returning to Philadelphia, he entered the printing-office of James Kay, the law bookseller, who had the highest appreciation of his capacity and energy. He then became foreman for Lawrence Johnson, the eminent type-founder, and was again employed by James Kay.

In 1833, in conjunction with Robert Wright, he established a printing-office in Prune Street, with but one hand-press. In 1836 a new copartnership

was formed with his brother, P. G. Collins. The new house became immediately distinguished for great energy, skill, and enterprise, and at once took rank at the very head of the typographic art. Among the splendid volumes which bear the Collins imprint are Rice & Hart's "National Portrait Gallery" and "North American Sylva"—Dr. Isaac Lea's "Nalades" and "Fossil Footmarks in the Old Red Sandstone"—the latter two works pronounced by competent authority to be equal to the finest issues of the best presses in Europe. It was always the aim of the Messrs. Collins to maintain around them as intelligent and as skilful a corps of collaborators as the country could furnish; accordingly, their imprint has always been an almost infallible indication of thorough workmanship.

The junior partner, P. G. Collins, a printer of great capacity and general knowledge, died in 1854. The business was thenceforward conducted by the senior partner.

In 1858 Mr. Collins became disabled by paralysis; but he was still competent to afford efficient co-operation in the management of his immense establishment until the year 1866, when the helm he had managed with such consummate ability for so many years had to be intrusted to others. Even from this period until, within a few days of his decease, his counsel and judgment were of value.

While in Washington he connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which to the close of his life he was uninterruptedly a faithful and distinguished member. He was for many years a Director of the Public Schools of Philadelphia, in which position his strict attention to his duties and his affable manners won him many friends.

The social qualities of our departed friend were of rare excellence. His memory was a vast storehouse of anecdote, story, and apt quotation, of which his command seemed to be absolutely without limit. His playful wit and readiness at repartee rendered him one of the most companionable of men. He had a big, brave heart, which beat steadily in unison with whatever was frank, manly, straightforward, and honorable; and he had as sunny and as beaming a countenance as ever lighted up a human frame. Kindness and benevolence were at his finger ends. One of the most pleasing features in his character was his courtesy in his business relations—a courtesy so magnetic as to transform, within an exceedingly short period, a casual customer into a stanch and enduring friend.

His intellect was far above the average order. Had he received a thorough intellectual training in early life, there is no profession in which he could not have attained high distinction. Greater skill than he possessed in untying a knotty point in his business it seems quite impossible to conceive. The breadth and generosity of his nature may be inferred from the fact that he had no business secrets; he imparted to any one who sought his advice the rare stores of technical information he possessed.

He died unconscious, and without pain. His prolonged illness he endured with the calmness and fortitude of the Christian. Affection and tenderness bestrewed his path to the very edge of the tomb. All that fidelity, patience, skill, and love could do to lengthen the thread of his existence, and to widen the range of his enjoyments, was done. His remains were followed to their final resting-place by heart-stricken relatives and a wide circle of sympathizing friends; and there is scarcely one who has departed from among us whose name will remain more green in the memory of wife, child, and friend than that of TILLINGHAET KING COLLINS!

RECEIPT DEPARTMENT.—After our receipt department was closed for the month we received the following letters from subscribers, asking for information in regard to some receipts published previously:—

MR. L. A. GODEY: I see in the last number of your magazine some receipts contributed by Mrs. J. E. S. Among them is one for marble cake, but nothing is said about flour in it. Now, as I have never known of a cake made without flour, I am afraid to try it. I would be very much obliged if you would call her attention to it. I have taken your *LADY'S BOOK* for some years, and feel interested in all household receipts. In the March number the receipt for gold and silver cake has the same deficiency, and even if our good sense teaches us that flour is needed, we do not know how much is required.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. C. H. F.
 MARION, OHIO.

DEAR GODEY: Please ask Mrs. J. E. S. (see April number, *LADY'S BOOK*) how much flour she uses for her marble cake, or if it is to be made without any, and much oblige
 AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

GREENFIELD, MASS.
MR. GODEY: I have just tried Mrs. A. L. M.'s receipt for loaf cake in your April number, and would suggest to the lady that it would be greatly improved if she would add *two cups of butter*. Hoping that you will notice this for the benefit of young and inexperienced housekeepers, I am very respectfully,
 A. E. G.

A subscriber wishes a good receipt for drying figs.
 A lady wishes to know how to color with rose aniline, and how to set it so as not to fade.
 A subscriber wishes a receipt for *Apple Meringues* and *Charlotte Russe*.

A QUESTION IN MANY HOMES.—The fine times when we could all live on the fat of the land have gone by, perhaps never to return. Of late, the question how to obtain the largest amount of wholesome, palatable nourishment at the lowest possible price, has been earnestly discussed in thousands of American homes. The introduction of *SEA MOSS FARINE* as a national food staple solves that problem. From no other article under the sun can the same amount of delicious fare be obtained for the same cost. The custards, Charlottes, jellies, puddings, etc., made from it, are "fit for Juno when she banquets;" and as a clarifier for refining elder and other fermented potables, it has no equal. The *SEA MOSS FARINE CO.*, who own the patent for the article, have their central depot at 53 Park Place, New York, and within twelve months they have established a business of immense magnitude and importance.

THE "Proof-Sheet," published by Collins & McLeester, Type Founders, is one of the best conducted sheets in the country. Its contents are always of a character that will repay perusal. The editor, Mr. E. H. Munday, is at the present time engaged on a historical sketch of "The Press of Philadelphia in 1870." His researches into their early history have enabled him to present a mass of interesting facts which will be of great benefit not only to printers and publishers, but also to the public.

"THE most common error of men and women is that of looking for happiness somewhere outside of useful work. It has never yet been found, and never will be while the world stands. Of all the miserable human beings it has been our fortune to know, they were the most wretched who had retired from useful employments, in order to enjoy themselves."

Just our sentiments; therefore, we shall work at the *LADY'S BOOK* as long as we live.

FISH is recommended by Professor Agassiz as furnishing a larger amount of nutriment to the brain than any other food.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for June.—Contents: *Graziosa*, beautiful and brilliant little fantaisie, by the renowned composer, Thalberg. Steiger March, by Carl Faust. Who's at My Window! first class, showy song, by Osborne, for a high soprano voice. Handsome Davie Brown, humorous song composed for the *Monthly*, and worth of itself the cost of the whole number. Elbert Waltz, easy for beginners. The *Monthly* is full music size, and printed on heavy music paper. Price only 40 cents per number. Sent free of postage to any address. Last three numbers, \$1 10. Address J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

New Sheet Music.—The following beautiful songs by Mrs. Hackelton: *Susie Morne* (with chorus), *Jennie Came to Meet Me*, *Mary, my Beautiful Angel*, *Skating on the Pond*; each 30 cents. New edition of *Down by the Whispering Sea*, by Stewart, one of the most beautiful songs ever written, 35. *Jesus, Lover of My Soul*, splendid quartette (several pages), by M. D. Jones, with solos and duet for soprano and tenor, 75 cents. Also, *Lottie Mazourka*, easy, by Mack, 40. *Lyda Polka*, 20. *Pure as Snow*, beautiful fantaisie, 35. *Orpheus Quadrilles*, very good, 30. *Fairy Sprite*, brilliant Salon piece, by Mack, 60. *Golden Sunset*, *Reverie*, very pretty, 30. Catalogues free. Orders filled by return mail. Address Mr. Holloway, as above.

HURRAH for the Times! We cannot resist the publication of this:—

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK has come in good time. It is of little consequence what we may say in reference to this popular magazine. Its foundation is too deeply and surely laid in the admiration of appreciative millions, so entwined are its tendrils around the affections, that, like the mail of Achilles, it is impervious to the shafts of criticism or the more poisoned arrows of malice and detraction. It stands boldly out to-day in all the pride and vigor of ripe manhood, and bids fair to maintain its enviable reputation, and carry its well-earned laurels far into the sear and yellow leaf of honored age.—*Times*, Quincy, Michigan.

Nor this one:—

We cannot see wherein this book can be improved. Godey has certainly reached a point of excellence that places his book beyond the reach of successful competition. The engravings are beautiful, and the literary matter pleasing and instructive.—*Postal Bulletin*, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A SEASIDE AMUSEMENT.—Annexed we give a novel form of drawing-room charades introduced last year at one of the seaside resorts:—

"The curtain of the back drawing-room was drawn aside, and we were rather surprised to see nothing but a wooden rocking-horse on the temporary stage. We were told to guess an island in the Greek Archipelago. After some demur, one individual, brighter than the rest, said *Delos—deal horse*. Right. The curtain fell, and, after a pause, rose again, displaying to the astonished lookers-on the very identical, irrepressible rocking-horse, with his head in the contrary direction. We were told to guess another island in the Greek Archipelago. There was a dead silence. Some one vainly suggested 'Chios,' mispronounced 'shy-horse,' but that would not do, for the 'deal-horse' was as steady as old time. At length a smart boy, late from school, exclaimed, 'Samos,' and it was the 'same horse.' The curtain fell amidst roars of laughter. The next scene was a portly gentleman of middle age, who was met by a young girl, who said, 'Doctor, I am glad to meet you.' A word of five syllables. Give it up. 'Met a physician.' The curtain fell, and was again drawn up—only to exhibit the same portly gentleman and the girl meeting again. A word of three syllables, 'Metaphor'—met afore—was the solution."

WHAT is that which belongs to yourself, and yet used by every one of your acquaintances more than by yourself? Your name.

THE FLUNKIES NONPLUSED.—Within the past few months an epidemic of a dangerous and hideous character has broken out among the would-be Brummells of New York. The primary symptoms became apparent in a vivid bluish discoloration of the upper part of the person, accompanied by a violent and repulsive eruption of brass buttons around that ill-used organ which the sufferer might in a moment of vanity designate his mind. The disease is of foreign importation, and rages with the greatest virulence among those unfortunate patients who have but recently returned from England, where the contagion was at one time rather widely spread. The pulse of the tailoring trade in London last season, it seems, was dull. The great master, Poole, leaned idly on his shears. These are the hours to bring out great minds. It was in a moment of inspiration like this that Brummell conceived the grand idea of starch. The mind of Poole was equal to the occasion. Like Gladstone and Disraeli, he felt a great measure was called for. The Prince of Wales was sent for, and was induced to adopt the blue swallow-tail of his grandfather and attempt to revolutionize the gentlemanly style, and make the John Bull of a thousand caricatures "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." The attempt failed signally in England, as the imitation has failed here. There was nothing gay or graceful in that dull old dress which waved with the wind in front of every public house in England. Men remembered that Byron made it a condition of his marriage that he should not be asked to wear on his wedding day this vulgar livery; and the late Count d'Orsay said that a man in blue coat and brass buttons, to preserve the utilities of art, should dine continuously on bacon and greens. Poole himself, the *arbitrer elegantiarum* of Europe, threw almost immediately the idea aside. Prince Arthur and his suite have, however, fixed the question. Not even the glitter of their buttons could conceal the pallor of their visages when the would-be Brummells discovered that these quiet, unassuming gentlemen ignored the brass button heresy.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES:—

I purchased my WHEELER & WILSON Sewing Machine in May, 1858, and have used it constantly ever since in making all kinds of garments worn in the family, with no repairs of any sort whatever. I have never broken but one needle, and that not until I had used the machine more than seven years, and the eleven needles remaining of the original dozen are still in good working order. I cannot see why my machine will not last ten years longer without repairs.

Mrs. C. A. ROGERS.

RATHER PRECOCIOUS.—There was a little daughter whose mother called her attention to a word in a book, and asked her what it was.

"Why, don't you know?" asked the girl.

"Yes," said the mother, "but I wish to find out if you know."

"Well," responded the child, "I do know."

"Tell me, then, if you please," said the lady.

"Why, no," said the little miss, archly; "you know what it is, and there's no need of saying anything more about it."

LINENS.—The Peake brand of Irish linen and linen handkerchiefs are pronounced to be the best in the market, having gained a reputation for strength, durability, and beautiful finish unequalled by any, and are in the highest favor everywhere. They can be found at most any dry-goods store in the city or country, and can be distinguished from others by a mountain peak stamped on each piece.

No lady should be without the peerless queen of all magazines for women.—*Herald*, Dallas, Texas.

A PERIODICAL, called the *Revue Rétrospective*, has been started in Paris with the object of bringing to light things which have been forgotten, mislaid, or left unknown, though worthy of a better fate. The publication is well managed, and often very interesting. The last number contains a letter of Lamartine's, addressed to a peasant, who had read aloud to his family the first volume of "Jocelyn," and, being too poor to afford the second, had written to the poet to ask it of him. The surprising occurrence of a demand of such a nature coming from a hard-working, distant-dwelling peasant—the tribute to his genius contained in the man's eagerness—touched the poet inexpressibly, and the letter expresses in simple words how that to dwell thus in the *souvenirs et bénédictions* of a poor and lonely family was true glory. Lamartine adds that he hastens to thank the writer with his own hand, thinking that it would be more agreeable to him than if it were done by a strange one, and sends him a complete copy of "Jocelyn," together with a copy of his "Journey in the East."

A SCHOOLMASTER caught an urchin finishing a sketch of a ship on his slate, and fiercely asked the young hopeful, "What figure do you call this?" The boy timidly replied: "A three-master."

It is not the first time we have read just such sentiments as the following, from the *Courier*, Americus, Georgia:—

"The ladies' favorite. Ah! yes, we are all right now. GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK to carry home to the 'goot wife,' causing her to forget waiting dinner, or any other little inconveniences we may have been the cause of. Every man who has a wife can have sunshine 'to home' once a month, at least (we have it all the time), by subscribing for it."

THE GOOD POINTS OF A COW.—A writer in the *Farmer's Magazine*, a few years ago, presented the following doggerel lines, as combining what are popularly considered the good points of a cow, such as is common among the short-horned breeds:—

"She's long in her face, she's fine in her horn,
She'll quickly get fat without cake or corn;
She's clean in her jaws, and full in her chine,
She's heavy in flank, and wide in her loin;
She's broad in her ribs, and long in her rump,
A straight and flat back, without e'er a hump;
She's wide in her hips, and calm in her eyes,
She's fine in her shoulders, and thin in her thighs;
She's light in her neck, and small in her tail,
She's wide in her breast, and good at the pail;
She's fine in her bone, and silky of skin—
She's a grazer's without, and a butcher's within."

A PERSONAL ARGUMENT.—Counselor R—, one of the foremost advocates of the bar of Central New York, was himself a collegian, and was naturally anxious that his eldest son should reap the honors of his own *Alma Mater*. The counselor had been quite wild in his early years, and Master Will manifestly inherited a superabundance of what the philosophers of the Josh Billings school would call "pure oussedness." During his first year at college, Will was suspended for some flagrant breach of discipline, and arriving at home, he proceeded to report the occurrence to his father. "Suspended, hey?" the old lawyer remarked, laying down the volume of Reports that he was perusing, and looking reprovingly at Will over his spectacles. "A pretty beginning you've made of it, I declare!" The culprit put his hands in his pantaloons pockets and said not a word. "Well, sir!" continued the parent, becoming angry at Will's perfect nonchalance, "what have you to say about it?" "Nothing, sir." "Nothing, indeed! What did the president tell you when he suspended you?" "He said I was the worst young man the college had ever held—with one exception." "Ah! did he say who that was?" "Yes, sir." "Ah!" (A slight pause.) "And who was it?" "My father, sir." As may be supposed, the last reply was a perfect *non sequitur*.

THE NEW LAWS OF CROQUET.—There has been a conference of the leading croquet clubs in England to revise the laws by which players are governed. The following are the principal alterations:—

"There is to be no restriction as to the number, weight, size, shape, or material of the mallets; nor as to the attitude and position of the striker. The effect of the latter part of this rule will be to permit the old front stroke, as it is called, to be reintroduced.

"In commencing a game, the ball is to be placed one foot from the first hoop, in a direct line between the pegs. This should rather have been in a direct line between the peg and the first hoop, as we have often seen grounds of irregular shape, where a ball placed one foot from the first hoop, and in a line between the pegs, could not possibly run the hoop.

"A ball having been struck is at once in play, whether it has made the first hoop or not.

"This is an important alteration. Its effect is to give the striker at his or her first turn the advantage of being able to roquet at the first stroke, and not necessarily to go first at the hoop, as is now the case. It also entails this disadvantage, that, if the first hoop is missed, the player's ball is left there, and may be roqueted by the next player. We consider the alteration a very good one, as it will prevent a player who has made a miss at the first hoop from having his or her ball taken up out of harm's way, as is now the case.

"A stroke is considered taken if the ball is moved perceptibly; except the movement was accidental, when the ball may be replaced, and the stroke taken again.

"If a player makes a foul stroke, he loses his turn, and all points thereby made. What is meant is, if a player makes a foul stroke, he loses any point made thereby, and the remainder of his turn.

"The balls after a foul stroke are to remain where they lie, or to be replaced at the option of the adversary.

"Foul strokes are—striking with the mallet any ball save one's own; spooning, *i. e.*, pushing without an audible knock; striking a ball twice, or allowing it to rebound on to the mallet; stopping a ball with the foot in taking loose croquet (this includes, we presume, touching it or diverting it from its course, also the word "loose" is surplusage, as loose croquet is not permitted); falling to stir the passive ball in taking croquet; holding the mallet within twelve inches of the head; and moving a ball by striking the peg or wire instead of the ball. The penalty proposed for this last was replacement of the ball; but the conference decided to make it a foul stroke.

"Tight croquet is abolished. This, perhaps, to most ladies will seem the greatest change in the code. It will certainly check the display of ankle that is now often witnessed on the croquet ground. The change, however, was inevitable. It had gradually been growing for some years on the best players, who voluntarily rejected it; and several large clubs had a by-law prohibiting it. Reasons could readily be adduced to show that it is a most unscientific stroke, and that its abandonment was a consummation devoutly to be wished.

"Many, indeed most, of the old rules about roquet and croquet are retained, except that the wording is new; and one remarkable fact will be noticed, that the word 'roquet' does not occur in the code. The promoters of the code have a great objection to the word, and avoid its use, substituting the word 'hit.'

"Pegging out is retained; spiteful players will therefore be at liberty to be as vicious as ever they please when the opportunity offers."

All questions relating to the size and shape of grounds; the span, strength, color, and setting of hoops; the size and color of balls; the nature of boundaries and similar details, were left to the managers of the game. They also recommended for public matches a ground of forty yards by thirty yards, and a span of hoop not greater than six inches.

A DISAPPOINTED SWAIN, in speaking of the language of flowers, said that he knew by experience that if any one wanted heart's ease, he should never look for it to marry gold.

REVENUE CUTTERS.—The girls who scissors the gregabacks in the Treasury Department.

CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.—Modern society can scarcely form a conception of the extent to which flowers were cultivated in Greece, not merely for the sake of their beauty when beheld in the garden, but on account of the immense use of them in religious ceremonies as well as in the ceremonies of daily life. The lover crowned himself with flowers when he went to visit his mistress, hung garlands of flowers upon her door, and adorned with wreaths the statues of the divinities who were supposed to preside over love or marriage. Scarcely any one entered a temple uncrowned, and, according to the character of the deity worshipped there, the flowers of the wreath were changed. Again, when the Athenian repaired to the theatre, which contained an audience of between twenty and thirty thousand persons, nearly every one wore a garland on his head. At private parties, likewise, when they dined or drank together, their bowls were decked with flowers, while the apartments in some instances were covered so deeply with roses that they reclined upon them as upon sofas. This taste, which prevailed more or less throughout the whole country, as well as in Magna Græcia, Sicily, and Asia Minor, may convey some idea of the extent of floral cultivation, which everywhere constituted an important branch of industry.

THE PROFESSOR'S TEETH.—A humorous professor in Scotland used to relate the following anecdote at his own expense: When minister of a country parish, he had the misfortune to lose a number of his teeth, and he had become apprehensive lest he should be deprived of the others. While he was preaching one Sabbath, he observed the preacher scratch his head, a circumstance which led him to fear that another emancipated tooth had fallen upon the pate of that functionary. His dinner in the afternoon consisted of sheep's head and trotters, boiled in broth. Of the broth he had tasted only a few spoonfuls when he discovered two teeth in his plate. "Fully satisfied now," said the professor, "that I had been spitting teeth, I despatched John for the medical man. He lived four miles off; but John representing the case as urgent, the doctor was at the manse in a few hours. 'Can you fasten teeth, doctor?' I said to the physician, 'for mine are falling out of my head in pairs.' 'Show me any you have lost,' said the physician. I immediately unfolded, from a bit of soft paper, the teeth which I had found in my plate, and begged to be informed whether they could be restored to the jaw. 'These are sheep's teeth,' said the doctor. I was freed from all further uneasiness," concluded the professor.

A REMARK has recently been made *apropos* of a lawsuit, in which a wife's excessive love of dress was commented on, to the effect that, "whilst extravagant wives are very common phenomena, extravagant old maids are almost unheard of." Although many exceptions may present themselves to this general observation, it must be admitted that there are some grounds for the assertion. As a rule, most married women are more open-handed than spinsters. They calculate less closely than their unmarried sisters the exact return a pecuniary outlay is likely to yield. But does it follow that pure love of pleasure and display are the cause of the more lavish expenditure? May it not be that most married women, in a position of life which enables them to contract expenses, have claims upon their income which, whether well founded or not, keep their purse strings constantly loose? Granting that many foolish wives in an obscure path of life bedeck themselves in costly clothing for no earthly reason than for the sake of the self-satisfaction which wearing fine apparel imparts, an infinitely greater number of married women wear sumptuous clothing as the outward sign of their husband's social status.

DRESSES WORN AT THE LATE DRAWING-ROOM OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—On the first occasion of the year the prevailing colors were yellow and crimson; at this week's drawing-room blue and grenat were the most frequent, though it might not be said, nevertheless, that they were the most fashionable, for the new color, the *vert d'eau de Nil*, was so considered; it is said to have been suggested by the Empress of the French after her return from Egypt. It has many shades, and is really worthy of the high distinction it has found, and likely to become the rage for a time, as it has, from its varied shades, an adaptability most obliging to the complexions of many ranges of beauty. Still, these colors mentioned did not by any means show in a preponderating way, for with the new green, grenat and blue came in endless mixture of hues on varied material—the new pink, the *gros d'argent*, yellows, crimsons, amethyst, violet, rose, the pale coral, fawn, and soon, though the *pronounced* colors, such as that light and beautiful green tulle, which was more decided than the *eau de Nil*, drew admiration, well bestowed, on the graceful wearer.

But amid all the gauzy lightness nothing was won from the splendor of the violet velvets, blue satins, cream-colored velvets, amber and pale flush satins, when, as was mostly the case, those materials were tastefully set off with rare lace, fine jewels and very rich underrobes. The *débutantes* who have been restricted to simple white, seemed to have been in league for the general desire to add to the remarkable brilliancy of color, as well as beauty of style, that prevailed, for they had contrived to give pleasing relief to the monotony of the white by the introduction as much as possible of colored flowers of a not too pronounced character, of blush roses and pale red roses, and grass, and heartsease (may it be theirs ever!), and of pink flowers of some very non-descript character of botany. But the best effects were those in which gold trimming and a kind of gold lace were introduced, vying with the permitted elaboration on the more substantial costumes of the matrons.

The headdress had in some cases undergone a distinct change; for instance, there was a new fashion seen for the first time at court called the "Frou-Frou," which is highly becoming the wearers if they have fair hair, and in two or three cases it called forth marked admiration, especially so in the instance of a lady who wore a black plume, which was in striking contrast. For the benefit of those who have not seen the novelty—and those who have worn it as yet are few—we may state that it consists of a chief chignon, not of very great amplitude, worn as the taste may incline, more or less approaching the centre of the head, and then flowing off backwards in a series of rolls of minor chignons and heavy curls, and from the extreme end droop out a few diminutive ringlets. This "Frou-Frou" is very becoming, and will be the fashion for ball-rooms, there is little doubt, as well as the colors *eau de Nil* and grenat. The hint we gave as to the sombre and rather confirmation-like look of the tulle veils and heavy tulle lappets has not been without result, for whereas at the first drawing-room four out of five wore those appendages, we are quite understating in saying that not more than two out of five wore the tulle veil and lappets on this occasion; and those who, perchance, in listening to respectfully-expressed advice given, came without tulle, or substituted handsome lace, must have become conscious, by comparison, of the great gain that had resulted to them in the lightness and gracefulness of their headdress.

The costumes were not worn remarkably low, though there was not, and it is to be presumed for years long in advance of us there will not be, an approximation to that style which has been talked of from the other side of the water, but is quite unsuited for such splendor as the scene we have described, where all was done that art and wealth could achieve and beauty too.

The lace worn was very splendid. The Princess Mary's is renowned, therefore the Princess of Wales patronized Irish lace. Mrs. Layard, for a reason that may be conceived, wore Spanish lace, which was remarkably handsome.

The gems were very beautiful, particularly those of the Princess Mary, Countess of Glasgow, Mrs. A. Beaumont, Duchess of Boxburghe, Mrs. Snowdon Henry, Mrs. Ford, Lady Dalrymple, Mrs. Jones-Lloyd, Mrs. Frank Morrison, and Mrs. Gardner.

The early part of the day was very warm and pleasant, still, towards the time for the first to take

their leave there was an unpleasant change; but then all could seek without danger to costume the comfort of their wraps, and encase themselves even deep within the folds of their dresses, a fashion not unfrequently adopted. But there were more cheerfulness and dash, and there were lively strains of the bands heard as of yore in St. James's, though the early leavers at the last drawing-room were not conscious, through the late hour of arrival of the bands, that they were in attendance on that occasion.

GOOD FOR ONE POUND.—It is said that in a dockyard of England a ship of many thousand tons was once built, and a large multitude had assembled to witness the launching. The wedges were knocked away, but the immense mass remained motionless. Before a feeling of disappointment began to manifest itself, a little boy ran forward, and commenced pushing against the vessel. His efforts excited the ridicule of the spectators; but he turned indignantly towards them, saying, "I can push a pound," and continued his exertions. They were all that were needed to overcome the friction; and soon the huge ship, yielding to his pressure, gracefully glided into the waves. So many a great and noble cause stands motionless, when perhaps the effort of a child would have overcome the obstacles that hinder its progress. A single grain will turn a nicely-balanced scale. A single word or action, or glance of the eye, may be fraught with inestimable consequences. We cannot be the judges of the amount of our influence. We know not how much it accomplishes. We cannot be aware through what a wide circle it may spread.

DIAMONDS.—If the Eastern monarchs wore diamonds about their persons, it was principally because they regarded them as talismans, as having magical properties; and the same belief was shared by all nations. Serapius ascribes to this gem the power of making men courageous and magnanimous. It was also thought to nullify the attractive power of the magnet. The Indians believe that diamond-powder taken into the mouth causes the teeth to fall out; and that the stone acts as a preservative against lightning.

There is mention in history of a cloak of Charlemagne's, the clasp of which was formed of two diamonds; and in the inventory of the effects of the Duke of Anjou, in 1360 or 1368, a diamond cut into the form of a shield is amongst the list of valuables.

The origin of the karat—four grains Troy weight—is from the Arabic word "Kusar" the name of the seed of a pod-bearing plant. These seeds are uniformly of the same gravity, and were used for weighing against gold-dust. The weight was adopted in Hindostan, and thence all over the world.

The rage for the possession of these precious stones so much increased after the revelation of their extreme beauty by Van Berghem, that Paris alone, in the time of the Cardinal Mazarin—who was a great diamond fancier—supported seventy-five diamond cutters. In England also were several renowned lapidaries, whose work was so perfect that even now the diamonds called "Old English" are much prized. The art, however, has declined.

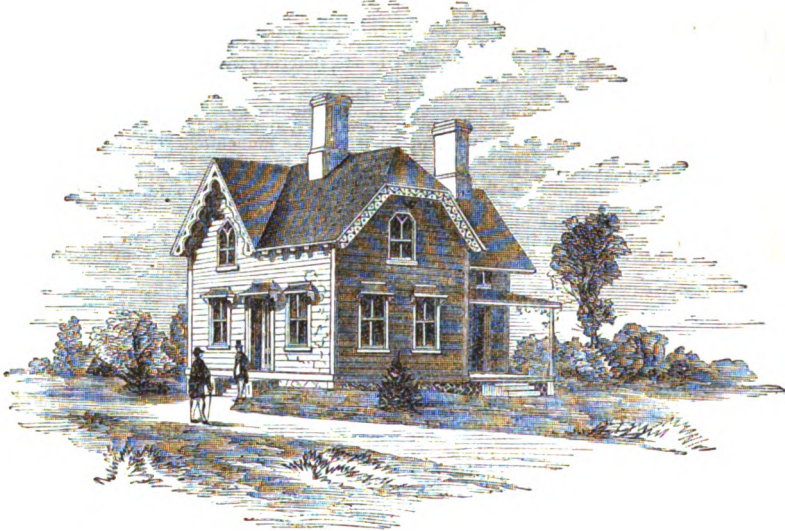
In the Middle Ages extravagant use was made of diamonds as well as of other precious stones. The descriptions of some of the State dresses worn in those days appear almost fabulous.

EARTHQUAKES.—Humboldt, who witnessed several earthquakes, said that one never gets used to them, but, on the contrary, his feelings of dread are intensified at each successive one which he experiences. All beasts and birds partake of man's fear, and seem panic-stricken. Humboldt accounts for man's inability to become accustomed to, and consequently not to dread, earthquakes, by saying that, whatever we have at any time or under any circumstances considered shaky, the earth has always stood firm, and when we find that tossing beneath our feet, it seems as though the very bottom of things had been knocked out.

"PERSISTENCE," said a lady to her servant, "is the only way you can accomplish great things." One day eight apple-dumplings were sent down stairs, and they all disappeared. "Sally, where are those dumplings?" "I managed to get through them, ma'am." "Why, how on earth did you contrive to eat so many dumplings?" "By persevering, ma'am," answered Sally.

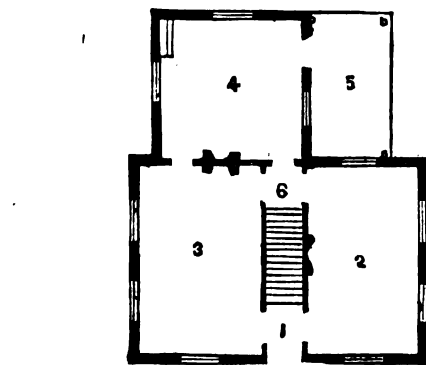
ORNAMENTAL COTTAGE.

Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, formerly 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

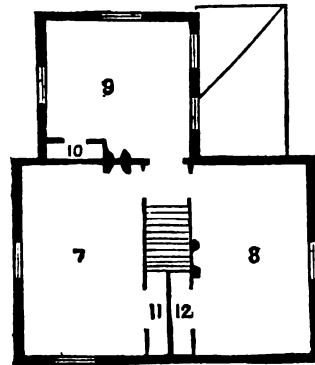


THE above design is a cheap ornamental cottage of small pretensions as to ornamental design, but of a class largely built by those wishing the comforts of a home upon a small capital. The cost of its

erection will not exceed \$1500. It contains three rooms, parlor, dining-room, and kitchen, on the first floor, and three chambers on the second. The roof is so constructed as to admit of the circulation of air between the rooms and the roof as high as the ceiling; the upper part above the ceiling joists or collar beams, affording a sufficient air chamber, with a ventilator at each gable; one going down to within a few inches of the collar beams, and passing but a small distance above the roof; the other being several feet higher, and terminating immediately below the roof, will act as a constant ventilator, owing to the difference in the pressure of the air, and render the upper stories very pleasant. But if such houses are built without this or some other mode of ventilation, they would be very warm after the roof had been exposed several hours of a hot day.



FIRST STORY.



SECOND STORY.

erection will not exceed \$1500. It contains three rooms, parlor, dining-room, and kitchen, on the first floor, and three chambers on the second. The roof is so constructed as to admit of the circulation of air between the rooms and the roof as high as the ceiling; the upper part above the ceiling joists or collar beams, affording a sufficient air chamber, with a ventilator at each gable; one going down to within a few inches of the collar beams, and passing but a small distance above the roof; the other being several feet higher, and terminating immediately below the roof, will act as a constant ventilator, owing to the difference in the pressure of the air, and render the upper stories very pleasant. But if such houses are built without this or some other mode of ventilation, they would be very warm after the roof had been exposed several hours of a hot day.

Description.—1 is a vestibule, 3½ feet wide by 4½ feet long; 2 back porch, 8 feet wide by 15 feet long; 3 living-room, 12 by 18 feet in clear; 4 kitchen, 15 by 18 feet; 5 a parlor, 12 by 18 feet; 6 a small entry, affording entrance to the living-room, and parlor, and the stairway leading to the cellar, which should be under the front wing. In the second floor the rooms

are private, and all entered from the passage at the top of the stairs. No waste room occurs in this plan, therefore it is cheap and convenient. It was designed to be built of frame with shingle

roof. Builders and others furnished with our complete blank forms of specifications and bills of quantities upon the receipt of \$2.

POSTAL MONEY ORDERS.—Apply to your postmaster for a postal money order. No more losses by mail.

"The postal money order system established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than \$1 nor more than \$50. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz: For an order for \$1 or for any larger sum but not exceeding \$20, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of \$20 and up to \$30, the charge shall be 15 cents; more than \$30 and up to \$40, the charge shall be 20 cents; over \$40 and up to \$50, the charge shall be 25 cents."

A GENTLEMAN the other evening objected to playing whist with a lady because, he said, she had such a "winning" way about her.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Address "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Mrs. W. E. J.—Sent pattern March 22d.
 Mrs. A. T. S.—Sent pattern 22d.
 Mrs. E. S. W.—Sent pattern 22d.
 Miss V. H.—Sent pattern by express 22d.
 Miss A. E. F.—Sent pattern 22d.
 Miss E. S. G.—Sent articles 22d.
 Mrs. H. H.—Sent pattern 22d.
 Mrs. L. E. L.—Sent pattern 22d.
 Mrs. H. F. H.—Sent lead comb by express 22d.
 R. J. M.—Sent lead comb 22d.
 Miss A. M. D.—Sent articles by express 22d.
 Mrs. H. J. H.—Sent pattern 25th.
 J. W. W.—Sent articles by express 26th.
 Mrs. L. E. L.—Sent rubber gloves 20th.
 Mrs. W. H. P.—Sent rubber gloves 20th.
 Mrs. F. B. C.—Sent rubber gloves 20th.
 J. W. F.—Sent rubber gloves 20th.
 Mrs. N. W.—Sent box articles by express April 1st.
 Mrs. G. M. S.—Sent box articles by express 7th.
 Miss K. E. B.—Sent box articles by express 9th.
 D. P. H.—Sent box articles by express 9th.
 Mrs. W. L.—Sent pattern 18th.
 Mrs. J. N. S.—Sent pattern 18th.
 Mrs. M. M.—Sent pattern 18th.
 Mrs. J. B. H.—Sent pattern 18th.
 Mrs. G. W. H.—Sent pattern 18th.
 J. S.—Sent pattern 18th.
 Mrs. F. L.—Sent lead comb 18th.
 J. F. E. K.—Sent articles 18th.
 Mrs. D. C. M.—Sent pattern 18th.
 Mrs. J. L. B.—Sent pattern 18th.
 Mrs. M. C.—Sent pattern 18th.
 Mrs. A. B.—Sent rubber gloves 18th.
 Mrs. J. W. W.—Sent rubber gloves 18th.
 Capt. P. S.—Sent rubber gloves 18th.
 Miss M. S.—Sent lead comb 18th.
 A. C. P.—Sent articles by express 18th.
 Miss A. B.—Sent lead comb 18th.
 Mrs. H. R.—Sent lead comb 18th.
 M. E. F.—Sent lead comb 18th.
 J. R. O.—Go to Willmer and Rogers, 47 Nassau St., New York, and order "Banting on Corulency." That is the work you want.
 Juno Q.—A very foolish question. It appears that you would have allowed him to kiss you if there had been no "visitors present."
 Lou.—Don't know anything that will remove freckles.
 M. S. R.—Yes; but hats are most generally worn in the country.
 Laura.—We cannot help you; you must consult your physician.
 S. E. G.—As long as mourning is worn.
 Queen Mab.—1 If the hand-shaking is not from a lover, the hand is not retained on either side. 2 No, unless he is an old gentleman. 3 We know of no meaning.
 Annie F.—We know of nothing to remove them permanently.
 M. O.—Better tell the gentleman you are engaged to the true state of the case. He would in all probability very much prefer you being frank with him to giving him your hand without your heart.
 G. O. A.—Better send your dresses to a dyer than to attempt dyeing them yourself. It would be more economical.
 L. D. R.—We decline giving the address of the gentleman. He is already pestered with such applications as we presume you wish to make.
 Miss D. H.—Most young people learn more at school from fourteen to sixteen than at any other time.
 A Middle-Aged Gentleman.—If your eyes require assistance, wear spectacles; if they do not, it is absurd to put them on.

Metta.—If the gentleman has forgotten to pay you the gloves, he should not be reminded of it.

Fashionous.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelope, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq. No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

The Publisher of the *LADY'S BOOK* has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the Fashion Editor does not know.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Dress of blue foulard, trimmed with one ruffle on the skirt, headed with a band of satin. Plain corsage and coat sleeves, trimmed with satin points. Overdress, waist, and cape of pearl-colored foulard, trimmed with fancy braid. The cape is edged with a narrow lace. Pearl-colored chip hat, trimmed with blue flowers and lace.

Fig. 2.—Suit of pearl-colored leno, made with one skirt, trimmed with three box-plaited ruffles. Cloak with cape of same, trimmed with fancy black braid and tassels, with a ruffle of silk around the edge. White straw bonnet, trimmed with black ribbon; lace veil and green flowers; black lace strings.

Fig. 3.—Dinner dress of pink crape de chine, made with a court train; the front breadth is trimmed with white satin plaitings and ruffles, edged with black lace. The revers at side are of white satin, trimmed with folds of the pink. The back of the skirt is trimmed with three pink ruffles and one white, fluted. Corsage cut heart-shaped, with lace ruff around the neck. Hair curled, with pink satin ribbon bows in it.

Fig. 4.—Dress of green silk, trimmed with fringe on the skirt; plain corsage; coat sleeves. Overdress of two skirts of white India mull; the lower one reaching the top of fringe on the silk skirt, and trimmed with a ruche of green silk; the upper one bouffant in back, and trimmed with Valenciennes lace and green silk ruche. Hair arranged in curls and plaits, with green ribbon and white plume.

Fig. 5.—Walking suit of *écru* grenadine, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with two ruffles, with rows of braid between; upper skirt trimmed with one ruffle, headed with two bands of black velvet, trimmed with Oluny lace. Plain corsage, trimmed with velvet. Black velvet sash. Bonnet of straw, trimmed with white lace and small feathers.

Fig. 6.—Dress for girl of eight years of gay-colored striped goods, with an overdress and cape of white piqué, cut in points on edge, and bound. Gay sash to match dress.

HEADDRESSES, HATS, AND BONNETS.

(See Engravings, Page 518.)

Fig. 1.—Ball coiffure. The hair is arranged in puffs and curls, with a pink velvet diadem in front, with a large flower, feather, and black lace falling from it.

Fig. 2.—The hair is arranged in four puffs on each side in front, with long chatelaine braids hanging down in the back. The flowers, placed in the centre of head in front, are of blue forget-me-nots and pink roses, with black velvet loops, and one long end, trimmed with white lace, fastened to the back of waist, and finished in a bow on the left shoulder.

Fig. 3.—Hat of blue crape, made in plaits. The side is trimmed with two bows, from which a blue feather is fastened, and a gauze veil.

Fig. 4.—Hat of white chip, trimmed with bands of pink velvet, and pink roses, and white feather. White illusion veil.

Fig. 5.—Bonnet of black lace, with a long veil at back. The front is ornamented with a bow of green ribbon; the lace strings are also fastened with one.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Suit of black silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a deep plaiting, headed with a band of satin and a ruche; the upper skirt trimmed to correspond, and looped at the sides with ornaments. Short sacque, trimmed with satin; long open sleeves. Bonnet of black lace, trimmed with lilac flowers and feathers.

Fig. 2.—Suit of *écarle* serge, made with two skirts; the lower one edged with a ruffle, headed with silk; the second one cut in scallops, slightly puffed, and trimmed to correspond. Plain basque and loose sleeves. Silk sash in back. Hat of buff straw, trimmed with a long feather and black net.

Fig. 3.—Walking suit. The underskirt is of lilac grenadine, trimmed with fringe and satin; the upper skirt of black silk, trimmed to correspond. Short sacque, with revers of satin, with coat sleeves and hanging sleeves over them. Lilac crape bonnet, trimmed with lilac flowers.

Fig. 4.—Percule suit. The underskirt is of plain green, trimmed with three plaited ruffles; the upper skirt and waist of green and white striped. The edge is cut in turrets, bound with green, with a quilling above them. The waist has a basque cut in turrets to correspond. Coat sleeves. Green straw hat, trimmed with feather and satin.

Fig. 5.—Dress of white muslin, made with three skirts; the two lower ones trimmed with ruffles of the same; the upper one cut pointed, open in the back, and trimmed with a row of Valenciennes lace, headed with a puff of muslin, with rose color ribbon drawn through it, and looped at the sides with lace barbs. Low square corsage. Short sleeves, trimmed to correspond. Belt with pointed basques set on, and trimmed the same.

Fig. 6.—Suit of blue and white foulard silk. The underskirt is striped; the upper skirt is plain blue, looped in the back, and trimmed with a quilling of blue silk. Plain waist, made surplice front, with coat sleeves, with ruffles at the hands. Sash of blue silk. Blue straw hat, trimmed with blue velvet and feathers.

Fig. 7.—Hat of blue China crape, trimmed with a plaiting of the same, with a band of satin ribbon through the centre, finished with a bow, and an end of the crape trimmed with lace. On the other side is a standing plume.

Fig. 8.—Hat of violet crape, trimmed with point lace barb and small violet feathers.

Fig. 9.—Hat of fine white straw, trimmed with blue velvet, silk, and feather.

Fig. 10.—Hat of white chip, trimmed with a band of black feathers, black velvet, and a gay-colored wing at one side.

Fig. 11.—Hat of fine white straw, trimmed with black lace, velvet, feather, and pink roses.

Fig. 12.—Hat of black Neapolitan, bound and trimmed with green velvet and feather. A jet buckle at side, and a scarf of spotted net.

Fig. 13.—Sleeve of net and lace. This sleeve consists of two bouillons of net, each twenty-three and two-fifths inches long, five and three-fifths inches wide in the middle, three and one-fifth inches wide at the ends, and of a fluting two and three-fifths inches wide, twenty-two and two-fifths inches long. This fluting is slanted off towards the ends, and edged with Valenciennes lace two and two-fifths inches wide. The sleeve is, moreover, ornamented with cerise-colored velvet ribbon, as can be seen on illustration.

Fig. 14.—This sleeve is made of muslin and lace. Flutings of Mechlin lace, one and three-fifths inches, two and two-fifths inches, three and one-fifth inches, and five and one-fifth inches wide, are fastened upon the muslin, as seen on illustration. The lace is always slanted off towards the ends. The sewing-on of the lace is covered with black velvet ribbon.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Riding habit of buff linen, made with a basque bound with black braid. Straw hat, and gauze veil.

Fig. 2.—Riding habit of dark blue cloth, made with a short jockey, trimmed with silk military braid. White straw hat, with blue velvet trimming.

Fig. 3.—The Clotilde jacket, made of white corduroy, and trimmed with white cotton fringe and braid.

Fig. 4.—Spanish mantle of black spotted lace, edged with a narrow thread lace. It is ornamented with black ribbon bows at the back, and in front where the ends are fastened. These mantles are going to be very fashionable at watering-places this season.

Fig. 5.—Morning dress of white alpaca, trimmed with a fluted ruffle of blue silk. It is made with a small cape, which is trimmed with a quilling of silk, as is also up the front. Blue silk sash fastened at the right side.

Fig. 6.—Fernando mantle, made of black silk, and trimmed with tassel fringe and a ruche. It is looped in the back with a fan ornament and sash ends.

Fig. 7.—Cape of point *appliqué* lace, with a hood to draw over the head, fastened in front with a small bunch of ivy-leaves; the same ornament the top. These capes are to be worn over low corsages, at watering-places.

Fig. 8.—Party dress for a little girl, of fine white muslin ornamented with embroidery. The underskirt is blue silk.

Fig. 9.—Sailor jacket of white Nainsook, made with puffs and insertion up the front with black velvet run through. Collar and cuffs of sleeves to correspond.

Fig. 10.—Collar and habit shirt of fine linen. The collar is standing in the back, and three pieces turned over in front, edged with narrow lace.

Fig. 11.—Under bodice of muslin. This bodice is made of fine muslin; it is ornamented round the top and sleeves with strips of embroidered insertion, one and three-fifths of an inch wide, and gathered Valenciennes lace, two-fifths of an inch wide, as can be seen on illustration.

Fig. 12.—Bretelles of black tulle and blue silk; they are edged with black lace, and finished at the waist by a blue ribbon and lace bow.

Fig. 13.—Collarette to be worn with a surplice dress. Composed of muslin, lace insertion, and edging. It is a ruff in back, with pieces cut square in front to lay over the outside of dress. It is fastened with a lace rosette.

Fig. 14.—Bow of green satin; the lower part is of black net, worked with gold thread.

Figs. 15 and 16.—Fancy fans. Fig. 15 is composed of sticks of ivory, so delicately carved as to appear like lace, and joined together with narrow blue ribbon. Fig. 16, of black lace and gilt sticks handsomely carved.

Fig. 17.—Dress for a girl of eight years old, of blue silk, with a fluted quilling around the bottom, with three satin bands at the head of it. Black silk sacque, trimmed with fancy braid.

Fig. 18.—Dress for a girl of three years, of white *piqué*, trimmed with cambric ruffles. The waist is cut low square and trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 19.—Suit for a boy of five years, of buff nankeen; the pants and jacket are bound with white braid.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FOR the benefit of the fond mammas who have not yet decided on the mode of making their children's summer clothing, we will devote a short space to the subject.

Jaunty postillion basques and upper skirts for best suits, belted sacques or yoke waists for school dresses, and Gabrielles for very small children, are the useful and simple styles in vogue for girls' dresses. The basque is buttoned in front, is pointed below the waist in front, slopes very short on the hips, becoming longer and square behind. The side-bodies are defined at the waist merely with two buttons, unless the child has a very long waist, which needs to be shortened in appearance by a belt and sash bow. Short upper skirts, with apron fronts, and slightly bouffant behind, are more youthful looking than the tunic shape. This style is made up in summer silks, serges, and more than anything else in *piqué*. In *piqué* and satin jean dresses, the lining is omitted, and, as these fabrics shrink greatly, the dress should be made amply loose and long. For print and lawn dresses, nothing is so becoming to girlish figures as the full yoke waist, with narrow ruffles on yoke sleeves and skirt. A belted sacque and gored skirt of calico or cambric forms a pretty costume for ordinary occasions, but it requires care to keep the gathers in place under the belt. It is best to put a drawing string around the waist, and tack the gathers in position back and front.

Girls of twelve years and less wear their dress skirts short enough to show two or three inches of white stocking above the boot, but drawers, no matter how handsomely trimmed, must not appear below the dress. Bias flounces of the same material, box-plaited or gathered, are the prettiest trimmings for skirts of silk and other goods of woollen or mixed character. Flat plaitings for wash goods. They are not light looking, but commend themselves on account of being easily ironed. Silk and white Swiss overskirts are still conspicuous in girlish *toilettes*, to which they give pretty variety. Those of Swiss are generally trimmed with bands of tucks separated by puffs, and edged with box-plaited or fluted ruffles. Wide sashes of rose pink, blue, or apple green silk, pointed at the edges, and tied behind in large loops, are worn with white or black overskirts. Short slashed *paletots* are favorite outer garments for girls' suits. These are similar to the sailor jackets of last summer, with various slashings back and front; or,

if cut too short to be slashed, by trimming defining lappets or squares. These are made with revers or turned-over collar, with coat sleeves, large buttons, and are very much trimmed in the back, either by trimming carried up the centre to the neck, or by velvet streamers placed at the back of the neck, somewhat after the fashion of the "*suitesmoi*," worn a year or two since. These are generally made of the same material as the skirt, or of black *gros grain* or white corduroy; the latter will wash, as it is all cotton. It is prettily trimmed with facings of corded silk of a bright color, which, of course, has to be removed when washed. For silk, narrow ruffles and fringe are used for trimming.

The flat Chinese hat and the Tyrolienne hat of black or white straw, with turned-up velvet brim, are the shapes most worn by young misses. A scarf and cluster of flowers trim them. The hair is plaited over night, and allowed to hang in flowing waves, tied around with a colored ribbon. Some girls prefer plaits crossed backwards and forwards in imitation of chatelaine braids.

For little girls of three or four years old, Gabrielles, high-necked or else low and short-sleeved, with a sailor jacket, are most worn. The plain Gabrielles, with broad front, and back gores, and narrow side pieces, are made in all fabrics from calico to silk; but those of buff linen and white *piqué* are preferred, as they wash well, and may be made quite inexpensively, or may be elaborate with trimming. They are buttoned behind. Coat sleeves; belt; and small collar or edging around the throat. A handsome dress of corded *piqué* can be made with two or three rows of the new gulf embroidery inserted around the skirt, with narrow ruffles of the same between the bands. These are to be worn over a colored skirt of silk or percale that will be plainly seen through the open worked trimming.

For children just putting on short clothes, from half a dozen to one dozen white muslin slips are required. For making these slips the design is a yoke, either high or low in the neck, with body and skirt in one, slightly sloped in the seams to prevent too much fullness around the body. They may be worn flowing or else confined with a sash of ribbon or ruffled strings of the material. They are made of fine French Nainsook or Victoria lawn. An ingenious mother can make these at very little expense, without lace, embroidery, or troublesome ruffling, by using in clusters or diagonally, and rows of plaited frills that the most verdant laundress can iron smoothly and flat. Little sacques of *piqué*, or *piqué* walking coats, with cape richly embroidered, are worn in the street. Soft crowned bonnets of white corded silk, with Valenciennes *ruche* and rose-buds; Valenciennes caps, trimmed with white and tiny flowers, are worn by these little creatures. For more common wear there are hats of white lawn, shirred on cords or reeds, with a rosette of the lawn in front, and hemmed strings of the same; also hats of white *piqué*, braided in a pattern on the top and brim.

For boys there is nothing new in the mode of making suits. Wash goods are more used than for some time past, white and buff linen being the favorites. They can be trimmed with colored or white braids, and always look new after being done up. Many of the jackets and blouses are made with a sailor collar.

In bonnets, light split straw, yellow tinted Italian braids, and a white braid, half-transparent but thicker and more substantial than erinoline straw, with chip, are the favorites. The combinations of color used in trimming are peculiar, and require an artist to blend them harmoniously. palest tints

are most used, yet black appears on every bonnet in the guise of jet, lace, or velvet. Green and tea-rose color with black is a fresh and pretty combination for blondes; straw color, pink, and black, a Spanish grouping of colors designed for brunettes; turtle-dove gray, rose, and black, a refined choice; black, blue, and rose color is an eminently French fancy; while violet, with almond-buff and black, forms a harmonious contrast, becoming to a clear complexion, with good color and dark brown hair, something between a brunette and a blonde. A beautiful bonnet we have seen was composed of white French chip, the regular bonnet shape. The trimmings were rich Chantilly lace, falling over the side and back, with long broad ends in the back, and fastened at the crown. High on the left side was a large cluster of the brightest purple violets, and just in the centre nestled one of those lovely shaded tea-roses, with a bud or two trying to make their appearance at the top. There was no face trimming as the bonnets are very close; all must be put on the outside. It was thought at the first of the season that ribbon strings would be worn, but they were found so unbecoming that the lace ones have been substituted, gathered in soft folds, and fastened with a half-blown rose and a few violets under the chin. Another, a handsome English straw, trimmed with marabout feathers and rich blonde, with pointed edge; there were three cords of white satin on the edge, divided by loops of fancy straw; a shirred lining of the satin in the front; the feathers fell low on the right side, and loops of the satin and lace dropped from beneath them; on the top was a beautiful blush rose, with variegated crape leaves and grasses, surmounted with the lace, which is intended to fall lovingly over the hair, and partially shade the face.

In hats the styles are all of the high shape with crown and rolling brim, except the Chinese hat which has a very low crown and straight brim. Chip is considered the handsomest, Leghorn, and fancy straws. Black velvet and lace is extensively used for trimming. A white chip hat that we have observed had a crown tapering and small at the top, with a brim rolled high at the sides; the brim was bound with black corded silk and thread lace edging; a bow of black *gros grain* is set at the side, with streamers falling over the back; two pink ostrich tips supporting a humming-bird of brilliant colors, is set at the side. Another hat of French chip is very small, with a narrow brim wider in front than behind, with points of the same material forming a coronet in front, and trimmed with black thread lace; a veil and streamers fall behind; buff and black roses, mixed with oak-leaves, cover the crown and side of the hat, and a rich jet ornament is set in front.

Wash goods will be very much worn for suits; percales, with satin finish, rank first. White is even more popular than it has been, if that were possible; it is worn in all fabrics from *piqué* to the thinnest muslin. The skirts of gored *piqué* dresses differ from others in being laid in large, flat, hollow plaits at the back instead of gathered, the material being too stiff for gathers. The most desirable summer goods, however, are the *écru* linen lawns, said to be pure linen. It is a handsome material of the palest buff tint, and is far preferable to the heavy grass linens so much worn for street and travelling suits last season. A few of these have been made up, and consist of a short skirt, walking length, trimmed with flat plaitings edged with Oluny lace. The casaque is very bouffant, while a black velvet sash and bows complete the suit. The idea of wash materials for summer is a good one, and will, no

doubt, be popular for some time, in that half a dozen of cambric or linen suits can be procured for what must necessarily be paid for one of the summer poplins, and, in addition to this, one can always have a fresh looking dress. To be sure the laundry bill must be taken into consideration, but as the extensive ruffling, fluting, and puffing of last year have given way to flat plaitings, a great portion of the trouble of ironing will be avoided.

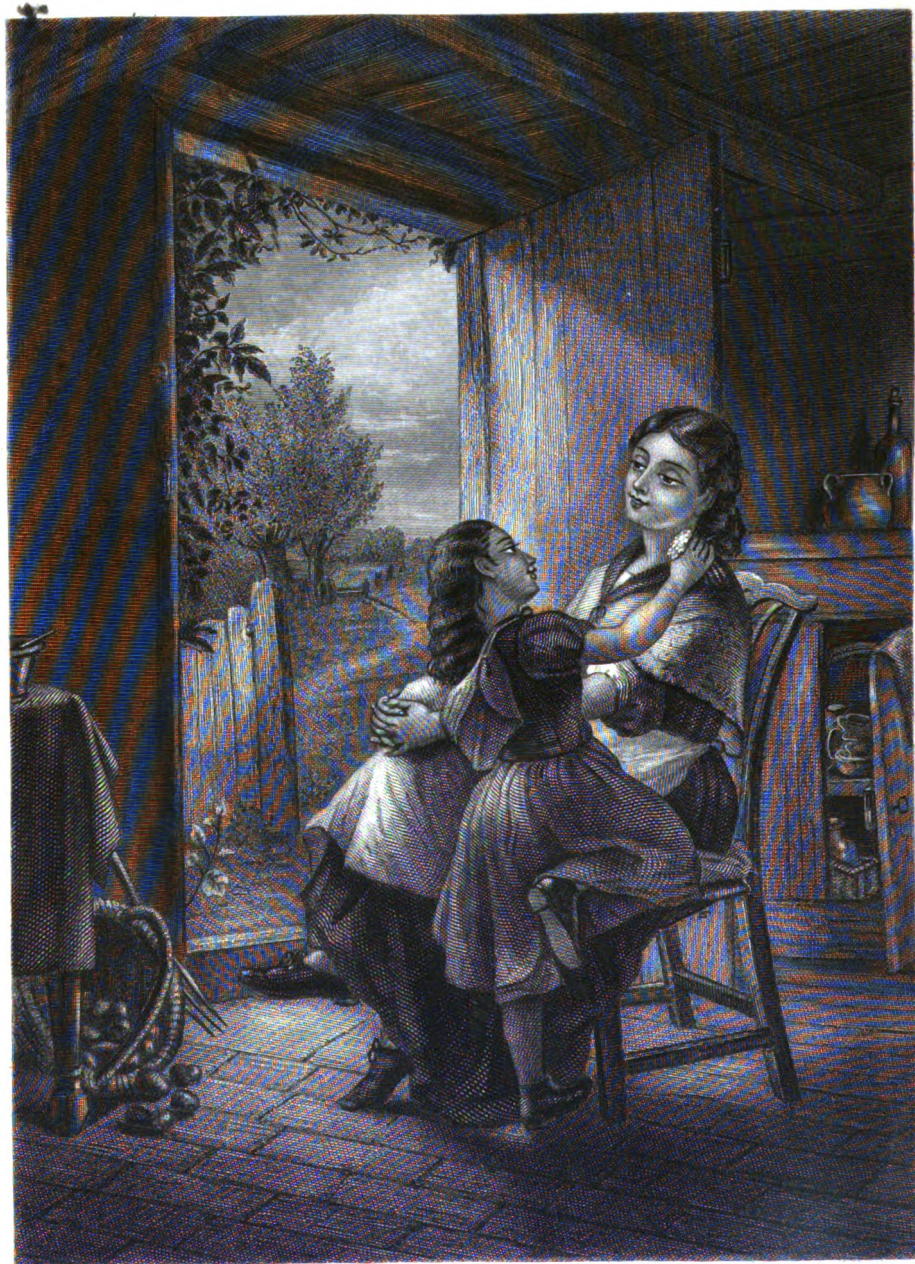
Embroidery and braid trimming will be largely employed in the ornamentation of suits. In summer wraps an entirely new idea has been brought out. It is called the "Patent Pannier Bedouin," and is a singularly graceful garment. Its appearance is somewhat that of a circular, though it is plainly evident that the garment is shaped to the form in the back as low as the belt, where the fulness is gathered in, forming a slight pannier, from which it derives a portion of its name; the fronts are straight, and can be worn falling over the arms, or carelessly thrown over one shoulder, after the usual manner of wearing these wraps. A hood and handsome cord and tassels complete this wrap. The "Pannier Bedouin" will be the popular wrap of the season, and, owing to the fact of its being patented, it will not immediately become common, as its manufacture will probably be restricted.

Among the little articles, useful and ornamental, are the pretty muslin aprons, just coming into fashion and general use. They are very small, with rounded corners, giving them somewhat of an oval shape, with two pockets and trimmings of Valenciennes inserting and edging, with finish of bright colored ribbon of whatever shade may be desired. As a neat and beautiful finish to a *toilette*, nothing could be prettier.

Open sleeves having again made their appearance, the day of cuffs has, in a measure, departed, and handsomely embroidered undersleeves take their place. Those shown are mostly of fine India lawn, with a band of muslin embroidery and a broad ruffle of lace at the wrist. Fichus of black dotted lace are also fashionable, and there is every reason to believe that house dresses will be worn very low in the neck, and fichus, both in lace and tulle, be in high vogue. For those who cling to the close fitting coat sleeve, a new style of cuff is shown, which is worn over the sleeve. It is made of fine lawn, box-plaited, and banded down with insertings of fine embroidery.

The fashion of slippers continues. They are made with high heels, and with a raised point at the back. The front is covered with a large shield or bow coming above the edge, with large buckles in the centre. The buckles are silvered or gilt. Bronze slippers look well with gilt buckles. The shape called the "Marie Antoinette" have very high heels and a front trimming of puffed silk. For common use the bows and shields are made of leather, with buckles. The buckles are made either in a solid oval or are open in the middle, with large teeth or catches, the ring being both oval and square.

The fashion for wearing lockets is steadily increasing, and we see some very handsome ones to replace the brooches that reigned so long among us. Some of these lockets are exquisitely designed, and set with precious stones; others are plainer for morning use. The loop of these lockets, through which a chain or ribbon passes, differs entirely from the old-fashioned, for it is made very wide in front, so as to prevent it turning on the neck. The back is flat, and has a glass and place for hair or portrait. They are of all styles, plain gold and enamel, pearls, or diamonds and cameos set in precious stones, or gold; in fact, fancy cannot describe half of the beautiful lockets seen. Fashion.





PACKING A TRUNK





PACKING A TRUNK.

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FASHIONABLE COSTUMES.

(See Description, Fashion Department.)

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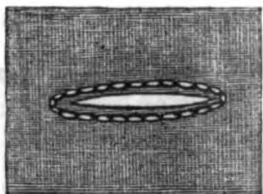


FIG. 1.



Fig. 6.





Fig. 16.

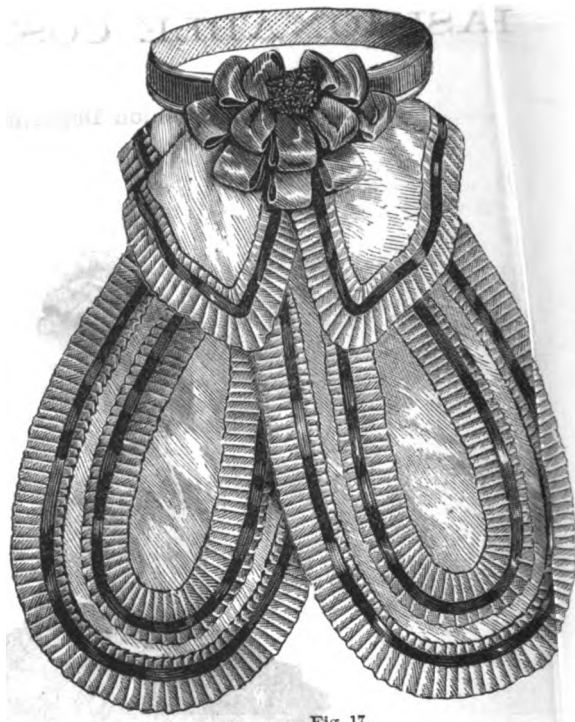


Fig. 17.



Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.



THE PICNIC.

I LOVE YOU!

SONG.

The Music Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By Coralie Bell.

AUTHOR OF "LILLIE CLARE," "SUNNY DAYS," "SPEAK MY NAME IN YOUR HOME, NELLIE," ETC.

Published by permission of J. STARR HOLLOWAY, 811 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

8va..... 8va.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is written for a grand piano in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

1. Hush! or the trees will hear you speak, That stretch their arms a-
2. Rip - pling streams that 'neath their banks Re - flect the sky a-

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The lyrics are: "1. Hush! or the trees will hear you speak, That stretch their arms a- / 2. Rip - pling streams that 'neath their banks Re - flect the sky a-". The music is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp.

bove you, The rust - ling leaves my se - cret guess, And
bove you, May hear the fool ish ques - tion, too, And

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "bove you, The rust - ling leaves my se - cret guess, And / bove you, May hear the fool ish ques - tion, too, And". The music is in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp.

I LOVE YOU.

whis - per that I love you! The ti - ny flow'rs that
laugh-ing, say, "I love you." Well, take their an - swer,

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The vocal melody is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

draw their life From the bright sun a - bove you, Will al - so hear, and
it is true—True as the heav'n a - bove you, Be sat - is - fied, O

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score, continuing the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system.

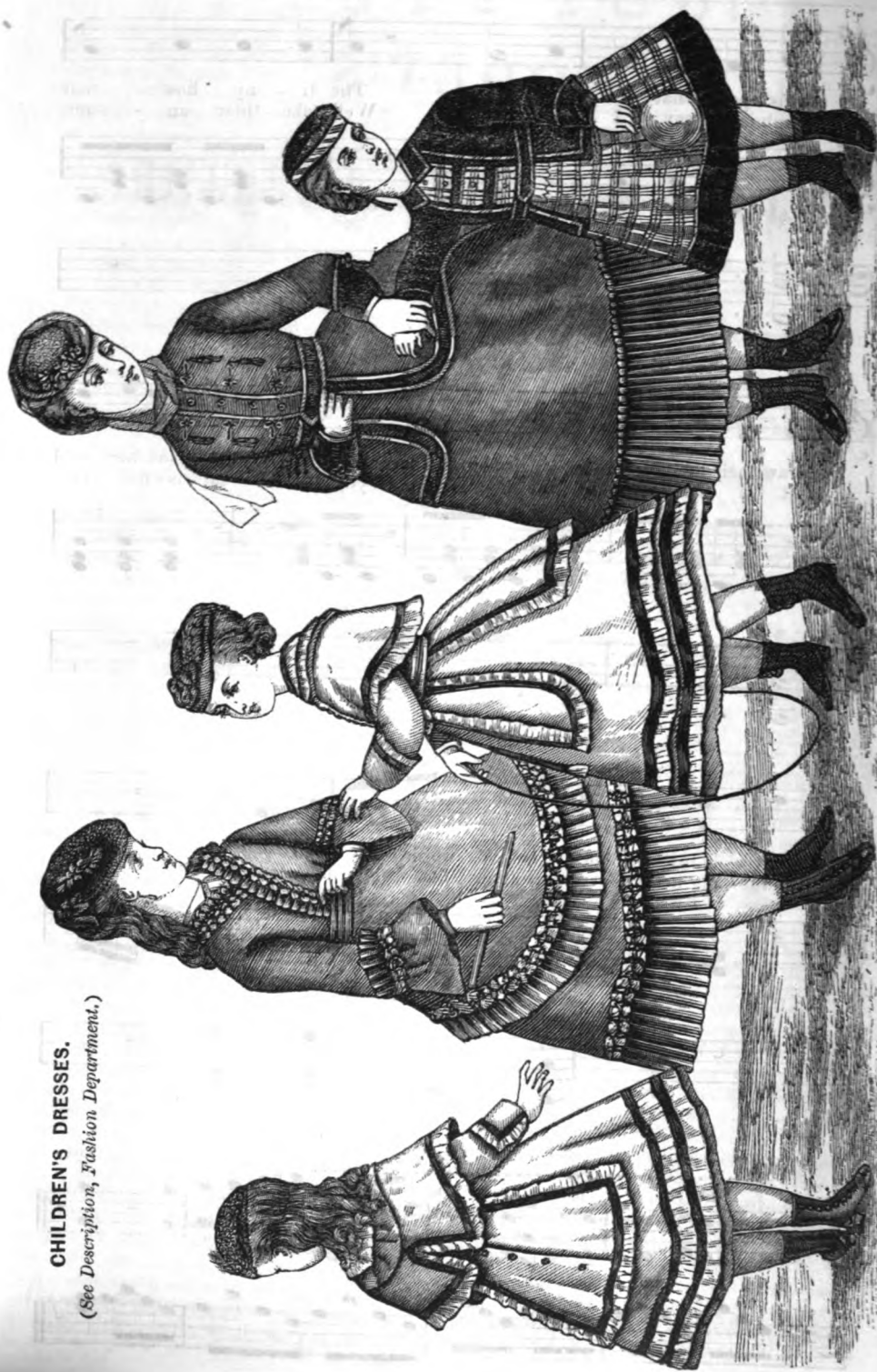
gent - ly breathe The whisper'd words "I love you."
doubt - ing heart, For more than life I love you.

This system contains the third and fourth staves of the musical score, continuing the vocal melody and piano accompaniment.

Sra. Sra.

This system contains the final two staves of the musical score. The vocal melody ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment continues with a rhythmic pattern. The system is labeled 'Sra.' at both the beginning and end of the vocal line.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.
(See Description, Fashion Department.)



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXXI.—NO. 481.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1870.

WALL-FLOWERS.

BY MARION HARLAND.

PART I.

THE weather was lovely, even for mid-April—a southern, not a northern April—full of promise of bloom and plenty in budding flowers and fruit trees, all aglow with pink-like sunset clouds, or white as from a new fall of snow. The March winds had piped their last, and gone to sleep for twelve months to come, and the sunshine—still, bright, beneficent—lay upon the old town. Lay nowhere more brightly and warmly than along a broad, quiet street lined with houses, that, ten years before, were neat as well as spacious, and tenanted each by the owner thereof. This was the court end of the city, and the denizens of this particular block were some of the “best families” in the State. And in the palmy days of Richmond, the seven-hilled, the phrase was not meaningless. In the sombre mansions over there on the sunny side of the way, there used to be brave merry-makings on holidays and family anniversaries of birth or marriage. Laces and jewels, that had been heirlooms for generations, were worn with quiet satisfaction the holders were too well-bred to exhibit. There was abundant, not ostentatious, display of ancient silver stamped with crests—tankards, goblets, and the like—and mighty mustering of courtly “gentlemen of the old school,” with white neckcloths and shaven chins, smoothly-gallant speech and Chesterfieldian bows; and beautiful old ladies, who were not ashamed to wear veritable caps, albeit of finest web, over their own silvery hair, and whose silks were decorous in fashion, and grave in hue, as befitted the autumn of life. The sons and daughters of these worthies bore well their part in the social world; ate savory meats, drank costly wines, danced, married, and were given in marriage, until the day that the war came and

took the young men away, leaving the maidens to weep over the desolation of their people, the wasting of their pleasant places.

The fire, which was the *finale* of the four years' tragedy, had spared this aristocratic quarter, and none of the homesteads we speak of had passed into the hands of aliens. But a nameless shadow brooded upon roof-trees and thresholds, something more solemn than the decay which is the work of time alone. Two or three of the residents, keenly appreciative of the change, yet hardly comprehending in what it consisted, had tried to enliven the exterior of their dwellings by repainting the wood work—window-frames, doors, etc.—but the appearance of the square was not more cheerful for their efforts. The other portions of the buildings thus treated looked yet more dingy, and their neighbors' domiciles more dreary.

The corner house had not been retouched since the fearful “three days” that enveloped the city in a shroud of pitchy smoke, hovering like a funereal banner over the deserted capital, leaving everywhere grimness in place of fairness, burning for beauty, ashes in hearts as upon hearthstones. The ornamental iron lamp-posts on either side of the stone steps—vestiges of a period antedating gas—were broken in some places, and red with rust. The paint was scaling from the window-facings and the double-leaved front door in unsightly blotches, as if the building had broken out with leprosy. The inner shutters, once white, were now a dirty yellow, and in the attic story more than one yawning pane bespoke shiftlessness or abject poverty. Along the front of the first floor ran a balcony, upon which opened the parlor windows. The flooring was rotten and discolored, gaping here and there into holes; but it was the most attractive feature of the exterior, filled, as it was, from end to end with plants in pots—geraniums, orange-trees, and

citron aloes—the only ones in bloom being a fine show of wall-flowers, yellow and brown. The sun warmed them into brightness, and fragrance, and the light breeze bore their breath into the room beyond the gay array.

"It is of no use!" a young girl was saying, standing in the middle of the floor, and looking despairingly about her. "Do what I will, the place is shabby and mean, even to my eyes, which are used to it. How much more!"—She threw her duster down petulantly, and, sinking upon an ottoman, surveyed the apartment with a curl of her pretty lip, in which real sorrow blended with contempt.

Yet it had been a noble room in its day. There was melancholy grandeur in the lofty ceilings, defaced with dust and dampness, and massive cornices, from which pieces had fallen, and never been replaced; in the oaken wainscot and curiously-carved mantels, the arched doorways, and the tarnished frames of the once august line of old portraits upon the wall. The floor was also of oak, stanch and tight, but uncovered, save for a faded rug in front of the fire-place. The furniture, heavy and dark with age, yet partook of the general air of decadence. The upholstery was frayed, and the originally warm tints had degenerated into one uniform shade of reddish brown. The windows were curtainless.

"If we had but white Holland shades," sighed the young lady, "or hanging baskets! But, dear me! where is the sense of talking and wishing? I might as well ask for Aladdin's lamp at once." She tapped the bare floor with the toe of a neat foot, and looked heartily discontented, thoroughly discouraged.

Hers was a hard case, but, in that section of our land, one so common as to excite little remark. Dandled in the lap of luxury from her babyhood until she had passed her eighteenth year, she had known no heavier imposition upon mind and body than the usual course of study appointed to damsels of high degree, until the war put an end to her first season "out." Since then, to use her own phrase, she had not had "half a chance in life." Roswell Temple, her father, was a wealthy man in days gone by, a lawyer by profession, but had lived for years in elegant leisure upon the interest of his inherited and acquired property. Of his two sons, one had been slain at Manassas, the other at Sharpsburg. Peace found him impoverished, prematurely aged, and so utterly without occupation that he was obliged to allow his eldest daughter, a widow, whose husband had also fallen in battle, to go out as a daily music-teacher; his wife and second daughter to take in sewing; while Bertha, the youngest, played maid-of-all-work, their only colored servant being cook and washerwoman. None of them grumbled in the hearing of the others or of their neighbors, and their reticence was the more praiseworthy, since they were not, as a

family, what were called original secessionists. Mr. Temple had taken strong ground against disunion from the first, argued in support of his views in public and in private, and the elder daughters had gone so far as openly to sport the Union colors, until the fall of Sumter. But Virginian blood runs deep; and the combat fairly inaugurated upon Virginian soil, and the sons conscripted, the Temples had cast in their lot with the Confederacy, along with thousands of others as half-hearted in the cause. They had watched the progress of the army, of which their "boys" made a part, with breathless interest; prayed for the victory, which meant their precious ones' safety; and mourned over disaster, that stood almost as the synonym of the young soldier's death or captivity. Mrs. Temple's carpets and silver went to help defray the cost of the later campaigns, and her husband considered that he could not hold back his means from the support of the government under which he lived.

Bertha, alone of her name, had been a thorough rebel from the beginning to the end of the needless strife. Her political teacher was a certain Sterling Cabell, a law student at the university when hostilities began. He was twenty-three, Bertha nineteen, and there had existed between them a sort of unofficial engagement for more than a year. They exchanged letters every week, and for five months prior to the momentous Fourteenth of April the gentleman's epistles had preached in equal measure of secession and love. He had sprung to arms with the host of Southern braves, so many of whom lie beneath the sod on which they fought; and for a year, as Bertha stitched army shirts, and wounded her fingers with stiff tent cloth, she was stimulated by the remembrance that she was a soldier's love, and the hope of being a warrior's bride. But Cabell's expected promotion did not come. His patrician shoulders remained guiltless of shoulder-straps, and his stout heart began to waver. Not with doubts of the justice of the cause, but with misgivings as to the ultimate success of the right. He filled his letters with railings at iniquity and nepotism in high places, at unnecessary hardships laid upon the many, and the privileges of the favored few; at general mismanagement and individual corruption, until Bertha felt the firm earth changing to a quicksand. At length, he obtained an indefinite leave of absence, upon pretext of visiting relatives on the Eastern shore, and disappeared.

Bertha had a letter from him by post, announcing his departure for "other scenes than those that had worn out patience and hope," promising to keep her informed of his movements, and bidding her "trust in him, and wait." Then a year passed—a year that made a woman of her, which would have broken the spirits and health of a weaker girl, for she heard not one word to indicate the direction of

his flight, if he had flown—only cruel, and what she felt were slanderous, rumors of defection and desertion. Then a blockade-runner brought her a full, she said a satisfactory, explanation under his own hand. He had been misused, depreciated, kept down, in the Confederate army; and, in a moment of desperation, had accepted an invitation from his maternal uncle, an affluent New York citizen, to visit him. He intended then honestly to return to the South as soon as bodily and mental vigor was restored by rest, for he had been brutally overwrought in the service. Nor had he changed his mind. Should the strife be prolonged, he would not be recreant to the holy cause.

"Once a Virginian, always a Virginian!" he wrote. "Wherever I may be, in heart and spirit I am ever with you and in my beloved State. In the hope that I may be granted an opportunity of serving her abroad, I have come to England. My uncle, a bachelor, and a man of wealth, taste, and education, is my travelling-companion. He is kind to me as if he were my father; but this, nor any other consideration, will weigh with me one instant, when the coveted moment shall arrive that opens the way to my home, to glory, and to you. I have a presentiment that the time is not far distant. Watch for me!"

The letter came to Bertha just after the news that Kidder, her second brother, had been left dead in Maryland. "Sterling, at least, is out of reach of the bullets," she said, kissing the lifeless sheet. "What is glory compared with life?"

A question echoed by thousands of other women's hearts, however gallantly their owners have borne up to sustain the courage, to applaud the valor of lovers, husbands, and sons.

Hopefulness was Nature's best endowment to her—a high, buoyant spirit, that seldom bowed, and that not for long. She put Sterling's letter away with her precious hid treasure, and waited. Another billet—a mere flag-of-truce note, dated Alexandria, Egypt, and sent under cover to a friend in New York—had reached her just before the conclusion of the four years' struggle. He was then on his way to the Holy Land, and did not expect to return for many months. The war had been over a whole year, now, and the card on the centre-table behind her was the only communication she had received, meanwhile, from him, who was never out of her true heart for an hour. A colored waiter from the Spottawood Hotel had brought it that morning.

DEAR MRS. TEMPLE: With your permission, my uncle, Mr. Dent, and myself, will do ourselves the pleasure of calling upon you to-day at one o'clock P. M. Sincerely,
STERLING CABELL.

"How queer and formal!" said Ellen Temple. "To mamma, too! and not a word about us!" carefully refraining from looking at Bertha.

"I do not quite comprehend it, my dear," remarked Mrs. Temple, re-reading the pencilled lines. "I should have thought Sterling would feel sufficiently at home to come at once to us as he used to."

"Times have altered, mother dear," Bertha responded, gayly, dancing off with the priceless bit of pasteboard in her hand, to the music of her own heart-beats. "He is not sure what reception he will have to meet, yet does not want to take us by surprise," she said to herself, while she swept and dusted. "If he came alone, he would have to talk to all; so he brings his uncle."

"Bertha!" Mrs. Temple appeared at the door. "Your friends will dine with us, of course?"

"Not 'of course,' ma'am; but it will be only polite to invite them, I suppose," her countenance falling perceptibly. "In that case I will go to market. Father's ideas are too lordly."

"What shall we have?" The Temples rarely had dinner company, now, but the lady's hospitable instincts were ready as ever. "Soup, of course. Then for fish, boiled or baked shad, with egg-sauce. Poultry is out of season, but lamb is in."

Bertha shook her prudent head. "But frightfully dear. Beefsteak or mutton-chop would suit our purse much better."

"For a gentleman's dinner, my love?"

"Poor little mother! It is too bad I can't afford to please you in this respect. But a plain family dinner is all we can offer. We will give them a hearty welcome to compensate for deficiencies. For dessert, I will have whipped custards and sponge-cake, then black coffee. The wine, pastry, olives, and sauces, they must do without for this once. I dare say they have dined less sumptuously in an Arab tent, or among the Laplanders, upon sour camel's milk and train oil."

"Sterling will be shocked at finding everything so changed," murmured Mrs. Temple, meekly retreating.

As I have said, audible repining was tacitly forbidden by the family policy, as were references to their former estate. They bore their altered fortunes with equanimity that would have excited amazement and admiration had this not also been the habit of most of their neighbors. They were conquered. That was an accepted fact which fretting would not alter. They must live by some means, and whatever handle came uppermost was laid hold of, provided it was an honest livelihood they hoped to earn by using it. Necessity made labor honorable. But her mother's sigh sank cuttingly into Bertha's heart. She had not thought how these things would strike her lover. She must remember that the experiences which had modified her views upon certain subjects, had not been his—that he would hardly know her home for the same he used to admire. Would her welcome blind him to the dulness and poverty of her

surroundings? Would he not miss the appliances of wealth and refinement he had ever connected in thought with her?

"As if he didn't know why our circumstances are altered!" she said, aloud, and rebukingly. "When he thinks of this, my purple calico will be a regal robe."

Nevertheless, she set about arranging the furniture to the best advantage, stepping like a young princess, to and fro, and carolling lightly—

"Banish, O maiden, thy fears of to-morrow,
Dash from thy cheek, love, the tear-drop of sorrow;
Pleasure flies swiftly and sweetly away,
Tears for to-morrow, but kisses to-day!"

she warbled, plying the feather duster the while, wheeling straight-backed chairs out of line with the wall, setting the sofas cornerwise, polishing the tall jars on the ends of the mantel, getting down on her knees to brush the dust from the carved legs of the piano, and, as she passed, dropping her fingers upon the keys in a snatched accompaniment to the roundelay. It was at this moment that a gentleman, passing on the sidewalk, turned his head at the sound of the music and saw her.

The sun streamed through an unshuttered side window, and glorified her as she stood against the background of a dark portrait—the full-length presentment of some remote ancestor—her light chestnut hair rippling back from her white forehead. "Fluffy," she called it, because it would never lie smooth. It was an aureola, now, every rebellious strand a thread of light. Her eyes were downcast, her cheeks flushed, and lips smilingly apart with the words of her song.

"Tears for to-morrow, but kisses to-day!"

She moved away to a dusty old cabinet, still singing, and the spectator, recovering himself with a start, glanced at the upper windows as one nervous of observation, and walked on.

"Kisses to-day! kisses to-day!" The birds twittered it in the boughs above his head; the distant hum of the river pulsed an accompaniment to the tune he played with his fingers upon the cane he carried.

"A pure, rich soprano voice, and a striking-looking girl!" he thought, as a plausible solution of the enchantment. "This was doubtless a handsome street in former days. The double row of shade-trees must be very pleasant in summer. Northern capital is all that is needed to make the city the joy of the whole South, as it is beautiful for situation. It is time I was making my way back to the hotel. The young people have returned from their ride by this. 'Kisses to-day! kisses to-day!'" He broke off with a half laugh as he detected himself humming air and words. "It must be because the rest of the world is so full of life and sunshine that I am betrayed into boyish lightness!"

There could not be a more attractive route to

the lower part of the city than the way by which he had come, and this, of necessity, led him past the balcony where were the wall-flowers. He could smell them from the street, the front yard being a mere strip, and, that he might inhale the delicious odor, his pace lagged, and he looked appreciatively toward the nodding, smiling ranks.

She was busy still, mounted on an ottoman, dusting the tinkling pendants of the old-fashioned chandelier, her round arms exposed by the pinned-up sleeves of the lilac print that fitted perfectly to the taper waist and beautifully-moulded bust; her face upturned and earnest. But she was not singing. Perhaps she would break out again, as a bird trills after flight, when she stepped back to the floor. The fragment he had caught would haunt him until he heard the rest of the air—could fit the stray tones together in his mind. It was disagreeable to have a "singing in one's head." He stepped to the curb-stone, gazed intently up, then down the street, and feigned to wait for some one, striking idly with his cane at a knot of dandelions on the edge of the gutter. The expected comrade did not appear, although he lingered two, three minutes, nor did the songstress resume her strain. When convinced that waiting was vain, he pursued his promenade, first casting a final glance over and through the wall-flower hedge. The mute musician sat on the ottoman where she had stood just now, her palms pressed hard together in pain or vexation, her eyes on the floor—the picture of mutinous grief—in reverie, he was sure, for he could see that she was alone.

"Not all the tears for to-morrow, I am afraid," said the unseen spectator of the tableau, and went on his way. "I am the richer by a picture for the delay, if I did not learn my song."

Bertha did not weep. She had shed all her tears during the war, she was wont to say. It was certain she had learned rare lessons in that terrible discipline of life. Crying would not renovate the tattered cushions or recarpet the floor, or replenish the wine-vault, any more than it would call back Maury and Kidder from their bloody graves. Repining eased neither the greater nor lighter burdens laid upon the reduced family. There was no harm in wishing that she could give Sterling a better dinner, and please his fastidious eye in the matter of furniture, or offer him a ride behind such horses as her father once kept. There was folly in making of these inconveniences a sorrow.

"I thought the Temples had too much right pride to know false shame!" she railed at her passing weakness. "And that I had too much common sense to be wasting time in useless regrets and unwarrantable forebodings, when I have to go to market and then make my custards and cake."

She went from the kitchen to the dining-room and laid the table there before she dressed. The napery was fine and white, and the necessary articles of silverware bore the unmistakable stamp of aristocratic antiquity. But the old China and cut-glass being fragile, were not a perfect set, and the additions made to it were of vastly inferior quality.

"When I have put flowers in the napkins, and a bouquet in the centre of the table, where the *épergne* ought to be, it will be passable," she reflected. "If I had even small beer to pour into the wineglasses, I would set them on. They give an air to a dinner nothing else can. I am afraid my hankering after the pomps and vanities is incurable." And to show how sore was the craving, she sang all the way up stairs—

"Hear me, then, dearest, thy doubts gently chiding,
Know'st thou not true love is ever confiding!
Why snatch from Cupid his bandage away?
Love knows no morrow—then kiss me to-day,
Tears for to-morrow, but kisses to-day!"

Her sisters were in the dressing-room common to the three. Mrs. Venable the elder was eating a light luncheon before setting out upon her afternoon round of music-lessons. Ellen was sewing. They exchanged a meaning, but affectionate smile, as the round, young voice preceded the singer along the echoing hall, rebounding clearly from the uncarpeted stairs and floor. They were too ladylike to banter the happy girl, but there was sympathy with her gladness in the tones and glances that met her.

"What will you wear, dear?" queried Ellen, with an admiring look at the wealth of wavy hair her sister shook loose upon her shoulders.

"I mean to force the season slightly, and adorn myself in spotless white," rejoined Bertha, striving vainly to temper her sunshiny face into a pretence of soberness befitting the occasion. "Fortunately, I had my white brilliants done up last week, *c'est à dire*, I ironed it with my own fair hands. This summer glory puts winter clothing to shame."

"I wish one of you girls would make over my gray silk and wear it," said the youthful widow, with an involuntary sigh. "I shall never want it again."

"Ellen must have it, then," said Bertha. "She looks like one who was born to walk in silk attire. Wash dresses suit my *à la* shepherdess style—cambrics, lawns, and the like cheap flimsiness."

"In that case put on my lawn, the one with the black spots. It will set off your complexion better than that opaque white," urged Ellen.

Bertha's wilful head was positive. "I'll be Bertha, or I'll be nobody! I am quite aware, my dear girls, that I shall not be stylish—possibly not handsome, in my year-old brilliants, but it is mine, and on it goes!"

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She was Bertha, and nobody else, but she was handsome when she tripped down to the visitors at the appointed time. She could not be coy and stiffly proper when she had once heard Sterling ask if the ladies were at home, but followed closely upon the heels of the servant who admitted them. She had not seen him in three years.

Seen in the semi-obscurity of the shaded hall, and framed by the arched doorway, with her crown of bright hair, a bunch of purple pansies nestling in the bandeau above the left temple, a cluster of wall-flowers and geranium-leaves in her brooch, and the simple white dress bound at the waist with a lilac ribbon; with her smiling mouth, and large, eager eyes, she was a picture that seized the fancy of one of the inmates of the parlor; perhaps surprised the other into a warmer greeting than expediency would have dictated.

"Bertha!" said the voice she remembered so truly, in all the intonations malicious people deemed affectedly languid—which she thought peculiarly winning in their quiet, gentle manliness; and her hand lay in a close pressure, that could only mean fondness. "Allow me to present my uncle, Mr. Dent."

The reminder of the presence of a third person was not amiss, for there was mist in the wistful eyes, and her lips could not frame the welcome her heart would have given. In bowing to the uncle, her sight returned, and her hysterical tendency abated. This was not the time or place for lovely reminiscences or raptures. She must content herself with the consciousness that he was here again and hers. It was Sterling—the impassioned wooer of her girlhood, the beloved of these long years of waiting—who stood before her. That is, those were Sterling's eyes, and he spoke with Sterling's voice. But the foreign cut of his beard, his fashionable attire—only one remove from dandyism in such items as jewelled studs and the ring on his little finger, the patent-leather boot and exquisite cravat—the gravely courteous air with which he turned from her to his companion, these were strange and puzzling. Was it because he had been away so long, or were they mannerisms engrafted upon the original stock—dainty exotics with which she had nothing to do? She was not chilled. That would have been childishly unreasonable, since she had not expected a tender greeting in the circumstances. But her face was less sunny as she took her seat. It chanced to be nearer the uncle than the nephew, and she was prompt in accosting him to avoid a pause she knew would be filled for her, with memories dangerous to composure.

"Have you ever been in our city before, Mr. Dent?" It was trite and flat, but she must say something, and ideas did not rally readily. There was less risk in meeting the stranger's eyes than those she fancied were seeking to

read hers. Very expressive eyes they were which she met, and met full, with a sort of electric start as she spoke. Not remarkably fine in color or shape, but honest and penetrating, and alive with interest in herself she could not mistake, or interpret to her satisfaction, unless Sterling had told him all about her. She blushed at the thought, and, oddly enough, a responsive tinge glowed in Mr. Dent's complexion.

"Once—many years since," he answered.

"Before 'Ichabod' was written upon our homes?" she finished the sentence for him. Then, turning to Sterling with a mournful smile, "You would hardly have known it, would you?"

"Oh, yes! the general features of the place are the same, although some of the ancient landmarks have been somewhat unceremoniously removed. The conflagration was the parting *feu de joie* of my ancient comrades, I have been told. A salute with which the citizens could have dispensed."

He spoke with easy grace, but Bertha bit her lip at the flippant reply. It is long after a wound has skinned over before one can bear the touch of a careless hand. Did he know that he jested at her father's ruin?

Mr. Dent took up the word. "Fortunately, nothing can mar the beauty of your natural situation. Richmond must ever sit a queen while her hills stand and the river flows at their base."

"Zenobia's robes need cleansing badly," laughed Cabell. "I have been rubbing my eyes all the morning, and muttering the old couplet—

"The streets are narrow, the buildings mean.
Did I, or Fancy, leave them broad and clean?"

"We have passed through many and grievous storms since you left us." The sensitive mouth quivered until Mr. Dent compassionately looked another way. Then Bertha arose abruptly. "If you will excuse me, I will tell my mother you are here."

"As I feared, this is an awkward business," said the younger man, *sotto voce*, and stifling a yawn. "And if embarrassing to me, how much more it must be to them—this meeting in such altered circumstances. You cannot imagine what a fine old house this used to be, and how they lived. It gives me the blues to think of it. I almost wish I had spared them the trial—left town without calling."

This, lying lazily back on the sofa, where he used to sit with Bertha in those other days. The uncle tapped his boot thoughtfully with his cane, and said nothing.

"She is a pretty girl still, though, and she would be stylish if she were fashionably dressed. Don't you think so, sir?"

"Yes!" drily or indifferently.

Mrs. Temple's entrance ended the *tête-à-tête*. A lovely old lady in mourning that would have

been shabby on nine women out of ten. If she had worn linsley woolsey she would have dignified it into attire becoming a gentlewoman.

"My dear Sterling!" she said, affectionately. "We are rejoiced to see you again after this long, sad separation. And you are welcome, sir!" putting her small hand into Mr. Dent's.

He bent the lower over it, for feeling how toiled-hardened was the palm, for seeing the needle pricks on the forefinger of the left. Bertha brought in Ellen before their mother was seated, and the conversation became general. There was a little clever manœuvring on the part of the parent and second daughter to seat the whilome lovers together, but it was abetted by neither of the interested parties, and failed ignominiously. Bertha resumed her place near Mr. Dent and began to talk—not fast, but steadily—only her restless eyes and varying color testifying to excitement of any description. In no wise discomfited by the fact that she did not cast a glance in his direction, Mr. Cabell played the agreeable to the other ladies in the most approved manner of the *nil admirari* school.

He was rather under than above the medium height, with trim hands and feet; dark blue eyes, a straight, longish nose, small mouth, and drooping moustache. His whiskers were of the English mutton-leg pattern, and his brown hair was parted down the back of his head. His voice, a good tenor in singing, was somewhat effeminate in conversation. "A love of a man!" cried enthusiastically and musical misses. "His manners are perfect!" pronounced the mammas. And when bigger men with bass voices hinted that he "did well enough" physically and mentally—"what there was of him"—rosy lips hissed, indignant orbs—gray, black, and blue—flashed the traducers into silence. Such as he was, he had been Bertha Temple's demi-god for six years, and the habit of worship was not to be unlearned in an hour. If this had been possible, the sudden death of love would have been agony exceeding even that of the suffocating heartache she was enduring, without flinching from her attitude of civil attention to her stranger guest. Ellen wondered silently if her sister were really as much interested as she seemed to be in what Sterling's uncle was saying, and guessed, in her shrewd soul, that Bertha would have lent less diligent heed had her fellow colloquist not been her lover's near relative. They did not look at all alike. Mr. Dent was tall and dark, with hazel eyes, a square chin, and a mouth that was very grave and firm when at rest, very pleasant when he smiled. His hair and whiskers had a few gray hairs scattered through them, but he was very unlike Bertha's preconceived ideal of the bachelor guardian of her errant knight. He talked well and with courtesy as simple as his nephew's was elaborate. The latter never forgot himself, and the probable effect his

charms were producing. His elder seemed unconscious that he had any especial claim upon the attention and regard of the ladies with whom he conversed. Bertha did not make these observations in the course of this visit. A galvanized manikin would have served her purpose as well as he did. She must talk at something that could reply at decent intervals, steady her gaze upon a human face instead of staring into vacancy, lest lookers-on should suspect the rack upon which she was stretched.

Her eyes darkened several times when Sterling's well-modulated laugh reached her ears, and when, at the end of three-quarters of an hour, he straightened his graceful form to the full measure of his moderate stature, and reminded his senior, deferentially, as became his youth and wardship, that they were to say "farewell" to a party of fellow-tourists who expected to take a Petersburg train at three o'clock. Bertha turned majestically upon him, in rising with the rest, and, for the first time in her life, looked down upon him. Not that she was physically taller, but the calm disdain of brow and lip, the superb hauteur of the head and figure dwarfed him by comparison. He did not feel it. The Colossus of Rhodes could not have frowned him into a pigmy in his own estimation; but from their different points of view, the Temples thought how insignificant he appeared, and Mr. Dent said, within his heart, that this plainly-clad girl was an empress in her own right in beauty and breeding.

"We had hoped you would dine with us," said Mrs. Temple, who could not forget how she had loved the boy who had been as free to come and go in her house as her own sons. "We old-fashioned people are not satisfied with these brief calls. Come back to us when you have seen your friends off. Mr. Temple will be bitterly disappointed if you do not. We dine at four."

Bertha was silent, and her face a blank page. At heart, she wished that all this was over. Having learned from Mr. Dent that he and his nephew had been two days in the city already, she could not believe that Sterling would be anxious to comply with her mother's request. Two days, and this was his first call!

"Mr. Dent shall decide," said Sterling, blandly. "Do you think, sir, that the Edwardses will expect to see us at the *table d'hôte* as usual? Would it be quite polite to desert them after travelling with them for so long? And we have engaged a carriage for Hollywood at five."

"You can be released by that time." Mrs. Temple would not see Bertha's deprecatory gesture. "The day of six and eight course dinners is among the things that were with us. But we shall be delighted if you will partake of our family fare."

"We accept your invitation gratefully, inadam." The frank phrase and clear voice

were the uncle's. "Provided—unless it be ungracious to couple with a proviso consent that brings us pleasure—provided the young ladies will afterward accompany us in our ride."

Before separating on their return from the excursion to the country, other plans, rides, and walks were proposed, most of them by Mr. Dent, whose desire to know Richmond and its environs well was explained by his nephew aside to Ellen Temple, as they stood together on the highest hill of Hollywood overlooking the river and town.

"My uncle has fallen in love with your city," he said, patronizingly. "I am somewhat surprised at his open admiration of climate and situation, for he has been a great traveller. He is a wealthy banker, as you doubtless know, and one of the objects of his visit here is to invest in land in the surrounding country and in city property, which, we hear, is very low."

"So like a Yankee!" said quick-tempered Ellen, that night, in repeating this to her eldest sister. "I felt like telling him so, then and there. It sickens me to see the swarm of tourists scrambling over and among our ruins. One text is continually in my mind when I notice how curious they are in prying into our poverty and wretchedness: 'Nay, but to spy out the nakedness of the land ye are come.' I could not help repeating it to Sterling Cabell."

"What did he say?" Mrs. Venable smiled, evidently pleased at the ready reply, whatever may have been her opinion as to her sister's discretion.

"He only laughed in a quiet, gentlemanly way. I believe he thought I was jesting. Bertha!"

"Well?" Bertha sat in the wide window-seat, her face toward the street, and answered without looking around.

"Aren't you going to bed to-night?"

"It is too warm and close to sleep."

"What are you doing there?"

"Listening to the river, and enjoying the fragrance of the wall-flowers in the balcony," she returned, in feigned lightness.

"Music, moonlight, love, and flowers,"

hummed Ellen, as she brushed out her hair.

"Precisely," with a short laugh.

The others were asleep before long, and she could muse uninterrupted; hear in the song of the river the story of the days whose "tender grace" she had believed would be a joy forever; think of him, whose favorite flower she had cultivated during all these years of hoping and waiting. He loved it, he said, because it was like her, brave, sweet, and bright; wearing her fairest smile, shedding her choicest virtues in her home. She had worn it to-day for that reason, and no other. She had not put flowers in her hair and dress before since her brothers died—the noble brothers, whose names he had not mentioned, close as was the friendship between the three. And pansies, because

he used to declare that their purple velvet was like her eyes when she was earnest in speech, or deep in thought. How often she had pushed his hand laughingly away when he held one of the richest and darkest to her face, that he might see how nearly it matched her irids! He remembered nothing of this. They had met and looked in each others' faces, and talked like mere acquaintances. The affection that had leaped up, a laughing, eager fountain, to hail his coming, had fallen back from a rock.

"And I did believe in him, as he bade me, did hope to find him the same!" moaned the unhappy child, rocking herself back and forth like one in mortal pain. "Oh, my lost faith! my beautiful dead dream!"

SEA SHELLS.

BY CLARA MARSHALL.

SHELLS that came from the lonely shore
Where the north wind bloweth bleak,
Where darkly-surgling billows roar,
And wandering sea-birds shriek;
Where round black rocks, all cold and bare,
The dripping sea-moss clings—
Say, were ye aught but strangers there,
Ye brightly-tinted things?

I sought ye on the dreary strand,
Where moaned the sobbing sea,
Yet children of a brighter land
Methought ye seemed to be.

A beauteous fairy land, whose sky
Is ever bright and blue,
Where southern breezes gently sigh,
And flowers are rich in hue.

Stranger, we know no brighter land
Than yon bleak desert shore,
Where o'er the gray and barren sand
The wild winds howl and roar.

No! On that strand, so lone and drear,
Our home hath ever been;
The Father's hand did place us there
To cheer the gloomy scene.

Thus, on life's track, all cold and bare,
With sunshine seldom crowned,
Say, hast thou never, here and there,
Aught like bright sea shells found?

Ah, yes! Where sorrow's breakers roar,
Where passion's tempest yells;
Kind words, good deeds, oft deck the shore,
Like bright-lined ocean shells.

AN inconstant man is despicable; a faithless man is base.—*Blair*.

HONOR with some is a sort of paper credit, with which men are obliged to trade, who are deficient in the sterling cash of morality and religion.—*Zimmerman*.

SLOTH makes all things difficult, but Industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while Laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him.—*Franklin*.

GRANDMA GRIFFITH'S WHITE HAIR.

BY MRS. C. W. DENISON.

"I'd give a hundred dollars for that woman's hair!" The speaker was a handsome old lady on the shady side of sixty. She stood lightly holding apart the French lace curtains and looking after a slender figure slowly retreating down the opposite street.

The party leaving had just brought a small package of beautifully ironed laces home—her weekly work for the ladies of Mrs. Stanley's household.

Elsa, a pretty dark-haired girl, who was just putting the last stitch in a new dress, looked up thoughtfully as Mrs. Stanley spoke. Her niece looked up also, bright-haired Aveline Stanley.

"Dear me, grandma!" she said, "you might get a coil as good of any hairdresser for half the money."

"Yes, but whose? How should I know what vault it came from, or from whose fevered head? Don't you remember Madeline Lester, and how her hair grew while she was sick so many months? I never saw such a sight in my life. They measured it when she died. It fell to her feet, and she was a tall woman. If she had been poor, very likely the hairdresser might have got it. Perhaps he did as it was—who knows? I'll not have any false hair till I can get it from a living head. Old Mrs. Griffiths is a clean, nice, ladylike person; she's not a bit common. I should like to know her history. Her hair is just as silver-white as mine, and so abundant! I wonder if she would sell it? I wouldn't ask her, though, for anything in the world."

"I've often noticed her hair," said Aveline; "it's very full for a woman of her age, and she coils it as if she didn't care much about it. I don't suppose, however, that she cares for the details of the toilet; it's bread and butter she wants. Poor thing! how hard it must be for old people to have to work for their living!"

A sigh escaped Elsa, the little seamstress, but nobody noticed it.

Meantime Grandma Griffiths walked more and more slowly as she neared the grim court in which she lived. A look of extreme sadness settled on her face when she turned to the corner that led to the large, dirty tenement-house where, like a pearl amidst surrounding filth, the one well-kept room of her daughter-in-law shone pre-eminent for neatness and cleanliness. The light from its four curtainless windows fell strongly upon her as she entered, and the white hair on her comely forehead shone like silver. A child, emaciated and pale from recent illness, greeted her coming with a cry of delight.

"See, granny, how nicely I walk! I knew I could, only my ankles felt so funny at first,

and I tumbled twice, didn't I, mamma? If poor little Rose could only get up!" she added, in a regretful tone.

Grandma Griffiths, after due congratulations, walked over to the side of the room where her daughter-in-law sat gazing anxiously upon the sweet, pale, pinched face of her baby—little four-year old Rosa. "She isn't worse, dear, is she?" she asked, tenderly touching the waxen fingers of the child that lay so nervelessly upon the coverlet.

"I hope not," was the low reply; "but her strength seems all gone. She tried to talk to me an hour ago, but the voice just reached her lips, and then died away in whispers."

Just then the child opened large, beautiful blue eyes, and smiled faintly upon Grandma Griffiths. An answering smile flitted over the dear old lips, but there were tears and a sob under it. Mrs. Griffiths, the younger, readjusted the large shawl that did duty as a screen, spread out upon the clothes-horse, and then smoothed out the long golden locks that wandered over the pillow.

"I tried my best to ask Mrs. Stanley for a drop of wine," said Grandma Griffiths, with a faltering voice; "but she looked so cold and stately that the very effort seemed to choke me. Oh, dear! it is hard to be so poor, unless one could forget the past, and leave all pride behind."

"Never mind, grandma," said little Nelly, the convalescent, cheerfully, "perhaps I shall be able to go after the things next time. I'll ask her—she's very kind to me;" and the child cowered closer to the scanty fire, looking very much like an animated ghost, with her bloodless cheeks and hollow, glittering, dark eyes.

"I held on to the money coming by the oranges at the corner, you know, and thinking of our baby's parched lips. Did I do right? They are almost a quarter apiece, now."

"You did quite right, mother," answered the younger woman, in a soft, low voice; "the rent is due to-morrow, and our landlord is a hard man. No," and she shook her head mournfully, "we couldn't have spared a cent."

"Mamma!" came from the bed in weak accents. Mrs. Griffiths flew to the child's side. "Mamma, I saw the dear Lord, again," said the little one in a whispering, faltering voice.

"Where, my love?" asked the mother.

"In this room, mamma—close here, where you are sitting. And he said—he said!"

The mother waited with tender patience, while the child caught her breath.

"He said papa was coming," she added.

"Oh, my darling!" cried the woman, in anguish, "poor papa will never come—never, never, in this world."

"Hush, dear! let her think so," said Grandma Griffiths, her voice trembling.

"O mother, my cup is too full!" faltered the younger woman; "if I could only have seen

him once—only have said 'good-by.' But the cruel waves—and now I must lose her—she is going; my baby, his idol; what shall I do? How shall I have patience?"

"Don't fret, mamma," cried little Nelly; "the dear Lord let me get well, and I know He will cure Rose, for I asked Him."

A week rolled round, and Nelly essayed her first walk outside of home. She called at the Stanleys for the usual bundle. When she was leaving the house, Elsa beckoned her from one of the lower windows. The child's heart bounded. She was a lover of pretty faces, and the bright black eyes and deep dimples of the little seamstress charmed her for the time out of the recollection of all her trouble.

"How is your little sister, Nelly?" asked Elsa, motioning the child to a seat.

"She's better, miss, at least mamma hopes so."

"Mrs. Stanley put up some jelly for her. Did Bridget give it to you?"

"No, indeed;" replied the child, in an eager voice.

"Then I'll get it for you; Bridget forgot, I suppose." Perhaps she did, but she looked very red and cross when she handed the little parcel to Elsa, grumbling under her breath that she had enough to do with beggars and *thim* sort, every day of her life. "There, Nelly, there's the jelly, and I shouldn't wonder if there was something else, by the feeling." She put it into the child's hands on her return, and then stood regarding the diminutive, scantily-clothed creature with an uneasy, anxious look, as if she were casting about in her mind how to approach some topic that might be deemed unwelcome or unnatural. "Have you ever noticed what beautiful white hair Mrs. Stanley has?" asked Elsa, after a momentary pause.

"Beautiful! just like grandma's," said little Nelly, her eyes kindling. "Why, do you know, Miss Elsa, grandma's hair will curl splendidly now, old as she is. I take it all down, sometimes, because it pleases little Rose so, and when I shake it out in the sun, oh, dear! it is so pretty!"

"Mrs. Stanley has lost her hair, it is very thin," said Elsa, still wondering how she should unfold the subject.

"But grandma's is so thick, you can't think," said the child, with enthusiasm. "Papa used to say it was more beautiful than a gold crown on her head."

"I suppose the 'Gazelle' has not been heard from?"

"Oh, dear, no!" The sunshine vanished from the little pinched face. "Even the owners have given her up, now. She was loaded with coal, you know, and the ice must have sunk her. But little Rose says papa will come back, though none of us believe it. Mamma says she has such fancies because she eats so little." A color came into the wan cheeks. "I mean that

she don't get nourishing food, you know. But she always was small and weak, not a bit like me. I am strong and well."

Elsa bit her lip, looking down at the thin, diminutive creature, weakened by sickness, and prematurely wise through suffering. "I know how you could get a hundred dollars easily," she said, a moment after; "at least, it would seem easy to me."

"A hundred dollars!" cried Nelly, breathlessly.

"Yes. I think Mrs. Stanley would give it for your grandmother's hair. I have heard her say so two or three times, but she don't like to ask her. I am sure she would give it."

"For grandma's hair!" exclaimed Nelly, incredulously. "Why, is it worth so much as that?"

"It seems she thinks so," replied Elsa, smiling.

"Oh, mercy! A hundred dollars! Why, it would make us rich, Miss Elsa. Dear little sick Rose could have oranges and everything she wanted. Oh! are you sure?"

The clasped hands, the pale, pitiful, pleading face, brought tears to the eyes of the little seamstress. "I am sure she would, dear, for she wished me to speak to you about it."

Little Nelly caught up her basket, which had slipped from her hands in her excitement, and hurried home, seeing nothing around her. Rapidly on she passed, ran breathlessly up the staircase of the old house, and burst into the room, exclaiming: "A hundred dollars, grandma! Only think of it! A hundred dollars!"

"What does the child mean?" cried her grandmother, as Nelly tugged at her faded shawl; the pupils of her eyes dilated, her wan cheeks crimson.

"For your hair, grandma—a whole hundred dollars! Mrs. Stanley has got only a little bit, you know, and you have got oceans. And if you'll sell it to her, cut it off, she'll give you a hundred dollars, and then, you know, Rose will get well."

"Nelly! mother!" exclaimed Mrs. Griffiths, the younger, in consternation.

"Sit down, child. Sit down and get your breath," said Grandma Griffiths, gently; "you've run yourself into a fever."

Nelly sat down; but was so alive to the one great idea that filled her childish mind that she could not rest, but was up again in a moment, as she told the substance of her interview with the little seamstress.

"No, mother," cried the daughter-in-law, while an indignant fire kindled in her eyes, "I won't hear of such a thing. Selling your beautiful hair, that Joel thought so much of! No, indeed. Let that proud woman buy hair of somebody else; she sha'n't have yours."

"But, my dear, a hundred dollars, a hundred dollars!" said Grandma Griffiths, patting her hand, gently.

"They might as well bargain for body and soul, because we are poor," continued the excited woman, "and buy us for their slaves. Don't look at me so, mother. I will say it. I hate the rich!"

"But you shouldn't, my dear," was the low reply. "I dare say many of them do all the good they can. We wouldn't refuse riches if they come to us, you know, and I'm not going to refuse that hundred dollars; it's a God-send. What does it signify, that as I go down to the grave I leave these poor faded locks behind me? Let Mrs. Stanley have them, and Rose and I will enjoy a rich treat. We'll get up a feast. She shall have some oysters the first thing; I know they'll relish, if grandma cooks them."

"But, mother," said her daughter-in-law, tearfully, "I can't permit you to do this thing for me."

"I sha'n't do it for you, then, only for Rose and myself; for Rose, who is my other self. I can't lose my darling. Come, courage! it will soon be over," and she took out the pins that held the rich coil of silvery gray; and the glittering strands fell down over her thin white temples, rolled along her shrunken neck and shoulders, and hung like a web of shining filaments, bleached like the winter snow, and more beautiful than the sunniest hues of youth. She shook them out a little, and, as she felt their soft pressure against her faded old cheek, one stifled sob of regret arose. She had been beautiful, beloved, rich, happy. She had been a blessing to the living; she had buried many, many of her dead. Oh! the memories that came flocking around her, as she thought of kindly hands just touching the amber locks when their gloss was loveliest.

"Nelly, what beautiful hair you have, darling." The words came up to her from the grave of forty-five years. He to whom she had given her young heart had whispered them, with his lips very close to one sunny tress. The dimpled fingers of tender babes had threaded it, this same silken hair in the glory of her youth. She had loved it herself, had brushed it almost fondly, watching the curious sparkles it threw off in the sunlight. And Joel loved it—her young, manly son, the pride of her heart. He had begged for a lock of it before he went away on that last sad voyage; and she had put him off, because, being old-fashioned in her notions, she considered it ill-luck to carry the hair of a living person. Poor, tender-hearted old grandmother! she even thought how much pleasure it had often given the two children, Rose and Nelly, to unfasten it, and curl it about their fingers, while she went to sleep, in spite of the noise, under their soothing manipulation. All these things passed through her worn brain, till it began to throb again. "If I could have carried it with me to the last resting-place," she thought, and then struggled

to overcome the ungrateful feeling. "Now then, deary, bring your shears," she said.

But her daughter-in-law still stood, resentful, doubting, shaking her head.

"I'll cut it for you, grandma," said little Nelly, and sure enough she was flourishing the heavy shears.

"You ungrateful child!" exclaimed her mother—

There was a knock at the door—a thump, rather, but no waiting for an answer—and suddenly the room was filled with joyful cries, and heart leaped to heart. Strong arms wound about mother and child; sobbing, strangely mingled with laughter, sounded, and kisses that lingered as if lips were loath to part. In the midst sat Grandma Griffiths, all veiled in the soft sheen of her silvery hair, with the love and trust of her whole life looking out of the gentle eyes. Presently she was taken to the manly heart, and "Mother"—oh! how sweet it sounded—breathed passionately again and again by the voice of her lost son.

After he had told the story of his rescue, they sat there, the women folks, thanking God in their hearts.

"Rose said that Jesus told her you would come, papa," cried Nelly, as he took the weak, happy little one in his arms, and bent over her with all the tenderness of a woman.

"Yes, papa, the angels did tell me," lisped little Rose, snuggling closer to her father's breast, "and I knew you would come, I knew you would."

"And grandma won't have to sell her hair," cried Nelly.

The warning look and "Hush!" came too late. Joel insisted upon hearing the whole story.

"Not if I know it," he said, bluntly. "Put your hair up, mother; every gray thread of it is sacred to me."

So the rich Mrs. Stanley never got the white hair she coveted, and Grandma Griffiths never knew want again. Joel took them all to a comfortable home, and they were a happy, prosperous family, always holding in loving consideration the dear old lady who, in the hour of their adversity, was willing to sell her beautiful white hair.

READ, not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.—*Bacon*.

PRUDENCE is that virtue by which we discern what is proper to be done under the various circumstances of time and place.—*Milton*.

SATIRE is a sort of glass, wherein beholders generally discover everybody's face but their own, which is the chief reason for that kind of reception it meets in the world, and that so very few are offended with it.—*Swift*.

RESURGAM.

BY CORINNE.

THE spring has come, and with it brought the flowers
That died last year amid the frost and snow;
Fair thoughts of God are they, and very dear,
Yet not for this I joy to see them blow.

Oh, not for this, their fragrance is so dear;
'Tis for the lesson to my heart they bring—
The lesson taught upon each hill and plain,
Where near the brooks there bloom the flowers of spring.

Full oft we read, on revelation's page,
That God for all His creatures has a care;
Yet when around us those we love best die,
Our faith grows dim—we only feel despair.

But oh, these flowers! They stifle sceptic doubt,
And in our hearts they kindle hope and trust.
God surely will not raise the grass and flowers
And let us sleep forever in the dust.

I had last year a lovely flower and friend;
They grew together, cherished by my side;
But when the chill wind of November came,
The blossom faded, drooped, and quickly died.

And ere the autumn's chill had passed away,
All pale and wan my friend began to grow;
And when December wailed among the pines,
Both flower and friend were sleeping 'neath the snow.

Tired, then, I grew, and weary here below.

"Must all things earthly perish thus?" I said;
"If so, why live! What joy is there in life?
Would that I too might lie down with the dead."

But now the sun of May is on the hills,
And see! my flower is crowned again with bloom!
Exult, sad heart! "The dead will rise again,"
The smile of God will warm the cheerless tomb.

THE OCEAN WAIF.

BY HIS MAMMA.

My bonnie wee bairn, he was born on the sea,
As the wild waves rose and fell;
He came as a blessing and comfort to me,
To the musical "song of the shell."

His mother and father had travellers been,
To a far and distant shore;
To Zealand's new country and tropical clime,
Were returning to Scotia once more.

My bonnie wee bairn, he came "on the line,"
Near the anxiously rounded Cape Horn;
No fond mother's heart beat wilder than mine,
As I looked on my bonnie first born.

To Scotland we went, and he blossomed apace,
A fair little pearl of the sea;
His golden hair curled, like the ship's sails when
furled,
What a pet with his grandma was he.

THE influence of a pious example descends downwards from the head of a family, diffuses itself over the main body, till it reaches the very lowest of it.—*Seed*.

WISDOM does not show itself so much in precept as in life—in a firmness of mind and a mastery of appetite. It teaches us to do, as well as to talk, and to make our words and actions all of a color.—*Seneca*.

THE VASSAR COURSE OF STUDY.

TO THE EDITORS OF

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK :—

IN the April number of your widely-circulated magazine, there appeared an article entitled "The Two Educations," and containing strictures on the course of study adopted at Vassar College, of which it seems proper that some notice should be taken, not only on account of the intelligence and apparent candor with which it is written, but still more for the sake of the numerous readers whom it may mislead.

And, first, it is to be regretted that the writer, when he felt it to be his duty to sit down to an elaborate and unfriendly criticism of the Vassar system, should not have felt equally bound to ascertain just what it now is, instead of going back to the catalogue of 1867, and expending his censure on so much that belongs wholly to the past.

There is another oversight, for which it is harder to find a charitable excuse; for the fact which it ignores lay open before the writer on the very page he professes to dissect. I refer to the privilege of *electing studies*, so liberally allowed at Vassar. One would suppose from his representations that all the students of each regular course were compelled to pursue all the studies laid down in the course. Thus, speaking of chemistry, he says: "It appears only once, and then merely *as one of seven studies*," leaving it to be inferred that the students of chemistry give to it only one-seventh of their time while pursuing it. "On the other hand," he says, "astronomy is pursued through two years, as if *all the fair students* were intending to follow the sea." The simple fact is, that *no fair student of Vassar is required* (or, under ordinary circumstances, allowed) to take more than three full studies at any one time, and these, in the advanced years, are just the three which she herself selects as best adapted to her wants. "Each student elects three of the studies laid down for each semester, subject to the approval of the faculty."*

The specific complaints made are: too much of Greek and astronomy, too little of chemistry. But Greek is *purely optional* throughout. None study it but those who have gone to Vassar to enjoy the special advantages it affords for doing so; and it will take much more conclusive analogies than our critic's "study of Hindustani" to close this fountain of learning against any daughter of Vassar who thirsts for it, and who finds ways of making it profitable which he has not discovered.

The same is true of astronomy. No one need study it at all. But if any desire to, either for the purpose of "following the sea," or for some more womanly reason, she will find ample op-

portunities at Vassar. And, pray, let me ask, to what use would our friend have the college put the magnificent observatory reared by Mr. Vassar for women, or the gifts of the accomplished lady who directs it, if not to just this—to afford young women who have this desire the means of fully gratifying it? "It [astronomy] is useful in navigation." Let us be thankful for so much; and who knows but that commerce, with the thousands who "go down to the sea in ships" may one day acknowledge a debt of gratitude to astronomers trained at Vassar as great as they have heretofore confessed to astronomers trained elsewhere? Is there anything extravagant in the expectation?

As to chemistry, the facts are these. First, there is a brief course in the sophomore year introductory to mineralogy and geology; next, those who take it up as a regular study devote to it one-third of every day during half of their senior year, when their powers of acquisition are most mature and vigorous; then, those who choose may continue it *through the entire senior year*; while to the "special" student there is absolutely no limit—she may, if her circumstances warrant, give it her whole time. One must be difficult to suit who cannot find amidst this variety an arrangement "adapted to her needs." At the same time no student is compelled to study even chemistry, "queen science" though it be—and the royalty of its claims will not be disputed at Vassar—if it be not queen science to her, that is, if it holds no valuable relation to her own objects in life.

In a word, the principle on which Vassar College has arranged her course is that of opening to her daughters as wide a variety of valuable acquirements as her means permit; and, after having first by proper elementary discipline prepared them to be benefited by the privilege, allowing and aiding them to make a wise selection—a selection varying in the *number* of studies according to the time each has to spend, never so many as to compel superficiality or hazard health, and varying in *character* according to their respective needs. Can a better principle be proposed?

But our censor does not confine himself to details. He strikes at the foundation, which he declares to be "in many respects an eminently false one. The whole system is based on a serious error. . . . It is based, not on a consideration of the real needs of the students, but on the semi-obsolete systems which have existed in certain ancient universities—Oxford and Cambridge, Harvard and Yale—and which those universities are themselves now discarding as unsuited to the wants of our time." Nor are we left in doubt as to what the sin of this ancient system is. It is the great amount of "Greek, Latin, and the abstract mathematics" which it requires, to the exclusion of studies better "calculated to benefit the student,"

* "Catalogue of 1867-8," page 18.

whatever those may be—our critic does not inform us.*

The managers of Vassar College are not blind to what is going on about them. In common with most intelligent people of the period, they have become pretty well informed as to the faults of the colleges, and the defects of the college system. Some of them are recognized leaders in the party of educational progress, and know, I suspect, better than their critic can inform them, what is the state of the controversy between the old and the new education, and the precise extent to which Yale and Harvard have "discarded" the former, and accepted the latter. At the same time they are practical men. While welcoming the wisdom of the present, they do not think it necessary to cut themselves off from the wisdom of the past. While pruning the excesses of the received system, they do not propose to pull it up by the roots; nor will they deem him a competent adviser who so counsels. They do not forget that the "certain ancient universities," of which theorists speak so flippantly, are still the great schools of the world, full to-day of vigorous and productive vitality, and that they are educating the dominant intellect of this generation as they have educated that of all former generations since modern civilization began.† Above all, they believe that *just at the point at which this attack is made* the old system is invulnerable, resting not only on a sound principle, but on the only sound principle, and that a true and solid "higher education" is simply impossible on any other.

But let us first ascertain exactly how far Vassar has gone in this particular sin, not of teaching Greek, Latin, and the abstract mathe-

* I emphasize this fact, as it is characteristic of the school to which, I fear, our critic belongs. They are industrious in pulling down; their capacity to rebuild we must take on trust. Nothing can surpass the air of easy authority with which he topples over the fabrics that other men have reared, and orders the ground to be cleared of the debris. But when we look for what he proposes to substitute, we must be content with very empty generalities. There are, it seems, "two educations—the true and the false." The false, as we learn at considerable length, is one that fools the learner by teaching him "heraldry and Hindustani—I beg pardon—Greek, Latin, and algebra." *But what is the true?* Well, "the inductive sciences—that which is calculated to benefit the students," a course "framed with a view to their actual needs," instruction "adapted to the sole object of preparing them for the duties of after life!" As though there were any other conceivable object for which a course of education could be framed by sane Christians; or as though these fine phrases did not abound also in the Vassar catalogue, and were not worth just as much there as on the respectable pages of GODEY.

† It is not difficult for a practised eye to discern in every sentence of our critic's facile pen the evidences that he has himself received the full benefit of that "ancient" system of training of which he speaks so alightingly.

matics—for "they [it seems] are not utterly useless"—but of teaching them compulsorily and to such an extent as "renders the course little better than a false education *throughout*." Greek may be thrown entirely out of the account, for, as we have seen, none is required. Latin is a required study *through the first year, mathematics to the middle of the second*; beyond that both are elective. Full courses there are for those who want them; but, as for the amount of Latin and mathematics *required*, it is hardly too much to say that not a respectable academy in the land would own to teaching less, and it is all over in the first third of the course.

But why require so much? Why pay even this deference to an effete system? Why waste any time in college on the cultivation of mere "verbal memory and the talent for computing, two of the lowest faculties of the mind?" Why not put the students at once, and keep them constantly, at "the inductive sciences, which belong to faculties of a higher order?" I will try to answer this question briefly and plainly; and, in answering it, I will place myself on our inquirer's ground, assuming for argument's sake what I should be sorry to be regarded as believing, that teaching the inductive sciences adequately expresses the function of the higher education.

There are two ways, then, even of teaching the inductive sciences, both true and both useful, but useful for very different purposes, and to different classes of students. The first is popular and compendious, imparting the mere results of science to those who have not opportunity or taste for more. It is an education for elementary schools, of immense value to the community at large, and it has heretofore been regarded as specially adapted to "the female mind." The other is scientific and comparatively severe, going to principles, accompanied with demonstrations, and training the learner in the methods by which scientific results are obtained. This is distinctively the higher or liberal education. It is the kind for which colleges are established and sustained, and by which an educated class (in the special sense) is created in a community. Without such a class, and the culture that produces it, not only must literature, philosophy, and all intellectual professions languish and die, but popular education itself could not be sustained, and the advancement of science would be an impossibility; and the nation that "discarded" it would sink into contempt, and disappear from among the cultivated peoples of the earth.

Now, it so happens that for the successful prosecution of *this kind* of education, a certain amount of preparatory discipline is found to be necessary. The necessity lies in the nature of the mind on the one hand, and in the nature of science on the other. The schools did not create it; they found it; and it is a necessity so absolute that, though speculatists in education

have never ceased to weave fine theories of reform and to flatter the world with the assurance that education is, after all, nothing but pouring so many liquids into a vessel, no school ever yet succeeded in *making scholars* that dispensed with this preparatory drill.

It happens also to be the fact, that no other means of disciplinary preparation have yet been discovered so effective as just those two studies of Latin and the abstract mathematics. There has been a deal of theorizing about the possibility of finding a substitute—the inductive sciences themselves, it is contended, might be made to serve a good purpose—but the thing has not been done; nor does any one think it at all likely to be done who knows, as practical educators know, on the one hand, the admirable and infinitely diversified gymnastic afforded by those studies to all the mental powers, and, on the other, their special relations to the whole science and philosophy, to all the languages and literatures, of modern Christian Europe. These relations are both historical and logical; and they are so fundamental and intimate that an interior knowledge of the latter without the former is as impossible as it would be to acquire the art of reading without first studying the alphabet. We cannot of course go into the proof of this; it would need a volume. But surely it is somewhat to the point, that the truth is recognized not merely by "*certain ancient universities*," but by *all* the universities, colleges, and schools of any authority both in Europe and America; in other words, by practical educators throughout the Christian world. And more than this, it is a point about which, to the full extent required for the justification of the Vassar course, there is no difference of opinion among the most distinguished advocates alike of the old and the new education.*

* Pages might be filled with testimonies drawn exclusively from the great advocates of educational reform. John S. Mill, for instance, will hardly be regarded as a man behind the age, and what does he say, speaking of the classical languages? "To these I would preserve the position in it [*i. e.*, in the curriculum of liberal education] *which they at present occupy*." Remember, too, he is speaking of the *English* curriculum; and he devotes just one-fourth of his famous "Inaugural Address" to justifying this position. As to mathematics, hear Comte, the very prophet of the new education. "Mathematical analysis is the true and rational basis of the entire system of positive knowledge. * * By this study alone we obtain a just idea of what a science really is, and learn precisely the method always followed by the human mind in its positive researches. * * All scientific education which does not commence with this study, is therefore, and of necessity, *defective at its foundation*."

And yet our critic speaks of these studies as merely "cultivating verbal memory and the talent of computing, two of the lowest faculties of the human mind." The view is so superficial that it is difficult to believe it seriously entertained by one who writes, in general, so intelligently on the subject.

The simple reason, then, why Vassar College holds her regular students to Latin and mathematics for a while at the beginning of their course is, that they may be better fitted to do the work she has for them to do before they reach the end; that they may bring to chemistry and the other inductive sciences, as well as to literature and history, morals and metaphysics, and to the study of the modern languages, minds intoned and invigorated by a healthful drill, and equipped with just those instruments of thought for which they will have daily need, in whatever fields of knowledge they elect to toil. And as this is not a matter of theory but of experience, the proofs of which are wrought out day by day under their very eyes, it is not at all probable that the managers of Vassar College will change either their views or their policy.

And now, in conclusion, let me tell our friend what is the *real* sin of Vassar, for he has missed it altogether. The "serious error," if such there be, "on which its system is based," is simply this—that *WOMAN should not be excluded from the benefits of this HIGHER CULTURE*. If woman is to have a liberal education at all, she must get it on the same conditions with others; there can be no doubt about that. But ought she to have it all? That is the only question. Has she strength of brain enough to receive it? Has she sufficient moral earnestness and energy of purpose to carry her through? Will thorough training do for her what it does for a man? Will it not destroy feminine grace and delicacy? Will it not break down her physical health? Will it give clearness, breadth, force, and fertility to her mind; dignity, weight, refinement, and symmetry to her character? Has God or the coming age any work for her to do in the family, in society, in the church, in science and letters, in any of the intellectual professions or arts, which calls for such training? Is there any demand for it in the community? In this fair, broad land of ours, teeming with souls and industries, are there any young women who have the desire, the capacity, and the leisure for study, and for whom the means should be provided? These are grave questions. We do not assume to answer them dogmatically; time will determine. If the answer be in the negative, then must Vassar College be pronounced a mistake—not the mistake, however, of its managers, but of its generous founder and his princely gift. *Vassar College is a school for liberal education, or it is a stupendous solecism*. For any other purpose, its costly collections, its library of ancient and modern literature, that "staff of learned professors, which leaves so little to be desired"—the whole thing is a blunder and a waste. The sin of the *Trustees and Faculty* is, that they believe it to be neither, and that, sharing in the confidence of their noble friend, the founder, and thoroughly convinced that God and the age

are calling for the experiment, they proceed to make it without anxiety as to the result.

Thus far they have found no reason for discouragement. It was not to be expected that the public would be all at once clearly possessed of the true idea; but, as the light has reached them, they have responded with a cheering promptitude and appreciation. There have always been students enough to fill the college; and of these a goodly and growing number have been fired with noblest aspirations, and are willing to pay the full price of a genuine culture. Their success has been marked. It has not made them *mannish*; it has not impaired their health. For, in aiming at a high intellectual standard, Vassar has never lost sight of other equally important interests. Her provisions for the physical training of her daughters, for their instruction in music and art, the formation of their manners and personal habits, and last, not least, for their moral and religious culture, are all on the same scale, and she points with equal pride to the results.

Your correspondent predicts that "when the students leave the college, the defects of their education and the uselessness of their acquirements becoming apparent to clear-sighted parents and friends, and speedily to the students themselves," the whole experiment will be pronounced "a failure." We smile at the prediction. If there are any *enthusiasts* and *partisans* for the Vassar course, it is just those who have tried it and know what it is capable of effecting; and we are quite ready to refer the question to their decision. The college has already graduated three classes, and will soon dismiss a fourth—just one hundred students in all. Let these be summoned, and let their verdict be conclusive.

But we need not appeal to interested parties. The doors of the college are wide open. Let your correspondent come for himself and see. Let Philadelphia send with him her most competent judges of what a school should be. Let them leave theories behind, and inspect results. They shall be welcome, and may pursue their own method of inquiry; and by our work we will be judged. Especially let them observe those young ladies who have been longest under the influences of the college, and received the full impress of its course. If these do not abide a reasonable test—if they are not students of whom a school of higher culture may pardonably be proud, if they do not give ample proof of having turned their time to good account while here, and promise of acting well their part hereafter as women of character, of sense, and of culture, then condemn us. Otherwise, let the hand be stayed which would deal unfriendly blows, and let all at least who profess to be the *friends* of Vassar, and of the highest education of woman, lend us their generous and needed help.

J. H. RAYMOND.

MATERNAL SOLICITUDE.

BY "SOURIS."

"My dear friend," said Mme. Dervieux to Mme. de Quevrain, "will you do me a favor? As you are about to leave Toulouse for six months, to spend the season in your delightful retreat, 'The Willows,' will you take my daughter with you, and I will rejoin you toward the close of the summer?"

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Mme. de Quevrain, with astonishment; "is it possible that you will let me have Sophie for six months? Why, my dear friend, that is a favor I would have never dared to ask. How you, who never before have lost sight of your daughter scarce a moment, who believe that a daughter should be always under her mother's eye, will you consent to part from her for so long?"

"I fully understand your surprise," replied Mme. Dervieux; "you think that I must certainly have some weighty reason for taking this step; and, since you are kind enough to become the guardian of a trust so precious to me, you have a right to my confidence. Hear me, then!"

The two ladies were alone in a little boudoir, seated before a bright fire, which, without throwing out too much heat, served to protect them from the chill of the spring morning.

"You know," said Mme. Dervieux, "that I am the daughter of General Duranthe; but you do not know the history of my marriage with M. Dervieux, and that history has something to do with the resolution which I have taken."

"I will not inquire your age, my good friend," said Mme. de Quevrain, "but your daughter is sixteen years old; you have been married about seventeen years; but that is a far-fetched cause for your resolution of to-day."

"You shall see," said Mme. Dervieux. "Seventeen years ago I was a young girl, smart, full of fun, and very pretty. I can say it without vanity, now, when I have no longer any pride except in my daughter; now, that a wrinkle, not very deep yet, but obstinate, has impertinently established itself upon my forehead, and reaches from one temple to the other."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mme. de Quevrain; "let us see; you were sixteen when you were married, sixteen and seventeen are thirty-three. Why, you are still young; I consider myself a young woman yet, and I am three years older than you."

"That is all true enough," replied Mme. Dervieux; "but then, you see, I look at things in a very different light from what I did seventeen years ago, you may judge. I was then young, pretty, and in love."

"Is that so? Do you tell me that you were ever in love?"

"Madly in love."

"And with whom, if you please?"

"With my husband."

"What! that good M. Dervieux who has three chins, round shoulders, and a figure like an alderman?"

"The same; happiness and time have made him corpulent. Seventeen years ago he had a figure like a spindle, only one chin, and, without exaggeration, he was the handsomest young man in Toulouse. M. Dervieux is the son of a rich mason, and if he is to-day a good architect, he owes it, without doubt, to the profession of his father, who gave him an opportunity to unite practice with theory. Well, he loved me, and simply demanded my hand; my family were not more indignant than astonished. My mother was of a noble family; my father was an officer of the grand army; he had been promoted to captain, chief-of-the-squadron, colonel, and general, all on the field of battle; he wore the grand cross of the Legion of Honor, was decorated with many other orders, and above all, during the last years of the empire, his majesty the Emperor had created him baron. Well, in spite of all that, the son of a mason, a 'little mechanic' dared to think of me and aspire to my hand. It was an unheard-of audacity; there was no name bad enough for it. M. Dervieux's son was harshly dismissed, and it was a wonder that my father, the general, did not punish his insolence by imprisonment. Now, there is in our city a certain M. de Tournemont"—

"M. de Tournemont!" cried Mme. de Quevrain. "I know him well; he attends my Wednesday evening receptions. He is the most malicious little hunchback—everlasting talker, and the most insupportable punster in the whole city."

"That little hunchback," continued Mme. Dervieux, "seventeen years ago had a good enough figure; and, though he is a little ill-natured, has some good traits, and, moreover, is of a noble family. M. de Tournemont did me the honor to distinguish me, and sought me in marriage. My father would have wished his son-in-law to be able to belong to some regiment, and the protuberance upon the shoulders of M. de Tournemont rendered that impossible; but my mother was fascinated with the nobility of the suitor, and as she had the talent of being mistress of the house, while she appeared always to defer to her husband in everything, the general before long announced to me that I was very soon to become Mme. de Tournemont."

"How, my dear? Can it be possible that you have been upon the point of espousing that little hunchback?"

"The banns were published."

"You must have been very unhappy."

"Not the least in the world. I had no idea of marrying him. I made every effort to induce my father to break the contract, in vain. He reproached me with what he called my low tastes, that is, in loving M. Dervieux, and his

reproaches had no other effect than to augment my inclinations. I then decided to speak to M. de Tournemont himself. I watched his coming to the house, and as soon as I saw him coming, met him in the hall, and drew him into a little reception-room, while my parents were in the parlor.

"Monsieur," said I, to him, 'I do not love you; no, not in the least!'

"Mademoiselle," he responded, with that little malicious smile which is peculiar to him, 'I expected this, and I am rejoiced to hear it; the happiest marriages never commence with love. My mother told me once that she not only did not love my father when she married him, but that she absolutely hated him.'

"That is not all," I exclaimed, 'I love another!'

"I have an aunt," replied he, with assurance, 'whose case was exactly like yours, and yet she is now happily married to him whom she did not love.'

"But why," cried I, indignantly, 'do you still persist in wishing to marry me? You are richer than I; you can find in Toulouse twenty more desirable companions than myself, and as many families who would be proud and delighted with your alliance.'

"At this M. de Tournemont made me a most passionate declaration, and spoke of his love in the strongest terms. Nothing I could say would induce the obstinate creature to withdraw his suit; there remained, now, but one extreme step for me to take."

"Great heavens! what did you do?" cried Mme. de Quevrain.

"You do not know the story, because you have not lived in Toulouse very long; but every one here knows what I did, and few have forgotten it. You will see. Dervieux was desperate; I had an old nurse, who was our go between, and the letters that I received were filled with the most frightful projects possible. Dervieux wished to fight with M. de Tournemont, to kill him, then to come and kill himself beneath my windows. A bad move, which would only have rid my father of a disagreeable suitor. I then proposed to him to carry me off."

"You did! Did you make the proposition yourself?"

"Of course; men never know how to manage such affairs; the more deeply they are in love the more awkward they are. Is it requisite carefully to guard the honor of the lady? They compromise it. Is it, on the contrary, necessary, in order to insure the marriage they desire, to make considerable noise and attract attention? They will be as quiet and discreet as possible. Men do nothing to the purpose. Young girls, on the contrary, when they are in love, have but one aim; they study all the chances, calculate all the incidents, and it is rare that they do not act discreetly. I must add that the disdain of my father for the family

of Dervieux had deprived my lover of all courage; sometimes wounding the vanity of a man paralyzes his will, breaks his spirit, and raises within him a foolish diffidence that makes him doubt himself. Dervieux was withheld by this idea—the son of a mason to espouse the daughter of a baron of the empire! There were a thousand impediments in the way, a thousand answers to make, but after all the thing passed off just as I proposed; for one beautiful summer night Dervieux resolutely planted a ladder against the hall window, which was not very high; I was watching for him, as you may suppose. I opened the window and descended very easily, and in descending I broke a pane of glass."

"How unfortunate!" cried Mme. de Quevrain.

"I did it on purpose. My father had, ridiculously enough, kept up his bivouac habits, and always kept two loaded pistols upon his table at night. He rose at the sound of the broken window, ran into the hall, a pistol in each hand, and saw me in the street leaning upon the arm of M. Dervieux. He aimed at my lover, perhaps at me, and discharged both pistols at us. It was the affair of a moment."

"It was a wonder you were not killed, my dear friend."

"Not at all. I had foreseen that accident, and had withdrawn the balls two hours before. 'Adieu, dear father, adieu!' I cried, and fled with M. Dervieux to the house of a friend of his family, who awaited us.

"Early next morning Dervieux rushed to the house of M. de Tournemont, the little hunchback, and found him still in bed. 'Monsieur,' said Dervieux, 'I have carried off the daughter of the Baron Durantheil, whom you were to have married in a few days; and, as the affair ought to be very annoying to you, I come to offer you satisfaction.'

"M. de Tournemont did not expect such an awakening. He turned himself in bed two or three times, like one who wishes to escape from a bad dream, then sitting up in bed. 'I believe you, monsieur,' said he. 'I have a cousin who was also carried off at Bordeaux, but who nevertheless married him whom she did not love.'

"'Yes, I know perfectly well,' replied M. Dervieux, 'that it is the custom of your family. Madame, your mother; madame, your aunt; madame, your cousin; and, by the same token, your father, your uncle, and your cousin have had the courage to marry them, and you seem willing to follow in their footsteps. But I come to see if, added to that courage, you possess another kind.'

"'Monsieur, I shall do the same as my relations. I expect the general to give me his daughter.'

"'In that case, monsieur, it is I who demand satisfaction from you. You will have the good-

ness to arise and fight with me. Otherwise I shall give you two little blows, which, though they will not hurt you much, will disgrace you, because in less than one hour the whole city of Toulouse shall know of what has passed. However,' added he, 'there is a third alternative.'

"M. de Tournemont made two or three more turns on his couch; then he advanced from beneath the clothes a pale face, and, in a frightened voice, inquired what was the third alternative.

"'It is, that you immediately write a note to the general, saying that you refuse his daughter,' said Dervieux.

"'Impossible!' cried M. de Tournemont. 'Besides, under what pretext?'

"'You will say to him,' replied Dervieux, transported with rage, and with his hand already raised to strike, 'that you are certain that Mlle. Durantheil does not like hunchbacks.'

"M. de Tournemont arose, wrote the letter that was required of him, and, handing it to Dervieux, said to him: 'I am enchanted, monsieur, to have had the opportunity of obliging you, but please lose the bad opinion you have of me. Look at me with other eyes, if you please. I am not a hunchback; a little round-shouldered, that is all.'

"Dervieux took the letter, promised his rival to use the greatest discretion, assured him that he considered him the best made man in the world, and returned in haste to me. I had laid out my plan of campaign, as I have told you. I communicated it to Dervieux, and we armed ourselves with courage. I had to meet an enraged mother, and Dervieux was to present himself before a man who had lately discharged two pistol shots at him."

"I cannot understand," said Mme. de Quevrain, "why you broke your window; why you exposed yourselves to two pistol shots, both of which you might have got along without."

"Impossible!" replied Mme. Dervieux. "Those two pistol shots were just as necessary as the ladder which opened to me a way into the street. Do you not suppose, dear friend, that if I had chosen, I could have gone out by the door? But it was necessary to make an uproar, a noise that would bring all the street to their windows. In fact, in about an hour after it occurred, my elopement and the rage of my father had become the talk of the whole city. I was compromised. At nine o'clock in the morning Dervieux opened the door of the general's study, and presented himself unexpectedly before him. My father sprang for his sabre.

"'I am confident, general,' said M. Dervieux, 'that you will not assassinate me. I am, at the same time, very certain that you regret the two pistol shots of last night.'

"'Young man, you are my prisoner,' cried my father. 'I will shut you up in a good, strong

dungeon, where I will answer for you, until my daughter is returned to me.'

"You will do no such thing as imprison me, my general. I come to you of my own accord; you will certainly respect your hearth and home. Besides, your daughter is not lost; she is with her mother at this moment.'

"The sabre, whose Turkish blade flashed above the head of Dervieux, fell from the hands of the general. He wished to run and see me, to assure himself that I was safe. But Dervieux detained him, and, after reassuring him, he demanded a moment's explanation. 'Your daughter loves me, general,' said he. 'What has passed proves that unmistakably. As for me, I am the son of a mason, it is true, and God forbid that I should ever blush for my birth or my parentage. But, without repeating here, what you already know better than I do, that all men are equal, that their position in society and personal qualities alone distinguish one from another, permit me to observe that my father is rich, that I have been raised as well, and that my education is as thorough and as fine as that of the Marshal of France. In that respect, I yield to none, not even yourself, that is, when you were my age.'

"How, monsieur?"

"And who are you, who reproach me with my father's calling? You are the son of a weaver.'

"I do not disown my father any more than you,' cried the general, 'but the position in society of which you speak. I have raised myself by my own exertions to a high and honorable position. Is it not just that I should profit to-day in the satisfactory establishment of my only child by a position that I have acquired at the price of my blood?"

"Without doubt. But, if I have the talents necessary to distinguish me some day, if I have in me the precious germs of merit, why refuse me the future? Why deny me? You wish to ally yourself to a nobleman, who does not consider you noble, although you are a baron, for the nobility do not acknowledge a person as one of them unless he can show a long line of ancestry. Birth is the only true nobility that they recognize, and they set that above everything else. Then, if you depend upon personal merit, what great merit has M. de Tournemont? What is it that distinguishes him so much that you prefer him to me? You hold that the greatest honor is military glory. M. de Tournemont is formed in a manner that renders it impossible for him ever to acquire that kind of distinction. The emperor would not have him in his army; he is hunchbacked. Besides," added M. Dervieux, 'your daughter does not love M. de Tournemont, and she does love me. You have seen what her love for me has led her to do. She has left your house, she has thrown herself into my arms, and you, upon your first angry impulse, have announced the fact to the

entire city by two pistol shots. However, at this moment I am in your house, your daughter also; and, thanks to you, every one thinks we are hiding in some little town in the environs, or else by this time far on our way to Paris and Brussels.'

"My father threw himself into an arm-chair, and buried his face in his hands.

"M. Dervieux, emboldened by his silence, and thinking, besides, like all lovers, that he only needed to be heard to subdue all to his own opinion, took occasion to say: 'If you will permit me, general, to recall your own history.'

"My history!' exclaimed the general, raising his head.

"M. Dervieux feared he had gone too far, and he stammered a few unconnected words.

"No, no,' cried my father. 'My history, if you please, monsieur. Tell me my history. Let us see if you know it.'

"Hear me then, general. In 1795 you were a lieutenant upon leave of absence in Paris. You there fell in love with a young and noble lady, and you, the son of a weaver, without fortune, and who had not yet any military reputation—you demanded her hand. They refused you, as you have refused me; they would not listen to the son of a weaver. In vain, you spoke of your good character, your position in the army, of the brilliant career you were entering upon, at the same time reminding them that in those troubled times they would find a plebeian alliance to be a safeguard for the family, which was very true. They were inflexible. What did you do then?"

"Monsieur!' cried the general.

"Why, you made love to your wife and you carried her off. Yes, general, you carried off your wife, and you did not return her to her mother, as I have done. You were poor, and likely to be killed at any moment; what would have become of Mme. Duranthe in that case? I am rich, I shall give all to my wife; if I die young my wife will inherit all my fortune, and will be one of the wealthiest and prettiest widows in Toulouse. Perhaps, my general, you will say that you are not at liberty to give your daughter to me, that you have given your word to M. de Tournemont, and that you cannot break it. Well, he himself has broken the contract; behold the proof!"

"My father took the letter which M. Dervieux handed him, and, after reading it, he demanded of my lover how in the world he managed to obtain it from M. de Tournemont.

"I frightened him,' replied M. Dervieux, 'and I have promised to insist always that he is not a hunchback.'

"Of course the general pardoned M. Dervieux, and spoke no more of prisons?" said Mme. de Quevrain to her friend.

"Undoubtedly," replied Mme. Dervieux. "In the mean time my role with my mother

was much more difficult than that of M. Dervieux. I was before my mother, a severe enough judge, to whom it would not be wise to recall her antecedents; I submitted, then, to all her reproaches, all her reprimands, and I anxiously awaited the coming of my father, who could not long refrain from rejoining us. The general at length appeared, and, after having embraced me, tried to plead for us; but my mother still upheld the suit of M. de Tournemont. At length my father, who always thought and acted reasonably when his blood was cool, silenced her with these words:—

“‘Madame,’ said he, ‘this is a very serious affair; our daughter is compromised. Had I a son, he would settle this matter with M. Dervieux; I cannot fight with him for a very simple reason; the young man would never fire upon me, the father of her whom he wishes to marry. Our duel would result in either a mockery, or an assassination, neither of which I desire. M. de Tournemont ought to fight him, but he is not willing; it is not our fault that he is wanting in courage; besides, he refuses to marry Sophie. Do you wish to give your daughter to a man who does not want her?’

“That was good!” cried Mme. de Quevrain; “madame, your mother, listened to reason, and you married him whom you loved. The best of it is, your marriage was successful—it has been as happy as you could desire; and, if I am rightly informed, the general has always lived very happily with your mother. If the Tournemonts have always found it best to marry women who did not love them, in your family, on the contrary, I should say that runaway matches succeed. However, it remains to be explained why you are willing to let Sophie leave you for so long.”

“My dear friend, it is because that time has changed my manner of seeing and feeling; seventeen years ago I thought like a young girl, to-day I think like a mother; I am no longer in favor of elopements.”

“In short, my dear, no more moonlight conversations, no more serenades beneath the balcony, no more rope ladders—we are growing old.”

“I began by that acknowledgment,” said the good mother, “but I do not want you to think that I wish to force the affections of my child, that I have a M. de Tournemont, a hunchback, whom I wish her to marry. I only wish to direct Sophie’s choice, not constrain it. I wish to do for my daughter to-day what I did for myself seventeen years ago; my only aim, the sole object of my life now is, to choose a good husband for her, to induce her to love him, and to make her think that I am acceding to her wishes, when in reality she is only following out my own desires.”

“Suppose they had taken that course with you, seventeen years ago?”

“They would not in that case have proposed

a man repulsive and ridiculous, whom I could not possibly love; they would have seen that M. Dervieux was precisely the husband for me, and, without opposing my choice and trying to sacrifice me to an absurd prejudice, they would have given their consent; then, instead of going out by the window, I should have left the paternal mansion by the door, which would have been a much better way.”

“You have some fears, then, in regard to Sophie?” said Mme. de Quevrain.

At that question Mme. Dervieux leaned back in her arm-chair, raised her eyes to the ceiling, and meditated a moment. “Well—yes,” said she, at length. “There is a young man here in Toulouse who actually disturbs my rest, and I do not wish that he should keep Sophie’s eyes even wider awake than he does mine.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes. There has been in our city for some years a student, who has the handsomest face in the world, tall, well-formed, young, and without a cent in the world.”

“Money does not make happiness,” said Mme. de Quevrain.

“That is a young girl’s maxim,” replied Mme. Dervieux, “which it does not take a woman long to learn the falsity of.”

“And is this young man in love with your daughter?”

“He pretends to be,” said Mme. Dervieux, “but I know well enough that it is her dowry that attracts him. My daughter is rich, while he has nothing.”

“If M. Dervieux had had no fortune seventeen years ago, would you have done him the injustice to think that his love was mercenary?”

“No, of course not. But with M. Dervieux it was very different.”

“It is absolutely the same thing, my dear friend. Does Sophie love this young man?”

“I know all about such affairs,” said Mme. Dervieux, “and I am happy to assure you that she does not love him at all. It is true, that on the promenade she blushes when she meets him, but that is from vexation. At night he sings love-ditties beneath her windows, and the next day she repeats them upon her piano, but that is because the ballads are new and pretty. That is all. Besides, she has never yet been in love.”

“Your mind is not easy, however?”

“Well, he is such a handsome fellow, and it takes so little to make a young girl act foolishly now-a-days. Never will I consent to their marriage, Mme. de Quevrain.”

“You seem to forget,” said her friend, “your own marriage and that of your mother.”

“That was very different, my dear. My father was a man of a great deal of merit; it was this that decided my mother. Dervieux had the qualities which you know, and he was rich. You see that I did not do wrong in following their example.”

"And that love, my dear friend, which fascinated your mother, which afterward turned your head in such a way that it made you go so far as to propose an elopement; love—do you count that as nothing?"

"Mme. de Quevrain, Mme. de Quevrain, you abuse my confidence! Have I not told you that I have changed my manner of seeing?"

"It is the old story of the human race, my dear friend. There are always young men and young girls, always older men and women. At our age, when such a question comes before us, we place our consciences at the service of our passions, and we generally decide wisely and justly."

"Just as you please," replied Mme. Dervieux. "But, however, one advantage that I possess over all mothers in general, and mine in particular, is, that I am known to have gained the confidence of my daughter. There is nothing passes in that young heart which is not confided to me, and"—

Before Mme. Dervieux could finish her sentence, the door was thrown open, and a weeping lady's maid rushed unceremoniously into the apartment. "O madame, madame!" cried she, "Mlle. Sophie is not in her room. We have searched all over the house for her, but in vain. Here is a letter for madame."

"He has carried her off! The villain!" cried Mme. Dervieux, after reading the note. "And I wished to confide her to you, just to get her out of the reach of that monster, that wretch!"

"Is it possible," cried Mme. de Quevrain, "that your daughter, who does not love that young man at all, has consented to elope with him? Has that Sophie, who confided so entirely in her mother, allowed herself to be carried off?"

"How dreadful!" cried the furious mother. "Ah, Mme. de Quevrain, as the world grows older, it grows more wicked."

"Ah, my dear, your mother said the same of you; you say it of Sophie; and, perhaps, she will say it of her children. But what is the name of this student who has served you thus?"

"M. Ernest Dubourg."

"Ernest Dubourg! Why, he is one of my dearest friends. I know all his family, who are one of the highest in Marseilles. Happy mother! he has just inherited the immense fortune of a millionaire uncle. Compose yourself, Mme. Dervieux, marry these young people, and acknowledge that, as I told you just now, in your family runaway matches are always successful."

THE discovery of what is true, and the practice of that which is good, are the two most important objects of philosophy.—*Voltaire*.

THE most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures, consists in promoting the pleasures of others.—*La Bruyère*.

WHEN WE WERE YOUNG TOGETHER.

BY ELIZA F. MORIARTY.

THE willows wave their tasselled boughs
Above the brooklet singing;
And through the sunny fields of heaven
The skylark's song is ringing.
'Twas just the same long years ago,
In June's bright balmy weather,
As hand in hand we wandered here
When we were young together.

Upon this grassy bank we stood
Among the opening flowers,
And felt that life was happiness,
That paradise was ours.
You won my heart away from me
In June's enchanting weather,
While o'er us sang that bird of heaven
When we were young together.

Like some enchanted fairyland,
The world lay bright before us;
The hopes and joys of wedded years
In visions sweet came o'er us.
Ah! life was like a cloudless sky
In June's delicious weather!
We little heeded time or change
When we were young together.

Long years since then have come and gone
By many sorrows shaded;
That altered form, that furrowed face,
Those eyes so dim and faded,
But make you dearer than of yore
When, in June's beauteous weather,
We wandered to the trusting spot,
And we were young together.

I know not why, with you so near,
That I, beloved, am weeping;
In yonder churchyard's holy ground
We two must soon be sleeping;
We'll breathe our farewells to this scene
In June's delightful weather,
And trust that God will hear our prayer
And call us home together.

OLD HOMES.

BY L. F. M.

No dream of mortals is so seldom realized as that entertained by those who have wandered forth into the world's strife with the belief that they shall one day return in gladness to the homes of their childhood, or to some cherished spot of earth known years before. They may indeed do so in the body, but the spirit will be robbed of its sweet delusion.

That quality of retaining the *most pleasing* memories of a favorite place, together with the mutability inseparable from life, leaves them wholly unprepared for the disappointment that follows "going home" after long absence and—not finding it.

THERE are few, very few, that will own themselves in a mistake.—*Swift*.

PRAISE has different effects, according to the mind it meets with. It makes a wise man modest, but a fool more arrogant, turning his weak brain giddy.—*Feltham*.

HESTER'S FOURTH OF JULY.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"HESTER!"

She was busily mixing and stirring some delicious looking compound in a great yellow bowl, and evidently full of care as to the proper proportion of the ingredients thereunto appertaining, but she looked up brightly when her name was called. Before she answers, however, let me describe the scene. You would like, perhaps, to have your heroine introduced to you in gala dress, with ball-room lights to enhance her beauty, with one of Strauss' waltzes sounding in her ears, and a bevy of admirers pleading for her hand. Look elsewhere, then, for my heroine wore a chintz dress, a great white apron, and was standing in a New England kitchen engaged in the manufacture of cake; she never had owned a ball-dress in her life, Strauss was an unknown name to her ears, and her lovers, if she were to have any, were in the future. She was Hester Shaw, orphan niece to Farmer Lawton, of Greysfield, and one of a large, hard-working family.

When Hester looked up from her bowl of batter for cake, you could see that she was very young, seventeen or eighteen at the most, and had a face strangely at variance with her surroundings. Great black eyes full of suppressed vitality and fire, features regular as those of a Greek statue; a rich brunette complexion, teeth white and even as kernels of young corn, and a dreamy wistful expression. She was tall, too, but exquisitely formed, and the hands wielding the wooden spoon in the batter, were small and gracefully managed. She looked up, as I said, with a bright smile that effectually chased the shadows from her black eyes, as her Cousin Maude called her name.

"I was thinking what we are to do about Mr. Ramsay," said Maude, who was also deep in culinary mysteries.

"Do about him?" queried Hester, looking puzzled.

"He is English," said Maude, again, "and we might offend his national prejudices if we go to the picnic."

Hester's head took a lofty curve at once, and her ripe red lips curled a little. "I am not"—she began, but Maude interrupted her.

"You! Of course you don't care; but—but"—and the blood began to rise in her cheeks.

Hester dropped her spoon in sheer amazement. "Has he been making love to you?"

"Dear me, Hester," said Maude, pettishly. "You have such an abrupt way of putting questions. If Mr. Ramsay has paid me some attention"—

"Oh!" interrupted Hester, "is that all?"

"But about the picnic, Hester. Would you go?"

"I am going."

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"But if you thought"—

"If I was courting Mr. Ramsay," said the downright girl, "I suppose I should attend to his prejudices, as you call them; as I am not courting him, they do not in the least trouble me."

With which answer Maude was obliged to be content, for Hester, having poured her batter into a small army of little tin pans, took up the waiter upon which they were drawn up in battle array, and marched off into the outer kitchen to put them in the oven.

The oven was very hot, "in first-rate baking order," as she told Maude when she returned, so the deep flush on her usually pale cheeks might have been the result of stooping over it so long putting in the little cake pans one by one. It was quite a long operation, and Maude had apparently forgotten her anxieties with regard to English prejudices when it was over, for her first question was:—

"Two cups of butter or three, Hattie, for Westmoreland cake?"

"Three. I'm going out to gather strawberries if you will watch those hearts and rounds, Maude?"

"Very well."

Pretty, insipid-looking Maude was thus left alone in the great summer kitchen, mixing and stirring, occasionally running out to peep in the oven, and wondering whether Mr. Ramsay "meant anything" by the attentions he had paid her, or whether if she stayed at home from the picnic it would be a sheer waste of ammunition. What Hester thought was never told, but her cheeks rivalled the berries, which her quick nervous fingers picked so rapidly, hulling them as she plucked them, before dropping them into her great white dish.

It might be that these were not the only maidens in Greysfield who were weighing the merits of Mr. Erastus Ramsay against those of the Fourth of July picnic. The latter was an annual gathering of time honored importance, and one of the leading jubilees of the country for miles around. New muslins, crisp lawns, and bright ribbons were prepared for the Fourth of July picnic from the first advent of summer weather, and the young man or girl who could not afford a new rosette of national colors for that day was poor indeed.

But—Mr. Ramsay was an Englishman! What else was this important personage? He had come to Greysfield with credentials from leading men in New York City, and had put out a modest door-plate:

ERASTUS RAMSAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

being the legend engraved thereon. He was neither very young, nor yet middle-aged; about thirty, the learned in such matters decided; but he took Greysfield by storm. Never had the simple country folks seen such graceful,

courtly manners, such simple elegance of dress, such a superb carriage of a wonderfully handsome head. Never had they heard such pure, perfect language, which yet was never pedantic or strained in effect. He had told some of the elderly gentlemen that his means were limited; but it was difficult to believe this when he paid so liberally and promptly for his board and other necessities, dressed so beautifully, and seemed so careless of expense.

To Maude and some others of her mental calibre, he was simply a magnificent "beau," whose attentions were an honor, and to win whose hand was to be a great social triumph. What was he to Hester Shaw?

From the time when Hester's father had placed his hand in dying blessing upon her head, and then left her an orphan, the girl had been slowly starving. It was four years ago. Before that, she had been the close, constant companion of a highly educated clergyman; since then she had been the companion of those who grudged the intellectual labor required to study the almanac.

When the Reverend William Shaw sent his child to her mother's brother to be supported and to find a home, he had no choice. He died penniless, and this asylum was open to his child, so when he bade her "try to be happy and contented at her uncle's," he forced himself to think she was too young to realize her deprivation of gentle culture and intellectual food.

How was it with the child? Looking upon her father's dying request as a sacred charge, she conscientiously tried to be happy. If her refined nature shrank at first from the homely surroundings of the farm life, from the coarse dress, the hearty fare, the rude familiarities of her home, nobody guessed the pang. Faithfully she tried, not only to fulfil her new duties, but to love them.

She was no drone in the busy hive. Her Aunt Martha exacted from Maude, Jennie, and Lizzie daily duties, as her Uncle John required help from the three boys; but there was not one more useful than Hester. Wholly ignorant at first, she was "wonderfully teachable," as Aunt Martha admitted. The proud little head that had puzzled out daily problems in algebra, solved the mysteries of French and Latin grammar, and pondered gravely over "papa's sermons," proved equally apt at remembering the due proportions of eggs, butter, and milk in household compounds, and the exact amount of boiling required for each variety of vegetables or meat. The deft little fingers that had mastered Czerney's exercises and were skilled in sampler work and button-hole stitch, put aside these luxuries to pick berries, sweep bed-rooms, scour pots and pans, milk cows, feed hens, and master all the many household occupations of a farmer's daughter.

It was all done cheerfully. Hester had been taught that the Heavenly Father asks *willing*

service from his handmaidens in whatever station of life it pleases Him to place them, and she gave her portion of labor lovingly and gratefully, appreciating the fact that she was one more to feed and clothe in the well-filled farm-house, and realizing fully the kindness that never forced this fact upon her attention. There was something, no doubt, to be attributed to her age for the adaptation that would have been more difficult in an older person, but independent of this, the child was of a noble nature, moulded by loving, judicious hands in firm Christian principle and unquestioning obedience and submission to Divine Will. I said she had been slowly starving, and I did not exaggerate the mental craving for nourishment, the fainting intellectual powers that needed only support to grow strong above the average capacity of woman.

When the Reverend Mr. Shaw's congregation sold his library and expended the sum realized in clothing for his child, and in the payment of his funeral expenses and outstanding debts, there was no one to save from this sacrifice a few volumes for the desolated child, who had been brought up amongst them. John Lawton never thought of such a request, and contented himself with allowing Hester the same privilege accorded to his own girls, namely, three months in the winter attendance at the district school, where she droned again the lessons in geography, arithmetic, and spelling she had long ago mastered and cast aside.

To this young, craving mind, closed so resolutely and barred by duty, there suddenly appeared this stranger, who seemed a walking encyclopædia to the villagers and country folks, who conversed as her father had conversed, who dressed as she had seen others dress in that world she had occupied while her father lived, who looked into her great black eyes and understood their mute pleading. He had lent her books. Can you realize the gratitude she poured out at his feet? Food for the hungry mind that had not realized its own longing, was offered bountifully and judiciously.

After long days spent in his office this gentleman, who was welcome at every house in Greysfield, would stroll over to Farmer Lawton's with a new magazine in his pocket to discuss its contents with Hester, and if she ran away with her treasure to devour it alone, would affably listen to Maude's affected prattle with all the deferential attention of a Chesterfield. She was a woman now, this child four years ago, but a woman whose heart had lain dumb to all consciousness of her own beauty, her own powers of attraction, her own capacity for love. Affectionate to all who had any claim upon her affection, she was singularly free from maiden dreams of loving or being beloved.

Now, as she bent over the crimson strawberries, piling the dish in readiness for the morrow's picnic, there was no thought of jea-

lousy in her heart, only a sharp sense of disappointment. It was impossible for one of her keen perceptions to be blind to the fact that Maude was a vain, empty-headed, ignorant girl, with no ideas above the routine of daily work, and a most exaggerated appreciation of the prettiness of her silly face.

Hester had made a hero of Mr. Ramsay. In his kindness to her he had opened a mine of observation, a store of knowledge that had seemed to the girl unbounded. He had told her of treasures of art he had seen abroad, had painted in glowing language the wonders of travel, had given her books to read whose marginal notes proved scholarship and learning that awoke positive veneration in the young, glowing heart; she had never dreamed of him as a possible lover, and looked with hearty scorn upon the undisguised attempts of the young girls around her to "catch" him. It struck her with about the same sense of possibility and fitness as it would to have seen a barn-yard goose chasing an eagle as it soared to the sun.

And now Maude had hinted that this hero, this being so far above all others in Hester's estimation, was so attentive to her silly self, that she was confident of his affection, and worse still, that he was capable of feeling a paltry anger at the observance of the national holiday, because in the long ago times of the Revolution the forefathers of each had been at strife.

The morrow rose unclouded and fair. All Greysfield was stirring with the first peep of dawn, and in more than one heart the question arose: "Would Mr. Ramsay take any part in the national holiday?"

There had been much discussion amongst the members of the committee of arrangements as to the propriety of inviting him; whether his feelings would be most wounded by the invitation or its omission, was the theme of lively debate, but finally it was decided to send an invitation, and "not get riled if he didn't come."

Yet more than one maiden's heart fluttered over the question of the possible absence of the hero of the place, and the propriety of paying him the delicate attention of staying at home. Custom, the display of pretty dresses and ribbons especially prepared for the day, and the dreary prospect of a long lonely day away from the centre of attraction, the picnic, proved too strong for most of the fair ones, but Maude heroically resolved upon the sacrifice.

"You may wear my new hat if you like, Hester," she said, "I am not going."

"Thank you, my hat will do very well. You are not going?"

"No; I think, considering Mr. Ramsay is an Englishman and will probably remain at home, somebody ought to be here besides mother in case he should call."

"Oh!"

"Of course it is nothing to you; you are only a child, if you are as tall as a May-pole," Maude continued, sublime in the consciousness of five years superiority of age over her cousin; "he will not expect you to remember his country and national pride, but with me it is different."

Hester's heart throbbed in angry denial of this statement, but she looked full at her own reflection in the glass, and busied herself with the arrangement of her hat. She realized nothing of the superb beauty of her young girlhood as she looked, but it was not often so wee a mirror reflected such wealth of loveliness. Her dress was a print of a rose pink, and in her simple straw hat there were twisted ribbons of the same shade. A very small bank-note would have covered the whole expense of the dress; but how rarely it became her dark glowing beauty. Maude had provided a muslin of pale blue for the occasion, and donned it in anticipation of that possible call, but Hester's fine taste fully realized the absurdity of wearing Maude's over-trimmed hat with its profusion of artificial flowers with her cheap cotton print dress.

The merry party of pleasure-seekers were astir early in the day. Baskets piled with fruit, cake, pies, sandwiches, hard eggs, all the thousand indigestible compounds that are devoured with such good appetite at a country picnic, were carried carefully to the hay wagons, buggies, and chaises that were in waiting, and the air rang with hurrahs, fire crackers, and merry voices as the cavalcade started for the day in the woods.

Greysfield prided itself upon its patriotism, and orators were not wanting to read the "Declaration of Independence," and "make a speech" at the proper time. The morning passed merrily, although more than one longing look was sent along the road to the village, wondering if Mr. Ramsay would not come after all. Apparently those national prejudices were as strong as Maude had feared, for the dinner had been spread and eaten, orators had flourished and subsided, and the afternoon sun was sending long slanting shadows of the tall trees across the grass, and Mr. Ramsay was not there. Most of the village belles had admirers amongst the swains, and felt that the courtly Englishman might have been a restraint upon some of the romping merriment of the day; but Hester missed him, and had an uneasy sense of the unfitness of human events when she fancied him in the parlor of the farm-house, or on the wide porch, courting Maude. Maude! Could he love Maude well enough to ask her to be his companion for life? Why Maude, Hester thought, wonderingly, had asked her once if Tennyson was a senator or a play-actor, and if King Lear was the man they hung in the French Revolution. There was no romantic dreams in Hester's wonder, she had never opened a

novel in her life; the question of love was as a sealed book, but her innate sense of the total incongruity of these two natures was too keen to be silenced or put aside.

She had strolled away from her companions, and was sitting alone at the foot of a great oak tree, her fingers busily twisting together the blades of grass she picked mechanically from the nodding spears at her feet. There was a sound of horse's feet upon the ground, and, looking up, she saw a horseman coming through the woods directly towards the spot where she sat. Only one look was granted her, for he sprang from his saddle as he caught her eye, fastened the animal to a tree, and was beside her in a moment.

"I have been looking for you," he said, after a graceful bow. "I was at your uncle's, and Maude said you were here. Why are you all alone?"

"I was tired of the noise," she said. "You know it is a proof of our patriotism to burn gunpowder, but it gets rather bewildering after seven or eight hours of din."

"I should imagine that it would. I was very sorry, though, that I could not be here all day."

"Sorry! Maude thought"—

"She told me what she thought. Not particularly flattering to my common sense, was it? I have been too busy all day to join in any amusement, but I wanted to see you, and so I came here. Hester, may I tell you a story?"

"Yes, indeed," she said, eagerly. "I always like to hear your stories, Mr. Ramsay."

"This is my story, truly," he said, smiling. "It is of myself I would speak."

Hester wondered if he was going to tell her he was to marry Maude. He had been to the farm, he said. Was that his errand, then?

"You understand, little Yankee," he said, "the laws of primogeniture in the old country, do you not? The eldest son there inherits the family estate; the younger ones must find other homes."

"I understand."

"My father was a younger son of Allen Ramsay, Esq., of Ramsay Manor. He was not a wealthy man, for my uncle had no surplus to give him when he inherited the Manor, a splendid estate, but at that time heavily mortgaged. So my father studied law, and in time taught his profession to me. Ten years ago he died, leaving me a moderate income, and advising me to come to this country. I did so, and lived in New York City, studying your form of law until my health, being somewhat weakened by study, I came to Greysfield. Yesterday I received my mail from London summoning me back to England. I go from here to-night, Hester!"

She turned a pale startled face to his.

"In a few months I will return here, if"—he hesitated, looking into her mournful dark eyes

meeting his so frankly. She was so childlike in her innocent sorrow, so womanly in its quiet reserve. "My darling!" he said, softly, in his heart, but, aloud, he said: "When I return, Hester, will you be my wife?"

"I?"

"I love you, Hester; will you wait for me?"

"I am not worthy. I am so young, so ignorant. Oh! can you love me?"

Then he told her the old, old story of how she had grown into his heart, and what a dreary blank his future would be if she refused to share it with him. And, as he spoke, the woman's heart awakened to life, and every word he uttered found its echo there. She knew then that her reverence, her admiration, her awe of him, were all second to her love for him. He could read his answer in her eloquent face, an answer that filled him with a pure, noble happiness, for he was a man worthy to win even so grand a nature as this would be, to be his own true companion for life.

"You have not asked me yet why I must go to England," he said, after a silence had fallen between them.

She turned pale to her lips. "I had forgotten," she whispered. "You said you were going to-night."

"Yes, if I catch the train passing here at midnight, I will just be in time for the next steamer from New York. My uncle is dead, Hester, and I am heir to the Manor. My fair Lady of the Manor, congratulate me."

A loud report at that moment seemed to shake the earth under their feet.

"Is that in my honor?" queried the bridegroom elect.

"That is the sunset salute to the day. You will hear the cheers in a moment, and then we break up our picnic to return home."

"That reminds me, I had an English sovereign set for a brooch, and I meant to ask you to pin your rosette with it to-day. Now," and while he spoke he loosened the pretty ribbon badge from her dress, "we will exchange. I will wear your colors, Hester, till we meet again. Will you wear my pin?" He pressed the rosette to his lips, and then put the broad gold piece in its place upon her breast. "Why did I come out on horseback? Now, I must ride back alone. I will meet you on the road, darling."

It was a long ride home, and Hester was very pale and thoughtful, but all things have an end, and the parting followed her return all too soon. She told her secret to no one, hearing all the wondering comments about Mr. Ramsay's sudden disappearance in silence. Cheerfully she kept the steady routine of duty, wondering often with a comical speculation if many of the English aristocracy won wives from country farm-houses, and how many ladies of manors could make cake and milk cows. Letters came across the wide ocean, but

no one wondered, for they were all under cover to the clergyman, Mr. Ramsay's only confidant, who made no comment upon them. She was timid about answering them at first, but it soon wore away.

There was an immense amount of business for the new heir. His uncle had left a large property and some legacies for his nephew to distribute; his own long absence in America had somewhat complicated affairs, and so month followed month, and he could not return.

It seemed longer than a year to Hester when July opened once more, and Greysfield was busying itself about the annual picnic. Would anybody remember the discussions of the past year, she wondered? Maude did, and spent many hours during the next three days in wondering what had become of Mr. Ramsay.

It was again the morning of the Fourth, and the cousins were dressing for the day. No thought of remaining at home crossed Maude's mind now, for she was engaged to a young farmer, whose "national prejudices" were strongly in favor of fire crackers, bell ringing, cannon firing, and picnics on the Fourth of July. So Maude was radiant in ribbons and flowers. Hester, looking again at her reflection in the glass, saw a face more matured than the one mirrored there twelve months before, not quite so childlike, but wearing a certain unconscious dignity that had come to her in the past year. She could not have told herself why her stately figure was carried more sedately, why the graceful head bore itself so proudly erect. It was no thought of the position in prospect, only the proud gladness of the thought that she was to be his wife. Erastus Ramsay thought her worthy of his love! She wore a soft white muslin, and in her black hair she had twisted scarlet ribbons, while at her throat was a broad blue bow; but she pinned no rosette to her bosom, laughingly answering Maude's comment by the remark:—

"I am a huge rosette myself, Maude. Don't you see I wear the tri-color in my whole dress?"

Would he come that day? She hoped it from the tone of his last letter, but was not sure. She went to the porch to see if the usual cavalcade was on its way, and then—yes—some distance off yet, but coming swiftly forward, she saw a buggie with but one occupant. She ran away. She could not let him see the tearful happiness of her face, so she ran into the parlor, shut up and feeling like a cellar. But he saw her, and followed her there. We will retire, if you please.

There was some wondering as to what had become of Hester and the ownership of the stylish buggie before the couple appeared; but when they came to join the picnic party, Hester wore upon her bosom a crumpled, faded rosette of red, white, and blue ribbons, pinned by an English sovereign, set for a brooch.

ETTA, AGED THREE.

BY BLANCHE BURTON.

THE sun in the west was sinking low,
When paused the emigrant train,
And struck their tents to rest for the night
On the broad and trackless plain.

But sober faces were in the camp,
And tears filled many eyes;
For one of their number had left the band,
And soared away to the skies.

Strong men e'en were moved to tears,
As they performed the last sad rite,
And laid the lovely clay to rest
Away from earthly sight.

No sculptured stone, but a little board,
From flowers and finish free,
Marks her grave, with the simple words,
"Etta, aged three."

And there in the stillness of the night
They gathered, and bent each knee,
And offered a prayer over the grave
Of Etta, aged three.

And there alone they left her
On the plains so rude and wild,
But a sweet voice softly whispered:
"You shall meet your darling-child."

Oh! stranger, wandering through the land,
If this little grave you see,
Drop there a tear for the mother lone
Of Etta, aged three.

LIFE'S WEST WINDOWS.

BY M. A. Y.

We look from life's west windows
On the shadows lengthening fast,
And few are the sunbeams that greet us
That greeted us in the past;

For years have flown, and we are old,
And seem to the world calm, silent, and cold.

We look from the western windows,
Watching closely the setting sun,
For we know when its rays have vanished
Our labor on earth is done;

For life must end—we must pass away,
And wait in silence the Judgment Day.

We stand at life's west windows,
And think of the years that have gone;
Remembering the coming sunset,
We too must remember the morn;

But the sun will set, the day will close,
And an end will come to all our woes.

As we watch from the western casements,
Reviewing our happy youth,
We mourn for its vanished promise
Of honor, ambition, and truth;
But hopes will fail, and pride decay,
When we think how soon we must pass away.

We stand at life's west windows,
And turn not sadly away,
To watch on our children's faces,
The noontide of sparkling day;
But our sun must set, our lips grow dumb,
And to look from our windows our children come.

Still looking from life's west windows—
And we know we would not again
Look forth from the eastern lattice,
And live over all life's pain;
Though life's sunrise be brilliant, its sunset is sweet,
Since it brings longed-for rest to our weary feet.

WHY SHE MARRIED.

BY LOUIS TASSO.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH DESCRIBES THE PEOPLE WHO MADE THE TROUBLE.

MR. and MRS. GRAHAM. We find them at home in a handsome house in the suburbs, which has all the appointments of wealth, is tastefully furnished and plentifully decorated with pictures, among which Mr. Graham pompously, solemnly, and somewhat excitedly declares, you will find an original Correggio, as well as many other gems from celebrated artists. The collection is undoubtedly a fine one, inasmuch as "My dear" personally supervised its selection, and from his critical taste and superior judgment there is no appeal.

"My dear" (the household name of the domestic pet) was born just below Mason & Dixon's line, and, being one of several sons, was permitted to select his own vocation, which, after the usual preliminaries, developed him into a lawyer; he was admitted to practice at the bar of one of our great cities, and, being peculiarly adapted by nature and education to his profession, speedily achieved some little celebrity, which elicited from those with whom he came in contact such flattering comments as the following: "Graham is a keen one," "Sly as a cat," "Cunning as the most experienced," "I would trust him with an intricate case of my own."

Shortly preceding the period to which we allude, 1834, the English Parliament, through the strenuous exertions of William Wilberforce and the Quakers, passed a bill abolishing slavery in the colonies, and though the closing sections of the act provided for the raising and application of twenty millions of compensation money, many of the West India planters were at once reduced from affluence to comparative indigence.

A Mr. Staley, of B——, whose wife had large possessions on one of the islands, and who, through the peculations of her relatives, as well as the troublous times, was in great danger of losing the same, having met with young Graham, determined to send him out there, to look after his own and his wife's interests. A proposition to which the gentleman eagerly assented, clutching in anticipation the fat fee which was to be the reward of his industry, as well as seeing a thousand ways in which the expedition would redound to his credit and advance him in his profession.

He reached the little island in the sea with all the necessary credentials, and at once became the guest of his client's family, with the secret intention of discovering their machinations, and then openly frustrating them, returning home complete master of the field. But alas for this man's morality, which shrunk into nothingness beside his cupidity; he found a

fair enslaver in the sister of the gentleman with whom he was staying, and became so much enamored of her that for once the quirks and quibbles of the law lost all their charm. He forgot to press the claims of those who sent him on his mission, he yielded to the fascinations of the West Indian siren, and losing at once his heart and his rectitude, became as able an ally of the opposing party as he had hitherto been their secret enemy; for now he was fighting for himself, he was defending and claiming what would in due time become his own. What mattered it that he basely betrayed the trust of his friend so the world was none the wiser? What cared he for the righteous indignation of one man, if he could but maintain his position in society and his respectability at the bar? Money would do that, this same money that he had crossed the water to secure for Mr. Staley. By a little petty fraud, in which he was aided and abetted by his ladylove, it soon became hers, and eventually his, for though he returned to America, and with his smooth face, sleek hair, and oily voice tried to persuade his client that all had been done that could be done in his behalf, in due time the lady followed him and married him, and their devotion to each other was unparalleled; they lived and prospered, grew rich and gray together; in time became religious, held pews in several churches, were eminently pious and godly in their walk and conversation, had much goods laid up for many years. God gave them their desire, but sent leanness into their souls, for no children ever brightened that lonely household, and it was a sore disappointment in spite of creature comfort and successful scheming. Now, in the full tide of their prosperity, I would present you to them both.

Years have changed the slight, almost boyish figure of the young lawyer into the full, round, pompous proportions of the chief of the judiciary; he has still a quick, nervous way of moving which not even this new dignity can wholly remove; his gray eyes seem to have grown smaller and sharper than of yore, and his face, still beardless, is seamed and wrinkled as by many cares; a little sharp, dry cough invariably announces his arrival among his friends and prototypes, and he is chiefly remarkable for his persistency in conversation.

His lady wife is reading the paper, and sagely predicting a war between the North and South before many months have passed; his wife has aged more rapidly than he in the twenty years that have elapsed since she secretly married her husband. She is tall and slight to angularity, with a face which indicates a singular amount of character for a woman; in repose it is hard, and cold, and calculating; her lips are thin, and the lines about the mouth inflexible; her nose is very long and sharp, announcing pointedly that it accompanies a prying disposition; her eyes are dark brown, in repose im-

penetrable, but when stirred by any emotion wonderfully expressive; her skin is dark, almost swarthy, and her hair, thickly sprinkled with gray, waves over her brow and relieves the severity of the outline; her hands are long and shapely, with tapering fingers and spotless nails—a sure indication of gentle blood she would tell you, if you noticed them particularly; her voice is singularly sweet, and she has a mirth-inviting laugh, which to a close observer seems strangely at variance with the rest of the woman; her manners have much of the French *je ne sais quoi* about them, and in her drawing-room she is the acme of refined politeness, which, combined with a grasping, scheming intellect, utter selfishness in the prosecution of her designs, and a perfectly heartless persistency in their execution, gives you a very fair picture of the lady in question, who is to play no unimportant part in what follows.

CHAPTER II.

WHEREIN THE HEROINE MAKETH HER FIRST APPEARANCE.

"My dear husband," said Mrs. Graham, laying aside her paper, "I think we had better send for her."

"Send for who, my love?" exclaimed Mr. Graham, alert and attentive at once.

"Madeline, my niece; I think we had better send for her," repeated the lady, meditatively. "I have been making a little calculation, and find that aside from her passage, and boots, and gloves (girls do wear out so *many* boots), I can manage to keep her very respectably without much outlay, for, of course, you know, dear," and she looked over at him benevolently, "we shall have to offer to clothe her, and depend upon it, brother George is not the man to let such a chance slip. My only fear is, that the girl will not prove sufficiently grateful for such a home and such luxuries; however, if she at all resemble me, and I trust she will, she can save us more than her board (though growing girls *do eat* enormously), by keeping a watchful eye on the servants; in fact, we might readily dispense with one if it were not for appearances. She'll be helpless, of course, at first, but I'll soon break her of that," and her brown eyes snapped, and her figure erected itself as though she were already issuing the orders that would develop the astonished girl into a subdued likeness of herself.

"Just as you say, Amelia, my love; let it be just as you say," replied Mr. Graham; "she is not over eighteen, rather pretty, if she looks like her picture. It will be pleasant to have her making the old house musical, and bringing young folks around us; she may even make a great match, and, in any case, my dear wife, it is creditable, highly creditable in you to desire it. Yes, my love," he continued, as his

interest in the matter increased, "your benevolence will not be unrequited; Providence will reward you for it. My only fear is," and his face grew long and sympathetic, "that the care of this young girl will be too much for you, will overtax your strength."

The lady sighed deeply, settled herself comfortably in her chair, and, folding her hands with an affectation of meekness that was truly refreshing, answered:—

"It will certainly be a great responsibility, Edward, as well as an additional care; but I should never let any such selfish considerations interfere with a conscientious discharge of my duty to the child." Then, with sudden vivacity, she continued, "It would look so well, my dear; people would say, 'How noble of Mr. Graham to adopt his wife's niece.' I will write to my brother at once, stating that we should like Madeline to spend a year with us, and if at the expiration of that time we are mutually pleased with each other, to adopt her as our own, in the meanwhile treating her like a daughter in all respects. That, you see, will touch his heart, and the prospect of a woman's care for his motherless child impel him to send her at once, as well as the hope of having her suitably provided for in the event of his death, which, in the present state of his health, he writes us, we may look for at any moment; besides all this, we both know how miserably poor they are."

"Exactly, love; you have hit it exactly," said "my dear," and patting his wife benevolently on the cheek, he added, "What a head the woman has; there's strategy in that, real strategy," and he smiled deliciously to himself over the comprehensiveness of his wife's intellect.

The letter was written and despatched, and in due time an answer received from the distant brother, thankfully accepting the kind invitation for his daughter, and announcing the time of her probable arrival.

The newspapers were eagerly scanned, the shipping news carefully watched, until at length our friends of Hamilton Terrace learned that the expected vessel had been signalled below. Mr. Graham started off to the city, eager to inspect his new investment, or rather charitable speculation, which was to add another to his long list of honors, and would be much more profitable than a good round sum placed at the head of a subscription list; for in this case he expected to receive more than an equivalent for his benevolence, in the matter of gratitude and service from the girl; a proportionate increase of adulation from his dear five hundred friends, while doubtless his self-satisfaction whispered even the Lord shall say, "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

He was among the first to reach the vessel, and to his rather pompous inquiry, "Is Miss Madeline Vevay on board?" the captain replied by pointing to a tall, slight girl on the forward

part of the deck, who was waiting nervously the arrival of her new relative; he advanced towards her, greeted her cordially, and immediately informed her that her Aunt Amelia would receive her at home, where she was anxiously waiting to welcome her to America. He attended to her baggage, while she bade farewell to the few friends she had made on board, with whom the poor girl parted with a strange reluctance; then hurrying on shore, they were soon at her future home, if such might be called the gilded cage in which they placed this timid little foreign bird, who, after wearily beating her wings against the bars of her prison-house, escaped, but all too late, escaped to suffer and to die.

Her aunt met her at the door, kissed her, and called her "My dear," took her up to the room which had been prepared for her (the preparation mainly consisting of the removal of all the little superfluous ornaments which conspire to make a room look cosy and homelike), and while she was choking back the sobs that would come up in her throat in spite of herself, told her to take off her things, which Mrs. Graham declared were horribly old-fashioned and out-of-date, and in such wretched taste. "My love, what a bonnet it is! Well, we can remedy that in time; fold them up, and be sure to put them on this particular shelf in the closet, as there is nothing like beginning right, and I am very particular about little matters."

And this was her welcome after such a journey, with the great sea yawning between her and her childhood's home.

From the outset a silent antagonism seemed to spring up between aunt and niece, for though Madeline silently obeyed the orders she had received, she felt already that her feelings would be mercilessly trampled upon, that her position would be one of servitude, and silently rebelled against it. "She promised I should be the daughter of the house, not a slave in it;" indignantly thought the young girl. "I can never love her," and with a wail of sorrow she flung herself on the bed and wept bitterly. Mr. and Mrs. Graham hardly knew what to make of this startling behavior in their *protégée*, but wisely attributing it to over fatigue, left her alone to recover herself.

She was a stranger in a strange land; everything was new to her—manners, customs, and people; even the servants inspired her with a certain degree of awe, for she had always been accustomed to a house full of negroes, who had clung to them faithfully even in their adversity, many of them declaring, when the old place had to be sold, and the homestead given up, "that long as they lived they'd live long wid old Marster and Miss Maddy, no matter how poor de place was."

But she was young and buoyant, with life all before her; besides which, her father had scarcely the wherewithal to provide food and

shelter for himself in his old age, and her coming away to what he fondly believed would be a home of wealth and abundant love, had been such a happiness to him that she tried hard to smother her grief, and make the best of her new life.

Many weeks elapsed before she was permitted to appear in the drawing-room, for everything she brought with her in the matter of outside garments was horribly out of fashion, and had to be remodelled in the latest style, the greater part of the labor devolving on her, although uncle and aunt had money in abundance, and no one upon whom to spend it.

In due time, however, Miss Vevay was pronounced presentable by her lady inspectors, and at a small party given for the purpose, introduced to the valued friends of the family. One thought her plain, another quite stylish, still another very attractive looking, but all conceded her to be agreeable and intelligent; the ladies, from a conviction that that quiet, embarrassed looking little thing would never interfere with them; and the gentlemen because they detected a fund of mirth and wit lurking in her blue eyes, which only needed opportunity to be developed.

In order to obtain a rather more definite idea of the impression made by the young lady in question upon at least two of Mr. Graham's guests, suppose we follow them as they trudge homewards through the crisp snow, and give ourselves the benefit of their conversation.

CHAPTER III.

WHICH INTRODUCES TWO YOUNG GENTLEMEN AND THEIR RESPECTIVE CLAIMS TO RESPECTABILITY.

"WELL, Harry," said Phil Marston, "old Graham will leave her a good big pile; but I am awfully disappointed."

"Disappointed, Phil? At what?"

"Why, she's so deucedly plain; you see, old fellow, the fact is, I had quite made up my mind to marry this little girl, for I'm frightfully hard up; and when Graham told me he meant to adopt her, I thought to myself my fortune is made; they cultivate me for my family, and I'll marry into theirs for their money, and so we'll come out about square. But then, you see, old boy, I couldn't scare up the faintest shadow of a love affair with her, she's none of the soft namby-pamby little things I fancied her. Did you see her eyes flash when I told her she had a dear little hand?"

"Ay, I did, and felt like resenting the impertinence for her."

"The deuce you did!"

"Yes, Phil, I did; and what's more to the purpose, I like her, and pity her, too, and mean to stand by her; for, if I'm not mistaken,

she will need a friend one of these days, poor child!"

"Phew!" and, with a prolonged stare at his friend, Philip Marston plunged his hands deep in his pockets, and strode on whistling, meditatively; at length he stopped short, almost at his own door, and said: "Do you wish to marry the girl?"

"Marry her? No; haven't I forsworn matrimony these dozen years? What I mean is just this; that I believe this young lady to be in the charge of relatives who would not scruple to sacrifice her happiness to gratify their own ambition. From the little conversation I have had with her, I judge her to be a very superior girl—with a tender, sensitive heart; therefore, Phil, I abjure you to spare her, for they will give her to you if you ask them."

"And knowing me to be a *garçon de Paris*, you would caution the damsel; is that it?"

"Not quite so bad as that, Phil; but I do urge you, for the sake of your own dear sister, to leave this poor child unmolested, particularly since you have said that there is no possibility of your ever loving her."

The voice that had been harsh and discordant a moment before, grew soft and tremulous, and with a muttered "God bless her! for her sake I'll do it." The friends parted at Marston's door, and Henry St. Clair walked slowly on, thinking deeply of the subject of his late conversation. She is not what any one would call strictly beautiful, he thought, but her eyes are very fine, and so expressive; how they flashed at Marston's impudence, and what a host of tender memories seemed to flood them when she spoke of home; then she has splendid teeth, and one of the sweetest smiles I ever saw, that alone would redeem her face from positive plainness. I wonder how Phil Marston can think her so ugly. It is well for her future happiness that he does, however, for had she beauty to please him, as well as her uncle's dollars, I fear his good resolution of to-night would scarcely bear the test of daylight. Then he too reached his home, and closed the door alike on his reverie and the blinding snow.

In the meanwhile Madeline had gone up stairs to bed completely tired out; but she had scarcely reached her room, when the melodious voice of her aunt summoned her below again to assist in counting over and putting away the superfluous silver which had been exhibited at the evening's entertainment, and which was entirely too precious to be intrusted to the doubtful care of the domestics. During the operation she was adroitly questioned by her expert relative as to the impression that the several young gentlemen had made upon her, very much in this wise:—

"Did you have a pleasant evening?"

"Very, thank you!"

"What do you think of the St. Clairs? They used to know your mother."

"So they told me, and I was delighted to hear it. Mrs. St. Clair asked me a great many questions about home," and the child's eyes filled with tears.

"What are you crying about, you little simpleton?" exclaimed her amazed aunt, startled for once out of her ladylike serenity.

"Nothing," said Madeline, "only I am tired."

"You had better go to bed, then," snapped the aunt; "you're not worth your salt!" And so they separated for the night, each feeling painfully embittered against the other. The aunt mentally declaring that *she* would soon put a stop to such exhibitions of childish weakness; and the niece, with an almost sickening sensation of sorrow, acknowledging to herself that she could never love this woman, in whom she had fancied she should find a second mother.

Next morning, however, things were serene again, and, after both ladies had settled down comfortably in the library with their sewing, the subject of the party was resumed by Mrs. Graham.

"Madeline, my love, didn't you think young Marston very handsome?"

"Rather," said Madeline, dubiously.

"You surprise me; all the girls are going crazy over him. I hear his praises chanted in all directions. And his eyes—little Lottie Grey thinks there never were such eyes."

"They have a very disagreeable expression, I think; and, aside from that, he looks and acts too much the gay man of world to suit my rather fastidious taste."

"You don't tell me so, indeed; I fancied that you were very much pleased from the length of your *tête-à-tête*."

"I couldn't get rid of him till Mr. St. Clair came to my relief."

"Well, Marston belongs to one of our oldest and most aristocratic families. His forefathers were Englishmen of high birth, and there are said to be vast entailed estates across the water that will eventually revert to his branch of the family. They have met with various heavy losses recently, and been obliged to dispense with their city home; but the old homestead remains intact, I believe, and there the family now reside permanently. It is on the Hudson, and one of the loveliest spots I have ever seen. They have lost a good deal of their money, to be sure, but birth is the most important thing after all."

"I thought all men were equal in America," shrewdly threw in the young lady, at this juncture.

"In one sense of the word they are, my dear, politically equal, that is, all have the same chance to gain positions of public trust and emolument; but blood is blood after all, and I must acknowledge I have *some* little family pride."

"And I haven't a bit, of that kind at least. I believe, with Burns:—

'That rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.'

If a man be born intellectually a fool, will his ancient blood help him to attain wisdom? Or, if he swagger through the streets a confirmed libertine and drunkard, will his aristocratic pedigree keep him from rolling in the gutter? I fancy not."

"You view this matter from a most unusual standpoint for a young lady, I must say, my dear."

"I have thought deeply on the subject, nevertheless, Aunt Amelia, and it makes my blood boil to hear people talking about blood and birth who have nothing on earth in all their illustrious line to be *really* proud of, but *everything* to cover them with shame and confusion. I am just malicious enough to want to drop a little poison—namely, *truth*—into their golden chalice of antiquity if I have a suitable opportunity. Not one family in ten thousand has any right to boast of its old blood. I should like, indeed, to know of *one* on whose escutcheon there is no stain."

"Really, my dear, your vehemence astonishes me. I had no idea that *anything* could wake *you* up to such a burst of eloquence. I can hardly believe my own ears. So you really do think sometimes?"

"Yes, occasionally."

"Well, what might be your ladyship's opinion of Mr. St. Clair? Since we are indebted to Mr. Marston for your *first* speech, perhaps St. Clair will furnish the necessary material for a second."

"Don't laugh at me, Aunt Amelia," and sweet Madeline's face grew suddenly crimson. "But do tell me something about the St. Clairs; I have taken a great fancy to both mother and son."

"I have no doubt of it, inasmuch as they are what I should call mushroom aristocracy."

"Still, if my perceptive faculties are not singularly at fault, they are both cultivated and intelligent."

"Yes. The mother is an educated woman, or you would not have met her in *my* parlor, but she was nothing but a poor clergyman's daughter, and had to eke out her father's slender income by teaching school. She fell in love with a drawing-master, I think it was, married him, and led a starving sort of life in the city."

"Do go on, aunt, it sounds just like a romance."

"Humph! A very unpleasant sort of reality as it turned out. When Henry was about eight years old his father died, and his mother had to go back to her old work, and teach for their mutual support till Henry was old enough to work for himself; then, in spite of the advice of her best friends, she persisted in sending him to college, because, forsooth, my

gentleman was fond of his books, from whence he came to your uncle's office to read law. He certainly was very persevering, and studied hard; but he might have been a rich man to-day if she had put him into a store, and allowed him to work his way up."

"Doesn't he make money enough by his profession to support his mother comfortably now?"

"Oh! yes, he has done that for several years, but that's about all."

"I thought last night that they seemed singularly fond of each other."

"Their devotion is marvellous," and Mrs. Graham tried to sneer; but even *her* thin lips refused to do themselves that injustice, and the sneer degenerated into a sickly smile."

"Is that all, Aunt Amelia? Is there nothing more to tell about them? I am very much interested."

"What else do you want to know, child?"

"Why, of course, he has never lived to be thirty years old without a love affair, been engaged to be married, or something of the sort—isn't it so?"

"Oh! yes. Some ten or twelve years ago, while he was at college, he became intimate with young Marston, and went home with him to spend the summer vacation, where he met Philip's sister, who was a very lovely girl. Philip was disposed to be a little wild, and Henry's steadiness had had such a good effect upon him that Louise was ready to fall in love with him right off from some girlish notion of gratitude, which she accordingly did, and they were engaged to be married, with the approbation of the family—a proceeding which surprised every one very much, as they were both young, almost children, and he with nothing but his own industry to depend on, and a mother to take care of in the bargain. However, everything went on smoothly enough for four years till after St. Clair was admitted to the bar, when, just as he fancied he could support a wife, and the wedding day had been fixed, *she* sickened and died. It was a terrible blow to him, and he never has been more than ordinarily polite to any lady since. Much better for her, though, I think, than to have had to alave and toil as a poor man's wife."

This last remark was entirely lost on Madeline, for whom it was especially intended, as she was completely absorbed in the sympathy for St. Clair which this sad little history had called forth. "What a comfort his mother must have been to him in his trouble, Aunt Amelia," musingly said Madeline.

"What nonsense are you talking about now?" replied the lady.

"Oh! nothing," blushed the girl. "I was only thinking over the story."

Mrs. Graham's sagacity had for once been strangely at fault. She fancied the sure way to disenchant Madeline, if she had taken the

least fancy to St. Clair, was simply to tell her his history. But, alas for the ultimate success of the poor lady's schemes, her scanty knowledge of the human heart had served her but ill on this occasion, for with every word she uttered she had riveted the attraction, and drawn her towards him by all the magnetic arts that romance, pity, and love weave around the pliable heart of the young. Even now she yearned to see him, that by some unspoken sympathy she might show him that she felt for his sorrow, and so comfort him. In very truth the gentleman had taken already a prominent place in Madeline's fancy, and she was almost prepared to declare him faultless, a genuine hero, without a blemish; while Marston, whom her aunt had secretly decided she should marry, in spite of his well-known dissipation, and passion for gambling, was banished entirely from her consideration with an impatient shrug of the shoulders and a most emphatic "Horrid!"

CHAPTER IV.

AUNT AMELIA'S PLAN FOR HER NIECE'S HAPPINESS BEGINS TO APPEAR.

FOR some time after the party Madeline was busy receiving calls, and returning visits, a duty which, according to Mrs. Graham's punctilious code of politeness, had to be accomplished very promptly, as in her particular coterie the least breach of etiquette was considered an unpardonable sin, and she had been, by reason of her own self-importance, constituted authority in all such matters.

St. Clair, meanwhile, occasionally passed an evening with them, and once had brought her an invitation to spend the afternoon quite sociably with his mother, to which Mrs. Graham could make no possible objection; so Madeline was permitted to go, much to her own delight, for she was eager to cultivate the acquaintance of these two people, for whom she had already in some sort conceived an attachment. Mrs. St. Clair welcomed her very cordially to her cosy little home, and during the evening told her that many years before, when Henry was quite a little boy, she had gone to the West Indies with her husband, hoping the change of climate would restore his shattered health; that during the latter's severe illness and subsequent death, she had met with Madeline's mother, who treated her with the greatest kindness and affection throughout all her troubles; and she continued to say: "It is with feelings of the sincerest pleasure that I welcome her daughter to my home, and I hope that this will be the beginning of a long and firm friendship; for, though I am an old lady now, I can still sympathize with, and feel for, the young."

Madeline's heart was full. That this dear lady should *really* care to know *her*, and to love

her, was a delight beyond what she had anticipated, and that she should have known and loved her mother, a strong tie between them.

The conversation then strayed to literature and art, and Mrs. St. Clair was much gratified to find that Madeline had a cultivated taste and very keen sense of the beautiful. She had read the books of some of our best authors, and her criticisms evinced much thought and mental ability, while her freedom from all affectation was a sure index of the pureness of her heart.

About ten o'clock her uncle called for her, and Madeline very reluctantly took leave of her new friend, mentally determining that she would speedily repeat her visit, for her home, pleasant and comfortable as it looked to the world, was anything but happy. Her aunt so harassed and tormented her that life had already become a burden. Day after day she was taunted with her indolence, and the ungrateful return for all the favors lavished upon her. Day after day sneeringly reminded, in the most cutting and scathing sarcasm, that she was eating the bitter bread of dependence.

"What did you expect?" cried the astonished girl. "What did you bring me here for? To work? To make a slave of me? To have your own brother's daughter act as a spy on your servants, and tell you how many potatoes they boiled, or how much sugar they wasted? No, no, I have not yet sunk so low. Not for the bread you seem so loth to give me would I sell myself to that," and the voice of Madeline was drowned in a passion of sobs.

Scenes, of which this is but a specimen, were frequent. Mrs. Graham was grievously disappointed in her niece. She had expected to find a passive tool in her hands. But the girl rebelled, and she scarcely knew how to reduce her to submission. So she contented herself, and relieved her perturbed spirit by a series of taunts and innuendoes, which, to the sensitive heart of the girl, were worse than blows.

As diametrically opposite as two natures could be, it is not to be wondered at that the particular friends of the one would not be those selected by the other. The result was that the few whom Madeline fancied were the very last whom Mrs. Graham would have chosen as companions for her niece. Therefore, this also became a fruitful source of contention. Finally, after repeatedly expressing her disapproval of the intimacy which had almost insensibly sprung up between her and the St. Clairs, she positively forbid her going there again, or accepting any more invitations from them. This was a terrible blow to Madeline, and she fairly wrung her hands in helpless sorrow. "What shall I do?" she moaned. "How can I bear it? They have been so kind to me, so very kind. The only friends I have," and the poor child cried herself to sleep.

The next day was Sunday, and Madeline's

pale face and sad eyes in the little country church soon attracted the notice of Mrs. St. Clair, who, in spite of the obsequious politeness of the Grahams, managed to stop her on her way out, and asked her what ailed her.

"They will not let me come to see you any more," she sobbed out, through her veil, and then the crowd parted them, and she felt as though the brightest part of her life was going away from her, following *them*, leaving *her* alone in the cold.

Henry St. Clair had pressed her hand compassionately for an instant as he heard her whispered reply to his mother's question, but had said *nothing*. True, he had never told her, during the days of unrestrained intimacy that they had passed together, that he loved her; but, since the love of his boyhood, he had uttered words of tenderness to none but her; had pressed no lady's hand; had looked lovingly into no other woman's eyes save hers. Was this, too, then only a dream, a fancy of her own? Had she taken mere brotherly kindness for a deeper, stronger feeling? Had the cold, keen intuition of her aunt been correct, when she declared her to be a silly fool, who was giving her love unsought, "Giving it to a man who was amusing himself at her expense, and who had no idea of ever marrying any woman?" This was sad comfort to carry home with her from church to bear with her through "the long, long, weary day," and far into the dreary, sleepless night.

CHAPTER V.

AUNT AMELIA CONTINUES TO PROSECUTE HER VIRTUOUS DESIGNS.

"NOTHING like a change of scene," said Mrs. Graham to her husband, when he remarked "that Madeline had lost her bloom, that her voice was not so cheery, nor her step as light as formerly."

"She will not break her heart about these people. Such sudden and deep attachments are not very lasting. However, I think we might as well accept this invitation of the Marstons. It will be a pleasant little change for all of us, even if it does involve some expense, for, of course, she will have to have a decent outfit."

Mr. Graham's invariable, "Certainly, my love, just as you say," here dropped in quite appropriately, and the matter was all arranged.

Only those who have been unwilling dependents can understand how each new garment was made a barbed arrow in the heart of their recipient. The pleasure which is naturally felt by the young in the possession of a variety of "pretty things" lost all its charm for Madeline. "This cost so much," or "I was obliged to pay enormously for that," invariably accompanied the bestowment of every article. More than

once her torture found vent in words, and she passionately implored her aunt "to take back the things she had given her, to send her home. Do anything but taunt her with her poverty."

To which the aunt retorted: "A pretty sort of a home *you* have to go back to, you ungrateful girl."

The air was redolent with sweets, the bushes heavy with roses, and the country never looked more enchanting than it did the morning the Graham's carriage drove slowly up the avenue to the manor, the country-seat of the Marstons. It had been their family pride for more than a hundred years, and not unjustly, for everything that nature and art could do seemed to combine to make it beautiful. Grand old forest trees towered aloft on either side of the lane for nearly a quarter of a mile. The house itself, built of old gray stone on the brow of a hill overlooking the Hudson, was a marvel of curious architecture. Generation after generation had been born and passed away, yet the old homestead still stood there, but so overtopped and surrounded by wings and additions that it was easy to lose one's self in its labyrinth of rooms and corridors.

The grounds were laid out with much the same unreasoning quaintness. One great uncle in the long ago had been to foreign countries, and, coming home with the mania for change strong upon him, had converted the bonny hillside into a succession of terraces, each with its wealth of flowers upon it. Long rows of marble steps gleamed white among the greenness down to the brink of the river, where a perfect little boat-house, and within a veritable gondola, brought ever back to him the Queen City of the Sea. Another ancient aunt, of a generation later, had conceived that a perfect wilderness of roses was not unattainable, and the result was a garden so artistically designed and skilfully laid out that one could scarcely help believing that the flowers had always grown there. Still another scion of the ancient house had constructed a fish pond, and collected trout from the mountain streams to swim within, and stately swans to sail upon its smooth surface.

Truly the Grahams were wise in selecting such fairyland as this to sojourn in with Madeline, as well as discreet in taking her where they knew she would be obliged to exert herself to be entertaining and agreeable, for all the family were entire strangers to her save Philip, whom she had so summarily dismissed from her thoughts a few months before.

Yielding to the magic influence of her surroundings, Madeline speedily recovered her usual health and spirits. She did not forget the friends that she loved so well, and had been obliged to leave so abruptly; but comforted herself by thinking that if Henry cared for her as she wanted him to, he would remember and love her quite as well, though they were separated for a time.

Mrs. Graham wondered a little to see her recuperate so speedily, and even went so far as to acknowledge to "my dear" that "she *had* thought the wound would have been somewhat harder to heal; for, of course, she is entirely cured of any fancy she ever could have had for that St. Clair, or she never could seem so happy."

"Perhaps she is, dearest, but I wouldn't be too sanguine," said the always doubtful husband.

"I will make it my business to ascertain beyond the slightest question, Mr. Graham," and she laid her plans accordingly.

Mrs. Graham at Marston Manor was very different from Mrs. Graham of Hamilton Terrace. All the unpleasant attributes, of which we have given you a few specimens, had been left at home. Here she developed into a lady so polished and urbane, so gentle and refined, so careful of, and affectionate to, her niece, that the trail of the serpent was nowhere visible. She had changed her tactics, and she daily won upon the kindly feelings of Madeline, till she was ready to believe that she had sadly misjudged her aunt, that the fault must have been in her own heart, and that she really did *mean* well after all.

This, therefore, was the propitious moment, and Mrs. Graham swooped down upon her as the eagle on its prey. With the most skillful ingenuity and a simulated display of interest, she drew from Madeline (very reluctantly it must be confessed) the following facts relating to her intimacy with Henry St. Clair. She prefaced her attack in this wise:—

"I wish, my dear child, that I could convince you that every act of mine in reference to you is instituted by a sincere regard for your welfare. What other motive could I possibly have? Look at the matter dispassionately; consider that I have no one but you in all the world to care for, and do not, I beseech you, withhold your confidence; trust me—believe in me. I have lived a long time in the world, have had a large experience, and will give you the best advice."

Thus she won upon her, until, with a beating heart and crimson cheeks, Madeline confessed that "she loved St. Clair deeply, passionately—with all her heart."

Mrs. Graham gave a slight start at this overwhelming announcement. She was prepared for something of the sort, but the plain fact so frankly stated fairly staggered her. She recovered herself almost immediately, however, and, by a succession of searching questions, succeeded in learning that there existed no positive understanding between St. Clair and herself. That he had never said in so many words, "I love you." "But, Aunt Amelia, I *know* he does. I am sure of it," and she looked up with such a glance of pleading earnestness that Mrs. Graham had to turn her face away

from hers before she could give utterance to the base insinuation that was to change all this confiding trust into the cruellest misgiving, and embitter the residue of her young life.

"My love," then said Mrs. Graham, in her softest, most insinuating tone, "what proof have you of this young man's affection for you?"

"A thousand proofs of it. His every action proved it. Think of the long, delicious evenings we spent together last winter. He never failed to be at home when I was at his mother's; no one ever enticed him away. The very last evening we spent together, some one reminded him of an important engagement, and, turning towards his mother and me, he replied:—

"All things must wait, while I wait only on Miss Madeline."

"Why, my dear child, *that* was only a little piece of gallantry; that, coming from the lips of a man of the world, means absolutely *nothing*."

"But, Aunt Amelia" (and she grew white to her very lips with apprehension), "you should have seen his face; no man can *look* a lie no matter how he may tutor his lips to utter one. If ever man spoke truth, *he* did that night."

Mrs. Graham smiled, complacently. The poison was beginning to work, but she was feeling her way cautiously, so she said:—

"Perhaps I may be mistaken. For your sake I hope I am. Still it seems strange to me that he has not declared his intentions rather more explicitly. I trust he has not discovered *your* feelings, for in that case (being an honorable man) he might feel obliged to offer himself to you."

Ah! She had touched the right string then. All the warm West Indian blood was stirred within her, and, springing to her feet, Madeline exclaimed, indignantly:—

"Obliged to offer himself to me—not loving me—not caring for me? Aunt Amelia, the thought almost kills me. I believe that I shall die of very shame!"

"Don't, Madeline, don't, I beg of you, allow yourself to become so much excited," said Mrs. Graham, soothingly. "It was just a conjecture of mine, and I may be entirely wrong."

"O Aunt Amelia! dear aunt, say that you *think* you are; say that you *know* you are. Why, you told me yourself, long ago, when I first came here, that he was the very soul of truth and honor. On that belief I have staked all my future happiness," and her voice trembled so with excess of emotion as to be scarcely audible.

"Madeline!" And that wonderfully flexible voice grew so tenderly compassionate as to be almost unbearable. "I am sorely grieved for you, my dear child. I fear that he has been (unthinkingly, perhaps,) trifling with your feelings. We have been away from home nearly three weeks, and surely in all that time he

might at least have written you one letter." She said nothing of the three or four letters that had been abstracted from the post-bag, and secretly laid away in her bureau drawer.

"I know it, Aunt Amelia; but remember how abruptly I parted from his mother. Oh, why were you so cruel then, who are so kind now?"

"I seemed cruel, hoping that I might be kind. Because I feared this trouble for you, and desired to avert it if possible. Think over everything calmly, and you will be convinced that I was right. Mr. St. Clair is not a marrying man."

Here the dinner-bell rang and they parted. The one exulting in the victory she had obtained, the other in an agony of grief and humiliation.

Alas, how soon we learn to play a part on the great stage of life! How soon discover that there is something to be hidden; that to be honest and true, is to be the butt of the heartless, and a fair mark for the unprincipled and the vile. What wonder that poor Madeline's head ached (over the headache we will draw a veil) so badly that she was obliged to excuse herself for the balance of the day. What wonder that the next morning, when calling all her woman's pride to her aid, white and trembling she took her seat at the breakfast table, one and all exclaimed against the severity of an attack that had so soon prostrated her.

Her aunt's tenderness was beautiful to see, and her uncle's solicitude elicited various approving comments. Mrs. Graham did well to tend her carefully, and feel anxious about her, when she knew all the while that hers had been the hand that had wounded her to the death.

The poor child mourned not so much for her beautiful dream as for the idol that had been shattered. For the man good and true; for the integrity she had revered; for the truth she had worshipped. Ah, "woman, in her first love, only loves her lover," and of him she instinctively makes a hero; round him she clusters all things noble and grand, all things great and good. Mrs. Graham had insinuated that he was not what he seemed; had shaken her confidence in him, dimmed her faith, tarnished the lustre of the garments in which she had robed her one divinity. To have known he did not love her she might have borne bravely. But to teach herself to believe him other than he seemed; to consider him false—a hypocrite, was what, strive as she might, she could not bear, that "was the most unkindest cut of all." For, you see, it was an easy thing for the fashionable, thoroughly selfish woman of fifty to convince a young girl just beginning her career in the world that she had been wholly wrong in her estimate of people and things. All that day she watched her narrowly, judiciously throwing into her conversation, from time to time, some malicious innuendo, which

served to kindle into flame the suspicions of St. Clair's loyalty, which she had already excited in the mind of her victim, until finally Madeline acknowledged to her aunt that she had been premature, even unmaidenly in giving her love unsought. This point once gained, Mrs. Graham fancied that the game was in her own hands, and that, by a little judicious manœuvring, Philip Marston would be able to catch Madeline's heart in the rebound.

CHAPTER VI.

"MY DEAR" IS WORSTED IN A CONNUBIAL COMBAT.

THE conversation which ensued between Mrs. Graham and her husband previous to retiring on the evening of the day to which we have particularly alluded in our last chapter, will explain so clearly the existing state of affairs, that I venture to transcribe it literally. The "domestic pet," in a somewhat restless and apparently excited state of mind, exclaims, peevishly:—

"My love, what have you been doing to Madeline? I wish you would let her alone till we get home."

Madam, who had been calmly disrobing, turns suddenly round, with a slight stamp of the foot and a gesture of authority, which even the presence of the comb in her hand fails to make ridiculous; and, darting a withering glance from her dark eyes, retorts:—

"My dear husband, you forget to whom you are speaking."

(He is always a little afraid of her when she begins in this freezingly polite and affectionate strain.)

"Oh, no, my love, I don't forget to whom I am speaking; not at all, not at all (and he fidgeted worse than ever); but I don't like to see her look so; people are beginning to talk about it. Though I dare say it's all right—I mean—of course it is. Oh, yes, of course it is."

"Ah! Now you are becoming reasonable. To an unreasonable man I never condescend to speak."

"Exactly, dearest, exactly."

And she condescended to explain. "Madeline is preposterously in love with Henry St. Clair; and, though the fellow is well enough in his way, I do not mean to have him for my nephew. Observe that, Mr. Graham. From my decision there is no appeal. If my natural intuition serves me rightly, Philip Marston wants her, and Philip shall have her. If he plays his cards well the game is his. I have arranged it all. Do not disturb yourself about her; the roses will soon come back to her cheeks again. I labor under no sweet delusion *this* time, neither does she."

In a tone of feeble remonstrance, Mr. Graham ventured the following:—

"Amelia, love, I thought I understood you to say that she only had a passing fancy for St. Clair, when we left home. I did not know she was so *very* much interested in him; if that's the case, hadn't we better?"

"Better what, Mr. Graham?"

"Tell her about the letters, that's all."

"I do believe that you are bereft of your senses, 'my dear;' haven't I just this instant distinctly informed you that I have made other plans for the girl?"

"Oh, ah, yes; excuse me. I forgot."

"Remember better in future, then, will you?"

"Certainly, my love, certainly. But suppose it should be found out?"

"What?"

"The letters. Our intercepting them."

"Well, what if it was?"

"What would the world say? We must be very cautious."

"Very cautious! am I not *very* cautious? There is no danger of the world's finding it out from *me*. And as for Madeline, she'll never hear of it; for, unless I am much mistaken, she will be safely engaged to Philip before we go home again."

"Well, well, I suppose it's all right. I mean I have no doubt of it at all, dearest, not the slightest. Amelia, love, you were born for a diplomat." And, with a self-complacent sigh, Mr. Graham disappeared beneath the bedclothes, and with him Madeline's last defender.

CHAPTER VII.

PHILIP AND AUNT AMELIA THINK THEY HAVE THE GAME IN THEIR OWN HANDS.

PHILIP MARSTON meant to keep his promise when he told St. Clair that he would not attempt to win and wear this young West Indian flower that hung so temptingly within his reach, and whose prospective wealth would aid so materially in replenishing his exhausted coffers. But his promise did not bear the test of constant proximity. Now he was trying his best to beguile her into an engagement, for, in spite of being so "*deucedly* plain," the pursuit interested him wonderfully. She was the first girl who had ever been able to resist his blandishments, and she constantly baffled him. She was an enigma. One evening, after having paid her a particularly unprofitable amount of attention, he flung himself angrily into his easy chair, and, viciously kicking off his boots, exclaimed, "*Le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle*; I will bother myself no more about her." The next instant he changed his mind again, and determined to renew the contest in the morning and conquer the citadel, which up to the present moment had so resolutely refused to succumb. A sort of quasi familiarity had sprung up between them, which is almost inevitable when two young people are thrown

constantly together in the same house. Sometimes she forgot for a little the manner of man he was, and laughed and chatted with him with the unrestrained freedom of a child, and then again she scarcely by so much as word or look seemed to be conscious of his proximity. For Madeline was satisfied that there was no truth in the man; that if Henry St. Clair *had* simply been amusing himself with *her* (and, mark you, even then she gave him the benefit of the doubt), Marston certainly was.

She shrank from coming into close contact with him, as the pure instinctively withdraw themselves from that which is contaminating. Once or twice she had accidentally overheard him begging the chambermaid for surreptitious kisses when he had come home half tigt from a long day's shooting, and you may be sure she would have resented any attempted familiarity with herself as a gross impertinence. She had even mentioned the above-named circumstance to her aunt, with feelings of the deepest disgust; but that lady had added astonishment to her indignation by laughing at the whole thing as a good joke, and declaring that ladies should not employ pretty serving-maids, for young men *would* have their little frolics with them. Thus gently and tenderly did she deal with the manifest shortcomings of her favorite, exercising to the full that Christian charity with which she considered herself so liberally endowed. This was a new revelation of Aunt Amelia to Madeline. It aroused her sleeping suspicions, and, though she determined to keep sacredly to herself any future discoveries she might make in reference to Master Philip's delinquencies, it was a warning that she did not neglect, and in the coming weeks believed not more than half of her aunt's overtures of affection.

This was a fine field for Mrs. Graham, and she deployed her forces with the skill of an old tactician. As a general, she held herself aloof from the battle-ground, but issued her orders with such precision and skill that there was no gainsaying her commands, no retrograding, no possibility of backing out. In spite of Madeline's repugnance to Philip, notwithstanding Mrs. Graham's knowledge of his dissolute character, she arranged matters so that day after day they were together—much of the time alone together. In fact, without in any way committing herself, for this lady was astute above her kind, she had given Marston to understand that his suit would not be unsuccessful, and that valuable lands and moneys would accrue to the happy man who married her cherished niece. This was all the stimulus he needed, and Phil played the devoted to perfection, knowing, however, all the while, that at least one-half his pretty sweet things went for nothing.

Meanwhile, between these two, Madeline had a sorry time of it. If by any accident she was

a few minutes late for breakfast in the morning, she would discover before that meal was over, that she had been already disposed of for the day. There was a drive to some celebrated locality, which had been projected for her particular gratification, or a walk to the village on an errand for Mrs. Marston, whom Aunt Amelia knew she would be most happy to oblige; or a new opera to practise with Philip; or a something else that invariably resulted in her being left to his mercy for hours together. And she *couldn't* help it. Circumstances were too strong for her. To keep her enemy at a respectful distance and within the bounds of decorum, was the utmost she could accomplish. To rid herself of his hateful presence was beyond her power while a guest in his mother's house, and the victim of her aunt's ambitious selfishness. As for Phil, he had determined to get her if he could. His creditors were clamorous for money, and he was too essentially lazy to lift so much as his little finger towards *making* the means to pay them. Either this great old family place would have to be given up, or a rich wife provided to pay the bills and keep it up. Therefore his unwonted exertions in the line matrimonial. Added to this cogent reason, a lesser one existed in the fact that Madeline did not seem to properly appreciate the honor he contemplated conferring upon her, and that angered him; he wanted to get her more than ever, in order that he might pay her up for having given him so much trouble. It was such a bore for the poor fellow to be obliged to hold himself in check for so many weeks; what a carouse he contemplated when the knot was tied and the money won.

Mrs. Graham was charmed with her success and the progress of affairs in the right direction. Madeline was struggling bravely against her love for St. Clair, was resolutely battling it down—so thought this Mrs. Major General; she even allowed her fancy to carry her away to such a degree, that she imagined she was becoming attached to Philip and eager to be in his society, that he was rapidly filling the place she had caused to be made vacant for him. We will readily admit that Mrs. Graham was wise beyond her fellows, but we will not acknowledge that she was quite as much the mistress of this one human heart as she thought herself to be. There were depths and strengths in Madeline Vevay that she could never fathom. She might taunt her with her penury, she had done that *many times* already. She might shatter her faith in the man she loved; that too had been accomplished. She might goad her to desperation and drive her penniless out into the cold world; that were very possible, but into the arms of an avowed libertine—never. So hers was a limited monarchy after all, and, more bitter than all, she was brought to confess it while writhing with baffled rage and humiliated pride.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHICH PRESENTS ST. CLAIR IN A NEW PHASE.

ST. CLAIR had forsworn matrimony; had given it up with his dead bride; had said to his heart, "Thou hast had thy fill." And so he attributed the feeling which had prompted him to treat sweet Madeline Vevay with affection—pure brotherly kindness—the most disinterested regard, the feeling which any honorable man would entertain towards a fair young girl, and motherless. For this protecting tenderness Madeline had paid dearly, but the unconscious author of her misery was not to pass unscathed.

When he heard that her aunt had forbidden her to accept any further attentions from his mother, it produced a sharp pang of regret, and he said, "Poor little girl!" all the while commiserating himself. When the days went by and he did not see her; when the days lengthened into weeks and still she came not, he grew strangely restive and uncomfortable at home. The evenings seemed long and lonesome; he fell into a habit of musing silently for hours together. If the bell rang he would start up, listen eagerly, as though awaiting the approach of a familiar footstep, and then the light as suddenly dying out of his face, relapse into what appeared to be disappointed silence.

His mother watched him narrowly, for with a woman's intuition she had discovered that love had come a second time to find a place in the heart of ~~Marston~~, but she made no sign, being a woman and a mother rare to find.

At length the lethargy into which he had fallen was destined to a sudden and startling awakening. Finding the loneliness and pain intolerable, he determined, in spite of the apparent unwillingness of the Grahams to a continuation of the long-standing intimacy, to make them an evening visit, when he learned that the whole family had gone to Marston Manor for the summer.

"Gone!" he repeated after the servant. "Away for the summer, did I understand you to say?"

And then it came upon him, this second revelation of himself, and he knew, as the door closed upon him and left him standing alone in the night, that he loved this frail girl with a depth and strength that his nature never knew in the love of the long ago. And it had only come to him when he found her gone—out of his reach, beyond the sound of his voice, perhaps already beyond the boundaries of this mighty love that was surging through his veins, almost staggering him with its intensity. Slowly he made his way homeward, unconscious of anything save that he wanted Madeline, and she was gone. His mother was sitting in her little parlor quietly, patiently waiting his return. He walked up to the chair, and, after kissing the sweet face that wreathed in

its snowy curls was turned lovingly towards him, said :—

"Mother, I have learned something about myself to-night that I never knew before. I love Madeline Vevay. Love her with all the strength of my manhood, and I fear that I have lost her. She has gone away with the Grahams, has been staying for some time at Marston Manor. Poor little girl! they will make her marry Philip if they can, and I want her for my wife." As though the desire to have her increased as the fear of losing her grew stronger, he continued, bitterly. "Fool, I was ten thousand times a fool not to see that all my care for her meant love for her; that all my anxiety for her happiness meant passionate worship of her. My poor little innocent girl, they will make her marry Philip Marston. They have taken her away from me; they were wiser than I was. They saw the danger of our almost daily intimacy, and yet that I alone should have been so blind, so insensible."

"I do not think that Madeline was quite as ignorant of your sentiments in regard to her as you were yourself," at this point broke in Mrs. St. Clair, sympathizingly. "I am sure that she is very much attached to you, and though you may not realize it now, you certainly gave her every reason to suppose that the feeling was reciprocal. While she unconsciously betrayed her affection for you to me in a hundred different ways. No matter upon what topic we commenced conversation, you were invariably brought in by the child either as a party to be referred to, or as giving the necessary weight to an ultimate decision. I soon found that round you she had circled all her hopes. The mischievous pranks of your childhood, the little incidents of your boyhood, the sterner experiences of your college life, and your after progress towards success and fame gave her as much pleasure in the hearing as they did me in the recital. She sympathized with you in all your petty trials, and defended warmly your every course of action even at the risk of her opinion's conflicting with my own. I am glad that you have discovered the nature of your feeling for her even at this late day. I hope that you may win her for your own. I love her dearly, and should rejoice to have such a wife for my son, such a daughter for myself. You had better write to her at once, Henry, dear, as circumstances would make it obviously painful for you to go on a mission of love while she is staying with the Marstons."

Hence the letters which had been surreptitiously conveyed to Mrs. Graham's bureau drawer, and whence they were never destined to be removed until over all the past and over all the future hung the saddest words that poet ever sung—"It might have been."

Henry St. Clair waited long and patiently (i. e., three days) for an answer to his letter.

Then he followed the first one by another, and still another; but the like fate befell them all, and he was chagrined, disappointed beyond expression. In this time of trouble his mother was his unfailing comforter.

"Depend upon it, Henry," she would say, "something has happened to prevent her receiving your letters. I am sure she loves you. Ah! who could help loving my noble boy?"

He would always be a boy to her. This splendid man of thirty-five, who had for his heritage truth and honor, refinement and sensibility, intellect and genius of a high order—possessions mightier than money or lands, for no earthly power could wrest them from him, and with which he could in time command all things. The damp hair was brushed lovingly from his hot temples, and his mother's cool, soft hand lightly pressed the aching brow, and soothed and quieted his wild impatience. Who knew so well as she the effort that it cost him to keep still and wait?

Ah, mothers, one and all, if ye would but heed it, there is a warning and a lesson here for you! If you would keep your children's love intact, if you would retain your influence supreme, beware how you add sorrow to their sorrow. A little well-timed sympathy in such an hour as this may rivet the love of a son, or the want of it cast him adrift into the world, a desperate man.

"If I could only see her, mother, for one little hour, all might be well. I am sorely tempted to follow her to the manor. Indeed, I have almost decided to do so. I cannot bear this dreadful uncertainty; anything will be better than suspense. If I do not hear before Friday, I shall be off. Mrs. Marston will certainly be glad to see me, and no one need know the real motive of my visit. I will ask her if she has received my letters; and, if she answers negatively, I will tell her that I love her better than my life, that I want her for my wife. And then, mother, if I read my answer in her eyes—the sweetest eyes were ever seen—I will tell her of the buried love of my youth, for I have no doubt she has already been furnished with the particulars from her aunt. If she loves me at all, she will love me none the less for frankly telling her my early history. But there is a vast difference between the hot, passionate love of the boy, and the calm intensity of manhood. I tell you I never knew the strength of passion that was in me until to-night. O mother! if I lose this new hope, the light of my life will go out with it."

"Do not talk so despondingly, my son. I am almost sure that all will be well. At least, I am confident that she loves you dearly, but we shall see."

CHAPTER IX.

WHICH SEEMS TO PORTEND A MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE WITH THE WRONG PARTY.

MADLINE was alone in the garden, whither she had strolled late in the afternoon, without purpose, without thought, and without hope. In a few days more they were to leave this place fraught with so many sad memories, and return to Hamilton Terrace. Her aunt had intimated to her that morning, while discussing her plans for the future, that she was expected to listen favorably to certain proposals which might be made to her; that in case she objected, she would incur the serious displeasure of her uncle and herself; that if, in spite of this, she obstinately refused to accede to the request, they were prepared to insist upon an instant fulfilment of their wishes. What the proposals were, or from whom they were to come, had not been mentioned, and Madeline had not had courage enough to ask. She felt as though she was standing on the brink of some fearful precipice, from which height she would presently be hurled and dashed to pieces on the rocks below. The wilderness of sweets by which she was surrounded had ceased to attract her, the evening chorals of the many plumaged birds woke no glad echo in her heart. Life was a burden, and the burden of it all a surpassing weariness.

"I am tired," she thought, helplessly, to herself, "so tired of living. This constant struggle against my own feelings; this dreadful, yet almost imperceptible, persecution, is wearing me out. Before long it will not matter much what becomes of me. St. Clair is false" (and at this she shivered as though smitten by a sudden chill), "false, untrue, a man of the world, who thought it a pleasant pastime to play with a woman's heart, and, when he had broken the pretty toy, to fling it heedlessly away. And this is the creed my uncle indorses. Such men are called honorable, are highly esteemed by the multitude. Men whom my aunt would yield to, because, insooth, they must have their amusements, and these and kindred petty pastimes must be smilingly passed over by the ladies of their set, by society at large. Can it be that I am grieving for any man so base as this? Could such a one have wrested from me all my strength? If this be true, I deserve to lie prostrate in the dust of humiliation and shame. No, no! the man *I love* is the devoted son, the defender of the oppressed, the advocate of the helpless, the one man in all the world—tender and true, noble and good—whose integrity I honor, whose noble heart, 'love loyal to the least wish of its queen,' makes him my master and my lord. *This man I loved*, but he is dead, and, I think, my heart is broken; that is all." Then the night winds made their moan over her, and the falling rose leaves dropped themselves tenderly around her,

and the soft green grass bathed her feet with its tears, and the birds forgot to sing, awed to silence by the grief they might not soothe.

Meanwhile her uncle and aunt—he of the cunning smile, that rarely developed into an audible laugh; she of the noiseless tread and cat-like eye, ever watchful, ever ready to spring—congratulated themselves upon the rapid progress of things in the right direction, exulted in the visible success of their stratagem, were even then listening to a declaration of Philip Marston's sentiments in regard to Madeline, and signifying their approval of him and his proposals by a series of hand-shakings and affectionate admonitions, which fairly confounded the astute impertinence of Philip.

"Have you spoken of this little matter to my niece, my dear Philip?" asked Mrs. Graham, in a magnificently patronizing tone.

"No, madam," replied the young man, "unless my actions have proclaimed the fact."

"You have done wisely. Young girls are naturally timid, and you might have frightened her by being too precipitate. I would advise you to advance very cautiously, if you would eventually snare the bird. But a word to the wise is sufficient, so I have done." She waved her hand to him quite gayly; and then, with an admonitory look at her husband, which spoke volumes, withdrew, looking back, however, through the half-closed door to observe: "Mr. Graham would like to have a little talk with you about making a nest for our birdling, after you've caught her, I know, so I'll leave you alone together."

Here was a fine chance for Mr. Graham's legal astuteness to display itself, and he proceeded forthwith: "Ah, yes—ahem!" (and he coughed slightly). "Sit down, my son, sit down. We will talk this little matter over at our leisure, Mrs. Graham has said wisely." Another fit of coughing, rather longer and more vehement than the first.

Poor Phil was in for it, and he already commenced feeling decidedly bored. "What the deuce does this portend?" he thought. "They know I haven't got a cent, but I'll be even with the old cuss yet," and he braced himself anew for the encounter. "Certainly, Mr. Graham, you are perfectly correct, sir."

Mr. Graham also seemed to feel considerably like being in for it; for, save by the one warning glance aforesaid, Mrs. Graham had not previously tutored her pupil, and he hardly knew what to say, lest, in avoiding Scylla, he should fall into Charybdis. So his cough grew increasingly troublesome. He always had an autumn cold. At length, the damp air affected his respiratory organs to such an extent that he was obliged to postpone their very interesting conversation for the present, and adjourn to the parlor. "I'll be entirely at your disposition in the morning, my dear boy. Any time to-morrow, in fact, will do to talk over all these

little matters. My bronchitis is very troublesome. You must be impatient to see a certain young lady by this time, anyhow," and so, with a very knowing smile and wink, this imposing chief of the judiciary somewhat hurriedly withdrew.

"Well done, thou knave," exclaimed Mr. Philip. "Of a truth thou hast relieved me vastly. I will be even with thee by this time to-morrow. Now for the girl. May the fates assist me! Call all thy hardihood to thine aid. Thou hast no fool to deal with this time, Philip Marston, and sadly thy coffers need replenishing." Thus apostrophizing to himself, he strolled slowly towards the shrubbery.

"Ugh! it's cold out here," he said, shivering and buttoning up his coat, "and damp," he added, as the dew on the grass wet his feet. "I wonder what possesses the girl to stay out as late as this? She will kill herself if she's not more careful, and save me the trouble of doing it by making her Mrs. Marston of Marston Manor, owned by my creditors, every foot of it." Then he laughed—a short, dry, defiant sort of laugh—as though he dared the world to do its worst, and walked on.

Presently the flutter of a skirt in the distance caught his eye, and he knew he was approaching the girl on whose future misery he was thus cruelly speculating, and whom he had deliberately determined to marry, if possible; not because he loved her, not because he wanted her, not because he cared a sixpence whether she was happy or miserable; but solely and only for her money, her uncle's money, that he coveted sorely, that he meant to have if he could. "Ah! Miss Madeline, are you playing at hide and seek with consumption and death, or chills and fever, to speak practically and to the purpose, that you venture to stay out in this damp air?"

"I did not feel it until this moment, but I will go in at once," and she moved rapidly away from him towards the house, not more rapidly, however, than Marston followed her, cursing his luck.

For, of course, he couldn't offer to detain her then, while she was acting on his own suggestion. Once in the house his chance for an explanation with her for that night was over. But he bore his disappointment very well, and counterfeiting extreme solicitude, urged her to change her damp clothing immediately on arriving at the house, and concluded his remarks by begging her with well-feigned impetuosity to promise him to ride out with him the next morning before breakfast—an invitation to which, as she could think of no plausible excuse for declining, she compelled herself to give a reluctant consent.

Up stairs she ran, eager to hide herself for a little in her own room, but Mrs. Graham was already on the ground.

"Why, my dear, where on earth have you

been these two hours? I have been looking for you in all directions. Were you alone?"

"I have been out in the woods. On my return Mr. Marston met me, and we walked home together." Looking up as she spoke, she caught a glance of triumph sparkling in her aunt's eyes that almost made her heart stop beating.

"If Philip was with you, I have nothing further to say, except that I hope you have not taken cold. Hurry off your wet shoes. Put on your blue dress, let Marie braid your hair, and come down in the parlor as soon as you can. I want you to look particularly well to-night, my dear," and she kissed her—a Judas kiss that was about to betray her into the arms of a libertine, and consign her to a life of endless misery.

(Conclusion next month.)

TO MY ABSENT HUSBAND.

BY LOU H. PARNALL.

I'm sitting all alone to-night—
The embers flicker low,
The children's merry songs are hushed,
I hear the cook's shrill crow.
The cricket on the hearth is glad,
The lamp is burning bright;
Yet none of these can bring a charm,
For thou art gone to-night.
All day I've listened to the chat
Of merry voices 'round;
I've heard our youngest sing his songs,
And gladsome was the sound;
With work my busy fingers flew,
Swift were the hours' flight;
My thoughts were with thee, but much more
I think of thee to-night.

Come home, dear one, come home again!
'Twill drive this gloom away.
Come, cheer my hours of loneliness,
Make home so glad and gay.
We speak of thee, and wish thee here,
To make our time pass light;
Come home! I miss thee all the while,
But more than all to-night."

CONCEALMENTS IN LOVE.

It is inexpressibly important for those who would take life's pilgrimage together, so to speak and act that neither shall be an enigma to the other. Suspicion is the poisonous fruit of misapprehension; and countless fond hearts have been wounded—many severed by the reservation, unnatural to a pure attachment, instilled by worldly advisers. There can be no greater bane to happiness than such advice, received and acted upon; nothing more conducive to real enjoyment of life than faith in the object beloved. And who among the good would not be frank? In proportion as we act rightly, so is there less incentive for concealment; and there is no solid ground for felicity apart from openness of word and deed.

GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS IN DRAWING.

LESSON XIII.

PROPORTIONS OF THE HUMAN FIGURE.

(Continued.)

• THE hand is the same length as the face, and its width is equal to one-half (Fig. 11). The side view of a hand is the same length as when seen in front (Fig. 12). The foot in profile is

is a degree less. The length of the leg from the knee to the heel is equal to three faces. When viewed in front, the width of the leg near the ankle is equal to a nose and a half, but it is less when viewed in profile.

At this stage of her progress, the pupil should procure a plaster cast of the human form, or part of it. The materials she will require are a drawing-board on which to fix her paper, a few sticks of black chalk, a leather stump, a small

Fig. 11.

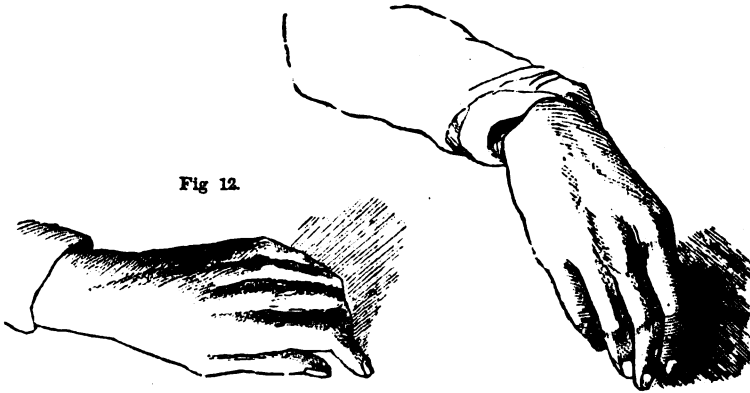
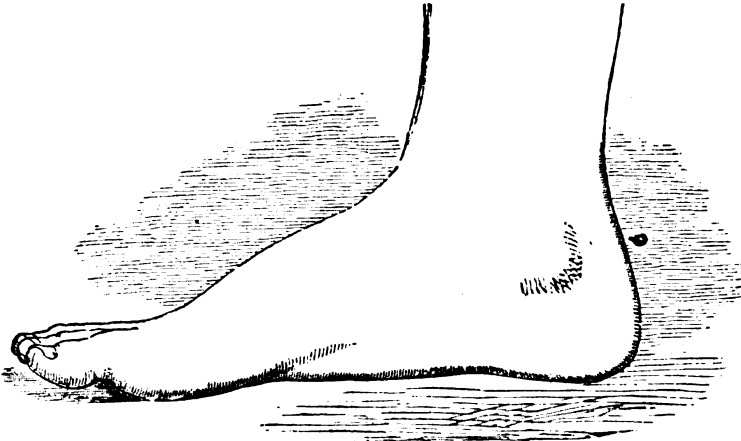


Fig. 13.



nine eyes in length and three in height (Fig. 13). Figs. 14 to 17 inclusive are examples of hands, arms, etc. etc. The generally received proportion of a man is ten faces in height; by extending the arms horizontally their full length, the same proportion is obtained. The length of two noses gives the width of the neck when seen in front. Two heads give the width of the shoulders when seen in front. The length of the forearm to the extremity of the fingers is equal to seven noses and a half. The width of the wrist as seen in front is equal to a nose and one-third. When seen in front, the width of the knee is equal to two noses; but in profile it

quantity of charcoal, and a port-crayon; it would also be well if she obtained a quantity of the crayon paper, which is slightly tinted, and takes the chalk well.

The light should be allowed to fall on the sketch from the left hand. In order to catch the proper effect of the parts sketched, the pupil should sit so as to throw back the head as far as possible from the drawing. A correct outline of the bust or figure should first be drawn with the charcoal, which may be erased by slightly brushing it with a silk or other light handkerchief; this is better than rubbing the lines out, as the friction destroys the surface of the paper.

After a correct outline of the subject is obtained, the pupil should trace it with the black chalk as faintly as possible, then by means of the handkerchief remove the charcoal, which will

by this means be soft and beautiful, and will prepare a good round for the finish. Having rubbed in the shading as like that of the model as possible, carefully observing the different

Fig. 14.



Fig. 15.

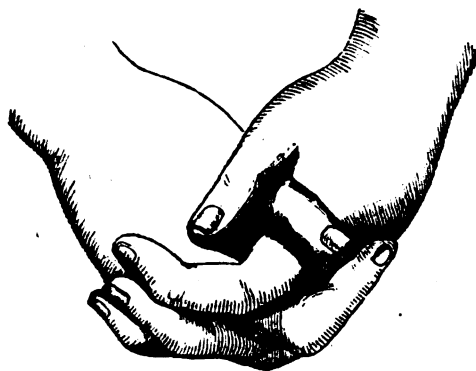


Fig. 16.

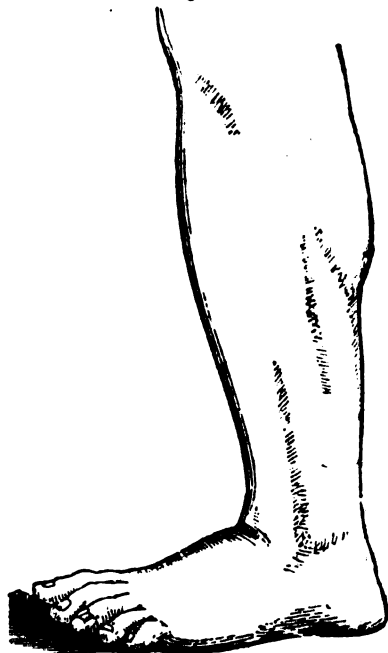


Fig. 17.



leave a beautiful clear outline; after this, she may begin the shading. She must first scrape a little of the chalk on a paper as fine as possible, and rub the leather stump among it; taking this, she must rub in the shadows: these will

strength of the shadows, she must point or sharpen her chalk, and begin to put in the details. She should patch over all the shading with the fine point of her chalk: this, when done in a proper manner, gives a very beautiful

effect. In shading, the pupil must observe there are two kinds of shadows; one is called the *shadow of incidence*, the other the *shadow of projection*: the shadow of projection is always defined, having a sharp, decided edge; the shadow of incidence is always soft, having no defined edge, but softening imperceptibly into the lights. The pupil must be careful to leave no hard edges; for, although the shadow of projection is decided, the edges are not hard; moreover, the deepest shadows are always nearest the highest lights. The drawing of the bust or figure will require a slight background to detach it from the paper. If any mistakes are made in sketching, a little stale bread will remove the defective parts.

NOVEL READING.

BY EMMA M. CONNELLY.

TIME was when novel reading was considered a species of vice; and at that time—when the success of a fictitious work depended almost entirely upon the plot, and *thought* was made a matter of secondary consideration—when the characters were monstrous, the events miracles, and the whole thing as ridiculous and unnatural as possible; novel reading was undoubtedly pernicious. But the reign of superstition and ignorance having passed away forever, to be succeeded by a happier one of moral and intellectual worth, the public mind has become more refined, the tastes more delicate and pure; and intricate thought, skilful artistry and an extensive knowledge of human nature are among the necessary essentials of the modern novel.

It is indeed to be regretted that romance should occupy such a giant position in the literary world; but it is far from being an unmixer evil. I believe it was Irving who—supposing two young men to have been shut up in a glass case from eighteen until twenty-five, and supplied with an unlimited number of novels—gives to the one who reads his novels precedence, in point of worldly wisdom, over the one who makes it a matter of conscience never to open one: "They hold in solution," says he, "a great deal of experience. It would, therefore, surely be a most useful thing to provide rules by which the experience might be precipitated, and to ascertain the processes by means of which the precipitate might be made fit for use."

The habitual novel reader is truly an object of pity. His mind is so crowded with imaginary scenes and conversations, and his judgment so crippled with the opinions of others, that he sees life, as it were, through a distorted lens, and is able to form no positive opinions of his own. Sugar is a compound necessary to the human system. It enters into the composition of almost all articles of food, and yet a diet of

sweets would derange the system; and so an excess of romance weakens the mind. Many persons plod through long, dry works upon abstract subjects—without pleasure or interest—and fancy they are "improving their minds," when, in fact, it is time thrown away. Thoughts forced upon an unwilling mind seldom tarry long, and are of little service while they do tarry. But to read a trifling novel is time worse than lost, for, if devoid of good, it is very rarely devoid of evil.

To the large class of unoccupied persons of the present time—whom the inventions and improvements of the age have liberated from the burden of toil—and who require a time-killer, a sensible, intelligent, and good novel is much better than dissipation and revelry. Your son is safer at home with Dickens or Reade than in haunts of vice; your daughter better employed in threading the labyrinths of thought through the mazes of an imaginary life, than in feeding her vanity and squandering the products of paternal industry and economy in folly and extravagance. The mind that has been kept pure and unsullied through right education and association will find pleasure only in works of undoubted morality. What intelligent mother would experience any uneasiness in knowing that her child was occupied with the best thoughts of such writers as Miss Muloch, Elizabeth Wetheres, Miss Edgeworth, and many, many others who have filled the lonely hours of many an orphaned child with good thoughts and good resolves.

No branch of literature is free from fault. History is often discolored by prejudices, overwrought, and patched up with superstition and doubtful traditions. Metaphysics is founded upon opinions oftentimes of no more substance than our own, and poetry is so near akin to romance that, in this instance, they may be classed together. Occasionally there rises a great outcry against the clouds of chaff with which the press annually inundates the world. Chaff inevitably accompanies the wheat, and the amount of it is considered a good indication of the harvest. The wheat is garnered up while the flow of years sweeps the chaff into oblivion.

To write a good novel is not the work of days, nor of weeks, neither of months, but of years. How it is by bitter experiences, heartaches, and even physical pain they are generated, and through what diligent study, patient research, and anxious care perfected, many a brilliant pen has written. I speak only of *good* novels, and there are enough of this class to render those of doubtful morality entirely superfluous to the reading world.

Romance is now an established branch of literature, and a powerful one. It has enlisted within its ranks some of the brightest stars of each profession. Let the skilful writer look to it that he makes of it a useful weapon in the world's warfare. Not in creating extravagantly

perfect, impossible, angelic models—surpassing even scriptural saints, who have evil thoughts and giant passions to contend with—which are disappointing and discouraging, because unattainable. Let them give us living people, full of living faults, and teach us how to overcome the evil with the good, and how we may turn the passions into workers of good works.

Says Gail Hamilton: "A story or a poem may comprehend the whole duty of man. I recollect 'Herman; or, Young Knighthood,' which contained, not only more wit, but more wisdom; not only more beauty, but more grandeur; not only more play of fancy, but more power of imagination, more directness of purpose, more felicity of expression and more elegance of diction, but more knowledge of human nature, more soundness of judgment, grander conceptions of human aspirations and human capacity to love and to suffer, to enjoy, to act, to die, and to rise again; a vaster sweep of thought, broader generalization, more comprehensive views, more logical and accurate reasoning, nicer analogies, a higher standard of Christian manhood, than you would find in a column of your 'solid reading' that would reach from Maine to Georgia."

I believe it was the poet Gray whose idea of paradise was to lie upon the sofa and read novels, and Lamb thought heaven would be a poor place without books; but whether that is of any credit to the subject under discussion, is a matter of doubt.

That we should be endowed—some so marvelously—with the power of imagination, should be sufficient proof that it has its appropriate work. No other faculty of the mind was created for naught, neither was imagination. Were not the parables wrought through the medium of fancy? Was there in reality a man who planted a vineyard and went into a far country, leaving it in charge of the cruel husbandman, who beat servants and killed his son? and had that unscrupulous servant who made himself friends of his master's debtors at his master's expense any real existence? Would the truths impress us more forcibly if we knew that the Great Teacher had in his mind some actual person?

There are many people who take no interest in any other branch of literature? whose understandings can be reached in no other way. And in the hands of a Christian writer the novel is a most useful and powerful weapon.

OUR greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—*Goldsmith.*

FALSE happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.—*Montesquieu.*

MY GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

A TRUE SKETCH.

BY BELLE FRENCH.

"THE incident which I am about to relate to you," said my grandmother, "happened many years ago, when I was a little child.

"My parents and myself resided near the place where now stands the town of Black Rock, which was then a wild country, over whose hills and through whose valleys the red man roamed at pleasure. We had but two neighbors, who, like ourselves, had each a stone house, strongly built, as a protection from the Indians, who at that time were a terror to every one who resided in that part of the State. My father was captain of a small schooner which sailed from Buffalo to Erie; and my mother, with her two servants and myself, made her home, when not in the vessel with him, at the place which I have already mentioned.

"It was a pleasant day in early winter. A light snow covered the earth about that place, but it was not yet cold enough to freeze the waters of the lake, and my father's vessel still ploughed her way through them. It was Tuesday, and, as we expected him home in the evening to stay with us a day or two, we were all busy in making preparations for his reception. John had been dispatched to Buffalo for the marketing, Betty had left her soap-making and had gone to house-cleaning, and mother had taken the girl's place at the kitchen fire; while I was seated at a table stoning raisins for a plum-pudding. We were all very happy, I know, for my mother was singing a sweet ballad, in which I was trying to accompany her, while Betty's swift fingers were keeping time to her own quick 'la, la, la.' Even the fire seemed to enter into the same spirit, for it crackled and blazed in a cheery way, and the soap catching the infection, came near boiling over, while my mother had stopped stirring it for a moment to open the large window through which the sunlight now streamed in a flood of transparent gold to the white, maple floor. Outside the chickens scolded, the snow-birds twittered, and the snowflakes on the branches of the leafless trees flashed and glittered like a thousand costly diamonds.

"Everything is beautiful," I said. 'Everything is happy, for papa's coming home.'

"For a while it was thus, and then a shadow fell where the sunlight had been; and, looking up from our work, we saw at the window several savages, with their diabolical faces wreathed in smiles of triumph. I heard their exclamations of delight, and saw a tomahawk raised high, as with a yell the owner prepared to spring into the room; and with a cry almost as wild, I dropped my plate of raisins and sprang behind my mother, whose face was deathly white, but whose dark eyes had an angry glitter which foreboded ill to the savages.

"It was only for an instant that she stood irresolute; then, seizing a great ladle, she plunged it into the boiling soap, and drawing it forth, threw the contents into the face of the Indian, who with a howl of pain fell back from the window, which she would have closed but for the fear of getting in range of their tomahawks. With a savage yell another made a spring, and landed into the room just in time to receive upon his person the contents of the ladle, which had been a second time into the kettle. Not to be intimidated, and mad with pain, he sprang forward, and had nearly reached her side, when another quart of the boiling liquid went splashing about his mouth and ears, causing him to make a hasty retreat.

"My mother now felt but little fear from those two fiends, but she soon discovered that she had to deal with three more of them, who stood at a little distance eyeing her curiously, as if afraid to advance. I even heard one of them remark: 'Very much brave squaw!'

"At last, after a consultation in their own tongue, they seemed to decide upon a plan. Two of them sprang to the open window, and simultaneously I heard the sound of a hatchet pounding against the door, which was always kept bolted. It was now tough work for my mother. She did not fear that the door would give way very soon, but she did fear that while trying to scald one savage the other might tomahawk either herself or me.

"There was no time to be lost, so, thrusting me out of her way, she sent the soap flying right and left, keeping the Indians at bay, until a quart of the liquid luckily thrown, scalded both so severely as to cause them to retreat hastily. There was now but one left, and he being on the other side of the house did not see his companions leave, and so he kept hammering away at the door.

"My mother did not now know what to do, for scarcely a quart of soap remained, and the fire was nearly out. She knew that that ceaseless hammering must ere long cause the door to give way, unless it was supported from within. She closed and bolted the window-shutter, and then went in search of Betty, with whose help she hoped to make a barricade sufficiently strong to keep the enemy from breaking into the house. She found the poor, frightened girl in the cellar hid in a potato bin, tremblingly awaiting the result of the attack.

"'Betty,' she said, 'you must help me barricade the door.'

"'O Mrs. Brown!' she whispered, 'I can't do it. I'm sure they would kill me.'

"'They will kill you if the door is not more securely fastened,' my mother returned. 'If it is, there is a chance of your life, at least we may prevent an entrance until John returns and dispatches the rascal. Come, time is very precious just now!'

"'O ma'am, don't ask me!' said the cow-

ardly Betty. 'I wouldn't go up stairs now for worlds. They won't know that I'm here unless you tell them. Please go away, Mrs. Brown.'

"Seeing how useless it was, my mother ceased to urge the girl to help her, but ascended the stairs, calculating to attempt the making of the barricade alone. It was too late. The ceaseless jarring had caused the bolt to slide gradually from its fastening, until a quick blow given at the right time, made the door fly open, when, with a yell of savage delight, the Indian sprang into the apartment, swinging his tomahawk in one of his hands.

"My mother's courage was all gone now, for she had nothing with which to defend herself, and, clasping me tightly in her arms, she sank with a low cry to the floor.

"Meanwhile the savage came forward and bent above us, saying:—

"'Much brave squaw, but me Injun kill 'im; hab 'im scalp. WHOOP!' He swung his tomahawk around and around above his head, and—then there came a quick step, and my father raised his rifle with an unerring aim and fired. When the smoke had cleared away, I saw that the Indian was lying on the floor dead, and that my mother was in a swoon.

"My father had started home much earlier than he had expected to do, thus meeting John on his way to market, and arriving home just in time to save the lives of his wife and child, as well as that of poor Betty, who, when she found that the danger was over, crept out of her hiding place, and kissed her deliverer's feet.

"Very tearfully did my father kneel that night with his arms about us, and thank the Giver of all good gifts for sparing his darlings to him; and when the morning came he took us away from the stone house in the wilderness to another and safer one in the town. We never went back to live at the old place, though we often visited it in the pleasant summer days that came afterward, yet my mother was long known to Indians of that part of the country as 'The brave white squaw of Black Rock.'"

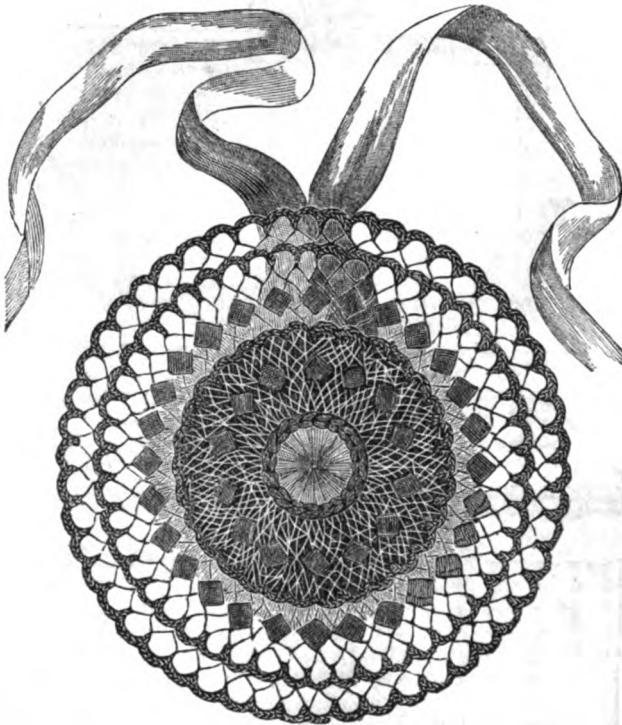
RICHES.—The man with good firm health is rich. So is the man with a clear conscience. So is the parent of vigorous, happy children. So is the clergyman whose coat the little children of his parish pluck, as he passes them on their play. So is that wife who has the whole heart of a good husband. So is the maiden whose horizon is not bounded by the "coming man," but who has a purpose in life, whethershe ever meet him or not. So is the young man who, laying his hand on his heart, can say, "I have treated every woman I saw as I should wish my sister treated by other men." So is the little child who goes to sleep with a kiss on its lips, and for whose waking a kind blessing waits.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

LADY'S WATCH-POCKET IN NETTED EMBROIDERY.

Materials.—One reel crochet cotton No. 16; two meshes, one flat, nearly half an inch wide; and the other round, steel No. 16; a netting needle; one skein of colored wool, of any color to suit the drapery of the room; a yard of inch wide scarlet ribbon; a round of card-board; and a small piece of silk the same color as the wool.

12th. Small mesh, one in each.
13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th. Small mesh, one stitch in each.
Fasten off and work the edge as before.
In the 14th round darn every alternate diamond with the wool.
On a foundation of 18 stitches, with wide mesh, net one round.



On a foundation of 28 stitches net one round with wide mesh.

2d round. Small mesh, one in each.

3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th. Same as 2d.

7th. Large mesh, two in each.

8th. Small mesh, one in each.

9th and 10th. Same as 8th.

Fasten the thread, and with the wool cover the entire outside round of meshes with loosely-wrought buttonhole stitches. This forms the first round of the pocket.

On the same foundation, with wide mesh, net one plain round.

2d round. Wide meshes, two stitches in each.

3d. Small mesh, net two stitches together all round.

4th. Small mesh, one in each.

Do 6 more rounds the same.

11th. Small mesh, two stitches in each.

2d. Small mesh, two in each.

3d. Small mesh, one in each.

Do 5 more rounds the same, and work the edge as before; darn every alternate diamond in 6th round.

Take a round of card-board the size of a large watch, leaving about an inch above the round at the top, cover it with the silk, lay the first piece of netting flat on it, and stitch it round.

Now take the second piece and stitch the 6th round of diamonds down tightly, rather more than half round, so as to make the edge come to the 7th round of the first piece. This will leave it loose in the centre to form the pocket. Stitch the other piece of netting to the middle of this, and finish with a knot of ribbon in the centre. Attach a piece double, about three inches long, to the top, and add a rosette and ends.

PAPER FLOWER.

POMEGRANATE.

(See Engravings, Page 76.)

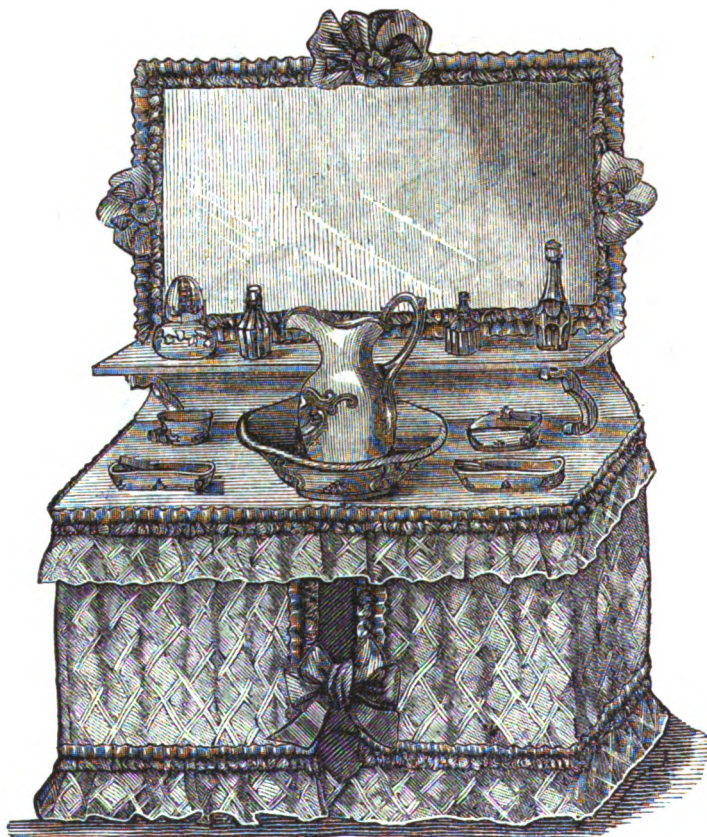
Materials.—Dark red and brownish tissue-paper (the latter for twisting round the stalk); dark red and yellow-green glazed paper; wire, etc.

LAYING the paper eightfold, cut six circles of petals, according to the design, Fig. 2, which, when unfolded, gives the form represented in Fig. 3. Inclose it in a piece of old linen, and twist it between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, so that the circle appears as shown

as required. A straight rib in the middle of the leaves is made with the help of a needle without a point (a fine knitting-needle), and the whole is completed with a fine wire stalk.

WASH-STAND.

THIS stand is both elegant and useful. We offer it to the attention of our readers as being well worthy of imitation, and especially suitable for a pretty dressing-room; it is made at



in Fig. 4. Then unfold it very carefully, so that the petals are crumpled like the real flower. In fastening the separate circles firmly to a covered wire stalk, the flower is drawn several times through the hollow of the hand, in order to arrange the petals close together. Calix leaves and buds may be purchased ready made, or for the calix a piece of dark-red glazed paper may be cut with the points turned outwards, according to Fig. 5, which gives the half of the open shape. This must be covered at the back with loose wadding, which must be gummed on before the side edges are gummed over each other. The shape of the yellowish-green leaves is shown in Fig. 1, and must be arranged larger and smaller,

small expense and little trouble. The table itself, with a plain bracket part attached, and square frame for the looking-glass, is constructed in any kind of wood—even deal looks very well. The top and bracket must be painted to imitate marble. The draped part consists of spotted white muslin over a colored foundation (glazed calico or silk), with muslin and silk bows; any kind of stuff, such as used for furniture, etc., can, however, be taken. The curtains in front closed by a bow, are made to draw by putting on brass rods and rings underneath the frill at the top, so that the lower board of the table can be used with advantage for the foot-bath.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.

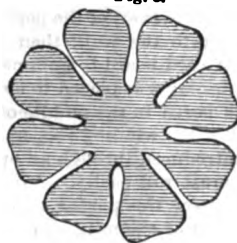


Fig. 5.

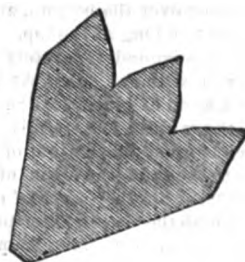
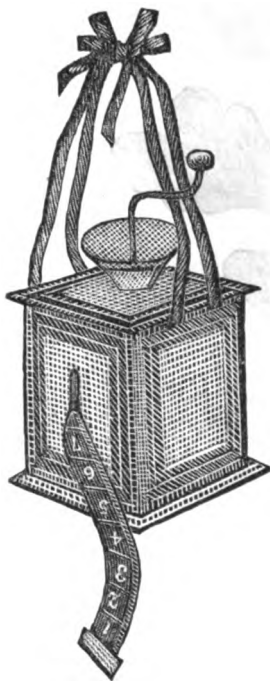


Fig. 6.



COFFEE-MILL OF PERFORATED CARD-BOARD FOR A YARD MEASURE.

THE four outer walls are made of medium-sized perforated card-board, lined with white paper, ornamented with silk stitches, and sewn together at the corners. The bottom and cover must have the card-board double, and must project two ribs beyond the wall part. Only



one part, however, of the perforated card-board is joined to the wall, then a rather smaller layer of card-board is gummed over, and then the outer layer is placed to complete them. A hole is bored in the middle of the bottom and cover for the winding peg, upon which the ribbon, introduced through an opening in the side wall, must roll easily. A piece of thin wood will answer this purpose. It must be exactly the height of the mill, and the measure firmly sewn on in the centre. The wood will be strengthened by passing three fine wires half an inch long over the bottom, and one inch and three-quarters long at the top. The under end of the peg is wound separately, and the whole of the rest with red silk. At the end of the handle a knob of black sealing-wax is placed. When the winder is carefully pushed in, the three ends upon the bottom of the card-board are placed out in the form of a wheel, and covered with another layer of card-board, and finished with the outer part of the bottom. The ribbons are placed to hang it up by if desired.

BAG FOR BATHING COSTUME.

THIS bag is made of black leather-cloth, lined with the same and bound with red worsted braid. First cut out the bottom part from illustration, bind it with red worsted braid, and sew in from Fig. 2 the bag, which must be ten inches deep and sufficiently wide. The bag is ornamented all round with red woollen sou-

Fig. 1.

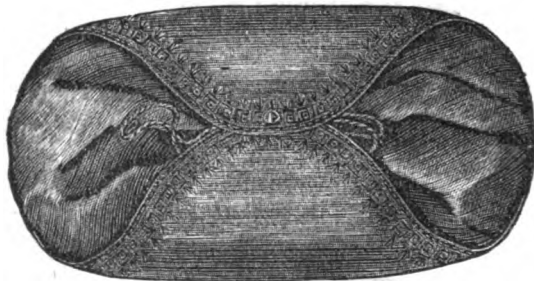
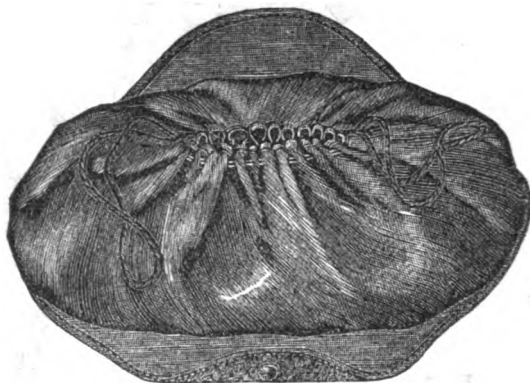


Fig. 2.



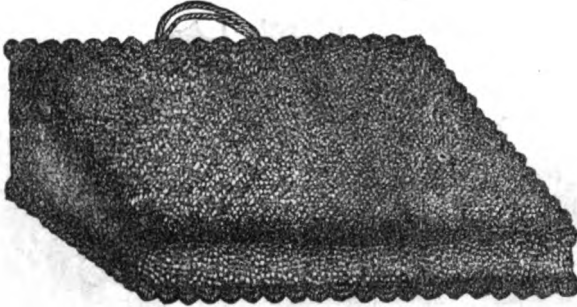
tache; the lappets are fastened with button and buttonhole.

FOOTSTOOL AND CROCHET COVERING.

THIS footstool is very practical; it is of a slanting shape, and covered with crochet, as can be seen on illustration. The framework of the footstool is made of wood. The bottom is twelve and four-fifths inches long, nine and three-fifths inches wide; the front and back parts are each twelve and four-fifths inches long, the back part is four and four-fifths inches high, the front part only two and two-fifths inches high. The sides are each nine and three-fifths inches long, and must correspond in height to the back and front parts, being, therefore, slanted off. The different parts are then covered with gray or brown glazed calico. The wooden shape is then filled up with horsehair; the top part, which must be slightly curved, is then likewise covered with calico taken double. The

crochet cover is worked with fleecy wool in two shades of one color (light and dark green on our pattern), in double crochet; always work on the same side, and insert the needle into both upper chain, the ground being worked with dark wool. The pattern is worked with light wool in the following manner: Work with the dark wool over the light wool, making for each square of the pattern a loop of the light

two places where the thread has been fastened, taking care not to cut the thread through, so that the balls hang all in a row. Then draw the balls through hot water, and clip them so as to make them smooth. The under part of the footstool is covered with black cloth. At the upper edge fasten a handle formed of two cords worked in double crochet.



wool on the right side. When the crochet cover is completed, it is sewn on to the footstool; the latter is ornamented all round the edge with small worsted balls of the same color as the

NEWSPAPER-CASE.

THIS case is intended to hang up against the wall to put paper and pamphlets in. It is made of thick card-board, covered with scarlet



NEWSPAPER-CASE.

covering. For the balls, take a skein of wool twenty times double; fasten some black thread round it at distances of four-fifths of an inch; then cut the skein open in the middle, between

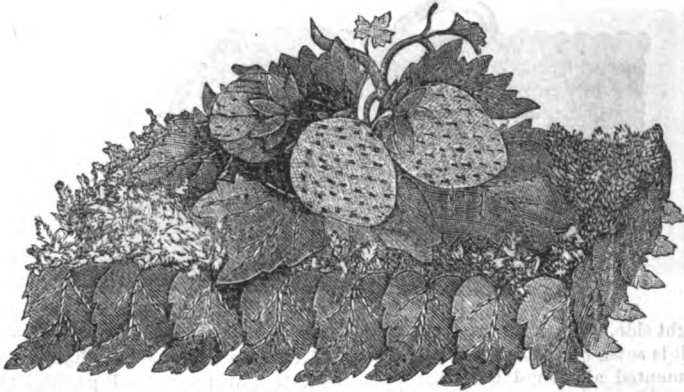
cloth, embroidered in colors, and *appliqué* of black velvet. It is made with a gore of scarlet leather in the sides, to allow room for the contents.

PAPER-WEIGHT.

Materials.—Green cloth, muslin, cherry-colored crape, green purse-silk, cherry-colored filoselle, some quilting, moss and dried grasses, emery, and card-board.

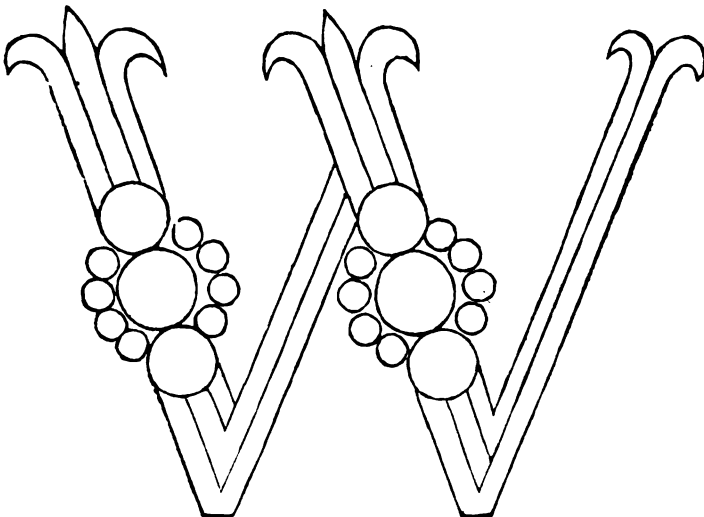
FOR this paper-weight, take first a piece of card-board four and four-fifths inches long, three and one-fifth inches wide, and three-fifths of an inch high (a flat square bag will do very

tape is pasted on the outer edge of the card-board, and the leaves are bent upwards. Then cut also out of green cloth a vine leaf of middle size, work the veining sewing in wires. The strawberries consist of tufts of wadding, covered with cherry-colored crape taken double; in the middle of the tuft fasten the end of a piece of wire one inch and one-fifth long: the end which comes beyond is meant for the stem, and is



well, if filled with lead, and covered with calico; the upper surface is covered with moss and fine dried ferns and grasses, which are gummed on. The ornament on our pattern consists of leaves of green cloth, into which the veinings have previously been worked with green silk; a piece of wire is sewn in along the middle veining; the leaves are sewn on to a piece of tape two-fifths of an inch wide. This

covered with green silk. The berry is then ornamented with short stitches of cherry-colored filoselle; fasten the buds, consisting of five leaves of green cloth, and paste on a few bits of moss, as seen on illustration. Lastly, fasten the bunch on the cloth. The paper-weight is covered on the wrong side with green glazed paper.

LETTER FOR MARKING.


**CROCHET DOYLEY WITH FERN
EDGING.**

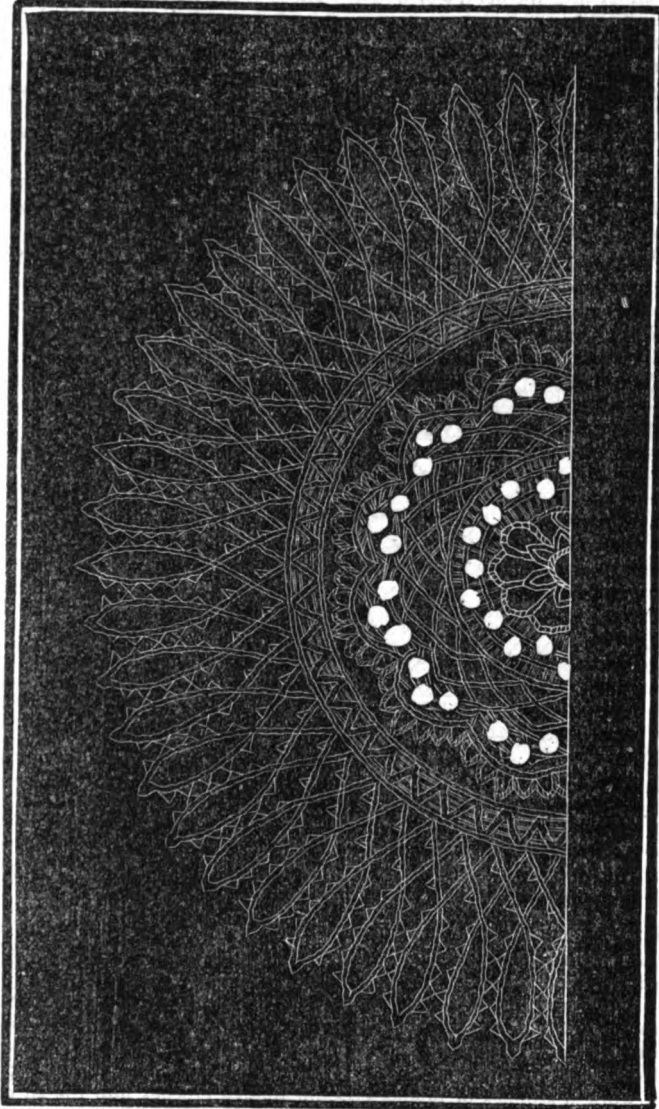
MAKE a chain of twelve stitches and unite it.
1st round. Work 24 stitches of double crochet
into the circle.

2d.* Work 3 stitches of double crochet into
successive loops, taking the row of loops near-

honeycomb stitch, 8 of double crochet, taking
the row of loops nearest to you, repeat.

6th. Work 1 stitch of double crochet into
each, taking the loops nearest to you, work
twice into the loop at the back of each honey-
comb.

7th. Work 1 honeycomb stitch over the centre



est to you; work 7 stitches of double crochet
into the next loop, repeat from *.

3d. Work into the back loops of 1st round, 1
extra long stitch, make 5 chains, miss 1 loop,
repeat.

4th. Work into the 5 chain in last round 7
stitches of double crochet, repeat.

5th. Work 3 stitches of double crochet, be-
ginning on the 1st of the 7 in last round; 1

one of the double crochet stitches between the
honeycomb stitches in the 5th round; work 7
stitches of double crochet, taking the loops
nearest to you, repeat.

8th. Work 1 stitch of double crochet into each
loop, increase 4 times in the round.

9th. Work 1 stitch of double crochet, make 5
chain, miss 4 loops, repeat.

10th. Work a stitch of double crochet into the

centre one of the 5 chain in last round, make 7 chain, repeat.

11th. The same as 10th.

12th. Work 3 stitches of double crochet, beginning on the 1st of the 7 chain, 1 honeycomb stitch into the next, 3 of double crochet into the 3 next, miss the stitch of double crochet; work 1 honeycomb stitch into the next, 3 of double crochet into the 3 next.

Turn, miss the first and last stitch, and work 1 of double crochet into each of the other 9, taking the loops farthest from you.

Turn, miss the 1st loop; work 3 stitches of double crochet into the next, 3 loops, 1 honeycomb stitch into the next, 3 of double crochet into the next 3.

Turn, miss the 1st and last stitches; work 1 of double crochet into each of the other 5.

Turn, miss the 1st and last; work 1 of dou-

For the Fern Edging. 1st round. Work a stitch of double crochet into the centre of the 5 chain at the point, make 15 chain, repeat.

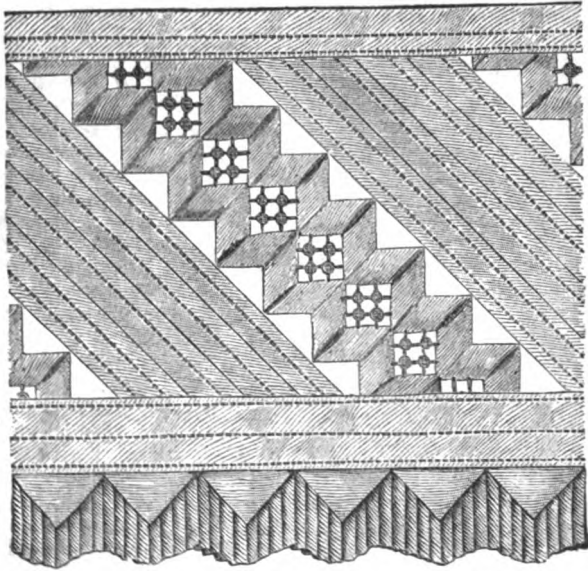
2d. Work 1 stitch of double crochet into each loop.

3d. Take up the loops nearest to you, work 1 stitch of double crochet, miss 1 loop; work a stitch of double crochet into the next of double crochet; work into the 4th loop 7 stitches of double crochet, repeat.

4th. Take up the back loops of the 2d round, and work 1 long stitch into each, increase by working twice into every 12th loop.

5th. Work a stitch of double crochet, make 7 chain, take up the 5th loop from the needle, and draw the cotton through, then draw the cotton through both on the needle, make 6 chain, miss 3 loops, and repeat.

6th. Work a stitch of double crochet into the



TRIMMING FOR BOTTOM OF PETITCOAT.

ble crochet into each of the other 3; work 6 stitches of double crochet down the left hand side of the point, repeat from the commencement of the 12th round, but this time the 3 stitches of double crochet must come on to the following chain stitches, and not begin on the 1st of the 7 chain; work 11 more points in this manner; then work 3 stitches of double crochet between the 1st and 2d points, * make 3 chain, miss 1 loop; work a stitch of double crochet into the next, repeat from * twice more, this will bring you to the 1st of the 3 stitches that the point was finished with, make 5 chain; work a stitch of double crochet into the last of the 3; work down the other side to correspond, and repeat from the beginning of this point till all are done, fasten off the thread.

2d of the 6 chain, make 6 chain, take up the 5th loop from the needle, and draw the cotton through, then through the 2 on the needle, make 8 chain, * take up the 5th from the needle, draw the cotton through, then through the 2 on the needle, make 6 chain, and repeat from * 10 times, make 1 chain; work a stitch of double crochet into the 2d of the 8 chain, make 4 chain, and repeat.

TRIMMING FOR BOTTOM OF PETTICOAT.

MADE of rows of tucks running slantwise, with a row of tape trimming insertion dividing them. A hem stitched to represent tucks, edged with a tape trimming, finishes the bottom.

Receipts, &c.

DIGESTION

Is the process by which food is fitted for the nourishment of the animal body. The whole process may be divided into—

The mastication or chewing of the food, and its mingling with the saliva or spittle.

The swallowing of the food.

The digestion of the food in the stomach, by means of the gastric juice.

The mixture of the food with the bile and juice from the pancreas, and its conveyance through the small intestines.

The passage of the remains of the food into and through the large intestine, or colon, during which it becomes acid, and mixed with the feculent excretions from glands of that bowel.

The discharge of the remnants of the food from the body along with other excrementitious matters.

To the above may be added the passage of the digested and nutritious part of the food into the blood.

The first process of digestion, the mastication or breaking down of the food by the teeth, and its mixture with the saliva, is one of extreme importance. The teeth of man are evidently adapted for the two processes of cutting and bruising; the front or "incisor teeth" being constructed for the former purpose, the back, or molar, for the latter. These adaptations are well seconded by the action of the powerful muscles of the lower jaw, which give it a direct cutting, and a side to side or grinding motion; the morsel of food submitted to this mechanical action being at the same time kept admirably under it by means of the extraordinary mobility and sensibility of the tongue, whilst it is at the same time thoroughly moistened by the saliva or spittle, which is poured out abundantly from the "salivary glands," which lie imbedded around the mouth and jaws; the same mechanical action which grinds the food, serving at the same time to press out the secreted saliva. This fluid, however, does not act simply as a moistener of the food, it exerts a distinct chemical or digestive power upon its starchy components, and converting them into sugar, in which state they become fitted for absorption into the blood, a capability which starch does not possess. It has also been imagined that air becomes mixed with the food during mastication, and that its presence in the stomach was in some degree connected with the process of digestion; this, however, is doubtful. When the food morsel has been masticated, and moistened sufficiently—at least such ought to be the case—it is collected by the action of the tongue into a ball, and conveyed to the back of the throat or fauces, where it is consigned to the care of involuntary muscles, and passes for the most part from under man's direct control. Passing from the throat into the gullet, it is carried by the wave-like action of that tube into the stomach. This action is not, as some might imagine, a simply mechanical one; that is, the food does not drop into the stomach as it would into a bag, by means of its own weight, but it is carried thither by the muscular movements of the oesophagus, or gullet, by the same power that water is conveyed upward through the gullet of the drinking horse or cow, or indeed in ourselves, as any one can testify who has drank from a spring by stooping down to the water. The entire process of swallowing, particularly that part of it by which the top of the windpipe is protected during the passage of the

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food over it, is a series of beautifully connected actions.

When the food has been passed down the gullet, and has reached the stomach, it lodges in its left or larger extremity. As soon as the lining membrane of the organ feels the contact of nutriment, it becomes reddened, there is evidently increased flow of blood to it, and quickly, its peculiar secretion, the "gastric juice," or solvent fluid of the stomach, begins to be poured out. This fluid is "clear, transparent, and viscid, without smell, slightly saltish, and very perceptibly acid," its characteristic power being that of dissolving the chief components of the food, and reducing the varied ingredients of a common meal to one homogeneous, gray-looking, pulpy, acid mass, which is called the "chyme." This uniform mass, when formed, varies but slightly in perceptible character; when the food has been farinaceous, it is like gruel, but when much oily or fat nutriment is mixed with it, it has more of a creamy appearance.

The solution of the food, and its formation into assisted by the muscular movements—alternate conchyme by the powers of the gastric juice, are much tractions and relaxations—of the stomach, which turn the mass over and over, and thoroughly incorporate it with the solvent fluid. When the chyme is fully formed, it is probable that the gelatine components of the food have been dissolved, and what are called its albuminous components, such as the curd of milk, or cheese, or the muscular flesh of meat, or the gluten of grain, have for the most part been reduced to the condition of a soluble albumen, fitted for absorption into the system. The action of the acid gastric juice, however, puts a stop to the conversion of the starchy ingredients of the food, into sugar, by the saliva; but this is resumed in the small intestines, when the acidity of the chyme has been neutralized by the alkalinity of the bile and juice of the pancreas or sweetbread, with which it becomes mingled, immediately after it passes or is passed through the opening at the right or smaller extremity of the stomach, into the duodenum, or first portion of the small intestines. This passage of the chyme from the stomach into the intestines, is effected as each successive portion is perfectly formed, that is, has become of semi-fluid, perfectly smooth consistence; for in a healthy condition of the digestive organs, should a portion of solid food attempt to pass the muscular valve at the "pylorus," or place of exit, it is immediately closed against it, and the morsel passed back into the stomach. As already mentioned, the chyme has no sooner passed from the stomach into the small intestines, than it becomes mingled with the bile, which is continually distilling into them from the liver, and with the juice from the pancreas or sweetbread. The effect of this admixture is to neutralize the acidity of the chyme. The action of the saliva in converting the starchy matters into sugar is now resumed, and is probably assisted by the fluid from the pancreas, and the oily principles of the food are converted into a milky-looking emulsion, in which state they are fit for absorption into the system. The digested and altered food mass is now passed slowly through the small intestines by their muscular, "vermicular," or wave-like movements; during this passage, the nutrient portions are absorbed, partly by the blood-vessels, and partly—more particularly the oily emulsion portion—by the lacteal absorbent vessels, until the now almost exhausted food almost reaching the valve-like opening into the large bowel, or colon, is discharged into it. Here the food mass again becomes acid, and this change is supposed by some, and not improbably so, to be of the nature of a second

digestion, to insure the perfect solution of any matters which may have escaped the first acid digestion in the stomach. A more striking change, however, is effected, for here the contents of the bowels assume their natural fecal or excrementitious character, and acquire their characteristic odor from being mingled with used-up matters thrown out or excreted from the system at large, from the small glands with which the lining membrane of the large bowel is studded. The absorption of the nutrient matters from the chyme requires a little explanation.

The process is now considered to be largely shared in by the bloodvessels, but much of it is doubtless effected by the lacteal vessels, which, indeed, were at one time considered to be the sole agents for the purpose. These little vessels are abundantly distributed over the small intestines. The lining membrane of this portion of the alimentary canal is thrown into folds for the purpose of increasing the surface for absorption, and this lining membrane has a velvety appearance, from innumerable small elevated points, or "villi," which cover it—each of these villi contains a small lacteal vessel. These vessels were formerly thought to absorb the nutrient portion of the food or "chyle" by means of open mouths, but it is now ascertained that the absorption is effected in the first place by minute cells, which burst, when full, and deliver up their contents to the lacteal twigs in contact with them. By the lacteals the "chyle," or milky-looking fluid absorbed from the intestines, is conveyed through a set of small glands—the mesenteric—after passing through which, the chyle, this extract from dead food, seems—if we may so speak—to become in some degree vitalized; it acquires power of coagulating, and assumes a red tinge when exposed to the air. The chyle from the various smaller lacteal vessels is now collected in the larger trunks which coalesce at one point, and form one main vessel, the "thoracic duct," which runs up and lies close upon the spine, till, arriving at the neck, it turns down and opens to discharge its contents into the general current of the circulation at the junction of the large veins of the head and neck with that from the arm.

Such is the marvellous process by which man's material body is daily nourished, and its strength preserved and renewed; such, at least, is the healthy process, as it ought to be; the most generally prevalent causes of its disorder, and they are very general and very prevalent, it remains now to point out. Of course the nature of the food must exert great influence, for good or evil, over digestion; but as that has been fully discussed under the article *Food*, it need not be entered into here.

PRESERVES.

To Preserve Peaches.—The clear-stone yellow peaches, white at the stone, are the best. Weigh the fruit after it is pared. To each pound of fruit allow a pound of loaf-sugar. Put a layer of sugar at the bottom of the preserving kettle, and then a layer of fruit, and so on until the fruit is all in. Stand it over hot ashes until the sugar is entirely dissolved; then boil them until they are clear; take them out piece by piece, and spread them on a dish free from syrup. Boil the syrup in the pan until it jellies; when the peaches are cold, fill the jars half full with them, and fill up with the boiling syrup. Let them stand a short time covered with a thin cloth, then put on brandy paper, and cover them close with corks, skin, or paper. From twenty to thirty minutes will generally be sufficient to preserve them.

Brandy Peaches.—Take four pounds of ripe peaches,

two pounds of powdered loaf-sugar. Put the fruit over the fire in cold water; *simmer*, but not boil, till the skins will rub off easily. Stone them if liked. Put the sugar and fruit in alternate layers in the jars till filled; then pour in white brandy, and cover the whole. Cork tightly.

To Preserve Pineapples.—Slice the pineapples rather thinner to preserve than to eat, and take one pound of loaf-sugar to one pound of fruit; powder the sugar, and place in the kettle alternately a layer of pineapple and a layer of fruit. To each pound of fruit put three tablespoonfuls of water. Let it remain over a slow fire until the sugar is *all melted*; then boil it slowly until the fruit looks clear; take out the fruit piece by piece, and lay them on a dish, until the syrup is boiled nearly to a jelly. Put the fruit in jars, and pour on the syrup hot. After putting on brandy papers, cover the jars with paper, and paste it on, which secures their keeping, and preserves the flavor of the pineapple.

To Preserve Quinces.—Peel the quinces, and clear the cores out well, saving all the seeds. Wash the peelings well, and put them on to boil; let them boil until the water partakes strongly of the flavor of the quinces; put the seeds in a linen bag, and boil them with the parings. Put the quinces in a separate pan, and let them boil until *almost* tender. Strain all the quince water, put one pint of the water to each pound of fruit and sugar; boil the quinces until they are quite clear; then put them on dishes cleared from the syrup. Boil the syrup till it jellies with the bag of seeds, from which the substance should be pressed in the jelly. It is well to add two or three pints of quince water, and two or three pounds of sugar more than is required for the fruit, for floating islands, etc.

To Preserve Damsons.—To every pound of damsons allow three-quarters of a pound of powdered sugar; put into jars or well-glazed earthen pots alternately a layer of damsons and one of sugar; tie strong paper or cloth over the pots, and set them in the oven after the bread is drawn, and let them stand till the oven is cold. The next day strain off the syrup, and boil it till thick; when it is cold, put the damsons into small jars or glasses, pour over the syrup, which should cover them, and tie a wet bladder or strong cloth over them.

Magnum Bonum Plums.—Gather the plums with stalks; scald them in boiling water, and take off the skins, leaving on the stalks. If not quite ripe, they will require to be simmered a few minutes over a stove; to every pound of fruit allow one of fine loaf-sugar; clarify it, and when nearly boiled, candy high, put in the plums, and boil them nearly fifteen minutes; with a spoon carefully put them into a basin, and let them stand a day or two; then boil them ten minutes, or till perfectly transparent; put them into the jars; strain the syrup through a sieve, and pour it equally over them.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Common Seed Cake.—Sift two and a half pounds of flour with half a pound of good loaf-sugar, pounded into a pan or bowl; make a cavity in the centre, and pour in half a pint of lukewarm milk and a tablespoonful of thick yeast; mix the milk and yeast with enough flour to make it as thick as cream; set it by in a warm place for one hour; in the meantime, melt half a pound of fresh butter, and add it to the other ingredients, with one ounce of caraway seeds, and enough of milk to make it of a middling stiffness; line a pan with paper, well rubbed over with butter; put in the mixture; set

it some time to prove in a stove or before the fire, and bake it on a plate about an hour in rather a hot oven; when done, rub the top over with a brush dipped in milk.

Rich Yeast Cake.—Set a sponge as in the foregoing receipt, with the same proportions of flour, sugar, milk, and yeast; when it has lain some time, mix it with three-quarters of a pound of butter oiled, one pound and a quarter of currants, half a pound of candied lemon and orange-peel cut fine, grated nutmeg, ground allspice and cinnamon, a quarter of an ounce of each; bake in a good-heated oven one hour and a half.

Prune Pudding.—Boil a quart of new milk, beat the yolks of six eggs and the whites of three: add two spoonfuls of ground ginger, a little salt, and four spoonfuls of flour; gradually mix in the milk, stir it well up, throw in a pound of dried prunes, tie it up in a cloth, boil it for an hour, and serve with melted butter poured over it when turned out.

Richmond Pudding.—Take one pound of chopped suet, one pound of raisins, stemmed but not stoned, one glass of sweet wine, four ounces of flour, four ounces of brown sugar, half a nutmeg, and three eggs; mix well, and boil in a cloth for three hours.

Bath Buns.—Rub together with the hand one pound of fine flour and half a pound of butter; beat six eggs, and add them to the flour, etc., with a tablespoonful of good yeast; mix them all together, with about half a teacupful of milk; set it in a warm place for an hour, then mix in six ounces of sifted sugar and a few caraway seeds; mould them into buns with a tablespoon on a clean baking-plate; bake them in a hot oven about ten minutes. This quantity should make about eighteen.

Cherry Pudding.—Pull your fruit from the stalks, and put it into a pudding-basin, lined with a very rich suet-crust; strew in plenty of sugar, pour in a glass of brandy, cover it with a top crust, tie it down, and boil it for two hours.

A Nice Tart.—Mix a pound of fine dry flour with four eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, and a little salt; roll it out rather less than an inch thick, turn up the edges, or, if easier, put it into a shallow tart-mould, place it in the oven, and at the end of twenty minutes take it out and fill it with a pint of thick cream, three eggs, and two tablespoonfuls of either raspberry or cherry juice well beaten together; add a few pieces of butter here and there, put it into the oven again, and let it bake for twenty minutes. Serve with sugar sifted over it.

Pudding with Raisins.—Soak two ounces of raisins in enough brandy to cover them. Take half a pound of flour, half a pound of chopped suet, a dessert-spoonful of ground ginger, two eggs, four ounces of white sugar, and enough milk to make it a pretty light paste; add the raisins and brandy, put it into a cloth or basin, boil it for two hours, and serve with what pudding sauce you please.

CONTRIBUTED.

EDITOR LADY'S BOOK: A lady asks for a receipt for cream puffs. I send mine, with a few others which I know to be good:—

Cream Puffs.—Boil one pint of water with half a pound of butter, and stir in three-quarters of a pound of flour while boiling. Let it cool, then add ten eggs and half a teaspoonful of soda. Drop the mixture on tins, and bake in a quick oven twenty minutes. When cold, split open, and fill with the following cream mixture: Beat four eggs, two cups of sugar, and one of flour together, and stir into one quart of milk while boiling.

Cocoanut Kisses.—One cup of sugar to two of cocoanut, a tablespoonful of corn starch; moisten it with enough white of egg to make it stiff. Bake in a very hot oven, or they will run together.

Popovers.—Three eggs, three cups of milk, three of flour, a little salt. Bake in cups one-half full.

Smothered Toast.—Chop cold beef-steak very fine; put a little water, salt, and pepper to it, and warm in a spider. Toast bread; soak the toast in hot water; take it from the water, and pour the meat and gravy from the spider over it. This is a nice breakfast dish. The toast must be buttered.

N. H.

Cream Puffs. For the Outside.—Six ounces of flour, one-quarter of a pound of butter, one-half pint of hot water, and five eggs. Boil the water and butter together, stir in the flour while it is boiling. When cool, stir the beaten eggs into the mixture, then drop on tins, and bake in a quick oven. Before baking, rub the cakes over with the white of an egg.

The Cream.—One-half pint of milk, two eggs, one cup of sugar, and one-quarter cup of flour. Boil the milk gently, and, while it is boiling, add the sugar, eggs, and flour, beaten together. Flavor with lemon or vanilla. When the puffs are baked, raise the tops carefully, and put the cream in. Very nice when properly made.

Mrs. L.

Pickle for Beef.—For about twenty pounds of beef take eight pounds of salt, one-quarter of a pound of saltpetre, half a pound of brown sugar, one-quarter of a pound of ground allspice, one ground nutmeg, and any other kind of spice to suit the taste. Tie the spices in a piece of muslin, and put it in the pickle, squeezing it from time to time. See that the meat is completely covered, and, as the meat will swim on the surface, put a towel on the top of the meat, under the cover of the pickle jar, and a rock above all to keep it properly covered. Three weeks will do. The same pickle will do a good many times, adding a little saltpetre and salt if necessary.

Lime Washing.—This is an old and good receipt easily managed, while it makes the clothes beautifully white and clear without injury to hands or garments. Half a pound of brown soap, half a pound of washing soda, one-quarter of a pound of quick lime. Pour one gallon of boiling water over the lime, and let it settle; shave up the soap, and pour the clear water from the lime over it and the soda. Put into a jar, and stir rapidly with a stick for a few minutes. In the morning it will be a dissolved mass fit for use. Then rub the soiled parts of the clothes with soap, and let them soak all night. In the morning pour ten gallons of water into the boiler and a part of the solution; when a little warm, put in the clothes. Boil each lot of clothes twenty minutes, always putting some fresh solution with each lot. After taking them out, rinse them well in cold water and bluing. Increase the quantity according to the size of the washing.

THE receipt for *Marble Cake* given in the April number must have been tried by a number of our subscribers, from the numerous inquiries we have had as to the quantity of flour required. We have not yet heard from the lady who contributed the receipt. We hope that she will communicate the desired information.

AMONG the numerous inquiries we have received the past month for receipts are those for *Pretzels*, *Cocoanut Custard*, *Grape Wine*, and one for brewing *Beer* or *English Ale*.

Mrs. H. H. B., J. M. P., and A. A. L., will accept our thanks for the *Cream Puff* receipts.

Editors' Table.

THE TRUE PROVINCE OF ART.

It is evident that to speak of art as producing refinement is to ascribe to it a moral force which it does not and cannot possess. What, then, is the real office of art; or, in other words, for what purpose should it be cultivated? This question may be answered very briefly. The office of art is to *create beauty*. If we look around us and consider all those objects of the visible universe which meet our view, we shall obtain an idea of the wealth of meaning which is implied in this brief definition. We perceive that all the works of the Creator are clothed with marvelous and unstinted beauty. The highest authority bids us "consider the lilies of the field," for "even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Wherever we look, whether we regard the verdure and flowers of the meadow, the varied tints of the forest, the hues of summer birds, the glancing waves of the rivulet, the daily and nightly glories of the sky, we find the signature of beauty everywhere impressed. It only seems to be absent from any natural objects when it passes into the higher form of sublimity, as in the angry ocean, the craggy precipice, or the limitless desert. This beauty, moreover, is to our senses actually infinite. The telescope shows us the amazing glories of the double stars and the terrible splendors of those fiery storms which disturb the glowing atmosphere of the sun; and, on the other hand, the microscope brings to our view endless varieties of lovely tints and graceful forms in what seemed mere particles of dust.

It is only in the works of man that this beauty is wanting. It is remarkable that such words as "squalid," "mean," "unsightly," are hardly ever applied to any object except those fashioned by human hands. It would seem that not only is the moral evil in this world due to man's devices, but also the physical ugliness. And as it is the office of Christian virtue to redeem the human race from moral evil, and to bring the minds and acts of men into harmony with the moral laws of their Maker, so it would seem to be the province of art to redeem the works of men's hands from degradation, and to bring them into unison with the visible works of the Creator, which they alone mar by their discordant aspect.

This, surely, is an office noble enough to awaken the enthusiasm, and call forth the genius, of the greatest artist. At the same time, this view seems to lay upon every one of us a duty, which in general is far too little regarded, and in some cases is even contemptuously slighted. This duty is to consider, in whatever object or structure we make or fashion, not only the element of usefulness, but also the element of beauty. Except from necessity, we have no right to present anything to the view of others which is inelegant or repulsive. However poor our dress or humble our dwelling, we should, at least, see that they do not lack the attractions of neatness and order, and as much of elegance as we can give them.

But some may say—granting that beauty in some form exists in all the works of nature—what is the purpose or special value of it, and why should we be solicitous to bring our own works into harmony with it? To these questions, also, the answer is ready. The object for which beauty exists is *inno-*

cent enjoyment. This is a world of many cares, trials, and sufferings. But to counteract them many sources of solace and, as far as may be, of happiness are provided for us. The highest of these are found in the religious and moral sentiments; but infinite beneficence has added the pleasures which spring from the domestic affections, from the exercise of intellect, and, neither last nor least, from the enjoyment of that loveliness which is shed so lavishly over the works of creation. When the series of visions in the Apocalypse is brought to a close by a description of the New Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven, "prepared as a bride adorned for her husband," all the images which are presented to us appeal to the sense of beauty in its highest strain. The walls of the city, garnished with all manner of precious stones; the twelve gates, which were twelve pearls; the streets of pure gold, as it were of transparent glass—these are doubtless similitudes, but they show, like the Saviour's reference to the glories of the lilies, that the charm of visible beauty is to be ranked among the purest sources of enjoyment designed for us by supreme benevolence.

It is proper to add that these conclusions have been suggested by Mr. Jarves's new work, "Art Thoughts," though we have not attempted to follow throughout the author's course of reasoning. As a relief from these abstract speculations, and a pleasing instance of the manner in which the writer traces the influence of national character and religious belief on the development of art, we give his account of the origin of what is known as "Gothic Architecture."

"GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

"How, where, and with whom did Gothic architecture originate? Broadly speaking, it owed its being to races beyond the northern slope of the Alps, considered as barbarians by the peoples of Italy, just as now-a-days Europeans talk of Americans and Russians, without reflecting that if the standard of polite culture is lower than theirs, it is more than compensated in the masses by freshness of thought and intense national ambition. Such a condition is especially favorable for a vigorous and original development of character, and consequently of new and striking forms of civilization. Greece and Italy had had their opportunity, and grandly responded to it. It was now the turn of races younger in civilization to contribute to the universal progress by the development—as in what concerns my topic—of an architecture of a higher religious character, greater variety of shape and flexibility of form, and at the same time better suited to their circumstances than any then known. As a reflection of themselves, it necessarily embodied their intellectual characteristics as well as the essence of their faith.

"Its specific excellence was founded on its recognition of the illimitable as the supreme idea. All previous non-cognate styles are limited in law, scope, and expression. From a given section a perfect whole could be made by simple expansion of the embryonic model. They were strictly æsthetic problems based on mathematical data readily solved, or, at least, confined to definite intellectual bounds, and manifesting mundane ambitions. This cannot be said of isolated Gothic forms or fragments of edifices. The animating spirit could not be locked up in prescribed formulæ and shapes, for its very essence was infinite. Palpitating with young life, seeking to incarnate in dumb matter the spiritual hopes and fears of men, both for time and eternity, it recognized no limit to its action except those general laws which governed matter itself. No one was empowered to decide what only it might use, invent, or create. None had the right to declare that this or that thing in the natural world, or borrowed

from the unseen, should be proscribed. If anything created of man can be a law unto itself, ever evading repetition, formalism, or giving a prosaic reason for its being, it surely is Gothic Architecture. In this respect it is akin to the restlessness and variety of nature in its attempts to manifest the soul of the universe. This boundless freedom of choice and combination of general forms and minute details applies to its constructive being. The religious instinct, when pure and simple, either in prayer or material aspiration, inevitably looks upward, but with bowed head, as best befits man before his Maker. Hence, as in Gothic Architecture, it chooses perpendicular lines whereby to express its yearning, singly, or in gradually drawing together masses, as the spire externally lost in the blue of the sky, or internally in pointed arches, whose nice junctions are hidden in the symbolical glories of the artificial heavens that they pierce, while bowing over and protecting the worshipper. Its whole force is given to express the longings of the man spiritual—a perpetual, unfulfilled, but never given-over, struggle to mount to those regions where alone supreme felicity is to be secured. Other styles attain their ideal repose. The objects of their creation being secured, nothing remains to hope or try for. Classical architecture seeks to reduce certain definite ideas to prescribed forms; hence its lavish use of limiting and confining lines. Gothic, on the contrary, tending to lose natural forms in spiritual ideas, seizes on those which suggest neither beginning nor end; their unseen foundations pointing to an endless downwards, as their scarcely perceptible tops do to an endless upwards; each a suggestion of the possible immortal condition of the human soul, according as it rejects or receives the religion placed tangibly before it in the intermediate sanctuary."

A LIFE OF GOOD WORKS.

It is seldom that a woman is placed in a situation to test her business faculty and management of affairs. Those qualities are from the constitution of society called into action almost exclusively in the pursuits of men; and women, though they save their husband's money by household economy, and occasionally administer the funds of charities, rarely go beyond that limited sphere. An instance is before us, however, which shows that a woman may prove as judicious and successful in expending money for public uses as any of the other sex. Miss BURDETT COUTTS has done so much in the cause of humanity that we know our readers will be interested in a short sketch of her life and her benefactions. Many of the facts are quoted from a recent article in the *New York Observer*.

"Coutts's Bank" is one of the celebrities of London. It was started about 1760 by John Coutts, a Scotchman, and has ever since remained in the family. It is confined strictly to the receiving and safe keeping of money.

"It does not advance moneys on securities, or enter the lists on Government loans, or speculate in the funds, or dabble in foreign securities, or purchase post-obits. It is simply a bank of deposit. It is the agent of no Government, the referee of no corporation, the guarantor of no enterprise, the backer of no capitalists. The fact that it stands aloof from all schemes of money-making gives it speciality. In England there are thousands of men, parsons, country squires, gentlemen of leisure, besides the landed aristocracy, who, inheriting wealth and fearing speculations, have large sums of money lying idle. All this is paid in at Coutts's. Outside of the Consolidated Funds (Consols) it is, perhaps, the only place in the United Kingdom where an Englishman feels that his money is perfectly safe."

Thomas Coutts had a life prolonged far beyond the usual span of human existence. His wife died when he was eighty-four, leaving three daughters, all of them married; two to noblemen, and the youngest, Sophia, to Sir Francis Burdett. Three months after his wife died the old man married the beautiful actress, Miss Mellon. His family greatly

disapproved of the match, and for a time all intercourse was broken off between the daughters and their father. He died at ninety-one, bequeathing every farthing to his wife, who became by his will the richest dowager in England.

A reconciliation ensued between the mother-in-law and her daughters, and four years after old Thomas's death, Mrs. Coutts married the Duke of St. Albans. Angela Georgiana, the youngest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, became her step-grandmother's great stay and prime favorite, and when the duchess died in 1837, she left the girl sole legatee of her grandfather's vast estate.

"Miss Burdett, or, as she has since been known, Miss Burdett Coutts, became, then, at the age of twenty-three, the richest heiress in England. There is no doubt she is so still, for the business at Coutts's ever increases. She has persistently declined all offers of marriage, more than one of which was pre-eminently eligible. Into no more bountiful lap was wealth ever poured. Steadily, for three-and-thirty years, neither diverted by love of commendation nor chilled by love of self, this estimable woman, without parade or ostentation; quietly, lovingly, has done God's work, asking no praise but His. She writes no letters about her intentions. The trustees of her charities are not persons of mark. Newspapers are never used to announce her gifts. She makes no holocaust of begging-letters, and then proclaims it to the world. In fact, though the income, it is said, of more than £3,000,000 is distributed annually in charity by Miss Burdett Coutts, very little of details are known. She has erected and endowed churches in destitute places, endowed bishoprics in Adelaide, Cape Town, and British Columbia; supported missions among the aborigines of the Antarctic Islands, furnished funds for Sir Henry James's topographic survey of Jerusalem, established 'common schools for teaching common things' to girls, in various parts of the three kingdoms, and sent many shiploads of emigrants to Australia. When the Cape Clear Islanders were starving for food, she supplied it; when Spitalfields was a mass of destitution, she organized the Industrial Schools and induced Government to give them contracts, which are to-day the life of that vast pen of weavers; and when Nova Scotia gardens were reeking with fumes from gin-shops and rum-slums, it was her money that purchased the property, erected lodging-houses and a market-place, and converted an idle and drunken population into one of the thriftiest in the suburbs of London."

The spectacle of a life employed in vast yet unostentatious charities is one which cannot be too strongly commended to all women who find emptiness and triviality in their present pursuits, and are seeking blindly for something better. Miss Coutts has every temptation to a life of pleasure and selfish expense. Society and the world were at her feet. But with a steady determination, which owed nothing to impulse and nothing to desire of notoriety, she has devoted her life and her wealth to the relief and instruction of the needy. We see that in a recent meeting of a Ladies' Club at Delmonico's, in New York, the address states that the members "have not yet decided upon a definite object or set of objects to the attainment of which they could give their energies, and they begin to realize the want of a motive, apart from themselves, to quicken them into permanent and useful activity." We contrast with this confession the record of such a life as Miss Coutts's, regulated throughout by one unswerving aim, and that the noblest possible to a human being; and we ask our readers whether, in a world so full of sorrow and suffering, there can ever be wanting, to those who sincerely desire to make anything out of their lives, the means and the opportunity? The unhealthy desire to enter upon the peculiar province of men would surely disappear, if women realized how great and pressing is their own appointed work, both at home and in the dwellings of the poor.

CLASSES IN COOKERY.

WHETHER the example set by Mons. Blot has sent its influence across the Atlantic, or whether some other cause has been at work, does not appear; but it seems that ladies' classes for cookery are in some places becoming quite the fashion. In Edinburgh, it is stated, such classes are greatly in vogue. Several of the principal confectioners of the city are advertising "cooking classes," and have large kitchens and bakeries fitted up for the purpose. At first, we are told, these classes were attended chiefly by such young ladies as might expect to make personal use of their knowledge when they became wives and mothers; but recently the fashion has spread among the highest classes. "Dainty damsels of the unimpeachable 'upper ten' put off their silk attire, their rings and ornaments, and, donning linen dresses and white aprons, become for the nonce amateur cooks. One confectioner, it seems, goes the length of having blouses prepared for his students, exactly similar to the costumes worn by eccentric artists."

There are several cities in the United States larger than Edinburgh, and there must be a great many families in them, especially those living in hotels and boarding-houses, whose daughters will have little opportunity of acquiring that practical knowledge of cookery which every mistress of a household should possess. In these cities, such "cooking classes," if properly conducted, by intelligent, well-trained instructors or instructresses, with good aptitude for teaching, could hardly fail to be successful and useful. We do not see why the teachers should necessarily be men. The writers of some of the best works on cookery, from Mrs. Glass to our own day, have been women; and an accomplished lady, who was also an accomplished cook, could probably teach pupils of her own sex many things in regard to the more delicate and tasteful details of kitchen and dining-room management, which would escape the ken of masculine genius. Will not some of our countrywomen try the experiment?

NOTES AND NOTICES.

A CORRECTION.—In the article entitled "The Two Educations," which appeared in our April number, some errors of the press marred one of the sentences. We are requested to correct them, and do so, by repeating the sentence (or a portion of it) in its proper shape; the more willingly that it gives an opportunity of drawing attention to the useful study spoken of, which may well be called "the science of common things," and which, we fear, is apt to be neglected in our schools and colleges for more showy acquisitions. The author of the article spoke, or intended to speak of this, as being—

"The most important science of all, CHEMISTRY—which may be called the true household science—which, in its different branches of organic and inorganic chemistry, illustrates every department and appliance of our daily life, the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the houses we build, our medicines, our farms, our gardens—this wonderful science, which in its study of equivalents has the analytic precision of algebra, and in its experimental processes is as interesting as the Arabian Nights—this science of such transcendent usefulness, that it well deserves to be called the queen of studies," etc. etc.

In the body of the magazine for this month will be found President Raymond's answer to the article. If our readers have by them the April number, we recommend that the two articles be read successively.

PROVIDE FOR YOUR DAUGHTERS.—A popular writer has given good counsel on this point:—

"It is a question with some, whether a father

ought to lay up as much for daughters as for sons. Formerly, fathers used to make a difference of one-half in favor of the sons, and sometimes more; but I could never see the reason of it, though it made no difference with us whose parents were poor. I think I could show reasons why daughters, where the estate is not large, ought to have the preference, if either. They are more dependent than sons. Their brothers have the world before them. They can go where they will and there are a thousand ways in which they can earn an honest living. Not so the daughters. Neither their physical constitutions nor the usages of well regulated society will allow it."

THE WORKING WOMEN OF FRANCE.—Among the Protestant Christians of France the education of girls has been established, as we learn from the following letter:—

"* * * * *
A zealous member of the Free Church with the aid of some others belonging to the same communion, as well as to our National Church, has established classes for the instruction of young women who are employed in factories. This enterprise, which seemed at the start to offer such great obstacles, has been crowned with abundant success.

"More than four hundred young people have applied to have their names enrolled as pupils, and they attend the lessons with the greatest regularity. Some are only twelve years old; others are from twenty-five to thirty years old. They learn reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic, so necessary for women in the management of a household; sacred music, etc.

"What a privilege for a nation to possess women who unite to Christian piety intellectual culture. A celebrated writer once said, 'The civilization of a people depends in a great measure upon the education of mothers'—and it is very true."

THE U. S. Pharmaceutical Association in session at Washington, lately, accepted Professor Herman Thomas, as delegate from the Philadelphia Women's College.

TILTON'S INITIAL STATIONERY.—We have just received a box of this stationery, and take great pleasure in adding our testimony to the popular approval of its nice quality. The box contains two or three quires of paper, stamped with an initial, some ruled and some plain, with envelopes to match. Families in the country who have no stationery store near them, will find in this box all they want, in the newest style of stamping. The box is sent for \$1, post-paid, to any part of the country. Apply to Tilton & Co., Boston, Mass.

Tilton's *Journal of Horticulture* is another enterprise of the firm, whose appearance and typography are models for American publishers. It has become the standard magazine for farmers, gardeners, and country gentlemen, and its pages are interesting to all. The variety of its subjects and the number of its contributors guarantee that no one will find his hobby neglected.

THE new postage stamps are now doubtless in our readers hands. We have been groaning for many months under a sort which looked like pieces of calico, and were as likely as not to be put on upside down. Now we have a large, firm "head," which looks capable of guarding the secrets confided to its keeping. We hope all our national changes will be as decided improvements.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—These articles are accepted: "Under the Snow"—"The Death of the Dew"—"Disarmed"—"When Thou art Absent"—"The Spring Snow Storm"—"My Garden Fair"—"Silence"—and "Stella."

The following are declined: "Two Dates"—"The Happy Land"—"Weep not for the Dead"—"Friendship" and "The Song of the Sun" (both destroyed).

Anne W. Everdell, Ripon, Wis. Returned your M.S., and wrote you, January 21. Letter was returned to us indorsed "Unclaimed."

Mary S. Eames, of Warren, R. I. Wrote you, February 23, 1870, about your M.S. Letter returned "Unclaimed."

Here are two instances, added to many others, where we have taken the time and trouble, and wasted post-office stamps to write to authors, and the letters were returned to us "Unclaimed."

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

BY DR. CHARLES F. UHLE.

CHILDREN AND WARM WEATHER.

THE special liability of children to sickness during the hot, oppressive weather of our summer months is becoming to be almost proverbial. Nurses attribute to this season a horrible list of local and constitutional disturbances, mothers express most sincere apprehensions as it draws near at hand, and medical men are continually holding forth to anxious parents the expectation that their children will enjoy better health "when the weather gets a little cooler." Indeed, it cannot be denied the summer months are a time of more than ordinary danger to our little ones, and especially to those under eighteen months or two years of age. Statistics, taken both in this country and in Europe, prove that mortality among mankind is greater at this particular time, and under these particular circumstances, than at any other period of life. And, surely, when the epoch is passed, and our little ones safely launched into the years of adolescence, we have "unbounded reasons" for congratulation and good cheer.

But much may be done in the way of warding off the dangers which surround and threaten our children at this critical period. Good care, judicious management, and a moderate display of common reason, will carry many through that would inevitably succumb under the ordinary system of manipulation. It is a lamentable fact, yet one that cannot be denied, that, as a general rule, our children do not receive the care and attention they ought to receive. Parents repeatedly leave undone many little, but important, things which they ought not to leave undone, and repeatedly commit errors which, it seems, their good judgment ought to guard them against. But we cannot lay it to indifference or to lack of interest towards the matter; for what father or mother is there, who is not lost to all sense of respect or duty, that does not perform every act of kindness and attention towards their offspring willingly and to the best of their knowledge and ability? Not one. And here is where the trouble lies. If they knew more, if they would inform themselves more upon the actual requirements of infantile life and nature, if they would listen to advice, be less self-conceited and more observing, their children might be spared many of the ashes and ills of this life, and "stand a better chance" to escape the many corporeal and constitutional disorders that hurry them to their untimely graves.

Children die now-a-days, in far the greater number of instances, not because their lamp of life is wanting in any of its essential parts, but because its action is so smothered by foreign and incongruous elements that it cannot burn. They die, because they are not given a chance to live. And it need not be; for God has abundantly endowed us with reason, and understanding, and power—in a measure—to guard and protect them on their journey. It is

a duty that we owe to God and to man to give our offspring every advantage of a sound and vigorous constitution that the light of modern science and investigation can afford. And he who fails to do so, he who locks his mind against such information as would better enable him to accomplish this object, commits truly as great a sin against God as though he breaks his ten commandments, or shuts his eyes to their moral teachings.

Children during the summer months require most sedulous attention. There are a thousand things that must be attended to in order to protect and maintain their health. It is really a clever task to take in hand a young child at this season, and successfully combat the many ills and evils that assail it. Very few parents are equal to it—we might say very few professional nurses. Yet, after all, it is not so serious an undertaking as it looks to be. The whole secret of success lies in the simple fact of *knowing what to do, and how to do it*. The following hints upon the subject will undoubtedly prove of assistance to many:—

The first thing of importance that should be attended to is the child's apparel, which should be light and easy, and yet not so thin as to expose it to the changes of the weather. A thin flannel covering for the chest and bowels should be worn at all times, with the addition of other clothing as circumstances may require. The arms and neck should not be uncovered, except in the warmest weather, and then only during the heat of the day. This may seem to many mothers an *over nice* precaution, but says a distinguished physician upon this subject:—

"I actually believe that during the twenty years that I have practised my profession, twenty thousand children have been carried to their untimely graves, a sacrifice to this absurd practice. Put the bulb of a thermometer in a baby's mouth, and the mercury rises to ninety degrees. Now carry the same to its little hand. If the arms be bare, and the evening cool, the mercury will sink to fifty degrees. Of course, all the blood that flows through these arms must fall from ten to forty degrees below the temperature of the heart. Need I say, when those currents of blood flow back to the heart, the child's vitality must be more or less compromised? And need I add that the frequent recurring colds, and coughs, and lung diseases are not to be surprised at? I have seen more than one child with habitual irritation in the throat and hoarseness entirely and permanently relieved by the simple measure of keeping the hands, and arms, and shoulders warm."

Next to clothing should be the attention to the child's apartments. The rooms occupied by it should be well ventilated by the admission of fresh air once or twice each day, and kept at all times as free from obnoxious odors as possible. Chloride of lime or soda should occasionally be used as a disinfectant. As regards the child's diet, there is but one word to be said; it should invariably be of the lightest and most digestible nature. Infants under one year, whose mothers are not lactescent, should have a wet nurse. If this is *out of the question*, milk ought still to be its only food, and that to be prepared as follows: Boil a teaspoonful of barley (ground in a coffee mill, or take prepared barley) with a teaspoonful of water for fifteen minutes, to which add a little salt; to this add an equal amount of boiled cow's milk (goat's milk is the best if it can be obtained) and a lump of loaf-sugar; give it to the child lukewarm from a nursing-bottle. The tube and bottle to be kept in water when not in use, and frequently washed. Until six months old, children should not be fed oftener than once every two or three hours over six months, five times in twenty-

four hours. If the child is inclined to be costive, use oat-meal gruel, strained before it is mixed with the milk. When the bowels are loose, as they often are from the irritation of teething and other causes, a few drops of paregoric or laudanum may be advantageously added to the food if there be no contraindications.

In instances where the child is partly nursed, a small amount of food prepared as above may be given alternately with the mother's milk every three or four hours, as circumstances indicate. Beef tea or beef soup in limited quantities is often given with decided benefit where the child is more than ordinarily feeble. When sixteen or eighteen months old, the child may be allowed to suck the juice of rare-done beefsteak, but under no consideration should children under this age be permitted to partake of the miscellaneous diet of the table. Parents frequently commit unpardonable error in this respect, and we cannot too fully impress upon their minds the importance of guarding against it. Fruits of all kinds, nuts, and confectionery must also be strictly prohibited. Such things should be unknown to children till they are at least able to digest them.

We would farther advise that the child be exercised in the open air by means of a carriage or other suitable vehicle. Air and sunlight are as essential to the healthy growth and development of the young as proper care and good nourishment, and no child will prosper well without them. In the early part of the day, as soon as the dew is from the grass, and before the sun has become oppressively warm, is the most suitable time for this purpose. The little one can then enjoy its ride without the exhaustion from the heat that ensues from exposure during the middle of the day. Young children should not be exposed to the direct rays of the sun during the warm weather of summer. It greatly disposes them to convulsions and other affections of the brain and nervous system. Many a bright little one has been mortally injured through the thoughtlessness of parents and nurses in this respect. But here we must close. There are other points that deserve notice, but our space does not permit.

Literary Notices.

From CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

THE POETICAL WORKS OF DAVID BATES. Edited by his son, Stockton Bates. The recent death of Mr. David Bates has been followed by the collection of his poems into a volume. Mr. Bates' poetry possesses sterling merit. Many of his poems, fugitive and unclaimed, have drifted about over the sea of literature for years, always popular, because they touched some chord of the human heart.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—
THE MACDERMOTS OF BALLYCLOLAN. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. This book, one of Mr. Trollope's earlier works, gives a sad, yet apparently truthful, picture of life among the Irish poor a generation ago. The novel is inferior in point of interest and excellence to his later efforts.

THE YOUNG WIFE'S COOK-BOOK: with Receipts of the Best Dishes for Breakfast, Dinner, and Tea. By the author of "The National Cook-Book." An excellent book of thoroughly tested receipts, which will prove highly satisfactory to the novice in cooking.

A MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE. By Mrs. Grey. The Messrs. Peterson have begun the republication

of the exceedingly popular works of Mrs. Grey, and the volume before us is the first of the series.

THE BANISHED SON; and Other Stories of the Heart. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

LINDA; or, The Young Pilot of the Belle Creole. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

RENA; or, The Snow Bird. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

These three volumes conclude, we believe, the series of Mrs. Hentz's works. "Linda" contains a biography of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, never before published.

From THE REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Philadelphia:—

THE ADVENTURES OF LEO REMBRANDT. From the German of Franz Hoffman. By Lewis Henry Steiner.

THE STORY OF FATHER MILLER. Written for his young friends by Franz Hoffman. Translated by Lewis Henry Steiner.

THE STORY OF THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER. Written for his friends by Franz Hoffman. Translated by Lewis Henry Steiner.

We have here three volumes intended for the use of Sunday-Schools, translated from the works of Hoffman, one of the most popular as well as voluminous of German juvenile writers.

HOLIDAY STORIES: Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, Ascension, Whitsuntide. Translated by R. H. Schively.

EASTER EGGS. A Story Written for Children. By Christoph Von Schmid. Translated by Lewis Henry Steiner.

Two more pretty volumes translated from the German, belonging to a Sunday-School library.

From DAUGHADAY & BECKER, Philadelphia:—
HEART PROBLEMS. By Lydia W. Stephens. This volume contains many poems of real merit, which will be read and appreciated by all true lovers of the beautiful in the ideal and the sentimental. Their author, as yet comparatively unknown to fame, promises to achieve a position in the world of literature.

From THE AMERICAN OPERA PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia:—

CROWN DIAMONDS. Romantic Opera in Three Acts. Composed by D. F. E. Auber. Containing Text, Overture, and Principal Music, as performed by English Grand Opera Companies. Edited by Geo. Tryon, Jr.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE LIFE OF BISMARCK: Private and Political, with Descriptive Notices of his Ancestry. By John George Louis Hesketh, author of "Faust and Don Juan," etc. Translated and Edited, with an Introduction, Explanatory Notes, and Appendices, by Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, F. S. A., F. A. S. L. There is scarcely a man in the political world who stands out so prominently as the Count Von Bismarck. Having risen from comparative obscurity to the position of ruling spirit and representative, even more than its king, of a powerful and aggressive nation, he exemplifies the well-known adage that "truth is stranger than fiction." This biography, which is full and complete, is a large octavo of nearly five hundred pages, and is liberally illustrated by beautiful and spirited engravings, made from designs by the best German artists.

SELF-HELP; with Illustrations of Character, Conduct, and Perseverance. By Samuel Smiles. This is

a revised edition of a book which is already well known to the American as well as the English reader.

THE BAZAR BOOK OF DECORUM. Treating of the care of the person, manners, etiquette, and ceremonials. There are certain persons who sneer at books of this class. But it is only a superficial study of the matter that leads to this. We would recommend the "Bazar Book of Decorum" to the reader. "The faithful study of it," to quote from an excellent authority, "will not make him a gentleman, but it will show him what well-bred gentlemen and ladies do under certain circumstances."

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN SCUDDER, M. D., Thirty-Six Years Missionary in India. By Rev. J. B. Waterbury, D. D. Doctor Scudder, so long and so well known by his faithful service as a missionary in India, is a character of especial interest to all who have the cause of missions at heart. His life was rich in incidents and experiences, and this record of it will be sought for and eagerly read.

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS. By an Old Boy. New edition. With illustrations by Arthur Hughes and Sidney Prior Hall. We are glad to see this excellent work reprinted. It has already become one of the modern classics, and the coming generation should not be deprived of the opportunity to read it.

DEBENHAM'S VOW. By Amelia B. Edwards, author of "Barbara's History," etc. An entertaining story by one of the most popular of modern English novelists.

BAFFLED; or, Michael Brand's Wrong. By Julia Goddard, author of "Joyce Dormer's Story," etc. Illustrated.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE. A Sequel to "Home Influence." By Grace Aguilar.

THE VALE OF CEDARS; or, The Martyr. By Grace Aguilar.

In the spirit which is animating our publishers for the reissuing of old books, we are glad to see so many really worthy publications reprinted. Among these may be classed Grace Aguilar's works, works which are characterized by beauty of style and purity of sentiment. The second volume mentioned above contains a memoir of Miss Aguilar.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. This deservedly handsome monthly keeps up its popularity. It gives a large portion of Dickens' new novel every month, besides several others by popular authors. The new novel by the author of the "Dodge Papers" promises well. The illustrations are admirable.

THE FIRST BOOK OF BOTANY, Designed to Cultivate the Observing Powers of Children. By Eliza A. Youmans. This book, intended for the youngest scholars, introduces the beginner to the study of botany by the direct observation of vegetable forms. The volume is profusely illustrated, and the style and language plain and simple. It is an admirable work, and we can heartily recommend it.

CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES ON THE GAL-LIC WAR; with Explanatory Notes, a Copious Dictionary, and a Map of Gaul. By Albert Harkness, LL. D., Professor in Brown University. This edition of "Cæsar's Commentaries" is intended to follow the "Latin Reader," and to conduct him to a higher knowledge of the power and use of the Latin tongue.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS; or, The Lady and the Lawyer. A Novel. By Marmion Savage, author of "The Bachelor of the Albany," etc.

A RACE FOR A WIFE. By Hawley Smart, author of "Breezie Langton."

These two books belong to Appleton's "Library of Choice Novels," and will be found entertaining reading.

From CARLETON & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

HELEN GARDNER'S WEDDING DAY; or, Colonel Floyd's Wards. A Battle Summer. By Marion Harland, author of "Alone," etc. "Helen Gardner's Wedding Day" is one of the most brilliant and fascinating of Marion Harland's romances. The plot is well conceived, the characters well drawn and life-like, and the story full of incidents bordering almost on the sensational. This lady never writes anything inferior—anything but what is well worth reading, as the patrons of the LADY'S BOOK know. "A Battle Summer" is a shorter but not less entertaining story.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

WONDERS OF ITALIAN ART. By Louis Vianot. This volume belongs to Scribner's "Illustrated Library of Wonders." The information it contains will prove both useful and entertaining to all who take an interest in art matters. There are numerous illustrations giving representations of paintings by the old Italian masters.

From WOOD & HOLBROOK, New York, through CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HOFFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

TALKS TO MY PATIENTS; Hints on Getting Well and Keeping Well. By Mrs. R. B. Gleason, M. D. This book is intended especially for the use of women, wives and mothers, and treats in a thorough yet delicate manner of all the troubles, cares, and diseases to which they are subject. Written by a woman for women, we do not hesitate to say it is the best book of its class we have yet seen.

From the NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND PUBLICATION HOUSE, New York:—

TOM BLINN'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, and Other Tales. By T. S. Arthur. Mr. Arthur is one of the most earnest advocates of temperance, and the stories from his pen, collected in this volume, are of a character that cannot fail to be productive of good.

From CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through ALFRED MARTIN, Philadelphia:—

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD. Vol. III. and IV. By Rev. William Hanna, D.D., LL. D. We have noticed already the first two volumes of this sterling commentary. Doctor Hanna's style is easy and clear, and his long stay in Palestine invests his descriptions and narrative with a local color like that of Dean Stanley. The third volume carries the reader to the close of Christ's ministry, and the fourth is devoted to the Passion Week. The series is beautifully printed and substantially bound.

BUSY BEES. By the author of "Squire Downing's Heirs," etc. This is a continuation of "Margaret Russell's School," which many of our young readers will remember. The school determines to assist a Home for Destitute Children by sewing and collecting money, and meets for this purpose every Wednesday evening, when Margaret reads a story to lighten the labor. What the stories were, and what was the result of the meetings, we will leave the book to tell.

HERBERT PERCY. By L. A. Moneriff. A simple and touching story of a boy's school and

home life. The character of little Cecil, and the effect of his sweetness and affectionate nature upon his brother, is described with a power which raises the work far above the level of an ordinary "Sunday-School book."

LILY'S LESSON. By Joanna Mathews. The authoress of the "Besie Books" is writing a series of stories on the Commandments. This is meant especially to illustrate the fifth. It is the history of a little girl who learned to honor her father and mother by the trouble which came upon her from disobedience. It is beautifully bound and printed, and Besie's friends will be glad to hear of a new book by their favorite writer.

From **LORING**, Boston, through **TURNER BROTHERS**, Philadelphia:—

MARION BERKLEY: A Story for Girls. By Laura Claxton. Illustrated by the author. This is "a simple story of a schoolgirl's life; its fun and frolic; its temptations, trials, and victories." But it is well told, and the writer invests the bread-and-butter period of existence with a charm that will make her book welcome wherever it goes.

BEN, THE LUGGAGE BOY; or, Among the Wharves. By Horatio Alger, Jr., author of "Ragged Dick," etc. An interesting and profitable story for boys, teaching them that honest industry is always sure to thrive.

HOWARD PAUL'S JOKES. A collection of witty and humorous anecdotes, and poetry, jests, and puns.

From **NICHOLS & NOYES**, Boston, through **CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAPPELVINGER**, Philadelphia:—

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GALILEO. Compiled principally from his correspondence, and that of his eldest daughter, Sister Maria Celeste, nun in the Franciscan convent of St. Matthew, in Arcetri. We have here a memoir of one of the most remarkable men of the memorable era in which he lived. The book is quaintly written, and not only gives a history of the life of the eminent philosopher, but affords us an insight into convent life early in the seventeenth century.

From **PATRICK DONAHUE**, Boston, Mass.

STUDIOUS WOMEN. From the French of Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. Translated by R. M. Phillimore. One of the most significant facts of the day is that the leading minds throughout the civilized world are beginning to awaken to the fact that women need and must have a larger liberty of education and of employment than heretofore. It seems that a certain M. de Maistre has made public a series of letters to his daughters, treating of "the humble destiny of women here below," in the course of which he gravely announces that "the great fault of a woman is to be like a man, and to wish to be learned is to wish to be like a man." The utmost that he will allow them is in "matters of common knowledge to listen to men, and to endeavor to understand what they do." Monseigneur Dupanloup has in this little volume uttered a brave and noble protest against these and kindred ideas of M. de Maistre, and while he declares his belief in the superior intellectual capacity of women, would allow and urge upon them to cultivate their talents to the utmost. The book is a generous defence of the education of women; and, coming from the source it does, it ought to command the attention of all who take any interest in this important subject.

APPEAL TO CHRISTIAN YOUNG WOMEN. More particularly addressed to the society of "Christian Mothers," and to the congregation of "Children

of Mary." Translated from the French of Madame Marie de Gentelles, by Miss Sue Blakely.

REVIEWS AND PAMPHLETS.

From **LEONARD SCOTT & Co.**, New York:—

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW: Jan., 1870.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW: Jan., 1870.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW: January, 1870.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW: January, 1870.

The quarterlies for January contain a number of interesting articles. The *Edinburgh's* criticism upon Mr. Froude's last volumes is an able and judicious one. The account of Swift from the *North British* is, to our mind, far more temperate and just than the famous criticisms of Thackeray and Macaulay. And the article in the *London Quarterly* upon "The Byron Mystery" is brilliant and powerful. The *Westminster* contains its usual excellent book review.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE: January—April, 1870. We should miss our *Blackwood* woefully if it ever failed to come to hand in its appointed time. Two stories are running in it—"John," by Mrs. Oliphant, and "Earl's Dene." Cornelius O'Dowd is a regular contributor; and various interesting articles have seen the light in its well-known pages since the year began. We congratulate the American publishers on the continued success of their reprint.

From **PROF. J. M. LEAVITT:**—

THE AMERICAN QUARTERLY CHURCH REVIEW: April, 1870. The article most likely in this number to attract the attention of readers is that upon "Church Music," where the subject is ably handled; and another upon "Rome and her Council." The printing and general appearance of the *Quarterly* is very creditable, and it has taken rank among the best magazines of its denomination.

From **DOCTOR JOHN P. GRAY**, SUPERINTENDENT STATE LUNATIC ASYLUM, Utica, New York:—

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF INSANITY: April, 1870. This excellent Quarterly appears with its usual array of interesting articles. The first article is devoted to one of those murder trials which turn upon the sanity of the accused. The connection of mind and body is well shown by Dr. Richardson; and Sir James Clark gives a most interesting account of the treatment of the insane in Europe and America. Dr. Gray's magazine has become necessary to all who are interested in the restoration of sanity to the diseased mind.

From **KING & BAIRD**, Printers:—

MARY BLAIN AND HAZEL DELL; and Other Poems. By J. De Haven White, M. D., A. M. Our townsman, Dr. White, at the request of his numerous friends, has printed this handsome volume of his characteristic poetry. Our want of space forbids extracts; but we should select "Don't be Afraid" and the opening piece as verses suggested by the author's daily life, and appealing directly to all who have seen him in his swift morning ride, or, better still, soothing a frightened child into submission to the hand that "soothes her lingering pain." The portrait opposite the title-page will add greatly to the value of the book in the eyes of the author's many friends.

From **HENRY C. LEA**, Philadelphia:—

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D., assisted by I. Minis Hays, M. D. April, 1870.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

JULY, 1870.

GETTING on to the half hundred. This is the first number of the *forty-first* year of the *LADY'S BOOK*. But a few fleeting years will bring the *LADY'S BOOK* up to its golden wedding number, *fifty* years—a history of publishing unparalleled in this glorious Union. The same hand, always at the helm, has guided our good ship through the quicksands of panics and the rocks of suspension up to the present time; and the editor feels that there is still work in him for that coveted nine years, and, perhaps, in God's providence, for many more. Can any one say that the *Book* does not continue to improve in its editorial, pictorial, and literary merits? We give the best fiction of any of the magazines, and our receipts, our cottages, our drawing patterns are all useful, and are fully appreciated by God's best gift to man—woman. Some of our departments are not found in any other magazine. Thanks for the support we receive from all parts of our own country, and from those across the great ocean.

We make the following extract from a letter relative to an advertisement in our *Book*: "Thinking you would never insert an advertisement unless you knew the article to be good is my excuse for troubling you." Does the writer suppose that the publisher of a newspaper or magazine enters into the merits of every advertisement: tries every bed, sewing machine, mangle, piano, and washing machine; tastes every medicine, and tests every perfume advertised? Might as well expect that the person who collects money in a church to know whether every note put in the plate was a good one or a counterfeit. This article is intended as a general notice to all who may entertain the same opinion as our lady writer.

OUR STEEL PLATE.—What memories does the sight of this picture recall! The happy hours spent in gathering the buttercup, and the joyous shouts of our companions come up before us, and we wish for the good old times again. Ah, there is but one but-tercup time to youth!

OUR old friends of the *Inquirer* and *North American* give us the following notices:—

The spring fashions are depicted in *GODEY'S* by means of a handsomely illuminated plate; an extension sheet of some two score engravings, each one representing some article of dress gotten up in the latest mode; a pattern sheet, and a dozen or so of wood-cuts. All that is worth knowing of the latest styles is therefore readily gleaned from this miniature gallery of pictures. There are also a number of other cuts not pertaining to dress. In the way of reading matter, the April number gives stories by the best and most popular of its contributors; these graceful narrations are interspersed with poems and sketches. For more substantial reading look to the "Editor's Table," "*Godey's Arm-Chair*," and "*Literary Notices*."—*Inquirer*.

We are deeply pained to see that some unsanctified knave has been swindling the citizens of Napoleonville, La., by representing himself as Richard Godey, a relative of L. A. If subscribers will only frame the portrait of the true Godey—as they may well do to embellish their homes—there will then be no chance for Richards to take the field with any prospect of success. Unless they do so, the inducements to deceive in this way are so many, on both personal and pecuniary grounds, that false prophets must be looked for in remote sections.—*North American*.

HON. WM. D. KELLEY.—We thank this gentleman for public documents.

GODEY'S ROCK AT WEST POINT.—Many years ago, on a bright sunny day, we were at West Point. A grand exhibition of flying artillery was the feature of the day. On the campus is a rock, or was, a tolerably high one; with some difficulty, owing to ad-verse, we clambered to the top, and were delighted with the lightning evolutions. Firing in one place, limbering up, and at full speed they would go from one place to another, unlimber, fire again, and off. It was splendid! But what was our horror—at a gallop they approached the rock upon which we were standing, unlimbered, and were proceeding to fire; that was enough for us; we fled, ingloriously fled, and, although it took us a long time to get up, our descent was so speedy that our coat tails stood out. The company were so amused that they could not fire. We mention the above fact to say that in that firing squad were Generals Sheridan, Warren, and McCook, with each of whom, then boy cadets, now deservedly great generals, have we had a hearty laugh over that adventure, which gave the above title to that rock.

FASHIONS.—There are a variety of dresses and toilet articles displayed on our colored fashion-plate and extension sheet this month, which must certainly afford gratification to our subscribers. There is also a plate of children's dresses.

THE *Hartford Courant* has employed a special commissioner to investigate the subject of politeness in street cars, and the result of his observations is stated thus: A car starts off down the street, having within ten ladies on one side sitting closely, yet comfortably, together, and ten men on the opposite side. Presently one lady gets out; the other nine unconsciously rise a trifle, shake their skirts, and the seat is full again. Further on another lady departs; the eight remaining go through the same process of rising, and, in a twinkling, the seat is still full. A short ride beyond, another lady steps out, leaving seven only, who, by the same sort of spreading, fill the seat again completely. Now enters a lady. On the ladies' side there are three persons less than when the car started, yet not one of the seven remaining moves. And so one of the men on the opposite side gives his seat to the new-comer and stands during the rest of the journey.

Philadelphia is just as bad. We have seen a gentleman give a woman—we will not call her a lady—a seat. Presently the person next to her would leave. Instead of asking the gentleman who was so polite to her to take the vacated seat, she gently spreads her skirts over the place and leaves him standing. We have some satisfaction in knowing that the thing begins to react, and ladies do not find the gentlemen quite as complaisant as they were.

PACKING A TRUNK.—Our readers will recognize in our original wood-cut illustration in the front of the *Book* the trials experienced in getting ready for a summer jaunt. The united efforts of the whole family have been called into requisition to strap down that trunk, which certainly appears large enough to contain more than is actually necessary; yet there appears to be something left out. The little hero seems to be pulling his pound, and we have no doubt that his *mife* will accomplish what is required.

COZZENS' WEST POINT HOTEL.—This glorious old hotel is now open. Good cheer, beautiful views, and short-coated cadets are a great attraction; the latter especially to the young ladies. Sylvanus T. Cozzens emphatically knows how to keep a hotel.

THE *Commercial Herald* of San Francisco is mistaken. The article referred to we cut from an exchange, and no credit was given to the *Overland Monthly*.

WE read some weeks ago a very sensible article in the Philadelphia *Ledger* entitled "Travelling in Europe." There is one thing it omits to mention—"Letters of Introduction"—very good things to have but bad to use. What reason have I to draw a draft as follows; "Mr. Dean Smith. Please sacrifice to the bearer, Jones, all your time for the next three days. Invite him to dinner, take him to the opera; no matter if your business is neglected, attend to Jones." After that is over Jones will not thank him, but supposes he is entitled to all these civilities, which he never means to repay. Suppose Smith should visit this country. He may call, and his reception will be somewhat in this style: "Ah! glad to see you; been to Fairmount yet? Easy to get there; take the Arch Street cars and they will land you at the spot. Sorry I can't go with you, as I am very busy. Wife is sick, or I would ask you to dinner." We took many letters of introduction and used but one, and that was to a correspondent of one of our papers. We saw him and liked him; he spent an evening with us, but we did not ask him to lose his time by going about with us; we could, with our courier, find our way everywhere. We called upon no consuls, attachés, or ministers; we had no business with them, and did not want to trespass upon their time.

An American will give a servant a dollar when a European will give half a franc, and formerly a servant was well satisfied with that, but Americans have spoiled the market. The shoddy and oil aristocracy are the offenders here. You can tell the ladies of the party at once by their exaggeration of dress. Why cannot Americans go about Europe quietly? Why do they try to impress every one with their wealth, and become the laughing stock of all sensible people?

"BED-TIME" and "THE ANGEL OF PEACE."—Large numbers of our subscribers are availing themselves of our offer to send these large and elegant steel engravings for \$1 each. The price of these pictures is \$2.50 each; but, by a special arrangement with the publishers, for the benefit of our subscribers, we are able to send them at \$1 a piece, mailed, on strong rollers, post-paid, to any part of the United States. This arrangement includes regular buyers of the *LADY'S BOOK* from newsdealers as well as those who subscribe by the year. If you want parlor pictures of great excellence and beauty for a mere nominal price, here is a rare chance. All who have received them are surprised and delighted at their richness. The English copy of "BED-TIME" sold for \$15, and the prints from the American steel are equal to the original. The price of "THE ANGEL OF PEACE" was \$8, and the copies we send are better than the English.

CANADA.

In conclusion, I beg leave to congratulate you on your success with the *LADY'S BOOK*. I look for it each month as for a valued friend; indeed, I think it is almost the only magazine that can be read with safety by young girls, as it contains nothing but what is pure, ennobling, and useful. That it may long continue in its present useful career is the sincere wish of
Miss M.

OUR NEW TWO CENT STAMP.—The vignette is said to be a portrait of Jackson, but it certainly has a stronger resemblance to Calhoun. The three cent stamp is green. We hope not arsenical green, for that is very dangerous; and as for the supposed likeness of Washington, what a libel! If Government cannot do better, or the association of bank-note engravers, we will undertake the business ourselves, and engage to produce better portraits.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for July.—Contents: Paddle your own Canoe, brilliant arrangement by Brinley Richards, which of itself will cost 50 cents when published separately. Waltz, from Weber's beautiful opera, Oberon. Beyond the Sunset, sweet sacred song. The Twilight Meeting, beautiful song by Coralie Bell. Guards March, easy and pretty. Price of the number only 40 cents. Send for a copy. Last three numbers, \$1, and three stamps for postage. Premiums of sheet music given. Address J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

New Sheet Music, from O. Ditson & Co., Boston.—The Garden Maid, floral song, Italian and English, 40 cents. God Bless You, by J. R. Thomas, 36. What Does it Matter to Met comic song, 30. I Know a Little Widow, 35. Welcome, my Bonnie Lad, 30. I Wandered by the Beech Tree, 30. Silvery Bells, illustrated, 50. Do I Love Thee? 40. Sleep, my Baby, Sleep, 35. He Loved me Once, 30. Oh, Hush Thee, my Baby, beautiful quartette, 60. Also, Luck is Up March, by Carl Faust, 30. International Boat Race Galop, spirited and pretty piece, by Mark Haaler, 50. Two Roses Polka Redowa, 30. Oriental March, Mollenhauer, 30. Florence Schottische, 35. Flashing Jewel Redowa, 30. Bachanallienne, brilliant Chauson a Boire, by Wells, 75. Bourree, study by Bach, 25. Grotto Polka, very pretty, by Turner, 30. Grand Army March, by same, fine martial piece, with handsome title-page, 40. Catalogues free. Address J. Starr Holloway, as above.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES:—

For ten years past we have been using in our establishment WHEELER & WILSON'S Sewing Machines, and also Sewing Machines of other manufacturers; and, after so many years, we have arrived at the conclusion that WHEELER & WILSON'S Sewing Machines are greatly superior to all others. All the parts of their mechanism are so strong that the expense for repairs is merely a trifle. Besides, they can execute a larger variety of sewing than all other machines. The simplicity of their mechanism makes the repairs easy, they do not tire the operator, and make very little noise in running. In a word, they cannot fail to be of great value to persons in want of Sewing Machines. SISTER DOROTHEA, Congregation of Notre Dame, Montreal.

We do not think that our esteemed and old friend will object to our publishing the following. We have had dealings with Mr. Willard for the last thirty years, and a more honorable man we have never met:—

TROY, N. Y.

I part with regret with such old periodicals as yours, I have been so used to see it come to my counter every month for years past, and knowing its contents to be such that I could always recommend to every lady, I shall miss it. So long as it continues to be as it now is and ever has been, I wish it may continue for ever.

Yours truly,

L. WILLARD.

"THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have instituted proceedings against George Holman for using his spurs on the Doctor's sides while endeavoring to win the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase, last month. The case will be heard at Liverpool next Monday."

If it was really a medical man the rider was using his spurs on we should not object; but as the Doctor was only the horse's name, it seems to us that the S. P. O. A. is going a little too far. They don't want spurring, it seems.

In the *Ledger* a lady advertises that she will take in washing.

A LONG-DESIRED BOOK.—Messrs. Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger have just issued a work that every housekeeper wants and ought to have. Ladies are apt to write valuable receipts for cooking, preserves, etc., on loose slips of paper, and often lose them, or cannot lay their hands upon them when wanted. Now here we have a book that will prevent all this. It is entitled "The Household Treasury," and it will deserve the name when filled as every good housewife can fill it. First we are presented with a handsome bound volume, having a gold vignette on its cover of a well-set dinner-table; then we have a department for soups, fish, meat, game and poultry, made dishes, oysters, salads, etc. etc.—twenty-two different departments, each with a handsome vignette. Now, ladies, we want you fully to understand what this book is intended for. It is for you to copy in your valuable receipts—new ones that you may get, and old ones that were in the house when you were at your mother's knee—each under its separate head. Now, is not this an excellent idea, and is it not a wonder that some one did not think of it before? The sale of this book ought to be immense, because, as we have said, every lady who has any idea of a well-provisioned table ought to have it. Let us offer a bit of advice. Don't lend it. If any body wants a receipt, let her come to your house and copy it. If loaned, you may not get it again; and, if you do, perhaps it will be terribly soiled.

WALTZING by a new name. A shoddy young lady surprised her mother on returning from a dance by saying that she enjoyed the "hugging set to music most bull-y." She had reference to waltzing, and why isn't that a good name for it?

A SENSATION IN THE FOOD MARKET.—No such sensation has been created in the food market during the present century as that occasioned by the introduction of the *new stuff of life* (for so it may be justly called), known as **SEA MOSS FARINE**. It is difficult to tell the truth about this extraordinary article of diet without being suspected of exaggeration. Prepared from a marine plant which grows spontaneously on the Irish coast, it is by all odds the cheapest species of sustenance ever offered to the masses; while the dishes prepared from it cannot be excelled, either for nutritious properties, epicurean flavor, or variety. The **SEA MOSS FARINE Co.**, 53 Park Place, who own the patent under which it is manufactured, are doing a business in this new edible equal to that of the most extensive flouring establishments in the country, and are now erecting new mills to supply the ever-increasing demand. From a 26c. package you can produce *sixteen quarts* of unsurpassable *Blanc Mange*, *Custard*, *Farina Cream*, *Jelly*, or *light Puddings*. Invalids and convalescents and the dishes made from it more delicious, digestible, and restorative than any dainties of the same class derivable from ordinary sources.

A CURIOUS CASE.—M. Dubarle, a judge of the Paris Court of Appeal, has just died from a very extraordinary cause. A few weeks ago, being in the country at Pomponne, where he has property, he attended the funeral of the mayor, and approached the brink of the grave to make an oration over the coffin. But emanations from the coffin of the mayor's wife, who had been buried some months before, so affected the judge that he fell down in a fainting fit. He never thoroughly recovered, and has now died from what is called "cadaverous poisoning."

THE Apex Sewing Machine for \$5. The vendor of this article, who hails from Broadway, N. Y., publishes an article purporting to be from the **LADY'S BOOK**, recommending it. No such article ever appeared in our magazine.

MARRYING ABROAD.—Probably there are good men in Rome; and report says that one of our New York belles has made a great match there, and is to marry not only the handsomest man in Italy, but one pure, and honorable, and Christian. But all such unions have a dark cloud in their horizon, and home life there is not what it is with us; nor is the record on the whole cheerful. Even in Germany and Switzerland, which are more like America, the wife is not regarded as with us, and the husband is master more than mate. I remember, years ago, in a New Hampshire village, having for a transient parishioner a lovely lady who had come with her child to be out of the reach of the stern Swiss husband who had won her from her princely American home to chill her by his cold despotism. Her face was one that might have been put into marble as an ideal nymph, such was the delicacy of feature and grace of expression. I thought of her last September, on a Sunday afternoon, as I rambled among the rich vineyards of Vevay towards the chateau to which she went, years before, as a blooming bride, and the terrace upon which she stepped amid all that profusion of flowers. That was her home, her palace; yet her prison. She could not bear it, and fled to her old American home for relief—not from wickedness or vice, I believe, but from coldness and tyranny. As I looked upon that chateau, and turned my face homeward, I thought that I would make some note of the experience, and advise American parents and daughters to be content with American husbands, and prefer modest comfort to the chance of splendid misery. Some prizes there are in that showy lottery; but the blanks are far more numerous and more emphatic, I am sure.—*Osgood.*

I CAN'T close my note without saying a few words about your charming **LADY'S BOOK**. I would not be without it another day, and would not give it for any two of the other magazines published.

Mrs. W. W. G.

RATHER hard on the poets. An article entitled the "Confession of a Murderer," concludes as follows:—

"Little confidence is placed in the statement of the prisoner, who writes poetry and shows other signs of weakness of mind."

A FASHIONABLE novelty is the Neapolitan bonnet, or rather headdress, as it is not made over a regular bonnet frame. It is for evening wear, the opera, or carriage, when making ceremonious calls, and at grand receptions. It is composed of a square lappet of black lace that extends over the chignon. A wreath of beautiful May roses is twined across the front, and vines of leaves, half-opened roses, and buds droop over the back.

A FEW days ago a widower took to himself a second wife, and started off on a bridal tour, but had not gone far ere he was taken into custody for the non-payment of the undertaker who officiated at his first wife's funeral. The bride's father, learning the situation of affairs, liquidated the bill, and sent the pair on their way rejoicing."

This is about equal to the German count who was arrested on the eve of his marriage with an American lady by his bootmaker. The bride's father in this case paid the bill.

A CLERGYMAN, in a recent sermon, in New York, quoted an anecdote of an old merchant who instructed his clerks: "When a man comes into the store and talks of his honesty, watch him; if he talks of his wealth, don't try to sell him; if he talks of his religion, don't trust him a dollar."

That old clergyman was about right. True religion, like charity, vaunteth not.

THE best anecdote we have heard about the late Dr. G— was this: The physician had a brother, a reverend. A lady one day said to the former: "I wish you was as good a man as your brother." "A great deal better, madam," was the reply; "he preaches, I practice."

THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

Now at this time, when Mr. Tennyson's last volume is in the hands of every one, it is interesting to learn all we can of the traditional history of the Holy Grail. A Welsh version of the Holy Grail was known in the reign of Henry I., and is mentioned in Lady Charlotte Guest's edition of the "Mabinogion," a collection of ancient Welsh legends and tales. The intense beauty and deep significance of the idea must have had a singular attraction in those unlettered ages, for we find the original conception adopted by all the poets of the time, not only in England, but in every land where literature was reviving, and where society was seeking to reform itself. Every age has its own forms of thought, and we soon find the simple belief in the Holy Grail passing into a highly elaborated romance, moulded to the pattern of chivalry.

Robert de Barron's "Roman du Saint Graal," written about 1180, in part at least is a translation of some Welsh or Latin version of the same story. Then we have, very little later, the "Queste," by Christian de Troyes, who commenced the "History of Lancelot of the Lake," the same being continued after his death by Godfrey de Ligny. In short, the literature of the Trouvères is full of the legends of the Sangreal.

The Germans adopted the idea, and clothed the story in the richest and most gorgeous imagery. A temple almost inaccessible, of extraordinary beauty and grandeur, was supposed to exist in Biscaya, wherein the sacred Grail was kept and guarded. The whole story became the favorite subject of the German rhymers; but, however the details may be elaborated, the traditional belief held good that the Holy Grail had been originally conveyed to England, and was for a time at the Castle of Carbonek, in possession of the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table.

In a German romance of the middle ages, called "Titirel," the following account is given: "A stone of inestimable value was made into a goblet by Joseph of Arimathea; this was the cup used in the Last Supper of Christ with his disciples. On this occasion it received miraculous powers, and in following years angels descended from heaven on every Good Friday to renew the sanctity of the wonderful cup. To be elected as one of the guardians of the Grail was the highest honor which could be attained by a knight in ancient times, but it demanded the greatest purity and nobility of character. For some ages none on earth was found worthy of this office, and therefore angels hovered in the air, bearing the precious cup, until the religious knight Titirel founded a Temple, and an order of Templars, for the preservation of the Grail, and was on a great mountain called Montsalvage."

Recently there was exhibited a very interesting picture of considerable merit, which took for its subject "The Castle of the Holy Grail." The artist, Count Kalkreuth, represented a mediæval castle on a solitary rock, high in mid air, surrounded by an amphitheatre of the grandest Pyrenean mountains. The mists of the valley shrouded the base; while the clouds of the air girdled this isolated peak, on which was poised the sacred temple, the object of hopeless aspiration.

The idea was admirably carried out, and it is to be regretted that the exhibition of the picture was not delayed another year; for then it was comparatively an obscure subject, whereas now the Holy Grail is a household word. Whatever criticisms may be passed—adverse or otherwise—before Tennyson's poem, yet we must all feel that in touching upon the Sangreal, he has, as it were, opened the door of some long closed chamber, where rich and rare relics of the past lie hid; they were there before, but the modern poet has touched them with his life-giving wand, and we behold them in a new light.

One of the earliest productions of Caxton's printing press was an edition of Sir Thomas Malory's romance, called the "Morte d'Arthur." This was in 1485, and from time to time the work has been republished. The last is called the Globe edition, 1868, and is well worth the perusal of every one interested in the Arthurian legends. Malory's romance is a compilation; he drew his materials, he says, "from old *gestes* (stories) in Welsh, and many also in French, and some in English." In some respects he departs from the original, but his work is a prose epic of great intrinsic merit. It is easy to see that in the "Idylls of the King" as in his later work, Mr. Tennyson has drawn his sources of in-

spiration from Sir Thomas Malory's compilation. The Sangreal forms an important part of Malory's prose works; he describes it as constantly appearing to the Knights of the Round Table; at least its presence is made evident, though it is not actually seen. In the old language they speak of the "achievement of the Sangreal."

It is impossible not to be attracted more and more as we inquire into this antique legend; its moral significance is as true now as it was in the days of the Celtic bards or in the age of chivalry. It is the something better, purer, nobler than ourselves, which draws us individually to aspire after a higher life.

There is a diversity of opinion as to the origin of the word or words Sangreal, for so it is generally written in the old books. Many persons maintain that it comes from the Latin *sanguis realis*, and the French *saint réal* (true blood). In the colophon or concluding paragraph of Caxton's edition of 1485 of Malory's "Joyous Booke entytled La Morte d'Arthur," he speaks of the "marvellous enquestes and adventures" of the knights in searching for the "Sang real." Others hold, and amongst them the learned critic Roquefort, that the words mean "holy cup." Grail, they say, comes from the Provençal *grazal*, and the Latin *gradalis*, a kind of dish.

At Bruges there is a chapel dedicated to the "true blood," some drops of which are supposed to be contained in a precious casket. But at Genoa they claim the actual possession of the Holy Grail; they call it the *sacro catino*, and their story is that it is a dish formed of a single emerald, and that the Queen of Sheba brought it as a costly present to King Solomon, and that later it was destined to hold the paschal lamb at the Last Supper. They consider it to be the same sacred cup that is identified with the name of Joseph of Arimathea, but according to their account it was brought thither by the Crusaders, it having formed part of the booty at the sack of Cressa in A. D. 1101. It was exhibited to the faithful, with great ceremony, twice a year, but may now be seen at any time on payment of a fee. Notwithstanding the jealous guardianship of the *sacro catino*, it was carried off by Napoleon, and discovered to be only a beautifully-made vessel of glass. It was brought back from Paris in 1815. It is interesting as an antique relic of remarkable workmanship; but we prefer to relegate the beautiful legend to the remote past, where its mythical proportions are best seen. I remember to have heard in my childhood a very graceful version of the existence of the Holy Grail. It was told me that where a rainbow touched the earth, there the sacred cup would be found, if the seeker reached the spot before the brilliant colors faded.

In the west of England there is a great deal of local interest connected with the legend of the Holy Grail and its many attendant beliefs.

It is well known that there is an old legend that Joseph of Arimathea came to Britain about A. D. 63, and that, landing in the Bristol Channel, he established himself in the "Isle of Avalon," of which the Laureate makes such frequent mention. At this place, which we now call Glastonbury, "he built with wattles from the marsh a little lonely church in days of yore." This spot has always been regarded with peculiar reverence; and in later times arose that magnificent abbey which was the glory of mediæval days, and is now one of the most picturesque ruins in England.

Tennyson speaks of

Glastonbury, where the winter thorn
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of our Lord.

Almost every one knows the tradition of the holy thorn. It was believed to have been the staff which St. Joseph brought from Palestine. Weary with his journey, he stuck it into the ground in the place which has ever since been called Weary-all Hill. The staff took root, grew, and ever after blossomed on Christmas day. Offshoots of what is believed to have been the original tree exist to the present time, and they actually do blossom twice a year—once in mid-winter.

Several mediæval writers say that Joseph of Arimathea brought the Holy Grail to Britain, viz., to Glastonbury; and Tennyson, adopting the idea, says, "and there awhile it bode."

The whole place teems with legendary associations. It is impossible not to see how Tennyson's mind has dwelt with loving interest on this spot. He describes the scenery with wonderful exactness, and shows his knowledge of the geological changes

which had left their mark on the old landscape. In the "Passing of Arthur," the king's last words are, "I go to the island-valley of Avilion," which lies

Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns,
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea;
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.

Here, at Glastonbury, tradition says, Arthur and his queen lie buried. The curious story of their remains having been found in the reign of Henry II. is a disputed chapter in history. Some people who doubt the existence of Arthur himself, naturally doubt the fact of his burial; but, say what we will, there are the ancient ruins of a beautiful abbey, and the scattered stones

We never tread upon, but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history.

OLD Lord John Russell utters good sense in the following. It was upon the subject of introducing Church of England worship in the schools. He says:—

"I am almost afraid to avow that I prefer the simple words of Christ to any dogmatic interpretation of them, whether taught by the Pope, by Luther, or Calvin; and subsequently he says, 'Men have endeavored to ascertain, by metaphysical research, whether the Son is of the same substance as the Father, whether the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father only, or from the Father and the Son. These are subjects upon which man may differ, and yet respect each other. But there are matters of infinitely more importance upon which the words of Christ are plain to all understandings. He taught his disciples to love one another. He taught them to pray to God to forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. He taught that, when the traveller was robbed and wounded, it was not the priest and Levite, but the heterodox Samaritan who relieved him. He pointed out that the Samaritan was neighbor to the wounded man. He said, 'Let those who love me obey my commandments.' These commandments are not dogmatical definitions of the nature of God, but clear and practical expositions of great truths.' And these and the like of them the noble earl would have taught in our schools, and not dogmas."

FOLLY OF FRETTING.—Two gardeners who were neighbors, had their crops of early peas killed by the frost. One of them came to condole with the other. "Ah," cried he, "how unfortunate! Do you know, neighbor, that I have done nothing but fret ever since! But, bless me, you seem to have a fine crop coming up; what are these?" "Why, these are what I sowed immediately after my loss." "What! coming up already?" said the fretter. "Yes," replied the other; "while you were fretting I was working."

EXTRACT from a foreign letter:—

"Patti has made an engagement for the United States with Maurice Strakosch, who introduced her to Europe, for next year, 1871; but it is said she desires to cancel it, for Russia offers the same terms—\$2000 a night for every season she chooses to come there. So I think it doubtful if you will see Patti in New York for some time to come."

We hope never at that price. Ristori took away \$300,000 with her. Nilsson proposes to come on her own hook. We hope she may be disappointed if she expects to realize \$2000 a night.

THERE were twins once, one a widow and the other married to a lawyer. A gentleman on a visit was invited to accompany the lawyer to court; finding it exceedingly hot there, he left, and, meeting the widow, and supposing her the wife of the lawyer, he exclaimed: "I feel sorry for your husband, madam; that is an awful hot place where he is confined." We don't know what reply the widow made.

WE don't believe this; but there is no knowing to what extremes fashion will go:—

"Hoops for the communion table, made so as to make the dress set gracefully on the kneeling figure, is the latest development of fashion."

ANSWERING LETTERS.—A correspondent writes in relation to a recent article in the *Ledger*, "How to Write a Letter," and wishes the editor to say something about "letter answering." Now, as we know our correspondent very well, and his manner of doing things epistolary, we can avouch that he is a very proper person to give counsel. He is always writing letters—not like Micawber, long epistles to persons present, but brief, pithy notes very much to the point. He answers letters as promptly as he would reply with his voice; and by the time he has gone through the reading of his mail, he has his answers ready to post. He does not hold with Napoleon the Great, that two-thirds of the letters received will answer themselves if you let them wait. But he agrees with the poet, "when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly."

People generally have not quite the same repugnance to letter answering that they have to murder, but most men do draw back from answering letters as they would from a cold shower-bath in January. Yet prompt replies to letters received are among the very best modes of "despatch of business." The conscience is relieved, the dread is off, the thing is done—well done, if done quickly. And there is no more acceptable compliment than an answer by return of mail, or return of messenger. One of the rules at sea is that the man called shall instantly answer, to show that he hears, and that he is ready to do. There is no room for question or delay, and business is finished up as it proceeds. By telegraph, in some very important matters, it is not unusual to have the message "repeated" or returned, to show that it is correctly transmitted.

Letters are not so expeditious—and, therefore, should be even more certain and satisfactory. Answer at once, and let your correspondent know that you have heard. No matter if you have only the nautical "Aye, aye, sir!" to give in reply. Post that. Many persons think that a letter requires time and consideration. So it may—but it requires but little time in any case to show that you have received a message, though the full answer may make delay necessary. While you are doing your work, your friend knows that you are at it.

Especially should notes covering remittances, small or large, be promptly acknowledged. A great deal of uncertainty is thus prevented, and the security of the remittance is vouched for. Social invitations, or requests to meet an appointment, should always be replied to at once. A habit has grown up of leaving such matters entirely unanswered. By such neglect the host does not know how many he should provide for; and is not sure even that his invitation has reached the persons for whom it was intended. These little courtesies, properly observed, make social intercourse pleasant. Neglected, they leave danger for estrangements and coldness even among friends. There are many weightier things, which one can afford better to neglect than the small courtesies of life.

The above article we copy from the *Philadelphia Ledger*. We may add one case. Many persons suppose that a letter containing a check payable to order for a small sum requires no acknowledgment; we say it does, for this reason. Suppose said check falls into the hands of a dishonest person, who writes the name of the payee on the back and gets the money. When the check is returned to you by the bank you see it is indorsed, and you think properly, as you know not the signature of your correspondent. We have reference more particularly to small checks sent for charitable purposes. Always acknowledge the receipt of anything that represents money, a present, or for any good deed that a person has done you.

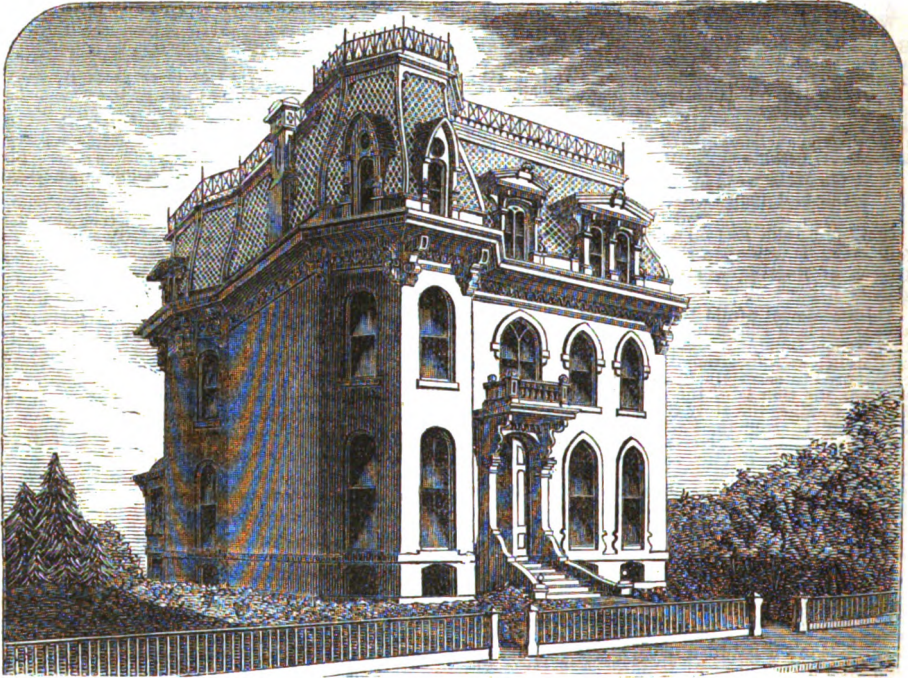
MRS. GLYN, of London, is organizing a "Door-step Brigade." It proposes to employ a band of boys from ten years old and upwards in the discharge of the humble domestic duties of cleaning door-steps, areas, pavements, stonework, etc., of houses.

Why would not something of this kind answer here?

"LET us lay no temptation in the path of youth," as the frog said, when he popped his head under water on seeing a boy pick up a stone.

A MODEL RESIDENCE.

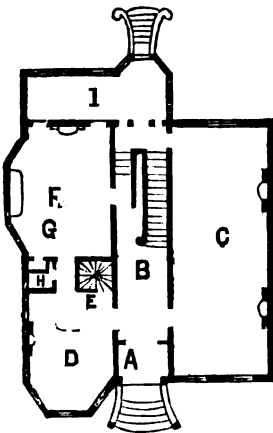
Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, formerly 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.



We have given the above design as a superior model for street architecture. The plans were drawn for Mrs. Haldaman, of Harrisburg, and the building is now being erected upon the river bank; it is recessed back from the house line thirty feet, thus affording room for an ornamental yard in front. It will be observed, by a reference to the plans, that the parlor, dining, and sitting-rooms are of large proportions, and every part of the house has an air of grandeur upon entering. A conservatory is upon

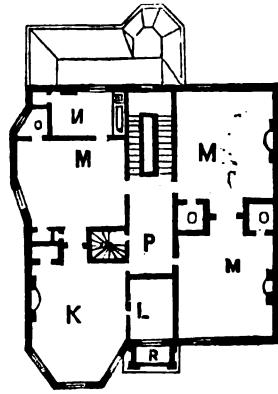
and large three inch octagonal balusters; the newel stands in the centre of the hall, and supports a bronze statue forming a candelabrum. At the landing directly in front of hall there is to be a large circular window of ornamental stained glass, throwing a varied tint over the stairway and entrance.

The whole building is very imposing, and will contrast favorably with any in the country for outside



FIRST STORY.

the rear of house, and an octangular bay is thrown back from it at the termination of the hall, leaving room to place a fountain in the centre. The hall terminates with glass doors, which gives a most cheerful effect to the approach to the main stairway, which is composed of walnut with heavy double rail



SECOND STORY.

effect and interior finish. It will cost \$16,000, and will have the appearance and would sell for more than many hundreds that are built that cost over \$50,000.

First Story.—A vestibule, 6 feet 6 inches by 10 feet; B hall, 10 feet wide; O parlor, 17 by 43 feet; D sitting-room, 16 by 20 feet 6 inches; E back stairway; F dining-room, 16 by 23 feet; G dumb-waiter; H China closet; I conservatory.

Second Story.—K sitting-room; L alcove; M chambers; N bath-room; O closets; F hall; R balcony.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Address "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Mrs. B. D. B.—Sent pattern April 19th.
 Mrs. P. J. T.—Sent articles by express 26th.
 Mrs. W. E. J.—Sent articles 30th.
 Mrs. L. A. W.—Sent articles 29th.
 Mrs. L. A. F.—Sent rubber gloves 29th.
 Mrs. D. W.—Sent rubber gloves 29th.
 Mrs. A. E. H.—Sent rubber gloves 29th.
 Miss N. H.—Sent articles by express 29th.
 Mrs. G. W. W.—Sent articles 29th.
 Mrs. J. H. M.—Sent pattern May 6th.
 Mrs. W. J. C.—Sent braid, etc. by express 6th.
 Mrs. McM.—Sent lead comb 6th.
 Mrs. R. J. M.—Sent lead comb 6th.
 Mrs. E. T. A.—Sent pattern 6th.
 Mrs. N. G.—Sent pattern 6th.
 Mrs. P. W. B.—Sent hair ring 6th.
 S. S.—Sent hair ring 6th.
 Mrs. C. A. H.—Sent pattern 13th.
 Mrs. O. E. T.—Sent pattern 13th.
 Miss S. R.—Sent pattern 13th.
 Mrs. C. I. C.—Sent pattern 13th.
 F. W. S.—Sent pattern 13th.
 Mrs. J. T. P.—Sent pattern 13th.
 Mrs. M. V. L.—Sent pattern 13th.
 Mrs. H. A.—Sent hair work by express 13th.
 Mrs. E. S. S.—Sent articles by express 13th.
 Mrs. C. A. M.—Sent lead comb 13th.
 E. A. W.—Sent pattern 13th.

A New Subscriber.—A gentleman is always supposed to be polite enough to offer his arm, if not, a lady should walk along without noticing the omission.

A. L. F.—Thank you for your complimentary letter. Sent music to Mr. Holloway.

A Young lady.—1. No; one is sufficient. 2. Yes. Lobelin.—1. On the left side of the groom. 2. Yes. 3. No; the host precedes with the most distinguished lady present, or the oldest. 3. No. 4. The gentlemen. 5. We don't see how you can pronounce the three words different from the way they are written. Discommodo is correct; disremember is not.

A Twenty Years' Subscriber.—The pattern desired will be given soon.

A Reader.—We would not like to recommend anything, except corn-starch, put over and wiped off.

Etta.—1. When the parents furnish the linen it is usual to mark it with the name of the daughter. 2. The bride's mother sends the invitations. 3. The bridegroom pays the minister. 4. The bride's eldest sister is first bridesmaid. 5. The principal bridesmaid stands next the bride, and holds the gloves and bouquet during the service. 6. No jewelry except diamonds or pearls.

Miss D. H.—Short dresses are worn for walking, long dresses in house.

Mollie.—Use glycerine.

R.—Let a lawyer draw your will; it will prevent trouble.

G. V. D.—Yes, but address your compositions to Mr. J. S. Holloway, editor Musical Department of LADY'S BOOK, Care L. A. Godey.

Rota D.—Gentlemen sometimes wear engagement rings, but not often.

Jessie.—White paper with a colored monogram and envelopes to correspond with paper is the most fashionable at present. Envelopes nearly square.

Topsy.—A woman's tact will discover when a gentleman is really in love with her or only amusing himself. How long an engagement should last is a difficult question to answer.

Lillie M.—Washing the hair once a week will not make it coarse, neither will it make it lighter than its natural color. It will be serviceable. The teeth should be cleaned night and morning.

Bettie.—A mere superstition about the opal. It has no such properties.

VOL. LXXXI.—7

Mrs. R. S. A.—White coral may be washed with soap and water, with a little soda in it. You may carefully brush it with a nail brush.

P. R.—We consider five feet four inches quite tall enough for a lady.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

The Publisher of the LADY'S BOOK has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the LADY'S BOOK, the Fashion Editor does not know.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Dress of black grenadine, made with a court train, with an underdress of lilac silk, the front trimmed with narrow ruffles. The train is trimmed with a plaited ruffle of grenadine, headed with a fold of lilac satin. The upper part, an apron front, is trimmed with ruffles of lilac satin, fastened with tabs of the same at the sides and in the middle of the back. Lilac silk waist, with low square corsage of black grenadine; lilac sleeves.

Fig. 2.—Evening-dress of white organdy, with an underskirt of pink silk. The overdress is composed of two skirts, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and a pink satin quilling, fastened on the upper skirt and front breadth with pink roses. Plain corsage, cut square in front; open sleeves, trimmed with a deep fall of lace, and bouquets of roses on the shoulders. Hair arranged in puffs and curls, with pink roses.

Fig. 3.—Dinner-dress of silver-gray silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a row of black thread lace, put on in scallops, headed with a band of blue velvet; upper skirt trimmed to correspond, made slightly bouffant. It is cut in a scallop at the side, the trimming finished with a bouquet of field flowers. Low corsage, open heart shape to the waist, with revers of blue velvet, edged with white lace. Black spotted net scarf, fastened on the back of the bodice, and coming around in front, fastened a little to the right side with flowers. Hair puffed in front, curls in back; wreath of blue flowers.

Fig. 4.—Dress of white grenadine, trimmed with plaited ruffles to the waist, edged with narrow black velvet. Basque corsage, cut surplice in front, with revers, trimmed with narrow velvet, and fastened with a velvet bow. Puffed sleeves, divided by bands of velvet.

Fig. 5.—Dress of pearl-colored Hernani, made with one skirt, trimmed with a plaited ruffle, headed with

two quillings of the same, with a band of green satin in the centre. Two long tabs of the grenadine fall at each side, cut pointed, finished with fringe, and trimmed with green satin. Plain low corsage, with pointed cape, trimmed with satin and fringe; open sleeves. Sash bow, with three ends of green satin in back.

Fig. 6.—Dress for little girl of pink silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with two narrow plaited ruffles, the upper with one. Low square corsage, trimmed with a *ruche* of silk; plaited underwaist of thin white muslin; sash of pink ribbon.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Dress of lilac silk, trimmed with five plaited ruffles, headed with a narrow satin fold. Plain corsage, trimmed with *bretelles* of quilled silk and satin. Open sleeves to correspond. Overskirt of black lace, looped at the sides and back with lilac satin bows.

Fig. 2.—Walking suit of two shades of gray silk; the lower skirt is trimmed with one ruffle, headed with a puff and *ruches*; upper skirt of the lighter shade of silk, trimmed with two ruffles; it is open in the front and bouffant in the back. Corsage, with jacket set on, trimmed with ruffles, the ruffles put on heart-shaped in front. Coat sleeves, with puff at elbows and armhole. White chip bonnet, trimmed with green velvet and white *algrette*.

Fig. 3.—Suit of *écru* buff Foulard silk; the lower one trimmed with three satin folds; the upper one trimmed with a plaited ruffle, headed with a satin band. Jacket cut with points at the sides, and trimmed to correspond. Coat sleeves. Leghorn hat, trimmed with black velvet and buff feather. Black illusion veil.

Fig. 4.—Black grenadine dress, trimmed with two ruffles on the skirt. Plain corsage, cut heart-shape in front. Coat sleeves, with cuffs cut in scallops and bound with satin. Satin pannier, made of three rows of scallops bound with satin. Satin bow at waist.

Fig. 5.—Suit of green and white percale; the lower skirt made of plain green, trimmed with one ruffle, headed with three rows of braid; upper skirt and *sacque* made of the striped; the *sacque* is trimmed with a fancy white cotton braid. Green and white straw hat, trimmed with green feather. Spotted black veil.

Figs. 6 and 7.—Fashionable slippers, made of bronze kid. Fig. 7 is cut with three straps across the top of foot.

Fig. 8.—Chignon composed of plaits and a large bunch of curls.

Fig. 9.—Collar and habit shirt to turn back over dress, made of Valenciennes lace, finished off at waist with a bow of pink and black velvet.

BUTTONHOLES.

Buttonholes require great care to make firmly and evenly; the accompanying illustrations will greatly facilitate a worker, as they show several styles suitable for various materials. The buttonhole marked Fig. 4 is intended for cloth and other thick, strong materials; it is worked from right to left, and the needle inserted at the back; the manner of drawing together is shown in Fig. 8. The buttonhole (Figs. 5 and 6) is intended for washing material, the thread darned round making it stronger. Fig. 5 shows the manner of working. Not quite so simple in its construction is Fig. 7, for, besides being darned twice round, the needle is inserted at the outer edge instead

of the inner. Fig. 9 illustrates it in fine thread, and Fig. 8 in coarse cotton. Fig. 10 is made with buttonhole stitches, and a row of back stitches, all round a short distance from the edge to make it strong. Figs. 1 and 2 illustrate the manner of forming false buttonholes.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Evening-dress of green China crape trimmed with black satin and black thread lace. The Stuart frill around the throat is of fine muslin, plaited.

Fig. 2.—Walking-costume. Train skirt of lilac *poult de soie*, bordered and trimmed with flounces of the same down the sides, sewn on with a heading and an inch wide row of lilac velvet. The space between the flounces, which measures one inch at the waist, and ten inches at the bottom of the skirt, is decorated with five rows of satin, and in the centre of each line there are a bow and ends. The high bodice is ornamented in front with rows of satin and bows. The sleeves terminate with a five inch frill, divided with satin; there is a row of satin above the frill. A Carrick *paletot*, without sleeves, made of white cashmere, forming at the back five wide box-plaits. The capes are bordered with violet satin. A satin collar, with a small trefoil at each point of it.

Fig. 3.—Promenade-costume. Round skirt of silk poplin. The front breadth is bordered at the sides and edge with satin, and ornamented with five *Vandykes* of the same. At the back the skirt is bordered with an eight-inch plaited flounce, the heading to which consists of a row of fringe and a row of satin, with upright loops of velvet, fastened with a poplin button. Bodice, with tunic basques; it is half high both at the back and front, the opening being round in front and square at the back. It has narrow satin revers before, and three-inch velvet straps descending from the square opening behind; velvet waist-band. The basque forms panniers at the sides, and turns back with revers behind. A three-inch fringe, headed with satin, borders the basque.

Figs. 4 and 5.—Sea-bathing-costume of black serge; trousers fastened at the knee with leglets of striped woollen material. Tight-fitting tunic, buttoned at the side, and fitted to the waist with a leather belt. Hat of oil-silk, to fall down in a point at one side, finished with a scarlet worsted tassel. The hat is bound with scarlet braid.

Figs. 6 and 7.—Scarf *sichu*. This useful *sichu*, when made of the same material as the dress, will form a useful covering for a promenade *toilette*. It can be made of white cashmere, and trimmed with scarlet or black velvet and fringe, or of black *faille*. Our model is made of gray poplin, bordered with a *ruche* of the same, and trimmed with rich black silk fringe and with three rows of narrow black velvet.

Fig. 8.—Dress for a girl from ten to twelve. This dress is made of gray poplin, and trimmed with flounces of the same, headed with crossbands of black satin, piped at each edge with white satin. The trimmings are laid on the skirt to simulate a tunic, opening in front. The jacket is double breasted; the revers, basques, and pockets are all ornamented with satin. This costume may be reproduced in wash goods.

Figs. 9 and 10.—Front and back view of an Italian bodice, made of black velvet. These bodices are worn over white muslin waists.

Fig. 11 represents a swansdown fan, with a white handle and little birds with movable springs. The white feathers are firmly sewn close together upon a round of card-board eight inches in diameter. The back is afterwards covered with white satin or moire, with a *ruche* at the edge.

Fig. 13 gives the largest—the centre—bird in full size, which may be easily made with colored feathers. First make the body according to Fig. 13, entirely of wadding. This will require to be sewn through with a few stitches to keep it in shape. The beak is the point of a very fine quill; the broad dark tail with a green edge is a part of a peacock's feather called the eye. The body is covered with the glittering goldish-green fibres of the feather cut up in little bits. The wings may be made of two dark stiff wing-feathers of any small bird, and the place where they are put on is hidden by putting some more of the green fibres.

Fig. 14.—Morning-robe for a girl from eight to ten. This robe may be made either of cashmere, poplin, or satin cloth. The skirt is gored, and the pointed trimming of the same material, ornamented with silk braid, is laid on the skirt to simulate a tunic. There is a braiding decoration at the corner of the skirt, and the sash is likewise braided. Made of white cashmere, braided with scarlet, this style of robe is particularly pretty.

Fig. 15.—Dress for little girl of green chambray, cut gored. It is open sideways from the throat to the bottom of the skirt, and trimmed with a narrow ruffle of the same; white braid and buttons. A ruffle also extends around the bottom of the skirt, headed with braid.

Fig. 16.—Bow for the hair, made with loops and ends of green satin, and has a gold and black enamelled butterfly lighting upon it.

Fig. 17.—Sash of white muslin and black velvet. The trimming of this sash consists of two strips of plaited muslin, two inches wide, and black velvet ribbon, two-fifths of an inch and four-fifths of an inch wide. The sash itself is formed of two long lappets, each twenty-three inches long, nineteen inches wide, rounded off at the ends, and of two other lappets, each fourteen inches wide, four-fifths of an inch long in front, three inches and four-fifths long in the back. The bow in the middle of the back is made of the wider black velvet ribbon.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

(See Engravings, Page 28.)

Figs. 1 and 8.—Front and back view of suit for girl of white *piqué*. The skirt is trimmed with two narrow cambric ruffles, headed with a band of colored chambray. A mantilla cape of the same, with long tabs back and front, is trimmed to correspond. A small hood is fastened on the back. Coat sleeves, with cuff. White straw hat, trimmed with blue velvet and feather.

Fig. 2.—Suit for girl of ten years, of blue grenadine, made with two skirts, trimmed with a plaited ruffle, headed with a *ruche* of silk. Full corsage, cut heart shape, trimmed with *ruche*; open sleeves. Hat of white chip, trimmed with blue.

Fig. 4.—Suit for girl of twelve years, made of buff linen, with a side plaiting trimming the bottom of the skirt. Jacket of the same, trimmed with a band of green chambray, edged with a narrow braid. Coat sleeves, with cuff of same. Leghorn hat, trimmed with green velvet and gauze veil.

Fig. 5.—Suit for boy of three years, of black and white plaid poplin, the edge of skirt trimmed with a band of blue velvet. Blue cashmere jacket, fastened with straps across the front. Black straw hat, trimmed with band of plaid.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR JULY.

As most of our fair readers are now preparing for their summer sojourn at a watering-place or a more

quiet resort, we will endeavor to aid them by giving a few hints on making morning dresses, etc. White stands first in favor. Many dresses are imported ready made, or made up from imported patterns by our large furnishing houses. These can also be made without much trouble at home by the aid of the ever useful sewing machine, as tucks, puffs, and ruffles predominate. For the benefit of those who do not use a machine, and desire to make their own dresses, we notice machine-tucked bands of fine cambric, with tucks in groups, tucks running slantwise, and in almost every manner imagined or desired. The tucks are even and regular, the stitching is admirably done, and the material fine. These can be inserted between the ruffles and puffs of dresses. For the latter, the woven puffs of Victoria lawn, Swiss cambric, or linen, consisting of from four to eight puffs in a strip are convenient. Fluted ruffles of Swiss muslin and of cambric, stitched to narrow bands are seen in three widths, in pieces of six yards each.

We will describe two morning dresses forming part of a charming trousseau. A dress of fine cambric muslin, trimmed round the bottom with a gathered flounce, headed with a band of embroidered insertion. The bodice is high in the back but low in front, and rounded. It is ornamented with braces of cerise velvet of a new shape, edged with Honiton lace; the sash is of plain velvet, with a puff at the back; the sleeves are trimmed with lace and velvet. Another, a dress of Nainsook, with a trimming of cut out linen patterns, worked in *appliqué* upon very clear muslin. The skirt, just touching the ground, is ornamented with seven small flounces with fluted headings. These flounces are divided by a garland of leaves cut out of linen, and worked as above described; the bodice is made with basques of a new shape, with patterns in *appliqué*, and a border of deep Valenciennes lace. These basques are joined together by bows of rose-colored ribbon; the sleeves, trimmed to correspond, are loose and wide.

All the skill of our *lingères* is now expended upon chemisettes of various kinds to wear with low or open dresses. The shape of the chemisette, of course, varies according to that of the dress bodice, which is either square, round, or heart-shaped.

Fichus are most worn with low dresses; they are made of muslin, trimmed with insertion and Valenciennes, or Mechlin lace. The fichu is extremely becoming to ladies who are thin and slight, who should, on the other hand, avoid the square-cut bodice, which always makes one appear thinner, and is, therefore, suited to ladies who possess a goodly share of embonpoint. These little things should be noticed, for they are sometimes the secret which makes some ladies always dress well, while others have not tact to choose what would suit them. With a good, well-proportioned figure, a lady will look well in any style of dress; but if she inclines to any extreme of thinness or embonpoint, she must make use of a little art to conceal it. The very thin will do well to adopt the pretty fichu crossed in front, and the heart-shaped open dress, also the short, loose jacket, just open enough in front to show the full lace jabot. The stout should wear the square-cut bodice, with clear muslin or tulle chemisette, and beware of bouillons and other puffed-out trimmings. It should also be borne in mind that light colors and white make one look stouter, and black and dark colors make one look thinner. Striped materials, Vandyked and spoked trimmings are becoming to slim and stout figures; and flounces, scallops, and ruches to those that are the reverse. It is well known that a short waist makes the figure look shorter, and a long one causes it to appear

taller. Young ladies wear white muslin fichus over high dresses instead of mantles, and also fichus of black silk, edged with fringe or guipure.

Silk dresses are still trimmed with velvet, which is more fashionable than ever, and used as a trimming even for gauze and grenadine dresses. A dress of mauve *glacé* silk is trimmed with violet velvet. The velvet trimming is cut out in scallops, and edged with a narrow silk fluting. The train-shaped skirt is ornamented with five wide strips of violet velvet, veiled over with white lace. The bodice is made with two points in front, and two small square basques at the back; the bodice is open in front in the shape of a heart, and trimmed with velvet and lace; the sleeves are trimmed to correspond.

For very young ladies there seems to be a greater tendency to simplicity in the arrangement of the hair; but this remark applies to cases where youthful-redundancy of tresses renders no concealment advisable. The hair is allowed to be curled or crimped, and tied with a colored ribbon. For more advanced belles, curls are again in favor, not worn as in former times, on either side of the face, but commencing from the crown of the head, and falling down to the shoulders, and short curls worn in front on the forehead. But as curls are not a very convenient style of coiffure for the summer season, the heat being very apt to make the curls vanish quickly, we will describe the new chignon, if we may still use that much abused word. It can be formed in two modes, with large rouleaux at the side and a thick plait in the centre, or with two crosswise rouleaux in the middle, and a large plait round these forming a coronet at the top of the head. This is really a very pretty and becoming style. The front hair is brushed up and laid in small rouleaux resembling curls in rows on the head. The hair is worn low on the neck and very forward on the head; curls are very frequently introduced between these rouleaux or plaits. These are usually of additional hair. Many persons wear a thick braid fastened in their own hair, and all dressed together, others have the coiffures ready to pin on. The dressed coiffures are really very convenient; they are all ready for use, and take but a few moments to fasten in their place.

In gloves the shades mostly worn this season are the various shades of silver gray, golden brown, green, blue, pink, and violet. In every case the color is uniform with the costume, and the handsome Marquise style, either in one or two fastenings, seems to be the favorite. The Harris seamless glove has no seam on the side, and gives a better fit and neater appearance to the hand. Among fabric gloves of English make is a new mixture of silk and lisle thread, durable and cool, a pleasant relief from kid for summer wear. These are long at the wrist, numbered and fitted with the perfection of a kid glove, and may be had in dark pepper and salt gray and brown or drab with white. Laced back white thread gloves, in all sizes from infants' to ladies', are very dressy, and will wash with but little shrinkage. Thread gauntlets, buff, white, or gray with black stitching, are neat and serviceable.

Parasol ornaments, fan bows, postillions, and peplums take the place of sashes on elaborate silks or woollen goods; but wide ribbon sashes, formed of a mass of loops and fringed ends, are worn with summer costumes and muslin draperies.

A novelty in sashes is the Persian, solid black, white, or colored ribbon, with a deep border at the ends woven in gay Persian colors and design, with the ends finished with crimped fringe in all the colors of the border. Double faced *gros grain* ribbon ten inches wide is sold in all colors. Wide black velvet ribbon for sashes, to wear with white, *écru*, and

gray dresses, is \$5 50 per yard. Jardinière sashes are of black or white ribbon, with brocade or gray embroidered ends.

To match the Persian sashes are narrow ribbons for cravat bows, a bar of Persian colors alternating with a solid color. Brocade ribbons two inches wide also for bows at the throat. For the hair are two bows of irregular loops of taffeta ribbon, fastened just back of the ears, and joined with a band of ribbon, plaited in shells, worn as a coronet, or else passing across the centre of the back hair. Another simple and pretty fancy is a narrow ribbon bow, placed amidst the front *crêpes*, and two long ends of ribbon hanging over the back braids, held together half-way down by a second bow.

The frills and ruffs, illustrated from month to month in the book, are now generally adopted. They are worn with both high and low-throated dresses, standing frills of Valenciennes being used with high dresses; full Elizabethan ruffs and Stuart fraises of clear white muslin, box-plaited and edged with lace, with heart-shaped corsages. Loops of bright-colored satin or velvet ribbon between each box-plait add to the beauty of the ruff. For light mourning ruffs, white organdy, edged with footing, is used. The band holding the plaits in the centre should be *appliqué* embroidery over black ribbon. The use of lace ruffles at the neck and wrists is a revival of an old fashion.

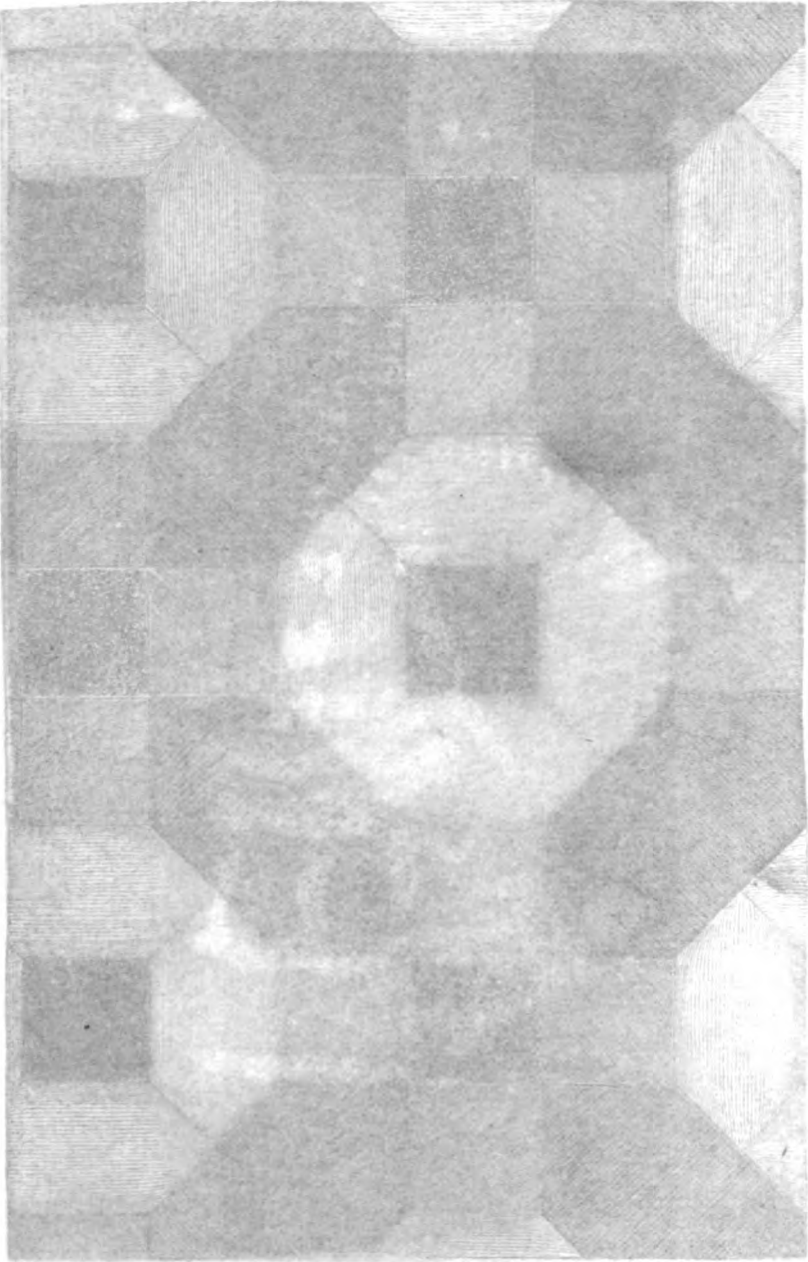
Black lace saques are even more popular than they have been, if that is possible. They can be had in thread, guipure, and imitation thread; they are worn for street or house costume. Points of both black and white lace continue as popular. With a white and black point any lady can have an endless variety of costumes; for they can be beautifully draped as an overskirt, and can be arranged in an endless variety of modes to give elegance and style to an otherwise plain *toilette*.

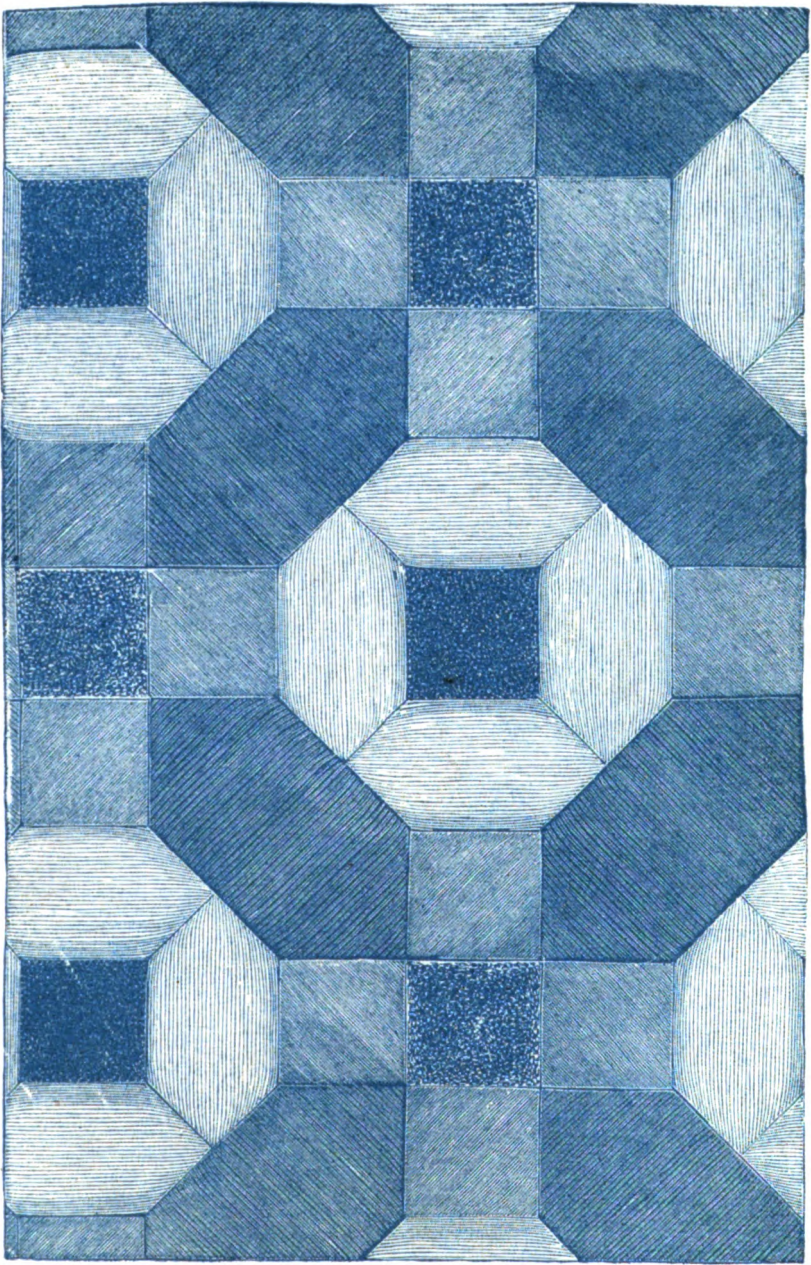
White muslin and organdy dresses are worn over silk underdresses of any color from black to palest *écru*. Clear white muslin should always be selected, as those with a blue tinge do not look well over many light shades. A pearl-colored trained silk skirt, finished at the edge merely with a thick cord, has an overskirt of white organdy as long as the dress, and trimmed *en tablier* with Valenciennes insertion and lace. The waist is low with a lace bertha. The scarf sash of wide pearl-colored ribbon is fastened below the belt in front, and has hanging ends on the right side to catch up the muslin skirt. A Parisian dress of white organdy has three rows of Valenciennes insertion three inches wide around the trained skirt, and a box-plaited *ruche* of the muslin between each row. A long *casaque* with flowing sleeves is much trimmed with Valenciennes, a row of insertion passing down the back of the garment. This is intended to be worn over either white muslin or colored silk, and is suitable for an evening or carriage dress.

A rumor prevails that long dresses are to be revived for the street. We should be sorry to have to chronicle such a fashion, and we do not know what another season may bring forth; but at present there are no trained walking-dresses among the importations from the best French houses, nor are they made by the best modistes. There are carriage costumes with very slightly trained skirts, shorter than the demi-trains of house dresses, but these are worn merely for driving. And there are court trains, belted over short skirts, and draped very short when worn in the street; but regular walking-dresses invariably have round skirts just short enough to escape the ground, and we sincerely hope they will long continue so.

FASHION.







PATCHWORK.

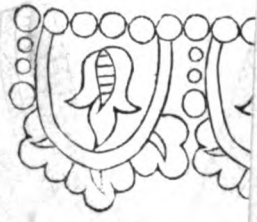
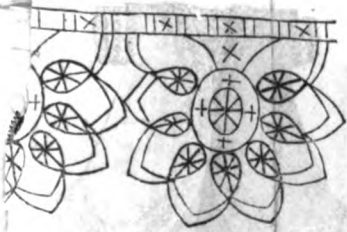


Fig. 8.



Figs.



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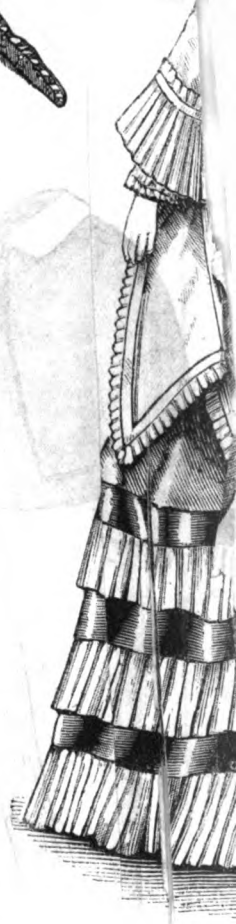




Fig. 10,



Fig. 5.



THE LEISURE HOUR.

SITTING IN THE PORCH.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

By M. W. Hackelton.

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Allegretto scherzando.

PIANO.

PIANO.



1. The fields lay bright in the soft twilight, And the air was sweet and still, When I
 2. With bright hair roll'd like waves of gold, My sweet wild rose is fair, Her

walked with Sue, where the ro - ses grew. To the vine-covered porch on the hill.
brown eyes smiled, till half be - guiled, I whis-pered my se - cret there.

SITTING IN THE PORCH.

CHORUS.

Soprano.
Sitting by her side, Sitting by her side, Un - der the starlight still, The

Tenor.
Sitting by her side, Sitting by her side, Un - der the starlight still, The

Alto.
Sitting by her side, Sitting by her side, Un - der the starlight still, The

Bass.
Sitting by her side, Sitting by her side, Un - der the starlight still, The

PIANO

world looked bright to my heart that night, Sit-ting in the porch on the hill.

world looked bright to my heart that night, Sit-ting in the porch on the hill.

world looked bright to my heart that night, Sitting in the porch on the hill.

BONNETS AND HATS.

(See Description, Fashion Department.)



GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXXI.—NO. 482.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1870.

WALL-FLOWERS.

BY MARION HARLAND.

CHAPTER II.

"THE Torreys are in Charleston, sir," remarked Sterling Cabell, to his uncle, one morning, as they examined their early mail together in the room of the latter.

"Ah!" interestedly. "They went by sea, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, and had a delightful passage, arriving there last Wednesday."

"This is—what? Saturday, isn't it?"

Cabell smiled. "It is. Your ten days in Richmond have been profitably as pleasantly spent, if Young speaks truly respecting the note we take of time."

"The Torreys are well, I hope?" seeming not to have heard his nephew's observation.

"Quite well, and anxious that we should join them in Charleston or Mobile. The season is advancing so rapidly they fear to protract their tour many more days."

Mr. Dent did not reply. He was replenishing with fresh water a wineglass on the mantel, which held a spray of wall-flower and one of citron-aloes he had begged from Bertha Temple the evening before. When it was full to the brim, he stooped to inhale the odor with marked gratification. "The combination of perfumes is singularly delightful," said he, musingly, rather to himself than his companion. "Miss Ellen was explaining to me, last night, the art of arranging bouquets with reference to fragrance, instead of color. Her sister is proficient in it, she says. She divides perfumes into two classes—the active and passive. The wall-flower is a sample of the last—the citron-aloes of the more lively and spicy kind. The idea was new and attractive to me."

A shade of vexation crossed Cabell's face. But he held his tongue in with the bit of expediency and the bridle of self-interest. His de-

meanor to the rich bachelor was a model to penniless and enterprising expectants—never sycophantic, yet never inconsiderately frank.

"What answer had I better return?" he ventured, presently, after allowing a reasonable time for the indulgence of his relative's floral enthusiasm.

"To the Torreys, do you mean?" Mr. Dent set down the tiny vase, and awoke. "It would be pleasant to continue our tour in company—but I really do not see how I can leave Richmond yet. I am in treaty, through Mr. Temple, for that property on Main Street, and I promised, moreover, to ride up to Sydney, and out upon the Grove Road with him, Monday, to 'prospect' a little. He thinks the city is destined to grow fastest in that direction, and, from what I have seen, I am disposed to believe it. If I had a hundred thousand dollars to invest in land to-morrow, I could hardly do better than to lay it all out here. The return would not be immediate, but they would be sure. The day is coming when this will be one of the chief manufacturing cities in the Union. And as a place of residence its attractions are not to be surpassed."

Sterling, bored and impatient, only dared express his sensations by rustling the open letter, which was in a lady's hand. He had no objection to his uncle's investing in anything that would pay well in a few years, by the time he—the heir apparent—should come to his own; but he was not especially interested in the details of these transactions; had little taste for business, although a partner in the firm of Dent & Co. "I do not doubt the correctness of your views, sir," he replied. "And Mr. Temple is a safe guide in such speculations here. Shall I set the middle of the week, then, as the time of our departure—if the Torreys can wait for us so long? Or, had we better abandon the idea of reunion entirely?"

Something in the cadence of his inquiry

caught Mr. Dent's ear. He looked around quickly—an expression of paternal kindness and lively sympathy in eye and half smile. “Abandon it? By no means, my boy! I have been selfish in keeping you in close attendance until now. If I have appeared to forget that others had claims upon you, forgive me. I cannot travel again, immediately, as you perceive. But I am comfortable and content in this place. I have a capital hotel, and acquaintances and business to hinder the time from hanging upon my hands. You must go on—say by Monday morning's train, and join our friends. I will meet you when and where I can—probably in New Orleans. I have already seen most of the gulf cities. They have not changed much since the war, I imagine.”

Sterling demurred very handsomely, evincing just enough pleasure at the proposal to confirm the other in his resolution to carry it out.

“Give me credit for a moderate share of penetration,” he said, with the same kindly gleam of humor. “If I have not spoken to you openly of my surmises, it has not been because I did not like the signs of the times; that I have not felicitated myself sincerely upon the anticipation of having the fair Imogen as a niece-in-law. I took it for granted that I should be taken into your counsels when the right time came.”

“You are very good, sir.” Sterling was pleased in a rational way, but not fluttered to nervousness by the discussion of the delicate topic. “I have not told you, in so many words, what were my intentions and my hopes, because I had not the lady's sanction to such a procedure until this morning. This letter—the answer to one which met her in Charleston—empowers me to announce our engagement to you and bespeak a welcome for her.”

“Engagement! I was hardly prepared to hear that everything was already settled. But I am heartily glad!” shaking his nephew by both hands. “You are a wise man—a very wise and happy man to marry in your youth. Not that the heart must of necessity grow old as the frost falls upon the hair, but think of the fifteen or twenty years of bliss one loses by waiting until he is my age before he has a home of his own. The probability is then fearfully against his ever having one.”

“You speak as if you were a septuagenarian, instead of being in the hey-day of health and life,” said the courtier. “Your heart is greener than mine, to-day. If I were a woman, I would rather have the love of mature years—the esteem of sound judgment than the idle fancy of adolescence. The difference is that between ripened and green fruit. The memory of my boyish love sets my teeth on edge. I wonder, sometimes, if the partner in the pretty folly feels as heartily ashamed of it as I do?” He laughed—the well-bred token of amusement

that always chilled Bertha with the idea that a current of derision underderran the ripple.

“You have arrived at years of discretion now, at any rate—have proved the soundness of your judgment by deeds, not words,” responded Mr. Dent. “But do not despise your youth. Maturity may be green and vigorous, but never dewy. Should I be disposed to marry, I should not like to mate with a middle-aged spinster, still less with a widow. And a young girl would prefer a swain nearer twenty than forty.”

“*Cela depend*,” said Cabell, flatteringly. “We youngsters would fare badly were you to take the field against us. Perhaps, if the truth were known, I am a debtor to your forbearance. Imogen has a hearty and affectionate appreciation of your merits.” This lightly, yet with no touch of irony.

“We visit the battle-grounds at the Chickahominy, to-day,” was Mr. Dent's next observation, after a survey of his pocket-tablets. “Mrs. Venable takes Miss Ellen's place. She cannot go conveniently on any day but Saturday, on account of her music scholars.”

“Why not Bertha's place, instead of Ellen's?” interrogated Cabell, involuntarily, with a slight frown.

“The arrangement is their own,” stiffly. In a moment he added, as if ashamed of the trifling asperity, “I gave the invitation to Miss Bertha for herself and sister. She doubtless did not feel at liberty to transfer it. We leave at half past ten. I am sorry this is the last excursion you will make with us. The past week has been a genuine holiday with me. I shall always be grateful to you for introducing me to these your friends, and now mine.” He hesitated, as if about to say more, but the action was unnoticed by Cabell, who had already commenced a letter to his betrothed.

An elegant epistle it was—gossipy, with a piquant flavor of satirical mention of people and things; a neat phrase of affection dovetailed in here and there. It commenced: “My dearest Imogen,” and concluded with, “Yours faithfully, Sterling Cabell.”

At the same hour, Bertha was locked within her chamber, bent upon a deed she had meditated from the mid-April day that had opened all her wall-flowers and brought the cards of uncle and nephew to her door. A carved chest of dark wood lined with velvet—the legacy of an old relic-loving aunt—was open upon the floor, and beside it a heap of letters and notes, a photograph of a beardless youth with a Byronic collar, and of the same person fiercely moustachioed and wearing the uniform of the C. S. A.—both *cartes*, after the manner of their kind, shot with yellow streaks, an incurable jaundice very unbecoming to the pictured face. There were dried flowers in profusion; one bouquet of wall-flowers and moss-rosebuds tied with

white ribbon, and another of pressed pansies glued upon a card with an illuminated border; a pearl and gold paper-cutter, and divers books, chiefly poetry, with nameless trifles, presented by Sterling—the usual assortment to be found in such collections.

"Of no value except to the owner." Often never more valuable than when they are packed away in silence and tears to be returned to the giver. Bertha bestowed upon her souvenirs no baptism of tears. One by one they were laid in a wooden box, set side by side with the ancient casket; handled softly, sometimes lingeringly, as one lays his hand upon the marble brow of wife or child before the coffin-lid shuts over it. Each had its label—the date and place of presentation written and affixed by herself. Whenever it could be done without defacing the gift, this was removed. Appeal to the past would avail nothing. Had it been otherwise, she would have withheld it all the same. It was useless to blow upon cold ashes. Very live coals had Sterling's flame been, if his letters at that epoch were to be accepted as testimony of his ardor. The fair Imogen would have thought him demented had he indited such rhapsodies to her. Bertha, when all was done, sat down by the packing-case—sarcophagus, if you will—and, leaning her elbow upon it, read over one and another of these compositions. Words of endearment and vows of eternal constancy were sown along the crowded pages thick as stars in the milky way. An unofficial engagement, I called it, I believe, a little way back. That it was not formal, binding, irrevocable, was not the gentleman's fault. That these indiscreet documents did not ruin his prospects with his uncle and his bride-elect, he owed to the delicacy and true womanliness of her he had deserted without a show of courteous renunciation. He had counted upon these; for he estimated her pride aright, however he may have misprized her love. Breach-of-promise suits were unheard of in the class to which she belonged, and she had no brothers to take up her cause. After all, the worst that could be said of him, if the affair took wind, was that he had got over a boyish fancy quietly and—because quietly—handsomely. There had been no definite mention of marriage between them, although of love-talk a plenty. He was hampered by no actual betrothment when he consulted his inclination and interest, and addressed Miss Torrey. She was an heiress in her own right, an orphan resident with her married brother, but her wealth was not her only recommendation to the fastidious Southron's favor. Accomplished, sprightly, and fashionable, she was a notable figure in society. The world had set its stamp of approval upon her, decided that her husband would be a lucky fellow. She reminded the thoughtful observer of the lady-bug who sat in the roses' heart, and Sterling felt that the perfumed,

silken retreat was the covert for which Nature and habit designed him. He had no misgivings touching his future happiness, almost as few conscience-pricks when he thought of Bertha and the "pretty folly" of which he was now ashamed.

She was a sensible girl, he reasoned, and, reverting to the figure of the rose-covert, a very apt in homely industry and energy. Their paths had been separated by Providence. He had been lifted up, she put down. He was in no wise responsible for the revolution or the consequent changes of feeling he had undergone. For aught her conduct said to the contrary, she recognized this truth with as little emotion as himself. She must regret giving him up; any woman would. Still, she could not have expected anything else. None of the Temples had alluded, even remotely, to the early affair. One and all treated him with simple cordiality as the playfellow and comrade of the dead sons, and extended true Virginia hospitality to his uncle. Their visit was, doubtless, an agreeable variety in the humdrum tenor of their everyday life, and carriage-rides were rare with them now. He had no earthly objection to seconding his uncle's benevolent scheme of shedding all the light he could into the darkened home. They must see for themselves the manifest inexpediency of any closer bond of union between him and one of their fallen house.

The present, with its actualities—bleak and harsh—was very far from Bertha's mind as she dreamed for the last time over the faded papers—taking them in the order of their dates, beginning with the semi-gallant, semi-loving epistle marked "University;" perusing twice over the first *real* love-letter, written after the vacation during which they were so much together in the country. That fairy summer, dyed in rainbow-hues by the prism of memory, all sunshine, and fragrance, and song! The sweet hush of one sunset descended about her now—a circle of blessed calm—shutting out all recollections of discord, of absence, and of change. Again she stood on the bank of the radiant river, plucking leaf after leaf from the bunch of wild roses in her hand, and flinging them out upon the water, hardly knowing that she did it, only alive—and what a life it was!—to the truth that she was beloved, and hearing that this was so from *his* lips.

A knock at the door made her start.

"Bertha, what are you doing?" called Ellen. "It is past ten. The carriage will soon be here."

It arrived promptly at the appointed time, Mr. Dent being a model of punctuality; but Bertha was ready, looking cool and pretty in a white cambric, with black stripes, and a black straw hat, trimmed with white ribbon and black lace. The cambric was a bargain—only twenty-five cents a yard—and she had made it

herself, with a deep Spanish flounce and ruffled sleeves. It fitted her well, and she wore it with an air that gave it the effect of a six-dollar silk, at the least. Her white shawl was also inexpensive, and she was her own milliner. Cabell was shrewd and observant enough to detect some of these things, and to guess the rest. His dainty taste shuddered at them all. Mr. Dent, who had lived in the world thirteen or fourteen years longer than he, only perceived that the girl was charming altogether, and that her spring-like raiment was crisp and fresh beside Mrs. Venable's mourning weeds. The excursion could not be a very merry one, since each milestone had its story of conflict and bloodshed, and the horrors of the Chickahominy Swamp were still vivid in the visitors' minds. But the party was outwardly cheerful, Bertha and Sterling doing most of the talking. Her cheeks had a fever-flush, her eyes were unnaturally bright, her enunciation more rapid, her gesticulation more animated than usual. She was lively, witty, slightly caustic at times, coming down suddenly and severely upon certain of Sterling's affectations—behavior that made him stare and the others laugh.

Mrs. Venable took observations, and pondered them when she reached home. Bertha was a mystery to her family of late. She never seemed cast down, yet that her relations with Sterling were utterly changed was evident to all. She went singing about her work as of yore, and entered readily into whatever interested the others, apparently keeping nothing back from them; but no one, from her mother down, dared catechize her as to her engagement and its dissolution. It was a singular complication—take it altogether—her reserve, Sterling's defection, and the constant intercourse of the gentlemen with the various members of the Temple household. Mr. Dent's unfeigned enjoyment of the association was not accounted for to the feminine portion of the family by his disposition to purchase Virginia lands and Mr. Temple's abetment of the project. His frequent visits and repeated invitations to rides, walks, and places of public amusement were courtesies offered to the ladies. His evident appreciation of their society was susceptible of two interpretations. He was a man of gallantry, who could not live out of sight of the other sex; or he had some cherished object in view, sought their favor for a specific purpose. Was it for his nephew's sake? queried Mrs. Venable. Hardly, or he would have vetoed the departure of which he had spoken that day. The widow was not astute, but she understood intuitively that Cabell's continuance of his tour, for pleasure merely, settled the question of his intentions towards Bertha. In leaving her thus, he said emphatically that he would seek her no more. The need for his going seemed slight, as was that for the uncle's

remaining in a place where he had so few acquaintances and so little to do.

A thought gleamed upon her, bold and striking. She had groped her way to the light, she was sure of it. Flushed by her discovery, and being, moreover, prone to act upon impulse, she ran down stairs to confide it to some one else. It was the habit of the old people to sit at twilight in the library together—Mr. Temple with his pipe, his wife's hand on his shoulder—while they communed of days gone by, and reviewed aloud their plans for those to come. A pleasant, lovely custom, so well understood in the family that the children seldom intruded upon the *tête-à-tête* unless some matter of importance called them thither. The tone of the conjugal dialogue was pensive to melancholy to-night. The weight of many losses, and sorrow, and the brooding dread of a morrow for which no store was laid aside, pressed wearily upon the pair.

"If our boys had lived, my anxieties for their sisters would have been slight," the father was saying, when Mrs. Venable entered from the hall.

"Do you know," she cried, gayly, "that I have found out something to-day—or think I have—that will astonish you, if you have been as blind as I was until a few hours ago? What would you say, father, if Mr. Dent were to ask your permission to offer himself and his fortune to our Bertha?"

"I say, now, that you are dreaming, child. You are thinking of the nephew."

"That is all over. And very shabbily Sterling Cabell has behaved. He is not the ninth part of the man his uncle is. Call me a false prophetess if you are not waited upon by the stately banker before many days have passed. He is hopelessly captivated, and what moles we have been not to see it before. Bravo for little Bertha! He is a conquest to be proud of."

"But his age!" objected the mother.

"And Bertha would never marry a Northerner!" interjected Mr. Temple.

"I am not sure of that. I had rather take a full-blooded Yankee than a renegade Virginian, who ran away to avoid fighting, and holds himself above those the war has reduced," retorted the daughter, with spirit. "As to age, he is forty-one, and he will be young at sixty. This is all *entre nous*, however. Match-making is against our principles. I merely throw out the hint for your consideration, that you may not be unduly amazed when the declaration arrives," and she laughingly withdrew.

"This is a queer story," commented Mr. Temple, thoughtfully. "Yet if the child could bring herself to marry this worthy gentleman—for thorough gentleman he is—I could die more peacefully; and you, my love, would be comfortable for life."

"I would not bias her feelings or actions,"

said the mother, tenderly. "If this be true, and not a fancy of her sister's, Bertha must obey the dictates of her own heart and judgment. I own I should be happier to see her well married, if only for the assurance it would give me that her heart is not broken by Sterling Cabell's infidelity. I am sadly afraid that he has treated her cruelly and heartlessly, brave and uncomplaining as she is."

The door leading into the parlors was open, and a dim figure glided past it into the darkness. Bertha, worn out with fatigue and heart-struggles, and lulled by the indistinct murmur of her parents' voices, had fallen asleep upon the lounge in the back parlor, and lay there unperceived until aroused by her sister's louder and livelier tones. Mastering her indignant impulse to show herself and refute the, to her, ridiculous statement made by her senior, she was quiet until the opinion of father and mother had been given. Then she fled to the sanctuary of her little chamber; sat down on the spot where she had, that day, uncoffined the relics of her unhappy love, and buried her face in her hands, dark though it was, in such a paroxysm of horror, shame, and dread, as must effect an important revolution in a girl's life and character. Mr. Dent was in love with her, and her friends, parents, and sisters, would have her jump into his arms, marry him—Sterling's uncle—a man old enough to be her father!

"Must I sell myself—body and soul?" Thus she put the case. "Abridge the term of mourning for my beautiful dead dream, and make ready for a loveless bridal? I would die first!" She was very angry—with her sister, with Mr. Dent, with herself, in that she had permitted his attentions; with the whole world—treacherous, crooked, and unfeeling! But when her wrathful mortification had spent its force in tears and ejaculations, her father's words came back to her again and again. "I could die more peacefully; and you, my love, would be comfortable for life." The gray, worn father, so bowed with years and care; the meek mother, ever thoughtful for the weal of those she loved. Was it true that she—their child, was the keeper of their happiness? "Comfortable for the rest of your life!" That she might enjoy her holiday with a clear conscience, Bertha had arisen, that Saturday morning, at five o'clock to sweep the house from top to bottom, and clean the silver before breakfast. Mrs. Temple was already up, and sewing in the room adjoining her chamber. She could not sleep, she said, and it was tiresome lying in bed awake and thinking. Her daughter remembered it now, and wondered if this were a frequent occurrence; thought, moreover, of the slender appetite, untempted by fare that seemed coarse in comparison with former daintiness and abundance; of the pretty feet and hands for which the beautiful matron was noted in the

days of carriages and best French kids; the feet now chilled by carpetless floors and damp pavements; the fingers roughened by labor; the dear, patient eyes, strained early and late over needlework for which she was to be paid like any vulgar, illiterate sewing-girl.

"Comfortable!" That meant leisure and ease of mind, along with physical rest; relief from the petty anxieties that swarmed about the poor lady like noisy and vicious mosquitoes. It would be worth something—the sight of her father, walking erect among tradespeople, giving orders as he once did, instead of counting over his market money to see if he could afford this or that—formerly accounted one of the necessities of life. Mr. Dent was rich and liberal, and money could accomplish so much! He could devise ways and means by which these objects could be attained without sacrifice of Mr. Temple's self-respect.

"If he only had something to do by which he could support mother and one of the girls, I would have the other with me!"—She stopped, a burning heat rushing to her temples. Was she then meditating this marriage as a possibility? "I would die first!" she reiterated, passionately.

In five minutes more she was ringing the changes anew upon her father's declaration and her mother's gentle response. To please them would involve no sacrifice of happiness, she argued. Loss implied previous possession, whereas she was already a miserable bankrupt. If she ever married it must be for money or a home. She would never love again—nevermore trust in man's affection. Mr. Dent was a man of stanch principle and kindly impulses. He would treat a wife with generous consideration—see that she wanted for nothing wealth could buy.

"Is this tempter duty or the devil?" she aroused herself to ask. "I cannot trust myself to think longer. My wits are deserting me. It is more than likely that the whole theory is groundless. I will believe nothing—resolve upon nothing until the need for decision is forced upon me." But all night long the conflict—ever beginning, never settled, went on within her. She felt like an old woman by the time the Sabbath chimes floated in at her open window, with the scent of the flowers from the balcony below.

Life was all out of joint that morning. Mr. Temple was confined to his room with a headache, and needed his wife's attendance. The only servant of the establishment was summoned, while building the kitchen fire, to see a sick brother, and left the wood unkindled, the dead ashes on the hearth. Ellen and Bertha made ready the simple meal, washed the breakfast dishes; cleaned up dining-room and kitchen, Mrs. Venable offering to prepare dinner while her sisters went to church.

"It can't be said that we are devotional for

the purpose of showing our finery," remarked Ellen, jocosely, as they donned their cheap cambrics—the only spring dresses they had been able to buy.

Bertha looked and felt indifferent as to the value or becomingness of her costume. Sack-cloth, with a liberal garnish of ashes, would have suited the inner woman better than her smartly-made print.

"It is your turn to use the parasol," she said, as they started down stairs. The three had but one between them. Bertha had been the first to laugh at the law of rotation in office which governed the useful implement, but she could not jest about it, or any other "beggarly device"—to-day. Each was a rivet in the shackles she fancied were forming upon her free agency. Her head ached and her eyes smarted. The sun was hot, the streets dusty, and it was so near noon that there was next to no shade even upon the embowered sidewalks, for which Richmond is famous. To crown her discontent, it was Easter Sunday, and every woman in town who could bedeck herself in a new hat and brave apparel, did so. They met nobody who looked plain as themselves, and St. Paul's, in which Mr. Temple still continued to hold a pew, was thronged with finely-feathered birds. Light silks, summer poplins, and other fashionable fabrics brushed their cotton dresses in the vestibule and aisles, and the heads of the congregation resembled a mammoth *parterre* of newly-blown flowers tossing and quivering in a light breeze.

Bertha heard neither Easter anthem, service, or sermon; hardly cast a glance at the floral decorations of the sanctuary. Heaven was very far away—the Father of mercies deaf or insensible to her cry. She had suffered until her sensibilities were benumbed—so she believed. She would not plead for a smoother path than that where pebbles bruised and flints lacerated her unsteady feet. A plain one—straight and well-defined, so there could be no mistake as to the route designed for her to tread, was all she asked of Providence. She was tired trying to find a way for herself. This was the prayer that arose in her heart when priest and people bowed together in the final act of worship.

"Give me a token that shall end this weary warfare! Show me what I ought to do—a sign I may not mistake. Thou seest, Lord—Thou alone, how heavy and sharp is my cross. I would do right. Help me! Point out the way, and I will walk in it." Arising from her knees, pale and faint of heart, she met Mr. Dent's eyes. He had sat in the pew directly behind her, and stood in the aisle quietly awaiting her pleasure, his head slightly bent, his features reverent.

"A thorough gentleman!" The thought leaped into her mind, almost escaped her tongue as she bowed silently in acknowledgment of

his respectful salutation. Ellen had slipped away and was chatting with a lady, half way to the door. Bertha walked, still without speaking, by Mr. Dent's side down the long church, her heart beating fast and loudly. Was this the sign for which she had prayed? Was it in faith or superstition that she was inclined to accept it? The air without was like a furnace after the cool shadows within doors, and struck upon them like blinding steam as they cleared the vestibule. Mr. Dent cast a furtive look at his companion's empty hands, and raised a small sun-umbrella he had brought. The shield was pleasant, as was the reflection that, well-dressed and *distingué* as he was, he did not hesitate to single her out as the object of his regard in all that gay assemblage. It was a little thing to be grateful for, but she was so cast down in spirit that the touch of balm soothed her hurt in some degree. The torn tendrils could not learn to climb again, but it was a welcome boon—the shade in which they might lie while they bled away their life. There was a sense of protection and comfort in his society, in the notice he paid her, whom the lover of her youth had discarded.

"Sterling complained that the unseasonable heat rendered him undevout," Mr. Dent said, as they strolled up the street. "I suspect the irreverent excuse was the cover for a morning of letter-writing, although he will reach Charleston almost as soon as his epistle. Has he told you of his engagement?"

The pavement was scorching, and seemed to radiate living sparks into Bertha's eyes.

"No!" Her voice sounded oddly to herself through the rush and roar that oppressed her ears, but Mr. Dent observed nothing uncommon in the intonation.

"Ah! I supposed he had, since you were such old and intimate acquaintances. But he had not the lady's permission to announce the betrothal until yesterday morning. She is a Miss Imogen Torrey, the sister of a particular friend of mine—a charming woman, and very popular with her associates; fine-looking, rather than regularly handsome; intelligent and refined, and in manner peculiarly fascinating. I wish you knew her, and hope you may meet, some day. You would harmonize delightfully, I think. The boy could not have made a more judicious selection. He is of the same opinion, judging from the complacency with which he regards his prospects. Miss Torrey is travelling with her brother's family, at present. It is to join them that Sterling goes to Charleston before I am ready to accompany him."

Bertha's answer was not very prompt. Her head was bowed, and her hat-brim hid her face. She laughed in looking up. "I cannot tell you how queer it seems to us—your Northern fashion of publishing engagements. Here, they are only guessed at and whispered about outside the lady's family. The gentleman's

nearest relatives are often kept in ignorance of the true state of affairs until the wedding-day is set. The custom has its manifest advantages. Perhaps not the least is the facility it affords for the exercise of masculine fickleness and feminine coquetry. I am glad to hear that your nephew's chances for happiness are so fair. I suppose it will be *selon les règles* for us to offer our congratulations?"

"He will be gratified, I am sure, to know that his old friends are interested in his welfare, and that he carries their good wishes with him into his new life," replied Mr. Dent, somewhat gravely. He could not be displeased with her, but he was disappointed that she treated his communication with such levity. Betrothal and wedlock were to him such holy and solemn things that the tone in which they were usually named offended his taste. He had thought her feelings too fine, her sense of fitness too just, to allow her to fall into this reprehensible fashion.

"He knows nothing!" Bertha was thinking, with a swelling heart. "And this, although they were travelling together when those two foreign letters were written to me! Was the whole thing a farce from the beginning—the diversion of a heartless man, instead of, as I excused his faithlessness by imagining, the evanescent passion of a boy who did not know himself or the world? Was he trifling with me all the while?"

Both gentlemen called on the Temples that evening. Mrs. Temple and her three daughters were in the room, and the conversation was lively and general, until, at Mr. Dent's request, Mrs. Venable, who was a skilful organist, went to the piano. Ellen's voice was a contralto, and, like her sister, she was extremely fond of sacred music. Mr. Dent was an admirable basso. Singing was his one accomplishment, but he rarely exhibited it, except in glees and chorusses. Sterling's knowledge of music was superficial, as was his acquaintance with most of the arts and sciences. But he had a tolerable ear, and could supply a showy tenor to any air with which he was familiar. He took a prominent part in the proceedings at the instrument; selecting music, expressing his views of this and that piece and composer, and carrying on his vocalization in the favorite style of operatic *tenores*—his chin well up, and eyes elevated at the same angle. Mr. Dent stood by, quiet and self-possessed, seldom speaking unless appealed to by the ladies, and singing, when his turn came, with precision of time and purity of tone that elicited the respect with the applause of his audience. Bertha was "not in a singing-humor to-night," and, when her mother stole away to her husband's sick-room, the girl found the contrast forced upon her contemplation strangely painful and mortifying. She was resigned to the burial of her idol. She shrank from seeing it crumble

into despicable dust. Sterling turned from the piano by and by. The others had begun to try new anthems, and make daring dips into oratorios, and these irregularities barred the door of distinction to him. He supposed that the listeners had wearied, with himself, of the skirmishing into untried regions, for their chairs were vacant. Catching sight of Bertha's light dress upon the balcony, he joined her there. The street lamp at the corner showed him her face distinctly, her eyes dark and haughty with their expression of surprised inquiry, and the recollection overtook him with disagreeable force that they had not been together without the restraint of a third person since their parting three years ago.

"It is warm in-doors," remarked Bertha, seeing him at a loss what to say, "and the music sounds well here. But you should not have left your post. A quartette is indispensable in sacred music."

"I wanted to speak to you."

He touched the hand that lay upon the iron rail. It was instantly removed, not petulantly, but with a composed assumption that the contact was accidental that made his task yet more difficult.

"I found a box awaiting me at my room last night when I returned from our ride," he resumed. "I have sought this interview to explain why I have nothing to send in return. Before I left Virginia, at the beginning of the third year of the war, I destroyed such personal effects as I could not conveniently take with me. Many of them were of great value to me, but I would not risk their falling into other hands than mine. Your letters and several of the few keepsakes I had received from you were of this number. I took with me into exile your photograph, ring, and a watch-chain made of your hair. The picture faded into a hideous caricature I could not bear to look at. The ring I lost while bathing in the Dead Sea. I wore the chain until it was frayed out. These are the few and simple reasons why I stand before you now empty-handed." He tried to laugh, but the effort was a melancholy failure.

The corners of Bertha's mouth broke into a smile that was very like genuine amusement, unmingled with chagrin or wounded feeling. A bystander might have thought that she enjoyed the situation and her obvious advantage. "The inventory is circumstantial and quite satisfactory," she said, her dimples deepening and broadening. "But apologies are superfluous. I know that change is an immutable law of Nature and mankind. That sounds paradoxical, but it is true. Even valuables will get lost in Dead Seas of forgetfulness, be worn out and cast aside as worthless, and prettier things than girls' photographs fade into homeliness. You need not have taken the trouble to explain; I understood it all before." She moved to go in, but he detained her.

"We are friends still, Bertha?"

"Why not? As the world rates friendship, yes. And the world is wiser than are boys and girls, who play at love-making they are ashamed to recollect in the course of a twelve-month or so. We wish one another all the felicity compatible with human imperfection and the laws of which we spoke just now. Each is entirely willing that the other shall enjoy life in his or her chosen way. And that reminds me of an omission for which you must pardon me, although it was not until this morning that I had a definite assurance that you were engaged to be married."

She said it out in the plainest terms, gazing directly and without embarrassment at him. It was his look that fell, his hand that played nervously with the odorous shrubs.

"Accept my sincere congratulations. That your uncle thinks well of the object of your choice is a guarantee of her excellence. He considers the alliance suitable in every respect, and I have confidence in his judgment and taste."

The clear, even voice, fuller and yet more melodious than of old; the plaintive music within, a soprano solo of wondrous pathos; the stars in the soft Southern heavens, and the remembered perfume of the flowers—together touched a chord long rusted by the damp of selfishness, clogged by the dust of worldly policy. For that one instant the love of his boyhood was more real than the "suitable" attachment of his wiser years. He threw out his arm in an uncontrollable gesture of deprecation. "Don't leave me in this way, Bertha. Have you forgotten, utterly abjured the past which we enjoyed together? We *were* happy then, were we not? The light of other days was sweet and dear. The remembrance of it is forever sacred to me. It is no disloyalty to my betrothed to wish, as I do sometimes, that I had lived in it always. You despise me, I know, consider me unstable and mercenary, but if you could understand the influences which have been brought to bear"—

"Explanations are disagreeable and inconvenient things, even where there is need for them," interposed Bertha, still clearly and without falter. "In this case, as I have said, they are altogether unnecessary. Facts speak for themselves. I understand your position, and have no accusations to bring. Therefore you are not called upon to defend yourself. As for the past, I have only to thank you for making it so easy for me to forget it."

OF all the agonies in life, that which is the most poignant and harrowing—that which for the time annihilates reason, and leaves our whole organization one lacerated, mangled heart—is the conviction that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of love.

HONORIA'S PRIDE.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

THE season was at its height, and, of course, Sea-View House was crowded. One always runs greater or less risks by indulging in confidential chat in such places.

"Did you witness the new arrival this morning?"

"Miss Tremaine?"

"Yes."

"I heard that she had come, but have not seen her yet."

"Do you know her?"

"I have met her a few times, but it can hardly be called an acquaintance," and Ross Delamere nonchalantly nipped off the end of a fresh cigar.

"What do you think of her?" Louis Bradford asked the question quite eagerly, as if feeling more than an ordinary interest in the reply.

"A new edition of pomp and woman's vanity, but in no way different from every other. Do you like my answer?"

Bradford laughed. "It will pass, though I cannot give you credit for much discrimination. But you are quite a 'lady-killer' in your way, Ross, even though you do not seem to aspire after that distinction. What if she should fall in love with you, as most of the ladies you meet do?"

"The effect would not be serious, I assure you. Don't be alarmed. Miss Tremaine's heart is not of the breaking kind. Indeed, I sometimes doubt if she possesses such an inconvenient organ." And so the conversation ended.

Some people seem to have the peculiar faculty of always being near when anything bad is being said of them. The young men were sitting upon one of the shady balconies in which Sea-View House abounds. Within, Honoria Tremaine, in passing through one of the long parlors, had paused beside a table spread with engravings. The scent of a cigar floated in through the open window beside her, but she had hardly thought to notice that. Then she had caught the sound of her own name, as one is always quick to do. The conversation which we have just recorded was perfectly audible to her. She turned with a savage little whirl, and swept further into the room. Isabel Graham, a rival belle, who had also been admiring the engravings, followed her, a smile that was the least bit triumphant parting her lips.

"Not very flattering in their remarks, are they?" she asked.

"No," very sharply, "but honest, nevertheless." Then, with singular abruptness: "Who was it with Mr. Bradford?"

"Ross Delamere."

"Indeed! I thought I recognized his voice."

Hereafter I shall never be at a loss to distinguish it," and she laughed, a low, short laugh that had something dangerous in it.

"What will you do?" Miss Graham went on to inquire. "Ask some male friend to call Mr. Delamere out for defamation?"

"No," shortly. "Don't joke. The gentleman has a right to his opinion." With this Honoria Tremaine went quietly up to her own room. The words to which she had listened had stung deeper than she would have cared to confess, and now she wished to look them squarely in the face. It was like a woman for all the world. At the first whisper of an antagonist they are always ready to concoct some scheme for meeting him even-handed. Naturally enough, perhaps, after having listened to such words, Honoria took Ross Delamere for a sort of secret foe, and prepared to meet him accordingly.

"He thinks me vain and heartless, does he?" she whispered to herself, smiling wickedly as she paced across the floor. "Well, well, I am to remain here three weeks, and one can work wonders in that time. Heartless! A woman with my good looks can twist any man around her fingers. You had better take care, Ross Delamere." For a moment her eyes glowed with a dangerous fire; then she dropped into a chair by the window, a look of real pain suddenly flitting across her face. She had met Mr. Delamere half a dozen times, perhaps, during the past winter. Something about the man had pleased and interested her. He seemed different from the shallow, empty-headed flatterers who usually surrounded her. To be sure, he rarely treated her to anything more elevating than the usual small talk and commonplaces of society, but she had kept on hoping better things of him when they should know each other better. Now, the few cutting words to which she had listened had opened her eyes to the light in which he had learned to regard her. "Vain and heartless!" Perhaps she was both, and yet it was not pleasant to have such things said of her. A dash of crimson flamed in either cheek; and she clenched her hands in a half-angry way, while a few hot, bitter thoughts surged through her heart, thoughts in which a little feeling of revenge was also mingled.

And so she kept her old position by the window, sitting there with just such fierce, passionate ideas flooding her brain, until the afternoon slowly waned into one of those peaceful, beautiful evenings, so delightfully cool and quiet, which are now and then to be experienced in the very heart of the summertime itself. Presently the subdued sweetness of far-off music, the dreamy murmur of gay voices, and ripples of happy laughter, stole upward to break the stillness of the room. She got up slowly, with a hard, settled purpose in her heart, and set about making one of those

picture-like toilets for which she was famous among her particular set, a toilet the very simplicity and apparent carelessness of which betrayed the highest form of art.

She went below, at last, and mingled with the throng that filled the great saloons, where—with her calm, beautiful face, and floating, silky tissue of some soft neutral shade, so marvellously simple, and yet so perfect in its way, that it caught the wondering eye, and kept it, when the more elaborate toilets of other women were passed by unnoticed—she shone like a newly-risen star. At last she floated across Ross Delamere's tired vision, as he lounged carelessly in one of the great bay windows, indolently watching the tireless dancers—floated before him like a picture, with her cool, quiet face and supple movements that were the very embodiment of grace and poetry. The pathetic sweetness of violins, the blare of horns, and the hoarse undertone of bass viols crashed through the heated rooms, where all was ablaze with light, and sparkling with jewels and the mist-like whiteness of diaphanous robes. Presently Honoria Tremaine came circling across his vision, as we have said, a marvellous embodiment of all his dreams of what the seraphs should be in face and form, as she swayed to and fro in quick response to the fast-swept strings and the silver kirs of the cymbals that fairly flooded the perfumed air with their wondrous melody.

Ross looked on, catching his breath dizzily once or twice. Something about that self-poised face and that lithe, supple figure in its floating draperies arrested his attention. He became interested in spite of himself. He watched her movements in a rapt, eager way that made Isabel Graham, standing near, wrinkle her brow half-angrily as she muttered under her breath:—

"Take care, Ross Delamere. My bonnie Honoria has a dangerous fascination when she chooses to exert it. She will make you eat your words of this afternoon unless you look to it. I would not like to have you do that." She moved nearer, dropping her handkerchief, a mere cobweb of an affair, exhaling some rare Indian perfume—dropping this bit of scented lace at his very feet as she swept past him.

He stooped, restoring it with a bow.

Miss Graham thanked him, giving her fan a coquettish little whirl as she paused, leaning against the lofty pedestal of an Ariadne, grape-crowned and beautiful. "Why do you stand here, Mr. Delamere, watching the dancers with such superb disdain?" she asked, in her most dulcet tones. "Has the Terpsichorean art no fascinations for you?"

"Quite the contrary. But one cannot be forever dancing, you know. Besides, it is quite as pleasant, sometimes, to look on."

The belle stood lily twirling her fan. "Especially when you have before you such an

adept as Miss Tremaine. Did you ever see so exquisite a figure upon the floor?"

"Never," with considerable enthusiasm. "She spiritualizes every movement. Her dancing is like a rare poem; there is a certain subtle rhythm in each step she takes."

"I knew you would appreciate her. You see, I am not jealous of Honoria, as most young ladies would be of so dangerous a rival," and she laughed slyly. "But who is her partner? Mr. Bradford?"

"Yes." A slightly envious feeling crept into Ross's heart as he made this answer.

"Oh! of course," with a knowing toss of the head. "They had begun to flirt most desperately before the season was up last winter. They will be sure to revive their old intimacy now Miss Tremaine is here. I wouldn't wonder if it should end in a match after all."

With this parting shot Isabel moved further on, thinking she must have said quite enough to deaden any growing infatuation which Ross might feel. Not so, however. For the nonce, this haughty, self-centred man was moved quite out of himself. He forgot what a wretched sham he had always reckoned Honoria's life to be—how miserably made up of vanity, folly, and petty ambition. He only remembered that cool, perfect figure, swaying in such passionate grace to every pulsation of melody that trailed through the rooms. He thought of her as something more living, sentient, than he had ever done before.

The music ceased, and the murmur of voices and the beat of restless footsteps began again. Ross went eagerly forward to the recess where Honoria was sitting after the dance; Louis Bradford leaning over the back of her chair, a little crowd gathered around her. He held out his hand with a grave, quiet smile. "This is a pleasure, Miss Tremaine. I hope you still keep my name fresh on your book of remembrance?"

She calmly looked up. If she felt the least thrill of triumph, there was not a muscle on her face so false as to betray as much. "It is there, Mr. Delamere," she returned. "I am glad to see you. It is quite a surprise, meeting you here at Sea-View House, though."

"I usually spend a month or two of the summer here. It is a delightful resort, and one finds nearly as many attractions as in the city. It is quite as gay."

Still the same old commonplaces. Honoria gave an involuntary shrug, inwardly resolving that he should soon treat her to something more to the taste of both. She took his arm, and they moved away a step or two. They rattled on in idle, empty talk for a few moments. Finally he said:—

"We had a gay season in New York last winter. There was no end to fetes and parties. But I only saw you a few times. I was wondering just now why we did not meet oftener."

"I was in Baltimore until the season was near its close. That explains the mystery."

At this moment the music crashed once more through the quiet. Ross made a sudden turn, his face kindling. "It is the German," he said. "We danced it together at the last ball of the season—Mrs. De Peare's. Don't you remember?"

She did; she would never forget it. At that ball she had first begun to suspect what this Ross Delamere was to her, how much she had learned to care for him. He had never mistrusted—theirs was a brief acquaintance at the time—more, he never should mistrust. "Did we? It is possible; I never carry such things in my mind."

He took little heed of these words, or he might have resented them. "I have not danced the German since, Miss Tremaine. It is my favorite, and I wished to keep a pleasant memory of it. Nobody dances it like you. I shall never attempt it again with another partner; it would make me wretched." His eager eyes sought her face, but read nothing there. She laughed carelessly.

"It would be cruel of me to deprive you of a pleasure so highly prized," she said, answering the question he was longing to ask. "Shall we take our places?"

"Thank you!" He dropped his arm about her waist, drawing her slowly into the giddy circle. The strings were swept fast, the blare of the horns grew louder, and silver-voiced flutes sent passionate gusts of melody swarming through the rooms. One, two—and they swept off in illimitable circles.

Fiercer and faster the music swept out in rich, swarming notes on the languid air, and faster they flew and whirled, a centre of light and color, a circle of ravishing sweetness and of intoxicating sights and sounds. A soft, beautiful color stole into Honoria's cheeks, her head drooped forward, and Ross held her close in his arms, her warm breath sweeping his cheek, while they whirled on and on, in faster and madder circles than before.

Suddenly Honoria swept loose from him, and stopped short. She had realized all at once the power this man was gaining over her—the wretched folly of which she herself was being guilty. She turned, with a haughty gesture. "I am tired," she said; "will you lead me to a seat?"

His face was still flushed and heated, but she instantly became her old, calm self, and her breath came and went with its usual icy evenness and regularity. At that moment she was more mistress of the occasion than he was master.

He obeyed, murmuring an indistinct apology. Once seated beside the window, he bent over her, eager and passionate. Some deep fount in his nature had been stirred, some chord agitated which was still vibrating. A

sudden infatuation, possibly an abiding love for this woman, had risen, gourd-like, in an hour. It was like the hand of Destiny. A few hours before he had called her vain and heartless. Now, some subtle magician had been at work, and he would have given his life almost for one smile, a single endearing word from her lips. There is no accounting for these things; God seems to take care of them after his own peculiar way.

A few burning words dropped from his lips. Honoria felt that a moment's consciousness on her part would precipitate a declaration. She instantly put a haughty reserve into her manner, which he would not be likely to overstep, for the old bitterness was rankling in her heart, festering from too recent a sore to be easily forgotten.

"You have tired me of dancing," she said; "I shall not go on the floor again to-night. Where is Mr. Bradford?" speaking imperiously. "Find him for me, if you please."

Ross tried to remonstrate, but she would not listen, so he went for Louis Bradford, who was watching them from no great distance, and came forward eagerly enough on being summoned.

"What is your pleasure, Miss Tremaine?" he asked, bowing low before her.

"I promised you a promenade on the veranda," she said, placing her hand upon his arm. "We will go, now. I find these rooms intolerably warm."

They turned to go out. Ross bit his lips hard, remembering what Miss Graham had said of Bradford and Honoria. What a fool he had been! For one mad moment he had been ready to declare this woman something nobler and purer than the majority of her sex. His first impressions were the true ones, after all. She was as vain, insincere, and coquettish as all the rest. With a curling lip, he straightway sought out Isabel Graham, and devoted himself exclusively to her for the remainder of the evening, much to the delight of the languid belle, who had all along felt uneasy over his attentions to her rival.

The next morning brought a change, however. Despite his idle words, Ross had felt a drawing towards Honoria Tremaine from the very first. Now, when she appeared on the veranda in one of her most matchless toilets, or walked on the beach, a little later in the day, he found it idle and vain to try to resist her fascinations, or to harden his heart against them. And so, as she seemed to utterly ignore any unpleasant passage between them, they walked and rode together, not only on this day that followed the "hop," but also on many other days, and held long *titte-à-titres*, in which he would now and then catch sudden and rare glimpses of a strong, true womanly character, such as he had often dreamed of, but never met,

lying deep under the shell of worldliness and show by which she had succeeded in concealing her really noble nature from all but the few.

Ross was much too far-sighted not to very soon comprehend the true state of affairs. He had passed through countless seasons of flirtation and folly; he had hardened his heart against the charms of fully a score of belles, all of whom were angling for his hand and fortune. He had even thought himself impregnable in the strong fortress which his own self-sufficiency had built around his heart. Now, this pale, pure face, this supple figure, had come dancing across his vision—this haughty, self-centred girl, who never sought and yet rarely shunned his attentions, but manifested a sort of superb indifference that almost drove him wild, had come upon the stage, and the walls which his own pride and conceit had erected were battered down in an hour's time, and the calm, perfect face had broken in to reign there forever. It was a mad thought, but a true one. He loved her.

He privately voted himself a fool, but that did not help the matter. He went on cherishing her image all the same. He tried to shun her society, but only punished and tormented himself by so doing. She seemed as willing to be shunned as sought. Finally, from sheer desperation, he tried to make love to her, but this was worse than all the rest. She immediately encased herself in a mantle of haughty pride and cutting sarcasm that drove him back worsted, discomfited, and only too glad to appeal for quarter by holding his peace. He was at an utter loss what to think of such a line of conduct. He had met flirts and coquettes without number, but never one like this.

He had been out all day, wandering by himself, in anything but a comfortable state of mind. Mr. Bradford and Honoria had started early in the morning on a horseback excursion, and this was what had sent him wandering off in this foolish fashion. He was too restless and nervous to remain quietly at the hotel, knowing that Louis had the field all to himself, and might be making the most of his opportunities. It was quite dusk when he reached Sea-View House on his return. Miss Graham met him on the gravelled walk leading to the hotel, where she had been waiting for more than an hour. When there was anything to disclose, she always liked to be the first to tell the news.

"O Mr. Delamere, you ought to have come home sooner!" she called out to him. "Such a dreadful time! Have you heard?"

"No," quickly. "To what do you refer?"

"Honoria Tremaine and Mr. Bradford. Such a sensation as it has made."

He grew very white, and drew his breath hard between his shut teeth. Another second and he had caught Isabel's arm in a gripe that was like a vice. "What of them?" slipped

over his lips in a sort of shivering gasp. "Will you never tell?"

"Such an accident! There! I am glad you have let go my arm, Mr. Delamere, you hurt me so. They were out riding, you know, Mr. Bradford and Honoria. Some laborers were blasting rocks close by where they rode. Honoria's horse was frightened and ran, and she was thrown among the rocks and brambles. They brought her home early this afternoon quite senseless."

Ross waited to hear the last word, and then strode past her, excited and feverishly impatient. He felt himself all in a tremble. He longed to be with her where he could soothe every pain. In that moment he forgot everything but his great love. As he crossed the dusky veranda, a white-robed form rose up from one of the bamboo chairs. He came to a sudden pause; then there was a quick recognition, and a fierce impulse drove the blood to his heart. With a glad cry he held out his arms.

"Is it you, Honoria, my life! my love? Thank God! I was afraid it was worse with you." He held her close to him a moment, dizzy with happiness.

If any triumphant flash crept into the girl's eyes at this sudden gesture and the tremulous eagerness of his tones, the twilight dusk effectually concealed it. But she soon drew herself free. "I was not seriously hurt, if you refer to the accident of to-day. Neither am I one to brood over an imaginary ill, making it a thousand times worse than the reality. Good-night, Mr. Delamere!" Her tone was cool and composed, just what she would have used in addressing the most ordinary of friends. She did not notice the mad momentary folly of which he had been guilty in any way. With the last word, before he could even reach forth a restraining hand, she was gone.

It was three or four days before he saw her again. A sort of wearisome languor, brought on, perhaps, by the shock of the fall she had had, kept her a prisoner in her own room. During these days Ross fought more than one hard battle with himself. Thus far he had shown that his love was strong. But Honoria's pride was even stronger, as he soon found. The event was to prove which should be crucified.

Miss Graham made the most of those days in which Honoria was compelled to keep her room. She affected Ross's society, and exerted herself to the utmost to make a favorable impression upon him. She waylaid him on every possible occasion. She rehearsed little bits of scandal that concerned her rival. She even hinted at frequent *billet-doux*, of which she was the unwilling bearer—choice little missives of love and sentiment, of which Honoria was writer, and Mr. Bradford reader. To just such ends will some silly, weak-minded women re-

sort to accomplish their ends. Failing to arouse Ross's jealousy or rage to any considerable extent by these means, she finally tried a new move, but not until after Honoria had begun to come below, once more looking all the more interesting and bewitching for her temporary retirement.

"Do you not often wonder why you and Miss Tremaine are not better friends?" she asked of him one day.

"I thought we were friends, Miss Graham," his tone distant and cool. "What can you mean?"

"You are not such good friends as you might be, not such as she and Mr. Bradford are. I could tell you the reason, if I chose."

"What is it?" curiously.

"Why, Honoria forgets the Scriptural teaching not to bear malice. I believe she hates you, and has meant to trifle with you all along, and out of a mere spirit of revenge."

Ross looked both surprised and indignant.

Seeing this, Miss Graham went on to ask: "Do you remember a certain conversation which you and Mr. Bradford held on the west balcony the day of Miss Tremaine's arrival?"

He hesitated a moment, then a sudden flush shot over his face. "We were discussing Miss Tremaine, and I gave my opinion very freely! I was not more than half in earnest, though. She heard us?"

"Yes."

Ross turned abruptly without another question. A thousand things were now clear to him. He could understand Honoria's whole system of action. His careless and idle words had picked her to a spirit of retaliation. Yes, she had meant to take a sort of revenge upon him. And, yet, he could not rid himself of the idea that she did care something for him, and this insane reaching after some fitting mode of vengeance was all that prevented her from realizing and giving up to that love.

An hour later he was pacing across the cool veranda. Most of the gay company were gathered on the beach. Suddenly he heard a touch at the grand piano in the nearly-deserted saloon, a touch which he would have recognized among a thousand. The notes sighed out like a rhythmic wail from under the skilful fingers. The music appealed directly to some subtle chord in his own soul. He did not pause to ponder the matter, but went slowly in.

Honoria may have heard his step or may not. At any rate, she kept on with her playing without looking around.

He went up to her. "I have something to say to you, Honoria Tremaine," he began, placing himself beside her.

She turned slowly. There was no retreat now. "I am ready to listen if it is anything of sufficient importance," she said, her lips trembling before the sight of that white, eager face.

"Honoria, I love you, and you know it," he cried, catching her eye, and keeping it with the wild strength which was in his own. "You have been trifling and toying with me all these days. I will bear it no longer. I tell you that I love you. What have you to say to me?"

She made a quick movement, something like a shiver running all through her. For a moment her white face was treacherous, and betrayed the keen pain cutting at her heart, then she raised her hand with an imperious gesture. "Leave me, Mr. Delamere!" she cried. "How dare you broach such topics to me? I have no desire to listen to them. Go!"

Instead he caught her hands, almost crushing them between his own. "Let our folly end here, Honoria," he plead. "You have misunderstood me all along. You heard what I said to Louis Bradford that day when you first came. It does not matter whether I was serious or not. Whatever my opinion may have been at that time, the fact that I am now pleading for you to become my wife shows plainly what it is at this moment. Will you not forgive me, Honoria?" and his voice softened. "Will you not love me even as I love you?"

She had grown very white while he had been speaking. Somehow her triumph seemed little and unsatisfactory enough, now that it had really come. More than that, he mistrusted the object that had been actuating her all along. How mean and wicked she felt! But her pride was strong as ever.

"I have but one answer to make you," she said, in a cold, hard voice. "You could not expect me to love or marry a man sunk so low as to put a spy upon my actions. From your own words, I must conclude you have done that, Mr. Delamere." She turned to go. He staggered as if he had been struck, dropping into the nearest seat. If Honoria had looked around she must have relented. But she did not. Instead, she swept out through the hall, leaving him there quite alone.

This was near evening. The next morning Ross saddled one of the swiftest steeds in the hotel stables, and went tearing over the sands and down the hard, smooth roads, like mad. In this poor, foolish way was he trying to run away from his misery. The day was intensely hot. The sun dropped a great sheet of yellow, burning gold over the shimmering water, the amber sands, and the listless earth. Scarce a leaf rustled or a twig moved.

After the noontide heat, the sun sunk rapidly in a sky that was lurid, yellow, and dangerously ominous. At last a few great clouds, intensely black and threatening, came striding up from the very heart of the west, shutting over the landscape like one vast pall. Ross drove rapidly homeward for shelter and security. Miss Graham, like the bird of ill-omen which

she was, met him in the hall with a pitiful story.

"Oh, what shall we do, Mr. Delamere?" she cried, wringing her hands. "Honoria and Mr. Bradford are out on the bay. She would go, though I tried to prevail on her not to. They will be drowned, I am sure they will!"

Ross stood for a moment like one carved in stone, steadying himself against the hall table. "Who is with them?" he finally asked, in a husky voice.

"Mr. Bradford was bent on going alone. He would not even take a boatman along."

Something very near an oath dropped from Ross's lips. "The idiot!" he hissed, between his teeth. "He knows no more of the management of a boat than some silly child. My God! They will be lost in this storm!"

The darkness had been growing denser and blacker. A few angry clouds came tearing up the sky, like gray spectres against the solid blackness which outlived them. Just then a broad sheet of flame cut through the gloom, and a few great drops of rain came pattering against the window-panes. A low growl of thunder succeeded, and then the winds broke loose with an angry shriek.

Ross rushed out, tearing like mad towards the beach, ready to vent curses against Bradford's stupidity in thus risking his own life and that of another, all the way. A few among the men, knowing the truth of the matter, followed him, willing to lend their poor aid.

A long, trailing bank of fog shut in the bay at first. Then it lifted a little, swept upward by the wind. Ross's quick ear caught a cry, and he strained his eyes through the dimness. There they were, only a short distance out, the little boat wedged in between two rocks, the angry waves making frantic dashes at it, every now and then. Ross immediately comprehended their situation. They had been driven upon a little bank of sand, stretching out in one portion of the bay, and the boat lay there between two rocks, as we have said. Honoria and Mr. Bradford were in the boat, their white faces turned towards the shore. It is a wonder their little craft had not been dashed in pieces at the first.

Bradford's hoarse voice came faintly over the water, hardly audible in the din of the tempest, as he stood up, calling for aid. Honoria waved her white handkerchief, her hands stretched shoreward in piteous entreaty.

Ross could not endure this mute appeal. He cast his eyes rapidly along the beach. There were no boats in sight, and none nearer than a sheltered cove, more than half a mile away. Before one could be gotten from there, it might be too late. Realizing this, his mind was soon made up. He was a very expert swimmer. He would try to reach them. "A rope!" he cried, addressing one of the fishermen, who had gathered, with others, on the spot.

This was soon brought, then another and another. The three he tied together, knotting one end about his waist. Not until then did those about him realize his purpose.

"You're mad, sir!" said one of the rude men, trying to keep him back. "It's all your life is worth to venter into that 'ere boillin' water."

For an answer, Ross gave him the loose end of the rope to hold, then dropped into the hissing and foaming water, trailing the rope after him. The mad waves looked at him angrily, and dashed their salt spray into his face and eyes. But he kept on and on, daring their fury, and breasting them with strong, sturdy strokes that gave him good headway, despite the giant strength with which they tried to hurl him back, baffled and defeated, upon the sands.

He reached the boat at length, and drew himself wearily within it. Honoria's hands caught fast hold of his, and her white face was turned upwards to meet his own.

"You have come to save us. God bless you, Ross!" she cried.

He dropped a single hot kiss upon her forehead, then slowly untied the rope from his own waist, and commenced to knot it about hers. Bradford, crouching abjectly in the bottom of the boat, noted the action.

"My God, Delamere, you are not going to leave me to my fate?" he shrieked, pitifully, lifting his white scared face. "The boat will be in pieces within fifteen minutes. I can swim but little. I shall drown. My God! do not abandon me!" He clung to Ross's knees, crying out and wringing his hands in abject fear. Ross turned suddenly to Honoria.

"You love this man," he said. "You and he shall try to gain the shore. I will stay behind and take my chance."

The girl's lip curled with haughty scorn. She tore the rope from her waist, and flung it beside Bradford. "I am not a coward," she cried, with cutting sarcasm. "I am no better than you, Ross, that you should face death alone. Mr. Bradford may seek safety by himself."

There was something grand in the way in which she stood up in the boat, waves splintering into foam about her, black darkness overhead, like a veil that would never be rent in twain, flashes of vivid flame cutting like blades of fire into the water every now and then, her head thrown back, with the long black hair flowing loose upon the wind, and her glorious eyes flashing forth a fiery scorn.

She had spoken, and no amount of entreaties would move her from her purpose. As for Bradford, every vestige of manliness had vanished before the awful peril which threatened him. His innate selfishness asserted itself the stronger part of his nature.

"Don't think too hardly of me, Ross," he said, weakly. "You can swim, and with you,

Miss Tremaine will be safe. You managed to reach the boat, and I am sure you can return without the rope. For me it is my only hold on life. Were you and Honoria to leave me here alone, I should perish. I *must* go!"

Ross made a stern gesture of silence. A loose spar came floating by, driven close to the boat by the rush of water sucked inward by the rocks. He reached out and secured this, then lashed Bradford to it with one end of the rope, his face cold and harsh all the while. The wretched man tried to say something further in extenuation of his conduct, but Ross would not listen. He gave the signal for those on the shore to draw in the rope, then pushed Bradford into the angry water.

Left alone in the boat, Honoria and Ross stood looking into each other's eyes, their faces deathly white, though not a muscle of either quivered. It was an awful moment, for the din, and roar, and terror of the tempest was still about them. But Ross could not resist the impulse to ask the question which rose to his pale lips.

"God and the storm hear us, Honoria. We may be saved or may not. But would it be a very bitter blow to you if that man never reached the shore alive?" He pointed to where Bradford's head was still barely visible among the white capped waves. An angry crimson crept into the girl's stern face.

"He will reach the shore," she cried. "Even the sea casts off such craven souls."

He was answered. He drew nearer, his features working strangely. "This is no time for shams. We are left to live or die together," he said. "Now, Honoria, for the last, last time, do you love me?"

"Thee, and thee only, Ross."

He drooped his arms rapturously about her. What cared he for the rage, and crash, and uproar of the tempest? She was his at last, all his own for life or death, for time and eternity.

A few more mad, wild waves sweeping over it, and the frail little boat in which they had been sitting all this time was a broken, shattered wreck at last, and they were floating on the surface of the water, clinging close to each other, with only a single plank to keep them up. It was a long, dreadful struggle that followed, but the sea was merciful.

A last angry shriek, dying out in a low, sad wail, and the tempest had stalked bellowing past as suddenly as it had arisen. The blackness and horror swept out of the sky, and as the low sun dropped its slanting threads of gold over the scene, Ross and Honoria were kneeling on the dripping sands, thanking God for His mercy. They were saved!

INCIVILITY is the extreme of pride; it is built on the contempt of mankind.

HILL-SIDE TREASURES.

BY IDA CLARE.

MAY 22d.—I've been trying for two or three days to sit down and record some of the pleasures of a very pleasant day that I owe to Miss Mitford; but every time I turn to my impromptu writing-desk, the volume standing so temptingly between my inkstand and paper catches my eye, and I am vanquished. And if a lingering resolution to write stands out against the first few lines, by the time I relinquish the book I am irresistibly drawn out of doors to garden and wood, and seeds and mould occupy the place of pen and ink in my hands and in my thoughts.

Meanwhile, time is flying. Already the plums and cherries are perfuming the air. On that pleasant day they were barely beginning to look pearly; while my cineraria, which was then in full bloom, filling the room with its fragrance so suggestive of the green-house, is now cut down, and divided, and banished, until it shall become freshly rooted. There are still two or three trusses of its rich Tyrian purple blossoms in a vase before me, mingled with the pale lilac of our earliest phlox, the waxy gold of the crowfoot, the beautiful blue of the lungwort, and the delicate flush of the spring beauty. But another day or two—already several of the bright petals are turning up a silvery edge—another day or two and they will all be gone.

How beautifully the river is curling and sparkling beneath the scented breeze! Then it was calm "as the motionless fields of upper air," and drew my eye continually from the page before me (it does that now), while yet I repeated to myself that it was just the weather to read Miss Mitford's charming sketches with full delight and appreciation. At length I commenced "Whitsun Eve;" but, before I reached the list of the lovers, I paused and took a mental review of my own garden. What a contrast!

Though mine is to be the prettiest garden I have had for years, it looks very insignificant to me after that description. My verbenas are almost invisible spots of green in the long brown beds, which in a month or two are to be such a blaze of beauty. The tangle (what a misnomer it is!) suffers sadly from the visits of my feathered pets, and I fear that more than one summer's accumulations will have to be added to the Solomon's seals, squirrel cups, violets, lungworts, and dog-tooth violets which are at present its sole occupants. Those dog-tooth violets! magnificence in miniature! I never look upon them but I want to flch their cognomen from those princes of the tribe, the Turk's-cap lilies. My flowering almond and plum-leaved spirea I can look at complacently, even with that gorgeous garden in my mind's eye, but not so with the flower-bed under the

east window. Violets and jonquills, roses and tuberoses, cannot make this look otherwise than bare and unfurnished, and I *must* go into the woods, and get wild flowers enough to fill up till my other plants can make a show.

Here ended my meditation, and Miss Mitford was laid aside less reluctantly than usual, as I turned my face forestward—if such a term can be applied to the scanty woods, which are constantly growing scantier. I did not think of that when I reached the sheltered hill-side, and looked up at the thick growth, which, as yet, no woodman's hand has harmed. A very short walk would have brought it to my mind and before my eyes; for this gradual thinning out of the beautiful trees, which used to clothe our hills so richly, is, and has been for many months, a source of grief to me, making me sometimes fairly homesick to get away from my home.

But just here I may forget that trees are not as well cared for as in England. A cool, pleasant place it is; the little "run" making its noiseless way at the foot of the hill, while now following the bank, and now rising steeply up the hill-side, is the little footpath. A pleasant place it is, and the children like it. I believe children always have a tolerably correct taste for natural beauty, however it may be in regard to other things. Here is little Robby, for instance, will infallibly lead the way to the prettiest nooks and the pleasantest prospects. This same little Robby is in most impatient haste to be promoted to that abomination of country boyhood, yclept "gallusses." He and his sister Amy have seized upon their little visitor, Carl, and his hands are rapidly filling with violets, while, as yet, I have seen nothing to which I care to lay claim. I used to think I had pretty sharp eyes when flowers were to be found; but for two or three years this same little Amy or her elder sister Lucy, who is with us giving the baby an airing, has invariably found my first flowers for me. I fear I must submit to the belief that I, in common with the rest of the world, am growing older. It is a very difficult belief to submit to even now, when Lucy has just pointed out to me a plant that I would not have missed hardly for a new verbena even, so beautiful is it. In the soft moist earth, close beside the little stream, these early flowers always grow more luxuriant than elsewhere; but here is a squirrel cup, larger, more spreading, more gracefully nodding over its image in the water, than I ever saw before, even in that favorable situation. I motion Lucy to silence; for, though it is nearly hidden among the roots of a noble young lime, I dare scarcely trust those other young eyes with any clue to its existence. I think the temptation would be too great, and Carl would have the pleasure of seeing it for half an hour, perhaps, before it faded; while I would remove it carefully, so that it would be a thing of beauty, gladdening

our eyes for many days. As I raised my eyes from an examination into the feasibility of such a precipitous descent and such treacherous footing as would alone enable me to possess this treasure, they fell upon another, only less lovely, but defended by *such* a breastwork of sticks and twigs! I verily believe that had the green leaves been less feathery, had they been borne aloft with a less triumphant grace, had the blossoms not been so large as almost to deserve the name of "Ladies' Reticules" (by which name, I believe, they are sometimes known), I think I should have left it for an untakable Sebastopol, without ever giving it the compliment of trying. But I *did* try, and the breastwork scattered, and in a few minutes the pink bulb was in my hand, and transferred, with plenty of its native soil, to my very rural apology for a basket. The first, which looked so unprotected and so tender—

I braved the steep bank, which was in danger of caving in, and treating me to a *sousing*; I braved the spongy soil, which threatened to sink, and carry me down bodily; then I found that the tender and succulent beauty had yet other protection. The roots of the lime spread beneath, and around it, and over it, so that nothing less than an axe would suffice to procure it for me. Well, it is better where it is. I wonder that I could have had the heart to think of moving it. Growing up here as sheltered as in a greenhouse, in the richest of soils, cool and moist, how would it bear the exchange to a sunny, windy eastern exposure? No, I think I should have relented, even had it been possible to get at the root. I am glad, at any rate, that it was not.

What is that, Lucy? A bloodroot? *Only* a bloodroot! Why, it might almost have been a white lily, so pure, and beautiful, and large is it, and with petals so deeply indented. I am fortunate, indeed. What a rich black mould it is! I believe it is considered among all my friends a very unladylike predilection, this fondness of mine for digging in the dirt (call it not *dirt*, this soft, rich soil! I don't wonder flowers love to grow in it); but of a surety it is a delightful occupation to me, and here is plenty of opportunity to enjoy it, for the stem fairly seems to lengthen as I dig. Perseverance at length meets its reward, however, albeit a part of the deep red tuber is left in the ground. No wonder they call it bloodroot; my hands almost look as if I had been butchering. Here are the early purplish phlox and the violets, purple and blue; and now, Carl, we will go home.

Lo! here is a tragedy. My poor, precious, beautiful bloodroot! Those broad, thick petals are scattered, and my magnolia in miniature is destroyed. The round, sheathing leaf and the green central column are all that remain. Gone are the golden sentinels, gone the silver walls!

Come, Carl, help me set out the rest of my treasures.

My squirrel cup, the counterpart of the forest beauty I left behind, still raises its plummy leaves and pure blossoms from the spot where I placed it, willing to enjoy its solitude, or, to suffer admiration, of which it receives plenty. I am particularly satisfied with myself to think that I left that other gem to "waste its sweetness on the desert air," and spend its little life on its own homestead, and among its own kindred. But I fear to make any inquiries about it, lest I should learn that childish eyes had spied it out in its lurking place, and that little hands had borne it in triumph to a speedy death.

SUCH IS LIFE.

BY S. STOCKTON HORNOR.

THE future's a blank,
The past is a mountain,
That darkened the fountain
Where Hope often drank.

In the right or the wrong,
Without ever knowing
Whither we're going,
We totter along.

So wayward we're tossed
By time's rapid motion,
Like wavelets of ocean
In eddies we're lost.

RULE FOR LIVING WITH OTHERS.

ANOTHER rule for living happily with others is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation. It mostly happens, when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel, and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it. Again: if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people, when he said: "Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason every morning all the minute details of a domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers, or two politicians, can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode for arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

MARRYING A TITLE.

BY A. S.

ANYBODY suddenly entering the superb drawing-room of one of the most stylish of Fifth Avenue houses, one fine morning in the early fall, of never mind what year, might have imagined, from the sounds there, that a caged bear was being teased. Growls loud and long, low and short, every variety of muttered sounds could have been heard, mingled with women's voices in voluble excitement. Looking in upon the occupants of the room, however, the growlings would have been discovered to proceed from a short, thick-set elderly gentleman, who was walking up and down, his hands thrust in his pockets, and his voice giving utterance to the sounds already mentioned. The ladies were evidently mother and daughter, and as evidently ladies of wealth and fashion. Dressed in the most elaborate of morning costumes, they were discussing some point of vital interest; the elder one with great animation, the younger coolly, but no less decidedly. Introducing them as Mr. Jarvis Mason; his brother's widow, Mrs. Nelson Mason; and his niece, Miss Lucie Mason; we come next to the conversation, running in this wise:—

"I am sure, brother Jarvis, the letter is everything we can desire," said Mrs. Mason.

Growl from the gentleman.

"Perfectly satisfactory," said Lucie, languidly, but with a tone that seemed to denote that her remark finished the discussion.

"Perfectly satisfactory!" said the gentleman, speaking at last, and throwing an inflection of intense sarcasm into his voice.

"Why, Uncle Jarvis, what can you desire more?" inquired the young lady.

"What does it say?"

"My nephew," said the elder lady, "writes that he has made every inquiry with regard to the antecedents of the Count Manziori, shown his photograph to his relatives, and proved that he is precisely what he represents himself to be."

"A needy foreign adventurer, looking for a rich wife!" was the unflattering comment.

"The Count Manziori, heir to one of the oldest titles in Italy, an exile for political reasons; but, without a shadow of doubt, a nobleman by birth, highly educated"—

"And very handsome," said Lucie.

"And for this title you would sell your only child? Oh! you need not throw such indignant looks upon me. That is just what it amounts to. Do you know how they come over here, these foreign noblemen, without means to buy a year's living? I will tell you. It is a matter of speculation, a choice between starving at home or marrying an heiress—marrying the money, the wife taken as a necessary incumbance."

"Uncle Jarvis, you are positively insulting."

"I did not stop this matter before, because I hoped your charming count would turn out to be a runaway barber, or a cook, perhaps a tenor singer from an opera troupe, and you would give him up without my interference; but since he is a real count—oh!"—and a series of indescribable growls completed the sentence.

Lucie, roused from her attitude of languid indifference, sat tapping her feet impatiently up and down, twisting the silken cord of her morning dress, and looking as unamiable as a young lady can ever be supposed to appear. Her mother gave her no time, however, to answer her uncle.

"I am sure I cannot imagine, brother Jarvis, where you have picked up such strange notions. Count Manziori is received in the very best New York society, his means are certainly sufficient to support a dress and manner of living perfectly consistent with his title, his manners are exquisite, and his devotion to Lucie perfectly charming. If her mother is satisfied, no one else need find fault."

"What is his moral character?"

"Dear me, Jarvis, what an odd question! He accompanies us to Holy Trinity every Sunday morning."

"Not a Roman Catholic, then?"

"I am sure I don't know. I never asked him."

"Is he temperate?"

"How on earth can I tell?"

"Does he gamble?"

"I never heard such preposterous questions. I am not a detective policeman to inquire into a gentleman's pursuits. Count Manziori," she loved to dwell upon the title, "has birth, education, and grace; sings like an angel, dances deliciously, dresses well, and adores Lucie. What more can the most exacting mother desire?"

"And you, Lucie?"

"I shall accept the count's offer of marriage." A curt answer given in a curt tone. The large violet eyes looked cold and hard, the beautiful face was set with firm determination, and the graceful figure drawn erect.

Jarvis Mason had been called a hard man. There was but one thing on earth that he loved—his niece, Lucie. His face dropped its expression of sarcasm, of anger, as he heard her answer, and his eyes dwelt upon her face with a look of grief that touched her, while she tried to conceal the softening emotion. "Lucie," he said, sadly, "I have no power to prevent your marriage. You are of age, your fortune is under your own control, and it is not of that I am thinking. Even if the golden bait is lost, could you be saved, I would not regret it. I can use no argument now that I have not already used; but, by the memory of the father who begged me to stand in his place to his little child, I beg you not to hastily decide this matter. If you love this man, and he is a good,

true, honorable man, I will never thwart you, but do not barter your whole life's happiness for the empty vanity of adding a title to your name."

Again Mrs. Mason interrupted Lucie's reply. "Of course, Lucie loves Manlio," she said. "I am sure her mother would not force confidence upon so delicate a subject as that."

There was silence for a moment. No reply came from Lucie, though her uncle's look was almost imploring. He spoke again:—

"I will interfere no further. No word shall pass my lips again, Lucie, and you may look for my wedding present in due season." Stern and cold was his tone now, but it softened again as he added: "If in the future you need a friend, come to me," and with no word of adieu he abruptly quitted the room.

There was a profound silence there, until the bang of the street door told that he had left the house, then Mrs. Mason spoke: "I am so glad, Lucie, love, that the letter came at this time. October is such a fashionable month for a wedding, and your trousseau can be commenced at once. How fortunate you have not worn those exquisite laces your Aunt Maria left you. They will be lovely on your wedding dress, and you can have all her odd rare jewels reset. The pearls will be lovely in a panure for the wedding. But we have no time to lose. We will go at once to Stewart's. Ring, my dear, and order the carriage."

Without a word of comment Lucie obeyed, and then went leisurely up to her room to dress for a drive. There was a lazy grace about Lucie Mason that went far towards her acceptance as a belle in New York society. She was of the pure blonde style of beauty. Nature had bestowed upon her a profusion of golden hair that curled without artificial aid, a creamy rather pale complexion, large violet eyes, lovely features, and a figure rather tall and full, but graceful in every curve and motion. Nature had given her a yielding, gentle disposition, a mind above the average capacity, and talents of no mean order. What had education, under the guidance of a foolish, worldly mother, done for her? It had left her beauty untouched, because her style was effective, and blonde hair fashionable. It had given her showy accomplishments, taught her the art of dress in its fullest perfection, made fashion, style, and parade gods to be worshipped; and left her indolent, because there was nothing in her life worth making an exertion for; brilliant, because the talents wrested from solid pursuits were more than sufficient for effective accomplishments—a complete fashionable girl of the period, with a heart and soul not lost, but crusted over by fashionable follies and excitements. To say that the little white hands glittering with diamond rings were utterly useless for any practical purposes, implies no disparagement of their muscular capacity, only an

entire ignorance of any work more engrossing than crochet, piano-forte exercise, or turning the leaves of a new novel. Probably Lucie would have shuddered with horror had she been informed that it was possible for her to dress her own hair or make herself a petticoat.

Leaving the pretty heroine in the hands of her French maid, let us overhear another conversation bearing upon the same subject as the preceding one. That it is in Italian need be no impediment to our comprehension.

"Another thousand! You draw heavily upon the exchequer," said the first speaker, an elderly man, with keen black eyes and heavy eyebrows.

"Read that," was the laconic reply, and a little perfumed note was tossed across the table at which the two were sitting.

"Good!" was the comment. "You have won the heiress. When does the wedding come off?"

"Soon, I hope. I'm sick of the whole thing. The girl is a perfect doll; pretty, but cold as a piece of marble, and with a lazy manner that puts one in agony. I declare to you, Paulo, I feel tempted sometimes to shake her, and see if she can be roused from that sleepy state she indulges in. How a man of my disposition can ever stand it in a wife is an unsolved mystery."

"Bah! She will pay your debts. When you first proposed to me to find you an heiress, and share in the profits of the speculation, you were not so fastidious. Old, ugly, or stupid, you said then, but rich. Now you complain when you have youth and beauty as well as wealth."

"There! there! never mind the rest of the lecture. The bargain is made, my title against her money. Give me another thousand for expenses until the wedding is over, then Madame la Countess will have the honor of filling the purse of Manlio Manziori!"

It was a brilliant wedding. Mrs. Mason's heart was full of maternal pride as she recalled it. Lucie in her satin, laces, and flounces, with her stately carriage and lovely face, looked every inch a countess, and there were few men whose personal beauty equalled that of the bridegroom. It had been arranged that the young couple were to reside in a new house in Brooklyn, but the entreaties of the mother overruled the decision, and they were to return to Lucie's own home. The honor of a nobleman residing in her house was one of Mrs. Mason's reasons, the love she bore for her only child the one given to the world.

The time spent in the honeymoon trip was spent by Mrs. Mason in refurbishing the apartments intended for the use of the count and countess, and in preparations for a grand ball to celebrate their return to New York.

The day of their return chanced to be twenty-four hours earlier than they had intended, and *madame mère* was not at home when the carriage drove up to the door. An hour later she

was hurrying to Lucie's bed-room to welcome her. She found her alone, and, heartless, worldly woman as she was, she fairly shrank as she saw her child. In place of the graceful indolence to which she was accustomed, she met blazing eyes, and a figure drawn erect in scornful anger. "My dear, where is the count?"

"Gone, as usual, to seek his own pleasure. Mother, did you, when you gave me to this man, know what he was? Did you, when after my uncle's last protest, you hurried me through wedding preparations, giving me no time for thought, did you know to what you were driving me?"

"Lucie! Lucie! What can you mean?"

"Uncle Jarvis warned us that it was a bargain, a title against wealth; but even he could not have known all. Debts, whose amounts would startle you, are to be paid—a gambler's purse supplied. But the mere money is nothing. He cares nothing for me, and I—I loved him."

One month married, and love a thing of the past already! It was a strange awakening for the pampered child of luxury, but once roused there was no return for her. I have said she possessed a true heart and noble impulses, but crusted over by a life of frivolity. Wakened from that, she groped blindly for guidance to the right path. Outwardly, the same lovely piece of still life as before, secretly she was struggling to find the means of winning her husband from courses of evil, some of which she only guessed, others made only too plain to her.

It became an unspoken compact between Lucie and her mother, to conceal from the world the misery of their home life. Invitations were given and accepted, gay dresses worn, the countess smilingly accepted society's congratulations, and carried her mask with no tremble of lip or hand; but debt began to show his ugly face in the superb house, and there were quarrels there between the fascinating count and his ladylike mother-in-law, that would have astonished their aristocratic friends. One year after the wedding day Lucie became the mother of twin boys, and the maternal love tore away forever that gloss of fashion that had so long rested upon her nobler nature. For her boys' sake, to save them from their father's sins, became the stimulus to open the heart and mind, to drink in purer, higher knowledge than they had ever sought before. Fifth Avenue would have opened staring eyes, could they have looked upon the young mother kneeling beside the cradle of her infant sons, praying that she might be guided to lead them to pure Christian lives, or bending over the pages of a Bible, seeking with childlike faith for help and light in the task she had set for herself. Her boys were but toddling babies still, when Lucie's mother died. She had sent for her lawyer

and for Jarvis Mason some months before, and on her deathbed she implored Lucie not to judge her harshly when she learned the meaning of that interview. Too soon she was to understand that mother's prayer.

"Do you know, madam," cried the count, bursting into his wife's room, the day after the funeral, "what your mother has done with her money?"

Lucie looked up, bewildered.

"She has left it all, every penny of it, to your Uncle Jarvis. But I will dispute the will."

"I don't think you can, Manlio."

"Her jointure should come to you."

"We have already had it! What mamma left at her death is her own private fortune, inherited from her father."

"Are you aware that we have nothing, and are over head and ears in debt?"

"I feared so."

"You feared so," he sneered. "And, pray, upon what do you intend to live?"

In the wife's heart there arose bitter questions of the justice of the taunt from one who had squandered her ample means in three short years, but no word passed her lips.

"You know well," he continued, "that we had made sure of your mother's money at her death."

"I never thought much about it," she said; "but I supposed mamma would leave it to me. She had some good reason, I presume, for changing her will."

"Good reason! To keep it from me! I see what her good reason was. But I will be revenged."

It were too long a story to tell how the next five years were passed. Count Manziori and his family had left New York. That was all society could tell you; but the story of the steady downward progress of the gambler was hidden from them. From city to city he dragged the fair wife and little children, for a baby girl was born soon after Mrs. Mason's death, and, when cards were unlucky, there were extremes of poverty to be borne. Helpless fine ladyhood had soon to be thrown aside, and the lessons of housewifery, sewing, and nursing, learned under that bitterest of all taskmasters—necessity.

It was a winter's night of unusual severity, when Uncle Jarvis, sitting dozing over the fire, was roused by voices in the hall, a woman's low tones and children's prattle. Almost thinking he was dreaming he sat erect, and saw them come in, a tall, stately figure in mourning, two boys, and a little fair-haired girl.

"Uncle Jarvis, may we come in?"

He could not speak. That worn, pallid face, aged by suffering spoke too cruelly of the past, and his voice failed him. In his face Lucie read some answer, for she was in his arms, sobbing like a baby, almost as soon as her question was spoken.

When they were calmer, he touched her dress. "Dead?"

"He left me a year ago, and I heard directly of his death in San Francisco, yesterday. He was shot in a gambling house by a man whose sister he had proposed to marry."

"Marry!"

"He was recognized as a married man by some former New York friend, and died as I have said. Uncle Jarvis," she continued, earnestly, "I do not deserve even a kind word from you; but will you keep me for the sake of these little ones?"

"In what way, Lucie?"

"I thought of opening a little store. I cannot sew fast enough or well enough to gain a living for four. My education does not fit me for a teacher, and I can think of nothing else, unless you will lend me money enough to open a store."

"Lucie, have you ever wondered at your mother's will?"

"Yes," she answered, simply.

"My child, it was but a trust. She knew how her fortune would be wasted if your husband obtained control over it, and it was left you, in my hands, until such time as your need demanded it, or you were widowed, or (for she thought of that), deserted."

"Then my children will be provided for?"

"Yes. You will live here, Lucie? I am very lonely."

What more can I add to my "owen true tale?" A widow still, but with sons as tall as herself, Lucie still lives with Uncle Jarvis, guarding her daughter against the whirlpools of fashion in which her own happiness was wrecked.

THE HARP OF GOLD.

*Respectfully inscribed to MRS. A. L. DUFOR and
MRS. M. E. NEALY, of Washington, D. C.*

BY JOHN S. REID.

WHEN Time and Love were young and fair,
And roses bloomed in Eden's bower,
And zephyrs toyed with Eva's hair
At evening's sweet and witching hour.
Said Love to Time, "Come, let us rove,
And pass through life the hours away;
My bow and dart I'll test and prove,
While you the Muses harp may play."

So Time agreed. Like knight of old,
Young Love assumed the martial guise,
And folded up his wings of gold
Rich with ten thousand gorgeous dyes.
And Time stepped forth with harp and lute,
Like minstrel old, or palmer gray,
And whilst the one his bow would shoot
The other harp or lute would play.

And oft they sung in princely bower,
And played to many a lady fair;
And Love would climb the highest tower
The heart of youth to pierce or snare.

And thus through many a clime they strayed,
Till many a year had passed and gone—
Young Love like chief in mail arrayed,
And Time like minstrel old and lone

But Time grew weary of the song
As age stole gently o'er his brow,
Whilst Love was still as gay and young
As when he donned the mail and bow.
And full of mirth, and hope, and joy,
He oft for hours would roam away
Like some young truant, wayward boy,
Regardless of the passing day.

And thus each one began to feel
That youth and age no more were one,
For Love thus armed and cased in steel,
Could wound and yet be hurt by none.
While Time, his hand the trembling string
And golden wires would softly sound,
His heart refused the song to sing
Which pleased the friends whom Love surround.

One day, on Scio's sea-blue isle,
When softly mourned the Ægean wave,
Where dove-eyed Sappho's Paphian smile
Aroused to love the young and brave.
Old Time reclined, began to dream
Of Eden's bower and Eva's love,
And saw afar life's crystal stream,
And wished no more again to rove.

And, dreamer like, he softly stole
Where beauteous Sappho sweetly sung,
And took his harp of burnished gold
And round her neck it gently hung.
And whilst her rosy fingers swept
The glowing chords in rapture sweet,
Young Love returned and slyly crept
And blushing lay at Sappho's feet.

And as she sung her melting lay
And Luna's beams so sweetly shone,
Old Time unheeded stole away
And Love and Sappho left alone.
Since then the lover's harp no more
Is borne by bards or minstrels old,
But maidens fair on Scio's isle
Alone can sound that harp of gold.

Yet oft when evening shrouds the lea
And zephyrs float on lambent wing,
The music of the Ægean Sea
With Sappho's harp is heard to sing.
Oh, softly mourns in cadence sweet
The murmur of the sea-blue wave,
While loving hearts responsive beat
And weep at Sappho's lonely grave.

But softer, sweeter breathes the lyre
By old Potomac's regal stream,
And warmer glows the Muse's fire,
And brighter is the poet's dream;
And richer swells the choral strain
From lips attuned to Beauty's lay,
And Time resumes his harp again
Nor seeks from Love to steal away.

Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with a design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have, in that action bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives.—*Addison.*

NUMBER XIII.

BY C. D. GARDETTE.

IT was a large, plain, old-fashioned looking house, in a quiet, unfrequented street; a street forming one side of a quadrangle, and warded from the din and dust of the neighboring highway by a square, or park, inclosed by a high and formidable looking fretwork of iron railing, and having a miniature fountain at the axis of its convergent paths. This little spot of greenery was planted with noble trees and well-spread shrubbery, with bowers and rustic seats, and here and there a marble vase or a statue gleamed whitely through the foliage. So, when the fountain tinkled, and the birds tittered and sang from the tree boughs, and the leaves threw their cool, dark shadows on the sward, this little park was a pleasant place to come to from the heat and glare of the highways, and to loiter in through the golden noons or the moonlight nights of summer.

But to the chance wayfarer, this cool oasis was as unattainable as a *mirage* of the desert. He might, indeed, approach its barrier, and linger lovingly by its verge, or press his fevered brow against the cooling metal of its barbed gates. But these gates would not yield to his impatient hand. The shadowy refreshment of those rural bowers was not for him. A ponderous lock seemed to sneer defiantly from its twisted keyhole upon him as he turned wearily and regretfully away. The park was a private pleasure-ground, sacred to the dwellers in the quadrangle, each household of whom possessed a massive key, whereby the shibboleth of entrance was made easy to these privileged and enviable mortals.

The house above alluded to stood in a corner of the quadrangle most remote from what might be called the front entrance of the park; and was further secluded by being flanked on one side by a dark court, or *cul-de-sac*, and on the other by the weedy and mouldering burying-ground of a church, which had long ceased to be fashionable or much frequented, save by the piously-inclined dwellers in the quadrangle, and a few adust relics of humanity, from Heaven only knows where, outside of that sacred precinct. This house, as has been said, was large, plain, and old-fashioned. It was built of brick; but the once ruddy hue had faded to a dingy brown, with patches of sickly green here and there where the mould had gathered. There were, however, no signs of absolute decay about the house. It had been erected long before the days of speculative building, and was stanch and solid. The window-shutters, from basement to attic, were all of solid wood, and painted a quiet drab, as were also the front door and the iron railing which defended each side of the eight stone steps leading to that portal. There was no name on this door; but upon the central bead of its panelling, and near

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the top, a silver plate was affixed, bearing, in black Roman numerals, the figures "XIII."

No. XIII. had been closed and empty for several years before the date of the occurrences about to be recorded. Like many similar houses, it had an evil reputation. It had been built in the beginning of the present century—in 1810, I think—by a wealthy merchant, who, dying, bequeathed it, with the rest of his property, to an only son. This son proved a rake and a spendthrift; and, after leading—so said gossip—an awful life of debauchery in this, then elegant, mansion, and making ducks and drakes of his entire patrimony, finally consummated his wretched career by slaying his mistress, and then making away with himself in the dining-room of No. XIII.

Of course, the house was, according to the same respectable authority, more or less haunted, in consequence of this fearful tragedy; and but one tenant had been found of sufficient courage to brave superstition, and encounter the "spiritual manifestations," as they would now, doubtless, be called, said to take place within its walls since the suicide and assassin had passed out of it. This gentleman, who was a foreigner with a foreign family—a Spaniard, I believe—only served, unfortunately, to add confirmation to the gossips' story, as he died very suddenly, in the night, about six weeks after his installation, the physician and coroner said of heart disease, but rumor asserted of fright.

No. XIII. thus became empty again, and so remained, until one morning in June, of the year of grace 186—, when the solemn seclusion of the quadrangle was broken by the unwonted intrusion of some half-dozen or more furniture vans, which rumbled and rattled slowly over its grass-fringed cobble-stones, and finally ranged themselves in a row, with their rear ends facing the curb, along the pavement in front of the uninhabited mansion. The carmen got down from their perches, and, gathering in a knot at the foot of the steps, lit their pipes, and waited apparently for the arrival of some one in authority to unbar and bid them enter.

They were not suffered to inhale the vapor of the Celtic calumet for more than a few moments, the expected authority appearing soon after in the person of a tall gentleman, with somewhat prominent features, keen gray eyes, and a dark luxuriant beard, just threaded here and there with silver. This personage came at a quiet, dignified pace into the quadrangle, followed at a little distance by a burly, black-haired man with a basket on his arm, and, pausing at the group of carmen, spoke a few words to them, while his follower unlocked the house door. In another moment the unloading and transfer of household goods and chattels commenced; the working force being presently further increased by the arrival of several mechanics, probably upholsterers and the like.

Now it so happened that the house which stood at right angles with No. XIII., and was its nearest neighbor on that corner of the quadrangle—being separated from it by the narrow court before mentioned—was inhabited by two spinster sisters, the Misses Kidwick, both of whom had passed the Rubicon of their maiden bloom, and had reached—the elder one, at least—the extremest verge of that mystic period contradictorily termed sometimes a “certain,” and sometimes “an uncertain age.”

On that eventful morning, then, Miss Kidwick beheld from her parlor window the procession of furniture vans, and calling to her younger sister, who was engaged in a dusty struggle with a feather brush: “Parthenia,” said she, “I told you No. XIII. was let, and now they’re moving in. There are a number of carloads of furniture, and quite handsome, too, as well as I can judge. I see a piano”—

“I wish them joy of it,” quoth Miss Parthenia, coming to the window. “They must be strangers. Do you suppose they know?”—

“There’s the tenant himself, I fancy,” exclaimed Miss Kidwick, interrupting her sister, as the gentleman before described made his appearance.

“And a—quite a distinguished looking person, too, Maria,” said Miss Parthenia, with emphasis. “Not over forty, I should think. I wonder if he is married!”

“Married!” cried Miss Kidwick, with virtuous indignation. “Of course, he’s married. You don’t suppose, Parthenia, that an unmarried man would have the effrontery to take such a house as *that* in *this* neighborhood, and attempt to set up what the wretches call ‘a bachelor establishment?’”

“Well, but he may be a widower,” urged the milder and younger sister, who was by no means convinced that her maidenhood’s legend should be “*esto perpetua*.”

“Nonsense, Parthenia!” snapped Miss Kidwick. “What is it to us whether he be a widower? I do wish you would talk like a rational woman. At your time of life!”—

“Hum! I’m ten years your junior, Maria, and”—

“Nine, Parthenia. Nine years and seven months only, but that has nothing to do with the matter.” At this moment Miss Kidwick’s attention was called to some domestic matter by her servant, and the discussion terminated abruptly.

Miss Parthenia, however, continued for a long time to gaze pensively from her window upon the process of installation at No. XIII., and often during the day she returned at intervals to snatch a hasty glimpse in the same direction. What her special objects of interest were in these outlooks, or what unwonted emotion might be agitating her virgin bosom, who shall venture to say?

When the day glare began to fade in the soft

gray twilight, and there was a lull in the household cares and labors, even Miss Maria condescended to join her sister at the window; and both sat looking through the deepening shadows, and speculating, each in her way, upon the probable character of the being, doing, and suffering of the new tenants across the court. With speculation they were forced to be content, for nothing occurred to give them a further insight into the *res domestica* of No. XIII. that evening, and, fatigued with their unusual excitement, they retired at a very early hour to their snowy pillows. Could they, however, by any chance, have had a prescient knowledge of what was destined to take place that night at No. XIII., no amount of persuasion on the part of the drowsy god would probably have tempted them to seek their couches until they had beheld and cogitated on the strange occurrence.

This occurrence was briefly as follows. At nightfall the solid outside shutters of No. XIII. had all been closed, and the front of the house remained totally unilluminated, save by the fitful gleams of the early moon, over whose face light scuds of cloud were flying. Just after the Misses Kidwick had composed themselves to slumber, which was shortly after nine P. M., the gas jet in their new neighbor’s hall was lit, and shone through the parallelogram of glass over the front door, casting a yellow square of light on the opposite pavement. At about half-past ten a close carriage drove slowly and as if with precaution into the quadrangle, skirted along the curb, and drew up in front of No. XIII. The driver dismounted in silence and opened the door. Four figures emerged, one after another, from the vehicle, and mounted the door-steps together. The portal opened instantly, the figures entered without a word being apparently spoken, the valve noiselessly closed again, and the carriage made its exit from the quadrangle as cautiously as it had entered that quiet precinct. Thirty minutes, or thereabout, later exactly the same ceremony was re-enacted, viz: Entrance of carriage number two, emergence of four human figures, their admission into No. XIII., and exit of carriage as before. Ten minutes after this last occurrence the light in the hall was extinguished, and silence and darkness brooded over the quadrangle for the rest of the night.

“Doctor Varrington’s compliments, and would you be so kind as to lend us a key to the square till the doctor finds the one belonging to us?” This message was given by the burly, black-haired man to Miss Kidwick’s colored boy, and from him, after his fashion, to Miss Kidwick, about eleven o’clock the next morning.

“Certainly, Jonas,” said Miss Parthenia, quickly. “We have two keys, and Doctor Varrington may return it at his convenience.”

"Parthenia," said her elder sister, severely, "you are hasty! Jonas, give the man the key—the one with the bent handle, mind—and say he is welcome to its use until the one belonging to No. XIII. is found or replaced."

"Doctor Varington!" exclaimed Miss Parthenia, when Jonas had left the room. "The name sounds well, Maria, doesn't it? I wonder if that fine looking man we saw yesterday was he. Will he put up a sign, do you think? Can he be a—which do you suppose he is, sister, an allopath or homeopath? It wouldn't do for us to employ him in place of old Doctor Doser, would it? That is, unless—I mean, if'—

"If what, Parthenia? What on earth are you talking about?" quoth Miss Kidwick, sharply, looking up from her "wages book" with the end of the pen held under her chin.

"Nothing," replied the junior maiden, mildly.

"Then don't bother me just now," retorted the elder, and resumed her financial calculations.

Miss Parthenia lingered awhile by the window, pensively playing, rather than working, with her crochet needle, then: "Maria," said she, "I believe I'll step over to Mrs. Hopkins, and see her before she leaves town. You know she asked us to come and take"—

"Yes, very well. Go along, my dear," interrupted Miss Kidwick, without pausing in her addition.

In a few moments (*Anglice*, three-quarters of an hour) Miss Parthenia sallied forth in gorgeous array; and, obtaining the duplicate key from Jonas, took her way across the square with slow and graceful step, and "eyes down-cast in maiden modesty."

Whether Mrs. Hopkins was not "at home," whether she was "engaged," or whether her conversation was that morning less attractive than usual, are matters of surmise only; but that, within twenty minutes from the period of Miss Parthenia's exit through the further gate of the square, that maiden once more stepped across its gravelled threshold, is pure matter of fact. She loitered slowly along its green arcades; and finally sat down on a rustic seat by the fountain, and sportively toyed with her parasol point in the limpid water of the basin.

At a little distance, upon a similar seat, reclined a gentleman of middle age, listening with much apparent interest to another, younger man, who was speaking in a low voice, and with an occasional smile lighting up his handsome, but otherwise rather serious face. This latter personage Miss Parthenia recognized as the gentleman she had seen superintending the moving-in ceremony of the day before; while to confirm her doubt, if she had felt any, of the identity, the burly, black-haired attendant was pacing up and down a lateral alley beside them, gravely whittling a small dead twig as he went

mechanically to and fro like a sentinel on guard. Presently the younger gentleman rose; and, nodding a cheerful good-day to the elder, left the square, stopping to speak for a moment to the burly man on his way out.

As soon as he was gone, the middle-aged gentleman, whose gaze had followed the retreating form of his companion to and through the gate, turned his eyes in the direction of the black-haired satellite, who was still whittling his twig with his back to the other; and then, looking quickly round, brought Miss Parthenia within his focus of vision, and instantly smiled and kissed his hand to that lady in the most respectfully gallant manner imaginable.

To say that Miss Parthenia was not surprised by this unexpected salute, would be to misrepresent the character of her first emotion. She certainly was surprised. Yet to assert that her surprise was wholly of a disagreeable and indignant nature, would be equally to give a partial and incorrect idea of her mental condition. The middle-aged personage was in the first place, so far as appearance went, at least, evidently a gentleman. In the second place, he was decidedly a fine-looking gentleman, with a pleasant, smiling mouth, white teeth, ruddy cheeks, bright blue eyes, a Roman nose, high forehead, and wavy hair of the pepper-and-salt hue, so becoming to certain middle-aged gentlemen in the opinion of some ladies. And, in the third place, he *might* be a former and transiently forgotten acquaintance (Miss Parthenia was just the least bit near-sighted), and he certainly was a friend, probably a relative, and member of the household of the handsome tenant of No. XIII.

Miss Parthenia's first impulse, therefore, was to cast down her eyes and blush, and she acted on it. Her second was to raise them again and furtively look at the middle-aged gentleman, and she obeyed this also. The middle-aged gentleman caught the meteoric glance, and renewed his graceful salutation. Miss Parthenia then felt impelled to smile, and did so. The middle-aged gentleman rose, and, walking with a quick, brisk step, to where the burly man was just finishing the last inch of his twig, held a short, but emphatic, conversation with him. The burly man smiled and shook his head negatively: the middle-aged gentleman smiled and protested: the burly man shook his head negatively again and frowned: the middle-aged gentleman insisted and also frowned: finally, the burly man smiled again, shook his head affirmatively, and walked away, out of the gate, and over to No. XIII.

During this dialogue Miss Parthenia's maiden bosom fluttered doubtfully between hope and fear, and twice she rose with intent to fly, and twice sat down again. At length, valor, or some more exclusively feminine quality, got the better of discretion, and she resumed her

toying in the basin with her parasol, and awaited the denouement of the scene.

"Permit me, madam," said a cheerful voice, suddenly beside her, "to waive formality, and claim a right of neighborhood from so fair a denizen," and, with these words, the speaker gently, but rapidly, seized Miss Parthenia's hand, and touched it with his lips.

She started with a slight scream, and turned round, at the same time, but not rudely, snatching away her outraged hand, and beheld the middle-aged gentleman standing in an attitude of respectful admiration by her side. "Oh! I—I thought it was Doctor Varington!" exclaimed Miss Parthenia, with a charming expression of surprise and confusion.

At this exclamation the middle-aged gentleman exhibited some symptoms of momentary confusion himself, but quickly recovering: "And if it were Doctor Varington?" he asked, almost tenderly.

"I—I heard that was the name of our new neighbor," murmured Miss Parthenia, "and I thought—I mean—perhaps"—

"Perhaps!" interrupted the middle-aged gentleman, rapidly; "perhaps you thought correctly, madam; perhaps it is; perhaps I am; in short, yes, my dear lady, I am Doctor Varington, and your very humble servant!" And so saying, he came round in front of Miss Parthenia, and, taking off his hat, placed his hand on his heart and made a low bow.

"You—you surprise me, sir!" replied the maiden, now feeling the courage to look her "very humble servant" in the face, though still blushing and timidly. "I thought that the hand—the young—I would say, I fancied the other gentleman might be the doctor."

"Never more mistaken in your life, my dear madam! He a doctor? He's my housekeeper!"

"Your housekeeper, sir? I thought ladies—females—were always employed in that capacity," said the astonished Miss Parthenia.

"Eh? Oh, yes; quite right, my dear madam," rejoined the doctor, quickly correcting himself. "Did I say housekeeper? Yes. I meant housekeeper's husband; my housekeeper's husband, madam."

At these words Miss Parthenia's air-built castle—if she had in sooth constructed such a fragile tenement—dissolved utterly away, and she heaved a gentle sigh and was silent for a moment.

The doctor took advantage of her abstraction to possess himself once more of her hand, and holding it on one palm and tapping it very softly with the digits of his other hand, he said, in a coaxing, soothing tone, though with rapid utterance, as if time were precious to him:—

"Be comforted, my dear madam, be comforted. There are cures for every ill, those of the mind as well as those of the body, those of the heart, as well as—as others. Look at me,

my dear madam! I was once broken hearted. I loved not wisely but too well. But it is over, the wound is healed; the fracture is repaired. My heart is as fresh and sound as ever. You will ask how I cured myself, by what ingenious process I mended the shattered vessel, joined the ruptured seams, obliterated the ghastly scars. Ah, my dear madam, there is my secret—a secret only to be torn from me with my life's blood! But I will minister to you, my dear madam; I will heal your wounds; I will smooth your rugged scars. Give but your heart into my keeping for a season, and I swear to you"—

At this moment a short shrill whistle cut the silent air, coming apparently from the direction of that corner of the quadrangle where stood the house known as No. XIII. The doctor started, and dropped Miss Parthenia's hand as if it had become suddenly too hot to hold. (It might have been rather warm, for that matter.)

"Excuse me, my dear madam," said he, hurriedly. "That is a signal for me. I am called to—a pressing case. Good-day! I will—I must see you again. Remember what I have said about your heart. Good-day!" and he went off at a very rapid pace indeed, leaving Miss Parthenia a prey to emotions, the novel and conflicting nature of which it would be too difficult a task to describe.

There is no authority for believing that Miss Kidwick became the recipient of her younger sister's unreserved confidence upon the latter's return from the visit to Mrs. Hopkins. [N.B. That portion of the square which includes the fountain is not visible from the windows of the Kidwick domicile.] The manner of thought, and often of expression, of the elder gentlewoman, were not specially calculated to invite confidences of such a nature, and it is, therefore, a fair inference that Miss Parthenia's account of her morning excursion was a partial and fragmentary one.

Be that as it may, however, it is certain that during the ensuing week there was an evidently increasing disinclination on the part of Miss Parthenia to accompany her sister on the frequent errands of systematic benevolence—such as parish visitings, Dorcas Society meetings, tract-and-moral-advice distributings, and the like—to which Miss Kidwick was piously addicted; and an increasing fondness, equally evident, for daily rambles and ruminations in the verdant inclosure of the square, during the hours of the senior spinster's missionary excursions.

And it was likewise obvious—though not, perhaps, to Miss Maria Kidwick's ingenuous and unsuspicious mind—that these semi-rural loiterings did not in any degree produce upon Miss Parthenia's mental or physical organism the cheerful and exhilarating effects which are thought to be the result of such communings

with Nature in her vernal hours. Whether this was owing to the fact that a certain middle-aged gentleman, heretofore alluded to, did not find it convenient to take a second airing in the square during this interval, is a question too delicate for summary decision here.

Twice Miss Parthenia had encountered the handsome individual now known to her as the husband of Doctor Varington's housekeeper, and twice her courage had failed her at the very moment she had resolved to ask him two questions, both of which were causing her much perturbation of spirit, viz., if Doctor Varington was quite well; and if the family had been alarmed or disturbed by ghostly or other nocturnal and uncanny visitors. For, during this week, Miss Parthenia, tossing upon a restless couch, had heard, at the wierd hour of midnight, or thereabout, as she imagined, divers dread and unearthly sounds, as of imprecation and half smothered rage or pain, borne on the night wind, apparently from the direction of No. XIII., and had exhibited a super-feminine power of self-command in refraining from disturbing the placid slumbers of her sister, to bid her listen also to the fearful echoes.

At length, on the sixth day of this terrible period of suspense, Providence, as Miss Parthenia then thought, sent the burly, black-haired servitor of Doctor Varington on an errand which led him past the seat by the fountain upon which she was sadly reclining; and taking her courage—as the Frankish adage hath it—in both hands, she beckoned the hurrying messenger to stop a moment. The burly man, who wore an unaccustomed frown upon his brow, still further deepened that forbidding expression, as he poised himself on one leg with the other extended for instant resumption of his flight, and said, crisply:—

"Well, mum?"

"Pray, excuse me," stammered Miss Parthenia; "but I thought perhaps that—has any—anything unusual happened at—to the family?"

"Not as I know, mum!" replied the burly man, making a forward movement.

"Oh! A—is—Doctor Varington is not ill?" Miss Parthenia was painfully conscious of her confusion as she asked this question; but the burly man, who had already gained three steps in the direction of his errand, simply turned his head, and replying, shortly:—

"Not the least, mum!" was almost instantly beyond recall.

That night, or rather just before dawn, the spiritual visitants of No. XIII. seemed, to the excited fancy of the sleepless Miss Parthenia, to be holding a carnival of misrule in that ghost-ridden mansion; and she thought, with a pitying horror, of the agony, perhaps even the deadly peril which that benevolent, fresh-hearted, gallant middle-aged gentleman who had so soon understood and appreciated her case, might at that moment be enduring. That

day should not pass—this she was fixedly resolved, come what might—without a final and determined effort on her part to see, or at all events, communicate with the amiable doctor on this subject, and perchance one other, that disturbed her daily peace and her nightly slumbers. And, having once made this desperate resolution, she was enabled to calm her agitated feelings and refresh her weary frame by a very comfortable nap, which carried her well into the morning.

At eleven o'clock that morning—a cloudy, fitful day, by the way—Miss Parthenia Kidwick sallied forth "to say good-by to Mrs. Hopkins," who was to leave town that evening. At half past eleven Miss Parthenia Kidwick was seated in a rustic arbor, placed in a charmingly retired part of the square, and by her side sat a middle-aged gentleman with a Roman nose, a bright blue eye (two of them, in fact), and smiling countenance generally. Neither the handsome husband of the housekeeper nor the burly black-haired man were in sight.

"And you have really been ill, sir?" queried Miss Parthenia, with just a suspicion of tender interest in her tone.

"Oh, quite ill, I assure you, my dear madam, quite ill!" replied the smiling doctor, earnestly.

"But your servant said you were not the least unwell."

"Ha! did he? My—my servant? Who—which—which one, my dear madam?" exclaimed the doctor, hastily, and at the same time casting quick glances round him, as if to identify the delinquent.

"He was in a great hurry; no doubt he misunderstood me. I—I was naturally anxious—interested in a neighbor," faltered Miss Parthenia.

"Oh, no doubt, no doubt, my dear madam! Did you think—now, really, though, did you think my heart was gone again?" As the doctor asked this question he seized Miss Parthenia's unresisting hand, and looked eagerly into her face.

The sensitive bosom of the susceptible spinster fluttered, and her hand trembled as she strove to give a fitting answer to this artfully-framed inquiry. "O doctor!" she murmured; "if—if I might judge of *your* heart by my own, I should indeed fear that it was far, far from being"—

"What! What! *your* heart, my dear madam! Thank heaven I have found you at last!" cried Doctor Varington, with enthusiasm, and, leaping up, he actually threw his arms round Miss Parthenia's neck, and gave her a warm embrace. After which, he proceeded to dance up and down on the turf before her, as though unable to repress the buoyancy of his spirits at the blissful discovery he had just made.

This somewhat brusque salutation had rather discomposed, and even slightly alarmed Miss Parthenia; but she quickly recovered herself, and gazed with an eye of the tenderest sympa-

thy and admiration at the flushing face, merry eye, and pranksome demeanor of her middle-aged adorer.

"My dear madam," suddenly exclaimed the doctor, stopping short in his dance, and sitting down quite close to her, "my dear madam, you are mine; from this moment you are mine. The world shall see—but not yet; no, not yet. But your heart, pooh! it shall be cured, it shall be healed, it shall be made utterly sound and without blemish, by me—by me, my dearest madam!"

"My name is Parthenia," murmured the maiden, as if in a blissful trance, while the doctor paused an instant for breath.

"Parthenia!" cried the doctor, catching the name and flinging it into his stream of eloquence; "Parthenia, by me you shall be restored to an admiring circle of skeptical and ungrateful friends and rivals. Yes, I, Parthenia, will be your savior. Come, let us go; let us fly; let the trial commence; let us go through the ordeal at once, or as soon as possible!" and, again starting up and seizing her hand, the excited doctor endeavored to draw her from her seat.

"Oh, no! pray! why—how—where should we fly?" exclaimed Miss Parthenia, doubtfully, and hanging back, though without evincing any violent terror.

"Why?" echoed the doctor. "I tell you we must fly; I tell you I am watched, spied upon, betrayed by—by every one—by—that black-haired man—by doct—I mean by my family! If we delay we are ruined forever. Never shall I have the blessed opportunity of performing my wonderful cure upon your heart, never, never, my dearest Matilda." ("Parthenia," sobbed the spinster.) "Parthenia, never!" and he positively stamped his feet and wrung his hands—including one of hers—in despair.

"O—oh!" cried Miss Parthenia, wildly; "I will—I will fly—if—I must—with you. I will trust in your honor; but—but not now—I—I have—my sister—I have no garments—I!"

"You shall have garments richer than those of—of Queen Elizabeth," quoth the doctor, interrupting her, and, drawing her arm through his, he led her out of the arbor. "You shall have robes, and jewels, and gold without end. The world shall bow before you;" by this time he was hurrying Miss Parthenia at a rapid rate (for it was raining) toward the park gate furthest from No. XIII.—"and the princes of science shall acknowledge my supremacy when I produce your heart with every vestige of a scar obliterated, whole, fresh, sound, healthfully performing its varied functions by means of"—He suddenly stopped speaking, and at the same time came to an abrupt halt. Miss Parthenia—who, with her head bent down, and her mind in a semi-chaotic state, had been listening to the sound without gathering much idea

of the sense of the doctor's rapid utterance, as she clung like a drowning wretch to his arm—was awakened, so to speak, by the shock of this sudden check to their progress, and looked quickly up. They were but a few steps from the gate of exit. But in the very jaws of that gate, which they had just opened, stood two men, with the same emotion unmistakably depicted upon their very different faces. That emotion was surprise—indignant surprise. Miss Parthenia turned her gaze, with a vague feeling of terror, to the face of her companion.

That amiable gentleman was intently regarding the twain in front of him with an expression which—had it been seen in the countenance of a cornered pickpocket, or a child caught in an act of mischief—might have seemed natural, but which was wholly inexplicable on that of a middle-aged professional man, in the presence of his servant and his housekeeper's husband, under any circumstances.

"Well! who'd a thought it?" exclaimed the burly, black-haired man, making a step forward, and placing his broad hand firmly though gently on the middle-aged gentleman's disengaged arm.

Miss Parthenia uttered a little scream, and clung still tighter to the other.

"Don't be alarmed, madam," said the handsome man with the flowing beard, still keeping his eyes full on those of her mature Romeo. "Don't be alarmed; he is perfectly harmless, I assure you."

"Harmless! he! who?" gasped Miss Parthenia, instinctively dropping the arm she held, and recoiling a step.

"Calm yourself, pray," repeated the handsome man, advancing and offering his own arm, which Miss Parthenia mechanically took. "This is all a mistake—a simple mistake, no doubt. Mr. Perkes is a very docile patient, and"—

"Mr. Perkes!" almost screamed Miss Parthenia. "He—he— isn't he Doctor Varington?"

"Ah!" said the handsome man, with a smile, "I see it all. Mr. Perkes has been playing one of his old jokes upon you. I really thought he had gotten over that hobby. I am exceedingly sorry he has annoyed you. I am Doctor Varington, madam, and Mr. Perkes is one of my patients—one of my best patients, I assure you. His monomania has merely been"

"Mo-no-mania!" gasped Miss Parthenia. "A madman! I—he—o—h! I shall faint, I shall die! I shall die!" and she leaned in a wilted manner against the real doctor's shoulder.

"Take him to the house, Kercher," said the doctor. Mr. Perkes, who had stood silently, with a woebegone air of contrition during this brief scene, went off arm in arm with the burly man as meekly as a lamb.

"Permit me," said Doctor Varington, as Miss Parthenia showed signs of returning presence of mind, "to see you to your residence."

Miss Parthenia would have refused if she had dared; but she did not dare. They therefore walked slowly—the doctor had an umbrella—through the square.

"Pray, how did Mr. Perkes encounter you, madam?" asked Doctor Varington, as they went along.

Miss Parthenia sobbed, but made no other answer.

"I must explain to you," continued the polite doctor, making due allowance for her emotion, though ignorant of its precise nature or cause, "that I am intrusted with the care of a few cases of mental alienation—in a strictly private way, madam—and it was by the merest good luck that, being forced to remove my establishment a week or two since, I found the house over there vacant. Its seclusion and roominess, as well as the pleasant aspect and wholesome atmosphere of this picturesque little park, render it eminently suitable for my purpose. Mr. Perkes is one of my mildest cases. He fancies he has discovered a wonderful cement for mending broken hearts, ha! ha! ha! He was formerly a highly respectable druggist, and his mania was the result of an unfortunate attachment. How he managed to get out alone this morning, I cannot imagine. It shall not happen again, rely upon it, madam. Ah! you live here? Then we are neighbors. I am delighted to have made your acquaintance. Good-morning! Don't be further alarmed about Mr. Perkes," and the handsome doctor bowed himself off.

When Miss Kidwick returned quite late in the day from the "House of Employment for Indigent Spinners," she found her younger sister in bed with a nervous attack. What passed between them in the sacred privacy of their virgin chamber, cannot of course be known; but in one week from that time, the hotel register of a seaside watering-place chronicled the recent arrival of the "Misses Kidwick from Philadelphia," and the very next day thereafter the house in the quadrangle at right angles with No. XIII. bore upon its front a bill, with the words "TO LET" legibly printed in large capitals on its white surface.

Strange to say, when the present writer passed through the quadrangle a few days since, the bill still remained there; while on the drab door of No. XIII. there shone a large silver-plate, inscribed with the simple name of VABINGTON.

As I approve of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man that has something of the youth.—*Cicero*.

A GOOD man and a wise man may at times be angry with the world, at times grieved for it; but be sure no man was ever discontented with the world who did his duty in it.—*Southey*.

WHEN THOU ART ABSENT.

BY JOHN BARTON GILBERT.

I'VE watched the sun in golden flame
Go softly to his ocean home,
I've counted every star that came
In shining beauty to its throne;
But, oh! I cared not for their light,
For, when thou 'rt absent, all is night.
I've watched the twilight's softened hue
Come stealing over stream and bower,
I've counted every drop of dew
That peeped from out each silent flower;
But, oh! what were they all to me
When I was far, my life, from thee?
I've listened to the night-birds sing
In beauty from their mountain brow,
I've counted every firefly wing
Its path around the myrtle bough;
But what to me the sweetest song
When thou, my bosom's lord, wert gone?
I've knelt me down and tried to pray;
But from my lips no murmur came,
Or, if they did, I ne'er could say
One word, except my loved one's name;
For could I think of aught but thee
When thou, my life, wert far from me?
A mateless bird, that's left to moan
Unto the sighing woods and river;
A moonless sea, all dark and lone;
A hapless tree, that's left to wither
Far from a stream, are like to me
When I am far away from thee.

I AM DREAMING.

BY MRS. MARY E. M'KINNE.

I AM dreaming, idly dreaming,
Of the buried olden time,
And its death-note lingers round me
In a sad funeral chime.
Like the glad spring's budding freshness,
Like the roseate hues of morn,
Were the radiant hopes that shimmered
On my young life's early dawn
Like the mirage of the desert,
Like the sunset's transient light,
Those fair hopes gleamed for a moment,
Then went out in starless night.
Adown the misty road of memory,
With a slow and solemn tread,
Back those spectral hopes seem marching
From the kingdom of the dead.
For to-night a spell is on me,
And the past has come again,
With its sunshine and its shadow,
With its pleasure and its pain.
And again I quaff the nectar,
Which *his* love once made so sweet,
Though the crystal cup that held it
Lies in fragments at my feet.
Yes, I'm dreaming, wildly dreaming,
Of the buried olden time,
And its death-note lingers round me
In a sad funeral chime.

IT is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors as his knowledge.—*Colton*.

WHY SHE MARRIED.

BY LOUIS TASSO.

[Concluded from last month.]

CHAPTER X.

INTRODUCING A NEW CHARACTER.

MARIE braided her hair; Marie dressed her carefully in her most becoming raiment; and Marie, the wisest and most sagacious of ladies' maids, ventured to observe that Miss Maddy only needed a little more color to be *si charmante*.

As she walked wearily into the parlor, her aunt looked up, criticized her closely, and then complimented her on her improved appearance.

"Where is uncle?" languidly asked Madeline.

"He went to the city this morning to see some gentlemen on business, and to make arrangements for a brief visit there previous to our return home. In truth, we have already trespassed on our good friend's hospitality unwarrantably."

The lady in question entered the room just in time to overhear this remark, and, of course, eagerly protested against their thinking of leaving for some time to come. "Why," she ingenuously added, "this is the happiest summer I have passed for a number of years. Philip has been so constantly at home with us that I am almost afraid to let you all go, lest he, too, should follow, finding the old house a very gloomy place with no one left in it but his mother. Young girls bring so much sunshine with them, dear, and leave such a dreary, dreary blank," and the old lady sighed as she thought of the daughter who had gone to her home in the skies so many years before, and a tear dropped on the thin hands that were patiently folded on her lap.

Madeline liked old Mrs. Marston, and she pitied her in her loneliness—pitied her because of the love that she wasted on her graceless son, pitied her because of the childless old age that awaited her. And, in his mother sitting there in the shadowy firelight, patient, and sad, and uncomplaining, Philip Marston had a warmer advocate than uncle, or aunt, or even *he* could be. Madeline drew nearer to the old lady, and laid her little white hand on her lap, with a gentle, caressing motion peculiarly her own, and whispered: "Dear Mrs. Marston, I shall be very sorry to leave you."

Then they relapsed into silence, which was broken shortly afterwards, however, by the sound of voices on the piazza, and a moment later by Mr. Graham's exclaiming: "What! all in the dark? Amelia, my love, are you here?"

And she arose to receive the customary wifely salutation, but, instead, was presented to a tall stranger very much in this wise:—

"Darling wife, here is an old friend of your brother's, fresh from the West Indies. I found him looking for us in New York, this morning,

and took the liberty of bringing him out here with me, knowing how anxious our little niece would be to see him."

At these words Madeline sprang to her feet, and, with a glad cry of welcome, exclaimed: "Why, Mr. Mott, can it be you?" and for a moment she fairly clung to his hands. "When did you arrive?" she eagerly asked.

"Scarcely twenty-four hours ago," he answered, with a peculiarly bright smile, "and I was so heavily freighted with messages to you from over the water that it became imperatively necessary to hunt you up at once in order to relieve myself of the burden."

"Hand it over," she playfully retorted. "I long to have my hands filled with freight so precious."

In the excitement of the moment etiquette was forgotten. Mrs. Marston now rose, and, without waiting for the ceremony of an introduction, cordially greeted the stranger, and said that she should order a room prepared for him, and should expect him to remain her guest for the present. An invitation which he thankfully accepted.

Mrs. Graham looked on meanwhile in lofty astonishment, intimating by her silence and rigidity that she would like to see the gentleman's credentials before she took him into favor.

Madeline, rightly interpreting her silence, exclaimed: "O Aunt Amelia, this is an old friend of father's, and you must please let me have a good long talk with him. I have been away from them all so long."

"So long!" and a loud, rather boisterous, laugh rang through that stately parlor. "Long enough, in good faith, for those you left behind you; but, from what Mr. Graham has been telling me about your doings generally, I should say that time had fairly flown."

Madeline glanced quickly up at her uncle, wondering angrily how much of truth his love of talking had permitted him to serve up for her old friend's reflection.

Philip here made his appearance, lights were brought in, and the first thing that Mr. Mott said, with the familiarity of an old friend, was: "Why, Madeline Vevay, how you have changed! Have you been sick, child? Where are your rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes? Have you lost them both in this abominable climate?"

Here Mrs. Graham haughtily interposed: "My niece has not been looking quite as well as usual in consequence of a trifling indisposition, Mr.—ahem! what did you say the name was?"

"Mott," he answered, instantly, "William Henry Mott, at your service, ma'am, civil engineer particularly, gentleman at large generally, still at your service, ma'am," and he made her a sweeping bow.

Mr. Mott had the best of it this time, and

Mrs. Graham would have ground the edge off her teeth with vexation if they hadn't been false.

Taking advantage of the somewhat ominous pause that intervened, Mott turned to Madeline, and said: "I see that you are aching to talk to me about home and all the good folks there; so, with your aunt's most gracious permission, I will escort you to the sofa on the other side of the parlor, where we will neither bore your friends, nor be interrupted ourselves." At the same time offering her his arm, he bore her unresistingly off in the very face of the enemy.

Phil Marston cursed his impudence, while he thoroughly enjoyed the discomfiture of the madam, who, after looking daggers at her poor husband, placed herself where she could see, if she might not hear, all that was going on.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEREIN "MY DEAR" SUFFERS FOR HIS TEMERITY.

MR. MOTT was a West Indian, with no particular antecedents, who had recently purchased a large tract of land in that section of Pennsylvania which has since become so celebrated for its oil wells, and was now on his way thither to take possession. Through the courtesy of Madeline's father, he had several times been their guest when he made flying visits to St. Kitts, and had tried hard to persuade her to marry him. But his unsettled habits, his want of positive refinement, the fear that he was altogether too fond of things spirituous, as well as the fact that she did not really love him, had decided her in declining the honor he was so anxious to confer upon her.

He was a tall, fine-looking fellow, with black eyes and hair, but his face lacked power, and a quick reader of physiognomy would have rightly declared that his character wanted that moral strength which he possessed in an eminent degree physically. He was easily led, warm-hearted, and generous; therefore continually in difficulties, frequently almost penniless, and always the victim of circumstances.

Mrs. Graham was in a most unladylike rage, therefore she became exquisitely polite. She had taken a horrible dislike to "that impudent puppy." A secret which she confided to her amiable spouse as soon as she found a suitable opportunity. She saw with her prophetic eyes that Mr. Mott would interfere with her plans; that if he remained there as Madeline's friend, Madeline would have to entertain him. She likewise saw that Madeline was pleased thereat, was thoroughly enjoying her confidential chat. If she had been a man, she would have regretted her luck; being a woman, she only blamed her husband for his ill-timed hospitality, for his want of tact in bringing the fellow there

at all, for his lack of sense in giving Madeline a chance to get her head filled with nonsense about her home. Once or twice she even condescended to call him a fool, and once or twice "my dear" ventured to remonstrate, even to suggest that no harm would come of it, and that, if it did, he couldn't help it. A statement which perfected the lady's discomfort.

"Not help it, my love? A pretty excuse that for a proceeding which may be the overturning of all my plans."

"On the contrary, dearest," he said, soothingly, "it will only give you another opportunity to display your generalship. I am greatly mistaken in you if you cannot get the better of this fellow, who seems to be only a clever, good-natured sort of an overgrown school-boy."

"That's the way you put it, is it?" she said, as she opened and shut her watch with a vicious snap. "Well, I'll put an end to their happiness for the present, at all events. Mrs. Marston, my dear friend, you look weary. It is after ten, and, I think, we old people had better be thinking of our prayers and our night-caps, and the young people, too, for that matter, for, if I mistake not, Madeline has promised to ride with Philip before the dew is off the grass to-morrow morning."

On hearing her name mentioned, Madeline looked up, and replied, with a shiver of apprehension, that she had promised.

The conversation now became general, and shortly afterwards the party separated for the night; the ladies going to their rooms, and the gentlemen out on the porch for a smoke.

CHAPTER XII.

WHICH ABRUPTLY TERMINATES AUNT AMELIA'S USEFULNESS.

THE servant knocked at Miss Vevay's door at six o'clock the next morning, and she awoke to find the sky without a cloud. The sun streaming defiantly in at her window, mocking her misery, she thought. Her long talk with Mr. Mott the evening before had cast a glamor over her for a little while, but it had fled with the night. The blank, desolate future lay before her; the dreadful present stared her in the face. What could she do? How could she help it? She knew what was coming; she felt instinctively that a great crisis in her fate was near at hand, almost upon her. Yet she could not check the tide that was hurrying her on to certain misery, no matter in what light she regarded the situation.

"If I accept Mr. Marston, I shall perjure myself; if I refuse him, my aunt will never forgive me."

"Alas! we cannot choose our lives,
We can but bear the burthen given."

There are hours, nay, moments, when, in spite

of time or circumstance, the truth will find its way untrammelled to the surface; when the heart of the woman will make itself heard in defiance of custom or prejudice, and this was one of them.

Madeline dressed herself slowly, drew on her gloves reluctantly, gathered up her skirt mechanically; slowly descended the stairs, and very quietly allowed herself to be deposited on the back of the horse that was impatiently champing his bit, eager to be gone. But not by half so impatient as his master, who had been angrily pacing the ground for more than half an hour, cursing his luck, and wondering why Madeline didn't come. Muttering to himself that he would teach the little jade better than to keep him waiting, before she had been long under his authority. "I'll make her ladyship pay for it," he added, indignantly.

But she has come, and the demon is crowded out by the blandest smile, and exorcised by means of the most tender and assiduous inquiries respecting her health and dreams. He is solicitous for her safety to such a degree that the girths must be tightened a little, the reins examined carefully, and everything pronounced right by himself before he can allow her to mount. At length he is satisfied; they start, they are off. But his voice is hollow, it does not ring true, and she detects, with senses made keen by apprehension, the presence of the baser metal beneath its thin disguise of silver.

She talked to him continuously, talked to him with a feverish attempt at gayety, that was pitiful—with an inward sense of the necessity to stave off some hidden horror that seemed slowly enveloping her in thick clouds of terror.

Philip, meanwhile, was unusually silent. He was making up his mind as to what would be the most judicious way of asking her to marry him. At length he decided. Then, striking her horse lightly with his whip, they started on a brisk gallop, which they kept up until her cheeks looked like roses and her eyes sparkled with excitement, then he told his story. Not the old, old story of long ago, that is ever new and sweet to the willing ear of the maiden, but a specious lie—well gotten up, to be sure, ingeniously concealed beneath a fair background of truisms, but a lie for all that—that revealed itself to her in all its naked deformity.

She was not to be deceived; she recoiled from the indignity that he offered her, and, with a burst of passion that fairly startled him, replied:—

"Mr. Marston, how dare you? By what right do you presume to insult me thus? Ask me to marry you—tell me you love me—will be my most devoted slave—have loved me all these summer months—have tried—vainly, you fear, to make me love you in return! Ah, ha! ha! ha! and so you thought to blind me with

all this glare and blaze of pretended passion? You have spread your net carefully, but the bird is not yet within its toils. You love me, do you? Allow me to change one small word in that expression of yours, and then it will be complete, put *money* for *me* and you will have it right. Have been trying to *win me* all the summer through; permit me, in this connection, to suggest that my uncle is rich, of worldly honor has made his god, so that the man of his choice will be abundantly *rewarded* for taking the niece he loves so tenderly off his hands. Ay, whom both uncle and aunt guard so carefully, cherish so fondly that they would thrust her into the arms of such a one as you? I decline the honor they and you propose conferring upon me." Then, exclaiming, "God help me, for there are none to help me here!" she struck her horse with her whip and was off and away like the wind. Leaving him motionless, conscience-stricken, ready to curse her, gazing stupidly at the place she had so suddenly vacated, and thinking, in spite of himself, how gloriously beautiful she looked as she sat on her horse like a queen, denouncing in no measured terms his treacherous scheme for personal aggrandizement. In an instant a sense of his own contemptible littleness penetrated to his very heart; but sorrow for sin was not one of Philip's prevailing emotions, and we shall soon see how fast he recovered himself.

As Madeline fled away from him home, she moaned to herself, "Oh, for the peace and quiet of the grave! I have no home to go to now; no friend—not one. O St. Clair, St. Clair, my love, my love! What have I done that God should punish me like this? Come to me—save me—love me or I die!" and so her passion spent itself, and her sobs rang out in the still morning air. She had left the main road for the purpose of eluding Marston's probable pursuit, and had ridden rapidly into a small woods in the immediate vicinity of the manor, then she slipped from her horse, leaving him to find his way home as best he might, and sank helplessly to the ground, her strength gone, her courage oozing away from her—her future a dread monster that she dared not face. Thus Mr. Mott found her an hour afterwards, as he was strolling about, waiting to hear the breakfast bell.

"Madeline, my poor child, what is it?" And this great, good-natured, tender-hearted baby of a man stooped down and lifted her from the ground as though she were in very truth a child. His sympathy penetrated to her heart, and she clung to him as though she had found a protector at last.

"O Mr. Mott, dear Mr. Mott," she gasped, "I am so miserable my heart is almost broken," and as she turned her poor tear-stained face up towards him he put his arms reverently around her, and, drawing her to his bosom, said:—

"Do not cry any more; give yourself to me and I will take care of you. I want you. The old, old love beat so fiercely in my heart that it brought me from my home beyond the sea to seek you, and you will not say me nay, my love?"

She let him wipe off the tears and smooth her hair—let him hold her in his arms, lying there passively, conscious only that she had found a refuge from her present misery; feeling that this man really loved her, loved her for herself—was willing and strong to protect her from further insult—and she clung to him in her agony as a drowning man would clutch at a straw. She told him everything that had transpired since she had been in America, omitting only the little part that held her heart. As he listened to the indignities to which she had been subjected by her relatives, and compared the facts with the happy home which her father had described to him as being hers, he made a vow that she should never more break bread with people who had treated her thus. And that vow he kept.

It was a comparatively easy task to persuade Madeline, in her present excited state of mind, that a return to the manor would now be impossible; that if she did go back, the Grahams might compel her to yield to their wishes and marry Philip, whom she recoiled from with horror; that, in fact, the only way to escape the storm of abuse and vituperation that would certainly be visited upon her when they discovered that she had thwarted them, was to stay with him, let him protect her, even though she had to marry him in order to give him the necessary right to shield her from their fury.

Being powerless to think for herself, and seeing no other way of escape open to her, she yielded to his entreaties, and allowed him to lead her by unfrequented paths to the nearest village inn. A lady and gentleman making their appearance on foot at such an early hour for gentlefolks—one in a handsome riding habit, and both exhibiting signs of great excitement, created no small stir among the gaping countrymen who happened to be loafing in the bar-room. The tavern-keeper's wife, a buxom, blowsy-looking woman of some fifty years or more, came bustling forward with unusual activity, and asked if she could be of any assistance to the young lady, who she surmised had been thrown from her horse. A mistake which Mr. Mott rather congratulated himself upon, and did not think it expedient to rectify. He ordered a room to be prepared for her immediately, whither he carried her rather than led her, and laid her carefully on the bed, requesting good Mrs. Timmins, who followed immediately in the rear, to send up a strong cup of coffee as soon as possible, and to send for a minister.

"Be the powers above, it's not dying she is, entirely?"

"No, no, my good woman, nothing of the sort; but I desire a minister all the same."

"And by the Lord's blessing, ye shall have one, and right speedily, too, for ye're as fair spoken a gentleman as ever I see."

And she courtseyed and bowed herself out of the room, stopping on her way to the kitchen to confide in Mike, her great, good-natured, easy-going husband, that she was "shure something terrible was going to happen, for she had been kaping a public house these five-and-twenty year, and niver before had she seen the likes o' this. And they be afther a wantin' a riverend gentleman sint up to thim immediately, Mike, darlint; av course they've something entirely wrong on their minds."

Mike's hearty laugh rang through the smoky bar-room, and made the glasses jingle on the counter, as, giving his buxom wife a hearty slap, he whispered in her ear: "By the powers, Betsy Timmins, it's a runaway couple, and it's gettin' married they're afther, shure as my name is Mike Timmins, you fule. She's a wee bit frustrated with getting off from her hard-hearted relatives, the more's the pity. But it will be all right before night, if I know myself, and she'll be brave, and fresh, and blythe enough on the morrow. I'll be off afther his riverence this minute myself, and we'll drink to the health av the bride in due coorse av time, ye'll see, for right liberal the gentleman will be, I misdoubt not. Go long wid ye and see if they'd like the best parlor resarved for their own convenience. And by the way, Betsy, my darlint, be afther cheering up the young thing a bit, it's no such a serious business when a person gets used to it, as you well know yourself."

While Mike was gone in search of a clergyman, worthy Mrs. Timmins just stepped into her own back room to tidy herself up a little, and make herself "a wee bit clane and dacent like," as she expressed it, "for there was no knowing but the crater would like a good motherly body a-near her at such a time as the present."

While these minor details were being benevolently arranged in the mind of Mrs. Timmins, the clergyman arrived in the guise of a little dried-up man, whose shabby boots and napless hat betokened a great scarcity of lucrative business engagements. Mr. Mott went down stairs to meet him, and, after explaining to the worthy the nature of the business he wished him to transact for him, ushered him into the parlor aforesaid, and presented him to Madeline. Having been already told that the young lady was very much agitated and embarrassed by the unexpected events of the morning, he merely bowed to her, and, calling in Mike Timmins and his wife for witnesses, proceeded at once to make the twain one flesh.

Madeline, sustained by the terror of her aunt

and uncle which beset her, bore herself well until the clergyman repeated the words, "'What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder;'" then Henry St. Clair appeared to stand palpably before her, and she realized what she had done, realized that by her own act she had separated herself from him forever. Then God was merciful, and she sank fainting at the feet of the terrified clergyman and her new-made husband.

"Poor child!" Mr. Mott said, with eyes full of tears, "all this worry and trouble have overcome her; she was not strong enough to bear it." He carried her to their room, laid her on the bed, and bathed her face, and kissed her back to life, for the poor fellow had loved her as well as he knew how for many a year. Her fresh young beauty, and her playful winning ways, had somehow wound themselves around his heart with a persistency that withstood the tests of absence and continued indifference; for, from the beginning of their intimacy, she had never professed aught but the frankest friendship for him. Now, she was his, his very own, this treasure that he had coveted so sorely, and gratitude to him for having preserved her from a worse fate would change that friendship into love. So reasoned this man, so little was he skilled in reading one true woman's heart.

If pardon be ever found for any woman who turns aside from her Heaven-appointed husband after she realizes that she has found him, and yields herself to the keeping of another, that pardon is waiting to descend with peace and healing on the heavily-stricken Madeline. Who shall say that it would have been better if she had passed from that death-like swoon into the life eternal? Who will not say that the one awakening could scarcely be more terrible than the other? In either case the unknown future stretched before her; on the one hand a merciful God to face, who ever waiteth to be gracious; on the other a man to live with full of faults and shortcomings, whom she had promised to "love, honor, and obey," while scarcely conscious of surrounding objects, and wholly unconscious of her state of feeling at the time.

CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. GRAHAM DISCOVERS THAT HER GAME IS LOST, AND LOSES HER TEMPER IN CONSEQUENCE THEREOF.

AT enmity with himself and all the world, Philip Marston rode slowly into the manor gates and up the long avenue, expecting at every turn to see Madeline in advance of him. For he had flattered himself into the belief that, however discomposed she might have been when she left him, he had given her anger plenty of time to cool, and she would, at least, remember enough of decorum to wait for

him near the house, so that they might return as they had started, together, thus avoiding the gossip that would be sure to accrue from their arriving separately. But our host of the manor had reckoned a little too hastily this time, and Miss Vevay was nowhere visible. Neither had she returned, the servants answered in reply to his question as to Miss Madeline's probable whereabouts. For an instant his self-possession deserted him, but only for a moment; then he laughed lightly, and said, aloud: "I have beaten her home," inwardly wondering what on earth had become of her.

While he stood there, uncertain as to what had better be done—whether it would be wiser to seek her, or wiser to leave her to herself—back came the riderless horse. Now a great horror seized him. He feared he knew not what. Remorse swept over him, and he would have given worlds in that instant of time if his morning's work had been left undone. "What if I have driven her to desperation, and, hunted to the death, she has killed herself!" He felt as though the mark of Cain was already on his brow. Like a flash of lightning gleaming over head came back the first night he had seen her, and the promise he made to St. Clair to spare her. Swift as the blow of the avenging angel seemed the denunciation thundered from the skies, and above and over all shone the sorrowful pleading eyes of the dead sister, for whose dear sake he had so promised.

He suffered, suffered terribly, while he stood there, uncertain what to do, but his penitence and remorse lasted only for a moment. Then he bethought himself, and, with an impatient shrug of the shoulders, thought: "The little imp has done this to pay me back, to frighten me into better behavior, doubtless. She has hidden herself in the woods, thinking I will fly to seek her. She may wait my time, the jade." Without more ado he ordered the frightened groom to take the horse to the stable, and not to dare to mention to any one that it had returned riderless. Then he sauntered slowly into the breakfast-room, and, to the somewhat anxious inquiries that were severally propounded as to Madeline's whereabouts, replied that she was coming presently.

This caused the heart of the exultant Aunt Amelia to beat high with hope and triumph; for, in his expressive glance so ably counterfeited, she read the glad fulfilment of her ambitious plans. In consequence thereof she became marvellously bland and placid, was overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and "my dear" was the recipient of so many expressive little taps and winks that he also commenced to perceive that the time to dance had nearly come. Therefore he effervesced, not to say overflowed, in a stream of touching little nothings, mostly expressive of his keen appreciation of the good things on the table, thickly interlarded with pious ejaculations of

thanks to the kind Providence who had so abundantly blessed his friends and himself. Then his love for his wife was touchingly manifested in the way he pressed "Amelia, my love," to have some more butter. "Just a little, dearest," and he deposited a small donation on the side of her plate. They were so completely engaged in thus significantly congratulating and sympathizing with each other that they quite overlooked Mr. Mott's absence from the repast, until reminded of it by Mrs. Marston, who inquired of one of the servants whether he had left his room.

"Oh, yes, ma'r'm!" he replied. "I saw de gemman in de garden wid de roses in him uncommon early dis mornin'."

"Where can he be?" said Philip. "I did not meet him."

"And where can Madeline be?" said Mrs. Graham. "She has certainly had time enough to change her dress."

"I doubt whether she has come in yet," retorted Philip. "I left her in the woods, but she is safe enough. I will go out there presently after her," he added, with a reassuring smile, that allayed all uneasiness for another half-hour.

Then the breakfast things being about to be removed, gentle Mrs. Marston ventured to remonstrate: "Philip, that poor child must be hungry after her long ride this morning, do go and hunt her up."

As he rose to do his mother's bidding, an aggravated anxiety beginning to prey on his own mind in spite of himself, the hall door was pushed hastily open, and Mr. Mott stood in their midst.

"Why, Mott, my friend, where have you been hiding yourself?" began Mr. Graham. But there was something in the man's attitude and expression that bade him pause, and he held his last word suspended between his teeth, as the gentleman in question broke the silence with:—

"Sir, I have not been hiding, but finding that which has caused my blood to chill in my veins—that which, but for your gray hairs, would bid me call you scoundrel and villain to your teeth, which would stir the blood of every honest man against you, and cry you knave to all the world you worship! Sir," he continued, and his voice shook with the passion that was in him, "I have come to announce to you—and you—and you" (and he bowed low to Mrs. Graham and Philip) "that Madeline Vevay, my wife, has withdrawn herself from your protection, and is waiting at the neighboring inn for her clothing."

"What!" said Mrs. Graham, with a shriek of baffled rage. "How dare you use such language to my husband?" Then she recovered herself; and, with a wave of the hand that was regal, turned to Mrs. Marston, and said: "Your hospitality has been misplaced."

"Philip, you had better request this person to withdraw."

"My love, I will call Madeline down stairs to refute this calumny."

"Spare yourself the trouble, madam. My wife is in my charge at present."

Still she failed to comprehend him; she would not understand. Though her cheek blanched with a nameless terror, she scornfully emitted from her thin lips: "Your wife equally with yourself is beneath my notice."

"I have no time to stand here dallying with women. Mr. Graham, I have come into your hateful presence for the purpose of distinctly avowing to you that this morning I found the motherless girl, whom you and your well-matched wife decoyed away from her poor old father with specious promises of kindness and parental fondness, in a pitiable state of sorrow and anguish, caused by a proposition of marriage from this young man, in which he was aided and abetted by you, and which she was peremptorily ordered to accept by her tender, motherly aunt, who saw no contamination in this approximation of purity with villainy, who thought the worn-out debauchee quite an eligible parti for her brother's daughter. For the sake of his aged mother I spare him. But to you, I say, sir, that I hope the time will come when every tear you have forced from her poor eyes will fall like drops of lead upon your despicable heart, and sear and wither it in your miserable body. I took her, sir, in my arms, under my protection. I besought her to trust herself to me, and she is my wife in the eyes of God and man this instant. Beware how you breathe one word against her in my hearing. She has borne enough already. Henceforth I am not only her protector, but her avenger; therefore, I say again, *beware!* I am yearning to pay you up for some of the indignities already heaped upon her; my hands are aching to shake a little feeling into your barren soul."

Here Mrs. Graham screamed aloud, and started to leave the room.

He was at her side in an instant. "Ay, madam, scream, and sob, and cry; let your baffled rage find vent. Your prey has escaped you, your victim is beyond your reach, your seamstress is engaged in a new calling, you must select another. The scapegoat for your ill-humor, the recipient of your scanty charity, has concluded to throw up her situation in favor of one that looks more eligible. And so, madam, I leave you to the perfect enjoyment of the game in which you have been checkmated by 'Mr.—what is the name?' Mrs. Marston, madam," and he strode over to where the old lady sat in troubled silence, not yet quite comprehending what it all meant, "some explanation and apology for this scene is due you. I regret extremely that it should have transpired in your house while my wife and myself were the recipients of your hospitality, but circum-

stances rendered it unavoidable. Madeline was miserably unhappy, and there seemed no other way of escape open to her, therefore I persuaded her to marry me at once, which she did scarcely an hour ago. I have been attached to her for years; her father knows me well. I regret, as I said before, that we should have been impelled to this apparent breach of your generous hospitality, but the case was imperative; there was no alternative." Bowing respectfully to her, he left them in a state of mingled rage and astonishment that it would be difficult to describe.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHICH IS THE BEGINNING OF SORROW, AND THE END OF MARSTON.

WHILE the confusion was at its height; while Marston was wild with rage at Mott's impudence, and regretting his own bad luck; while Mrs. Graham was gnashing her teeth and clenching her hands in impotent rage and fury, with wit enough left, however, to make it appear that she was only bewailing the fate of the poor, misguided girl; Henry St. Clair was travelling swiftly toward the manor. His heart beat high with hope. Laden with the tenderest messages of love to Madeline from his mother, he anticipated the welcome he should receive, pictured to himself the glad cry of surprise and pleasure with which she would greet him, fancied her little hands clinging to his arm as they wandered together in the woods, saw her cheeks glow and her eyes brighten as he told her what he came for, what he wanted her to give him. Occasionally a dark cloud of apprehension would steal over him for a moment; but he resolutely shook it off, whispering to himself: "Courage! Be happy while you may; think she loves you till she tells you not to hope." And on he strode, whistling cheerfully, stopping here and there to admire a flower, or to look joyously out over the widening bay and the white sails in the distance. The birds never sang so sweetly; the dry leaves frisked merrily about his feet; the air, just fresh enough to make one fancy that it had taken a dip in the ocean, or been cooled on a snowbank, sent the blood coursing through his veins with new vigor, and dyed his cheeks with crimson.

In all these weeks that he had waited, and hoped, and lived with his passion, Madeline had grown dearer and more dear. He had given himself up to loving her. Hour after hour he had spent in dreaming of home and her, of life and her, of fame and her, of immortality with her. She had grown to be a part of him—the essential part, he said; the vital part, he thought. And now, that by stretching out his hand he could touch her, by raising his voice he could make her hear him,

he paused. An undefined sense of pain constrained him, and he turned aside from the principal avenue to wait until he had recovered himself before proceeding to the house.

There Philip Marston found him; for he had been glad to leave the womenfolks to their own devices, and was puffing out his chagrin and mortified vanity at the end of a cigar. He greeted his friend rather boisterously in order to hide his embarrassment. "Halloo! old fellow, where the deuce did you come from? Have you dropped from the clouds? They have rained surprises down on us this morning."

St. Clair shook him heartily by the hand, and replied by asking: "What do you mean, Phil? Have you had such an influx of visitors that there is no room for me?"

"On the contrary, we have been most romantically relieved of two of them."

"What do you mean?"

"Only that the little girl upon whom you expended so much sympathy last winter has been running off and getting married this morning."

"Getting married!" he gasped, and staggered as though smitten by a heavy blow.

"Yes, indeed, in the most approved melodramatic style. They are having a great time about it up at the house—but, bless my soul! it hasn't hurt you, too, has it?" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of his friend's face, which had been turned away from him till that moment.

"Hurt me?" he replied, with a bewildered, ghastly smile that was more pitiful than tears. "No, I am very well, thank you. I will go now—I will not detain you—I don't think I am very well," he repeated, as he started to walk, and found that his trembling limbs would scarcely bear him. "I will rest a few minutes; the sun is terribly oppressive," and he wiped off the great drops of agony that stood out like beads on his forehead. Then he commanded himself, and, bowing his head on his hands, said: "I wish you would tell me all the particulars, Phil," and he sat still and listened to Marston's version of the story.

Which, he declared, was simply this: A fellow by the euphonious name of Mott, an old West Indian lover, had made his appearance the evening before, whom Madeline was delighted to see. That she had seemed very unhappy at intervals ever since she had been their guest; that, in fact, he didn't believe she got along any too well with that old cuss, her aunt; that he pitied her dependent situation himself, and had taken her out to ride early on the morning of that day, and had offered to marry her himself as a means of relief; but that he had only put her high mightiness into a terrible rage, which she had evinced by riding off like the wind, leaving him to follow and find her as best he might. That she had ended the farce by hiding herself in the woods, where she was found by Mott, who carried her to the

neighboring tavern, and married her himself. "There, now, my boy, you have the whole thing in a nutshell; and if Mr. West Indian Mutt expects to get 'dear uncle's' money with his fair young bride, he'll find it a hard nut to crack, that's all I've got to say for his comfort."

"Only this morning?"

"Yes, not three hours ago."

"Just too late." Then he shook off the apathy that seemed to be settling over him, and, rising, said to Philip: "Under the circumstances, I will defer my visit to your mother, and take the down train for town. Good-by," and he was off before Phil had time to stop him.

He stared at the place St. Clair had just vacated in a sort of mute astonishment, and then muttered, with an oath, "That yellow-headed thing seems to have turned every one upside down, to-day," and then walked off to regale himself with a series of milk punches, which sent him royally drunk to bed before nightfall. "He was drownin' his feelin's," he explained to the servant whose place it was to reduce his unruly master to comparative order when he allowed himself to be thus overcome. And so farewell to thee, Philip, with all thy vices and thy virtues, if thou hast any, sunk deep in a drunken sleep.

CHAPTER XV.

BEING MORAL AND PHILOSOPHIC.

ON through the gates rushed St. Clair, out into the level country, down to the river's brink; on, on, on for miles he walked blindly, desperately, madly. There was no one to see him now, and he gave himself up to his sorrow; he moaned and wept over it, he wrestled with it, but he could not conquer it, the shock had been so sudden, so desolating, that for a time his brain fairly reeled. In after years he never could remember how the slowly-waning hours of that terrible day were passed. Finally, as the sun went down, a wild yearning to see her once more took possession of him, and back he strode towards the village inn. "If I see her and touch her hand and know that she is happy, I can go home comforted," he thought. Poor fool! While the words were trembling on his lips the rustling leaves warned him of approaching footsteps, and, turning quickly, she stood before him. For an instant they both seemed spell-bound. Instinctively he opened his arms, and, with a low cry, she sprang into them. Time, place, everything was forgotten, save only that they loved, that they were at last together. He almost crushed her with the strength of his embrace; she clung to him as though to leave him would be death, and his tears fell like rain on her upturned face—so wan, so pale, so thin—low words of passionate

tenderness fell like drops of dew on her thirsting heart.

"My pet, my darling, my poor little girl; have they almost broken your heart?" he whispered, as he stroked her tear-stained face and kissed her drooping eyes. Then he remembered that he had found her only to lose her, and he strained her fiercely to his aching heart, crying out. "My wife, my wife; you are my wife, never another's, and I cannot let you go."

And she clung to him helplessly, hopelessly, almost unconsciously murmuring to herself, "At last, at last I know that he loves me." She asked no questions, she needed no explanations. As face answereth to face in a glass so heart answereth to heart, and she *knew* she had found the one man that God had made for her, and was satisfied. Tears, doubts, misgivings, all were swept away as by a breath. Folded in his arms she lay till the night darkened around them, and the village lights gleamed in the distance, then they both knew that the time for parting had come, that as this had been their first embrace, so it must be their last. Then the woman became stronger than the man, for she stilled the beating of her bursting heart to comfort him. She told him how, goaded to desperation, she had been driven to the deed of the morning; that before another day had sped she would be far on her way to new scenes and strange places; that the man she had married was good and kind to her, and would treat her as well as he knew how; that he must not sorrow for her, for "O Henry," she added, "to have died deeming you still unworthy would have been harder far than this. See what it has done already!" And she held up her thin hand before him, and he saw that it had become almost transparent. "We shall not be parted very long, darling; God will be merciful at last. Your wife will be waiting you in heaven;" and, throwing her arms round his neck, she kissed his forehead, his eyes, his lips, and with a murmured God bless you, that meant an utter renunciation of all her happiness on earth, she slid out of his arms and was gone.

Back to the village inn—back to the little uncarpeted room—back to the open-hearted, honest fellow—back to all these which she had chosen, rather than the stately manor house—the luxurious apartments or the unprincipled libertine who held himself their owner; back she went with her burden of suffering weighing her to the ground.

And this was her bridal day. This was marriage denuded of its solemnity and sacred oneness. An act which, proclaiming this twain to be one flesh, either consummates and makes perfect two lives, or so embitters them that the shackles of the slave are not more galling.

And on whom, think you, my readers, should the curse fall? On whom the punishment be

heaviest? Surely not on the fainting girl who has taken up her heavy cross and is brave enough to bear it to the bitter end. Scarcely on the poor fellow who unwittingly has made it all the heavier, foolishly thinking that he loves her well enough to make her happy in spite of herself!

No, a thousand times no; these were the victims, not the causes of the crime; but so sure as there is an avenging God in heaven, and so sure as justice shall be meted out to all, so surely will the curse descend upon that man and woman by whose infernal plottings and fiendish machinations this evil has been wrought. Let them see to it.

And this is not an exceptional case, there are many such. It is not a highly-wrought fiction gotten up to dazzle the senses, but a painful truth. Look around and you will see it on every side. Parents daily immolating their daughters on the altar of wealth—educating them to it, preparing them for it, crushing every womanly impulse, checking every inclination to rise above the finery with which they are loaded down, lest in consequence thereof they should be entangled into an alliance with a poor man. A girl who talks of loving a man for himself is laughed at by her companions, and scouted at as chimerical. What he is worth is a stepping-stone to popularity and favor. A parent instead of requiring vouchers for his son-in-law's honesty, integrity, and sobriety, only needs to glance at his cash-book to be satisfied that he is eligible, that he will do.

CHAPTER XVI

WHEREIN "MY DEAR" AND AUNT AMELIA ARE FINALLY DISPOSED OF.

AFTER Mrs. Graham's first volcanic shower had cooled a little, she ordered Marie "to pack up the trash belonging to the ungrateful creature who had been the recipient of her bounty, and send it out of her sight." Meaning, of course, to her temporary place of sojourn. While her commands were being executed she devoted herself to the composition of a letter, which gave the finishing stroke to her cruelty, and showered on the head of the offending girl the bitterest maledictions. As a natural result of the failure of her schemes, she indignantly denied ever having the least idea of *making* her marry Marston, or even desiring her to do so contrary to her own inclinations. She expressed, with the aid of several vigorous adjectives, her horror and detestation of the man upon whom she had seen fit to throw herself away, and then ingeniously mentioned that several letters directed to her had been found that morning in one of the parlor cupboards, and that she had deemed it expedient to transfer them to their rightful owner, suggesting withal, that their contents might have some

important bearing on her future. Mrs. Graham doubtless imagined that this crowning effort of hers would be completely successful, and that she should thereby achieve her revenge; but for the second time her zeal defeated itself.

True, she had parted them and embittered both their lives, but *there* she did her worst. *There* her power ended, and these dear letters, sacred now as though coming from one already dead, were balm to the wounded heart and strength to the fainting spirit that they had been remorselessly designed to crush. She concluded this eminently characteristic and Christian like epistle by declaring that she should immediately write a succinct account of her disgraceful conduct to her poor old father, which she doubted not would bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

After these matters had been arranged to that worthy lady's satisfaction, she announced to Mrs. Marston her intention of leaving in the next train for home, assigning as a reason the fear that her health would give way beneath the accumulated sorrows of the day. To her hapless husband she scarcely vouchsafed a word, reserving her maledictions for a more convenient season. "My dear" hailed this temporary respite with feelings of unmingled joy, fondly hoping that she would be over the worst of it before they reached home, but his peace was destined to be short lived, for before the manor gates had closed upon the carriage which was conveying them to the depot she commenced, and harangued him steadily from that time until midnight deposited him in his own bed at Hamilton Terrace and enabled him to stuff the obliging pillow into his weary ears. Everything from first to last was blamed on him. The failure of her plans just at the critical moment she attributed entirely to *his stupidity* in bringing home the puppy who had out-generated her, etc. etc. She exonerated herself from all blame. She had discharged her duty to the ingrate to the best of her ability. She had done with her now *forever*. To her friends she stated that she had been very badly treated and dreadfully deceived, but that she strove to bear it with Christian fortitude. She carefully abstained from stating to any one the facts of the case, but rolling up her eyes and folding her hands meekly in her lap, declared that the subject was altogether too painful to admit of discussion; insinuating piously that there were things in abeyance too terrible to be told.

And so she and her admirable spouse continued to live on and prosper, justified rather than condemned by their friends and neighbors. Exalted to the topmost pinnacle of self-righteousness, and in nowise humbled or abased when, not long ago, there flitted over the telegraphic wires the news that death had claimed their victim. True, the madam immediately adopted a species of half mourning—bright colors

having ceased to be becoming—and was heard frequently to ejaculate, "Poor child! poor Madeline! but for her own rashness she might have been living to-day." But the end is not yet, and there remaineth a recompense even for her.

CHAPTER XVII.

BEING THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

WHEN Madeline reached the inn she found her trunks, the denunciatory letter from her aunt, and her husband awaiting her. The next morning they started on their journey westward; she bore up bravely till they reached Pittsburg, but there her strength, which had been so severely taxed, gave way, and she was prostrated with a low nervous fever. The physician who was summoned to attend her seemed more troubled, however, about a little hacking cough, which had annoyed her more or less all summer, and which now invariably accompanied every effort she made to speak. He examined her lungs carefully and shook his head gravely, as he asked her why she had not attended to that cough before. In the course of a fortnight, however, the fever yielded to treatment, and then the doctor recommended Mr. Mott to remove his wife to one of the neighboring villages, where she would be out of the smoke and turmoil of the city, and would stand a much better chance of regaining her strength, which he declared to be singularly impaired, considering the trifling nature of her illness; he enjoined him to watch over her very carefully, and, as they were both strangers to that locality, advised them to establish themselves, for the present, at Economy, a small German settlement about eighteen miles below the city, and thither they repaired. Mr. Mott dealt very tenderly with his fair young wife; for days and weeks she lay in that quaint little Dutch room, not strong enough to walk, scarcely able to think. With the falling leaves and piercing October winds, however, a change came, and she seemed to grow rapidly better.

She was grateful to her husband for his unobtrusive kindness, she thanked him for loving her well enough to bear with her sickness and her sorrow patiently as he did; she pitied him, poor fellow, because for the love wherewith he loved her she could return him so poor an equivalent. When she smiled on him he was happy, comforting himself with the thought "that she would come round all right in time."

So he petted and made much of her in his clumsy fashion—brought huge red apples up to her room, and great awkward bunches of garden flowers, that appealed so irresistibly to her sense of the ludicrous, that one day her old time laugh rang through the room, which so delighted the poor fellow that he fell on his knees beside the bed, and declared that she should have every hollyhock and dahlia in the

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village if she would only laugh like that again. And so she grew to like him more than she ever liked him when he had petted her in much the same fashion in her old West Indian home—grew to love him very much as we would love a great Newfoundland dog that cleaves to us with a persistency of attachment.

On the days that she was strong enough she enjoyed strolling through this quaint little Dutch village, and amused herself studying the manners and customs of this simple-minded, primitive little community. It kept her from thinking. She learned that the society had been in existence for a period of sixty years, that it had been founded by one George Rapp, a native of Wurtemberg, a man noted for his peculiar religious belief as well as for the singular purity and simplicity of his daily life. They numbered originally eight hundred, but of late years had become greatly diminished by reason of old age, death, and the extremely limited number of conversions. The keeper of the village store and post-office, a rosy-cheeked, white-haired German, told her husband, in his winning, broken dialect, "that he had occupied his present position for over forty years, and had yet to witness the first disturbance. The village, with its grass-grown streets, quaint little houses, all built exactly the same size and in parallel lines, with the perpetual Sabbath stillness that reigned, impressed her with a feeling of awe, which was in nowise diminished by the ringing of the church bell from time to time. At noon it summoned one and all to their dinner, and they came from malt-house and wine-cellar, from saw-mill and harvest-field, either singly or in pairs, every face wearing the same look of calm satisfaction and contentment. They imported their dress as well as their religion, manners, and customs from the Fatherland, and in all the years that had sped, neither time nor fashion had altered it.

The women were clad in blue worsted gowns, black aprons and square silk neckhandkerchiefs pinned coquettishly, or not, as the case might be, across the bosom, of any color to suit the taste of the wearer, above which shone the spotless Elizabethan ruffle. Low shoes, white stockings, and funny little blue satin bonnets, that might have been extant for at least forty years, completed their apparelling. The men on ordinary occasions appeared in roundabouts, and in them presented a generally rotund appearance, which, doubtless, said Madeline, archly, to her great husband, "accounted for the name of the garment in question." On high days and holidays, however, their somewhat porcine proportions were meliorated down by solemn-looking frock coats and broad-brimmed beaver hats.

An old lady, the last lineal descendant of the founder of this society, having heard that Madeline was ill, and a stranger, had been much

with her, watching over her in her sickness, and enlivening her well days with many entertaining reminiscences of her own youth. Her society was a great comfort to the poor child, and her kindness so unobtrusive, that she intrusted her with much of her personal history.

For a short time she seemed to be rapidly gaining strength, her fever left her entirely, her appetite improved, and she was able to walk out daily; but this was speedily succeeded by a prostration so protracted that Mr. Mott became seriously alarmed. The physician ordered stimulants and tonics to be plentifully administered, and she again struggled to her feet; so visible, indeed, appeared the improvement, that her husband commenced making arrangements to resume their journey, as he was anxious to be established in his western home before the winter set in.

"Madeline," he said, "I think we had better start to-morrow. We need only travel a short distance the first day."

They had just come in from a walk, and she was sitting in an arm-chair by the window, with a rosebud in her hand that had been chilled by the early frost, and was already withering.

"I hardly think you will get off to-morrow," she answered, with a faint, sad smile. "I am not feeling quite so well."

"Nonsense, nonsense, child! you're only tired and nervous now; women are all nervous, I believe."

He did not mean to be unkind, but he was disappointed. He wanted to get away from that dull place.

Her face turned a shade paler than it was before, and a tear or two (which he did not see) dropped on the drooping rosebud in her hand; she said nothing for a few minutes, then replied, gently:—

"You had better get everything ready, and if I am no worse to-morrow we will start."

He was delighted with this concession, and rather noisily applauding what he called her pluck, called Miss Rapp in to stay with her while he went off to make the necessary arrangements.

This gentle, motherly woman came quietly into the room and sat down beside her, saying: "So you are really going to-morrow, my child? Do you feel strong enough to travel?"

She attempted to reply, but a violent attack of coughing prevented, which lasted so long that Miss Rapp becoming alarmed, proposed sending for her husband; Madeline motioned to her, however, to remain, and after the paroxysm was over, and she regained her breath, whispered faintly, "Do not call him. Poor fellow, he thinks that I am better. But my hours are numbered. I am going even now on the last journey I shall ever take. I will not detain him many days. See this!" and she held up her handkerchief which was crimson

with blood. "The doctor in Pittsburg told me that a hemorrhage would be death, and I have had several such as this."

She lay back in her chair for a little while, apparently very much exhausted; then, beckoning to her friend to draw nearer, whispered: "When it is all over telegraph to Mrs. St. Clair: 'Madeline Vevay is dead; break it gently to your son.' Keep me till they come, for I *know* they will; they are all the friends I have. When I am buried, tell *him* that my end was peaceful and painless; that I shall be waiting for him in heaven, where tears and sorrows never enter; that he must not mourn, but rather be thankful that God was so merciful at last." Then something seemed to snap within her, the crimson blood rushed in a torrent from her mouth, and she was dead. Dead before husband or physician could be summoned. Gone to her rest, for God never stilled the beating of a wearier heart than hers.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

THE shock was terrible to poor Mott, and his demonstrations of grief loud and noisy. He cried and sobbed over her, and begged her to speak to him again, with heart-breaking pathos.

As the village bell, which she had loved so well to listen to, was tolling for her burial, and the people were gathering to follow the fair young stranger to her early grave, a carriage drew up to the tavern, and from it alighted a lady and gentleman in mourning; grief too deep for utterance was printed on their faces, and the few who were standing near drew reverently aside to let them pass. "Her mother and her brother," they whispered, with uncovered heads.

Into the room where she lay they went; and there the two men, who had both loved Madeline Vevay so well, but, oh! so differently, clasped hands for the first time over her dead body. Mrs. St. Clair wept bitterly, and tears and sobs broke from poor Mott as they closed the coffin, and bore her away; but St. Clair, after looking long and steadfastly at the beautiful clay, which was all that was left of his darling, went out, and was seen no more till the earth had been piled on her coffin.

He had had an interview with Miss Rapp, and on his heart laid the little withered rosebud that had fallen from her listless hand the evening that she died.

"For the living sorrow what hopes remain?
For the pined, pining, passionate pain,
That is doomed forever to languish,
And to languish forever in vain;
For the want of the words that may bestead
The hunger that out of loss is bred;
O friends! for the living sorrow—
For the living sorrow—
For the living sorrow what shall be said!"

St. Clair returned to his home a bowed and stricken man. He was ever the same devoted son; he watched over his mother's declining years with more than a woman's tenderness; he held her in his arms, and wiped the death damps from her brow, and smoothed her silvered hair, as she passed gently from her earthly home to that prepared for her beyond the skies, which was a heavenly one.

He attained great eminence in his profession, but in the stern, grave gentleman of fifty there is scarcely a trace of him we knew at thirty-five. His friends of to-day are often heard to wonder why it is that he, who of all men has been uniformly so courteous and urbane, should denounce with such unsparing bitterness the late opposing candidate for the judicial chair, old Mr. Graham; and why one, so eminently fitted to enjoy the comforts of domestic life, should never have married.

In a year or two after Madeline's death Mr. Mott consoled himself with a new wife, and is reasonably happy in his Western home, which is well-filled with chubby little children, the oldest daughter being called after the poor girl, whose grave would long since have been overgrown with weeds, had it not been for the grave, sad-looking stranger, who once a year makes his home with the kindly Germans for a little season.

FAINT HEART.

BY A. H. P.

BUT yestereve against the west
The golden cloudlets lay,
Till sobbing winds blew from the south,
And changed their gold to gray.
Within the terraced garden's shade
I made my last adieu;
For drums had beat, and fluting fifes
Called knight and lover true.
Ah! when again shall bearded lips
Brush off the bloom from mine,
Or pledge to me in lifted cup
Of beaded, bubbling wine?
Oh, tears that weep from stormy sky!
Oh, sighs from weary heart!
Has hope, once colored as the rose,
Let all its hues depart?
Nay, nay, faint heart, for some fair dawn
Will tinge again the skies,
And brilliant day, born out of gloom,
In triumph shall arise;
Bringing once more to me, perchance,
New pleasure and new pain,
For if we meet—hush! throbbing heart—
'Tis but to part again.

THERE is a paradox in pride; it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.—*Colton.*

ACTING CHARADE.

FOOTPRINT.

BY S. ANNIE PROST.

Characters.

MR. JOSHUA SEYMOUR, *a retired merchant, of large wealth.*
MRS. JOSHUA SEYMOUR, *his wife.*
BEATRICE SEYMOUR, *their daughter, a young lady.*
ARCHIE SEYMOUR, *their son, aged twelve.*
JOHN MYERS, *a detective officer.*
STEPHEN FLETCHER, *a young dandy, in love with BEATRICE.*
SARAH, *the servant girl.*
THOMAS JONES, }
SAMUEL BROWN, } *two policemen.*

SCENE I.—FOOT-

SCENE.—MR. SEYMOUR'S parlor, with an open piano centre of background. Curtain rises, discovering BEATRICE seated near a small table, sewing.

Beatrice. Heigho! I wish mother wouldn't talk to me so much about Mr. Fletcher. I don't like him, and I can't like him, and yet I can't give any rational reason for my dislike. He is young, handsome, wealthy, and most gallant, and yet I grow more averse every day to the idea of being his wife. I wish father and mother did not like him so well; it is so hard to appear to differ with them.

Enter ARCHIE, in a great rage.

Archie. (Stamping up and down the room). I wish I was a man! I'd like to see him lay his fingers on me then! I'd like to shoot him, the great bullying coward! I will, when I am a man!

Beatrice. Why, Archie, what is the matter?

Archie. Matter! That great ugly Fletcher fellow—

Beatrice. Archie, that is not the way to speak of a friend of father's.

Archie. I don't care, he has no business to shake me.

Beatrice. Shake you! I am afraid you were rude.

Archie. I wasn't. I only said "Boots" to Jim Staley as he passed; and he turned round and took me by the collar, and nearly shook the life out of me. But I'll be even with him yet. I know some of his ways that he won't be any too anxious to have father know.

Beatrice. What do you know, Archie? Tell me, that's a dear boy!

Archie. Oh, yes, tell you, and have you tell your bean, and he'll fix up another story for father! Not I.

Beatrice. But, Archie—

Archie. If I was a girl, I wouldn't have a bean with one foot bigger than the other, anyhow.

Beatrice. Why, Archie, what do you mean?

Archie. I mean that Mr. Stephen Fletcher has one foot nearly two inches longer than the other, if he does wear such dreadful shiny

boots. Oh! I know why he is so touchy if a fellow says "Boots."

Beatrice. Oh! you must be mistaken, Archie. I am sure I should have noticed it.

Archie. I am not mistaken. I noticed it long ago; and that night it stormed so, when he stayed all night, I measured his boots to make sure. He's a pretty fellow! He's a nice man for a husband!

Beatrice. But, Archie, if that's all you have to tell father, I'm afraid it won't help me much. (*Sighs.*)

Archie. Help you! Why, Bee, don't you like him?

Beatrice. I detest him!

Archie. Bully for you! Really and truly, Beatrice?

Beatrice. Really and truly, Archie.

Archie. Well, then, I'll tell you what I know. Jim Staley, you know, is in a store, and there is a gambling saloon right next door; and he says Mr. Fletcher is in there more than half the day, and he often sees him coming out when he goes down to open the store in the morning. What do you think of that?

Beatrice. Is he very sure?

Archie. Of course, he is. He noticed his foot, too, and he says he has seen him more than once drunk.

Beatrice. Oh, Archie, if this is true, and we can only prove it to father!

Archie. It is true, and I will prove it. I'll teach him to shake a fellow till he's out of breath!

Enter MRS. SEYMOUR, limping.

Mrs. Seymour. Get me a chair, quick, Archie!

Archie. (*Getting a chair.*) Why, mother, what ails you?

Mrs. Seymour. You left one of your marbles on the floor in the entry, and I slipped on it, and have strained my foot.

Beatrice. (*Sitting on the floor at her mother's feet.*) Let me see, mother. (*Takes off MRS. SEYMOUR'S slippers, and rubs her foot gently.*) You ought to be more careful with your marbles, Archie.

Archie. I'm awful sorry, mother. Does it pain you very much?

Mrs. Seymour. Yes, my boy, it is very painful. I am afraid you will have to go down town for me, Beatrice. I was going to order some creams and jellies for dinner. Your father is going to bring Mr. Fletcher home to dine with him, and Margaret is so busy preserving that she won't have time to make dessert.

Archie. Let him eat what the rest of us do.

Mrs. Seymour. My son, you are speaking of your father's friend.

Archie. I guess if father has no better friend than he is, he's badly off. I heard him myself in a store, not a week ago, say he guessed "old Seymour's estate would cut up well with only two children."

Mrs. Seymour. Archie!

Archie. I did. I shouldn't think much of a friend that was counting how many dollars I'd leave when I died.

Beatrice. Nor I.

Mrs. Seymour. (*Anxiously.*) Your father thinks a great deal of him.

Beatrice. I know he does. (*Sighs.*) I wish he didn't. Does your foot feel any easier, mother?

Mrs. Seymour. It is easier, but I think I had better not try to go down town.

Beatrice. Oh, no! I will go. Archie, you come with me. (*Aside to ARCHIE.*) Do, that's a dear boy! I want to talk with you.

Archie. (*Aside to BEATRICE.*) Pump me, eh? I see why you want my company. All right, I'll go.

Mrs. Seymour. You had better go now, for you will want time to dress for dinner, Beatrice.

Beatrice. Yes, I will go at once.

[*Exit BEATRICE.*]

Archie. (*Calling.*) I'll wait at the door for you, Bee. I won't leave any more marbles about, mother. (*Kisses her.*)

Mrs. Seymour. That's right, my son.

Archie. (*Aside, as he goes out.*) And I'll put a log in your path, Mr. Stephen Fletcher, as sure as my name is Archibald.

[*Exit ARCHIE.*]

Mrs. Seymour. Dear me! I wonder if Mr. Fletcher is really counting upon Beatrice's fortune. I thought he was immensely wealthy himself. I'm sure Mr. Seymour thinks so. Oh! what a care children are. I never realized how much till Beatrice went into society, and began to have lovers. Oh! how my foot aches! I hope it won't get worse before dinner, for Mr. Seymour hates to have me away from the table. (*Limps slowly toward door.*)

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.—PRINT.

SCENE.—*Same as SCENE I. Curtain rises, discovering MRS. SEYMOUR and BEATRICE seated, sewing; ARCHIE at a table, looking over an album. As the curtain rises, a clock strikes five.*

Mrs. Seymour. Five o'clock! It is time your father was here.

Beatrice. I think I hear some one on the walk, but the snow is so deep it is hard to distinguish the footsteps.

Archie. I wish he would hurry, for I am as hungry as a graven image.

Enter MR. SEYMOUR and STEPHEN.

Mrs. Seymour. (*Speaking to STEPHEN.*) And for my part, I would cheerfully pay a hundred dollars toward a reward for catching the scoundrel.

Mrs. Seymour. What scoundrel? How do you do, Mr. Fletcher?

Stephen. Good-day, ladies! Miss Beatrice, I hope I see you well?

Beatrice. (Coldly.) Quite well, I thank you.

Mrs. Seymour. Archie, place a chair for Mr. Fletcher. (ARCHIE places chair.)

Beatrice. But what is the news, papa? Something very exciting, I should judge by your manner?

Mr. Seymour. There has been a robbery on the Union Bank. The vault was entered, and the loss is estimated at fifty thousand dollars. Some valuable diamonds placed there for safety are gone, besides notes and money.

Mrs. Seymour. Dear me!

Beatrice. Have they no clue to the thief?

Mr. Seymour. Rather a curious one. You know the snow commenced to fall after midnight, and only fell a short time. Upon the newly-fallen snow detective Myers found prints of a man's feet, and transferred them to paper. The curious part of it is that the fellow's feet were not mates.

Beatrice. (Looking at ARCHIE.) Not mates!

Archie. (Looking up.) His feet not mates!

Stephen. (Aside.) I wish they would talk about something else.

Mrs. Seymour. Was he club-footed, my dear?

Mr. Seymour. Not quite so bad as that. But one foot is between one and two inches longer than the other, and a trifle broader.

Beatrice. (Aside.) Can it be possible that—pshaw! my prejudices are getting the better of my judgment.

Archie. Did you say Mr. Myers had taken a transfer of the print, father?

Mr. Seymour. Yes. The robbery was discovered, or rather the fact that the vault had been entered was discovered by daybreak this morning, and Mr. Myers was on the spot whilst the print of the rogue's feet was still fresh on the snow. He told me this afternoon that he had the exact print. But, Archie, my boy, you must not repeat that. It is a sort of professional secret, and if known might put the rogue on his guard. We are all among friends here; but, if the scoundrel knew of the print he left, he might change his boot measure, and so escape.

Mrs. Seymour. Dear me, I hope they will catch him. You never know who will suffer next when a thief escapes, do you, Mr. Fletcher?

Stephen. Never! It is really dreadful to think of.

Beatrice. You would like to see this man caught, Mr. Fletcher?

Stephen. Why, of course I would. I hope (laughing a forced, uneasy laugh) you do not think I have any sympathy to waste upon bank robbers.

Mrs. Seymour. Of course not. What an absurd idea.

Enter SARAH.

Sarah. Dinner is ready. [*Exit SARAH.*]

Mrs. Seymour. Will you walk out to dinner?

Stephen. (Offering his arm to MRS. SEYMOUR.) Permit me to escort you, madam.

Mr. Seymour. Come, children.

[*Exit STEPHEN, MRS. SEYMOUR and MR. SEYMOUR; BEATRICE is following, when ARCHIE pulls her back.*]

Archie. Bee! Bee! wait a minute!

Beatrice. Hush, Archie!

Archie. (Looking out of the door.) They can't hear. (Jumps up and down.) Hurrah! I'll fix his flint for him!

Beatrice. O Archie, it scares me to think of it!

Archie. Well, it don't scare me much. I'm going out.

Beatrice. Where?

Archie. I'm going to see that print Mr. Myers has got.

Beatrice. O Archie, wait! Don't be too hasty.

Archie. Wait! Wait, indeed, and give him time to change his boots. You heard what father said?

Beatrice. It is too dreadful.

Archie. You goose! Dreadful! I think it is bully. Do you want to have him coming here imposing upon father, and perhaps robbing him?

Beatrice. No, no! but—

Archie. But what? Don't be a ninny, Bee.

Enter SARAH.

Sarah. If you please, Miss Beatrice, your father is waiting for you to come to dinner.

Beatrice. Yes, yes. Say I'll be there in a minute. [*Exit SARAH.*]

Archie. Go in Beatrice, and remember *mum's* the word. Say I've got the toothache, and can't eat.

Beatrice. Oh, dear, I wish we had never seen the man. [*Exit BEATRICE.*]

Archie. Now, Mr. Shiny Boots, we'll see how Mr. Myers' print will fit you. You'll shake a fellow for nothing, will you? Well, you may shake yourself now, for I'm on your track, and I'll run you down as sure as my name is Archie. [*Exit ARCHIE.*]

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE III.—FOOTPRINT.

SCENE.—Same as SCENE II. *Curtain rises, discovering BEATRICE just entering the room.*

Beatrice. I am so nervous that I am afraid I shall betray myself if I remain any longer in the dining-room. I wish Archie had not gone. If he should be mistaken, what a dreadful thing it would be.

Enter MRS. SEYMOUR.

Mrs. Seymour. Why, Beatrice, my dear, what made you leave the room so abruptly? I was afraid you were ill.

Beatrice. (*Confused.*) I—I—it was so oppressively warm there, mother.

Mrs. Seymour. And why did not Archie come to his dinner, when he was complaining of positive starvation not ten minutes before it was served?

Beatrice. He—he said he had a toothache.

Mrs. Seymour. Toothache! Why, he never had the toothache in his life. By the way, Beatrice, I am sure he must be mistaken about Mr. Fletcher.

Beatrice. (*Starting.*) Mistaken!

Mrs. Seymour. When I left the dining-room he was asking your father about a good investment for fifty thousand dollars of spare capital now lying idle. Of course, with that amount over his income, he cannot have mercenary designs in his choice of a wife.

Beatrice. (*Aside.*) Fifty thousand dollars! The very sum father said was missing from the bank.

Enter MR. SEYMOUR and STEPHEN.

Mr. Seymour. (*Speaking to STEPHEN as he enters.*) I feel quite sure the dividends will soon be double what they were last year.

Stephen. It is very kind in you to give me your valuable advice. Your long experience in business makes it inestimable to me, for I am a perfect child in such matters. My fortune was a legacy from generation to generation in my family, and business affairs are a profound mystery to me.

Mrs. Seymour. (*Aside to BEATRICE.*) There, my dear! You see Archie could not have heard correctly.

Stephen. Miss Beatrice, will you not favor us with some music?

Beatrice. Willingly. (*Aside.*) Anything to escape conversation. (*Goes to piano.*)

Stephen. May I ask for my favorite?

Beatrice. I have forgotten what that is.

Stephen. (*Sentimentally.*) Cruel! (*Aside.*) She is colder than ice, to-day.

Mrs. Seymour. Sing "Batti, Batti," Beatrice.

Mr. Seymour. No, no, sing a good old-fashioned ballad, Bee. "My love is like the red, red rose," or, "Down the burn, Davy, love."

(*BEATRICE sings one verse of a ballad, commences the second verse, and stops suddenly.*)

Mrs. Seymour. Why do you stop?

Beatrice. There is some one coming. I hear footsteps. (*Aside.*) Oh, how I tremble!

Mrs. Seymour. Well, my dear, that need not interrupt your song. It is probably Archie coming to a cold dinner.

Enter ARCHIE followed by JOHN MYERS.

Archie. (*Rushing at STEPHEN and seizing him by the coat tails.*) Here he is, Mr. Myers!

Stephen. (*Angrily trying to shake ARCHIE off.*) What do you mean? Let go of my coat!

Archie. Here he is, Mr. Myers! Here's the fellow with one foot bigger than the other. Here's the bank robber for you!

All. Mr. Fletcher a bank robber!

Archie. (*Still holding STEPHEN by the coat.*) Here's the fellow that left the footprint in the snow. Ha! you'll shake me again, will you, Boots? Boots! Boots!

Stephen. (*Suddenly breaking loose from ARCHIE.*) Let me go, you young imp!

John. (*Taking STEPHEN by the collar.*) Sorry to detain you, sir, but (*whistles*) you see you cannot escape.

Enter THOMAS JONES and SAMUEL BROWN, who place themselves one on each side of STEPHEN.

Archie. (*Dancing round them.*) You'll shake me again, will you? I told you I'd be even with you. You'll cool your heels in prison to-night, Mr. Boots. Boots! Boots!

Stephen. I'll strangle you, you young imp. (*Rushes towards ARCHIE, but is held back by the two policemen.*)

Mr. Seymour. Mr. Myers, will you explain this strange intrusion?

John. Sorry to intrude, Mr. Seymour, but we are on the lookout for a man whose foot will match this footprint. (*Takes a paper from his pocket, and unfolds it, showing a drawing of the sole of a man's boot.*) If your friend will put his foot on that (*spreads the paper on the floor*), of course if it don't fit, we have no further business with him.

Stephen. I will not be made the subject of this senseless tomfoolery.

John. Easy, easy, now!

(*The two policemen hold STEPHEN fast while JOHN puts his foot on the paper.*)

Mr. Seymour. I never was so amazed in my life.

John. You see, sir, it fits to a hair!

Archie. I told you so. How do you feel now, Boots?

Beatrice. Hush, Archie, hush!

John. I am sorry for you, sir; but until you can explain how your footprint came in the yard of the Union Bank this morning before day-break, I shall be obliged to detain you in custody. Take him away!

(*The two policemen take STEPHEN away. ARCHIE dancing around them, exclaiming: Shake me again, will you, Boots?*)

[*Curtain falls.*]

THE manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself.—*Lavater.*

As it is the nature of a kite to devour little birds, so it is the nature of some minds to insult and tyrannize over little people; this being the means which they use to recompense themselves for their extreme servility and condescension to their superiors; for nothing can be more reasonable than that slaves and flatterers should exact the same taxes on all below them which they themselves pay to all above them.—*Fielding.*

WHAT FOLKS SAID OF OUR FAILURE.

BY MILDRED EVYLIN.

HAVE you ever noticed, dear reader, that when a man fails in business his wife is almost invariably blamed as the cause of his failure? His success is another thing, almost always due to his own abilities. Now, while I admit that a man's wife has a great deal to do with success and failure, she often receives more blame than she deserves for the latter. In my own checkered life I have experienced this as well as many other things. When we married, Mr. Brooks and I, to say that I was considered the most fortunate girl in our village is not saying too much, and that I thought myself the happiest I am certain; for country villages as well as cities have their "great catches," and, as the son of the richest man in the village, Ralph certainly occupied that enviable position. The wooing and wedding over, next came house-keeping and settling down to business. A year before Ralph had gone into the mercantile business in a village ten miles distant—his father furnishing the capital. Our house was the prettiest little nest I had ever seen, and our furniture and entire belongings were the admiration of the place. "Can you afford it, my dear?" timidly inquired my mother, upon her first visit, as she viewed the many handsome, and, indeed, unnecessary articles of furniture added to my modest outfit, until it was almost lost to view. I cannot help laughing as I recall the look of importance assumed by me as I assured her that that was little of what we could afford. Dear mother, her faith in us was almost as great as our own. Mother Brooks, however, was not so. "Times were changed, and folks too; in her day they began plain and expected to better their condition; didn't begin ahead of where their father left off. Well, we'll see, we'll see." But brusque as she was, she was a sterling friend in need. Well, a happier little housekeeper was never installed in lovelier little home than I, nor assumed the domestic reins in greater state.

Now, in those days there was not so much "help" kept as now, and in so small a family as ours was, mostly dispensed with altogether. I fully intended doing our own work, but Ralph would not hear of it. Was his Mattie to be only a household drudge; he could afford to keep one servant, and he would. Flattered and delighted, I was easily persuaded that I did need all the care he was so willing to bestow. I attempted study, to complete my education, which was defective, but so many things came to hinder, that I could not apply myself. Music I loved, and my improvement in it was a source of delight to both Ralph and myself. We visited a great deal, and, of course, had a great deal of company. In our absences, which were frequent, the store was in care of a clerk,

the house of our maid, and we were perfectly content.

Time passed, and our little Eddie came to claim our love and care; so with that dear charge in hand, I hardly visited the kitchen at all. Those were golden days, for if doing wrong, I was unconscious of it, and my content was perfect. I had noticed from time to time a shade of care upon my husband's brow, but attributed it to anxiety for myself, as my health was long in being re-established; but I grew better, and it continued. I ventured to ask him, but he evaded my questions, saying he never was in better health, and, reassured for his health, I was satisfied, for no other evil occurred to me. So time sped until autumn, when I went home for a long visit, Ralph for the first time sending me alone, and, as he said, keeping house.

Such a charming visit! marred only by Ralph's absence. I always think of it as a season of wondrous peace and calm happiness. I visited alternately at father Brooks' and my own dear father's, and in a gay circle of brothers, sisters, cousins, etc., spent a couple of weeks delightfully. I had not heard from Ralph for almost a week; what could it mean? He was to come for me toward the close of my visit, but that was distant a week or two; unless, as he tenderly said, when bidding good-by, he grew too lonely without his pets, and if so he'd come sooner. But a sense of impending evil oppressed me; I grew restless, and so much did this feeling grow upon me, that when a week elapsed without a letter, I announced my intention of returning immediately to Westville. I was at father Brooks', and they all joined in joking me for being homesick, and said that Ralph would probably arrive before night, and laughed at my firm conviction that he was ill. But all persuasion failing to convince me, father and mother Brooks said they would go home with me. I believe I had infected them with my fears, which grew so upon me that every minute seemed drawn to the length of an hour. We were on the way at last in the old carryall, having sent a message explaining to my parents our hurried departure. The old folks strove to pass the time chatting pleasantly, but my heart was heavy with its sad foreboding, and they began to be less cheerful as we approached Westville without meeting Ralph. We entered and drove through town; I was not surprised that some whom we met regarded us, I thought, curiously. "They are looking at the woman who was visiting when her husband lay sick, perhaps dying," I thought. As we approached the house I observed, without surprise, that the store was closed. But father, starting violently, exchanged looks with mother, that plainly said, "She was right after all."

We drove to the door and stopped without a sign of any living thing appearing to our long-

ing eyes. As father alighted and turned to assist us down, a slow step coming through the hall attracted us, and I thought some kind neighbor was staying with Ralph. The door opened; it was Ralph himself, a little downcast looking, but alive and well. With a glad cry I sprang to his arms, and for the first time in my life wept hysterically. Ralph carried me into the parlor while welcoming his parents and expressing joy at our opportune arrival, explaining his silence by saying he was busy, but meant to have started for his father's that evening. But something was back, we felt that; soon it came out, for mother could ill brook suspense: "But why is your store closed, Ralph, and everything so still? What means it?"

"It means, dear mother," said Ralph, with a sad smile, "that your boy has failed in the business he undertook with such faith in his own abilities, that he has lost the capital given by a kind father, in fine, been sold out by the sheriff, and to-day is penniless, nay, worse."

"Well, I declare," said his mother, as he paused, "if you didn't frighten me about as much as Lizzie did when she persuaded us that you were sick or dead. Well, I'll tell you the truth, Ralph, I am not one bit sorry, for since Myra has gone the old house seems that lonely that your father and I can hardly bear to stay in it, and now, after Lizzie's visit, I don't think we could have stayed at all. You see," she continued, "it's just Providence, for if you had prospered here you never would have gone to the old home again, and I never did like this Westville," she added, with sudden asperity, as if the place was in some way responsible for our failure.

Father joined in pressing our immediate return, and it was settled in a very short time that we were to return with them and make their home ours, for the present, at least.

But mother laughed, and said: "When we get you there see when you'll get away again."

Dear, kind parents! not a word of our carelessness and extravagance; no wise saws and hints of self-sufficiency that needed no counsel. Nothing but tenderness, and during the years that we made one family I found no difference. For myself, joy that Ralph was spared to me, made all else seem so trifling that I could not realize it as a misfortune. But as we viewed our past life we saw many things needing careful attention which seemed of very little importance before, and humbly we knelt and implored forgiveness for all our many failings to duty, and while we placed ourselves under the Divine protection, and resolved to begin a new life, peace descended to our chastened hearts, as we determined that none should suffer through us.

Next day being the Sabbath, we attended church as usual, and although a few were quite as cordial as usual, candor compels me to say

that the majority kept aloof as though fearing some contagious disease. Eddy grew restless during the sermon, and, not wishing to interrupt the congregation, I quietly withdrew, and, seated in the shade of a fine tree, was enjoying the quiet, when I was attracted by the sound of conversation carried on in a low tone between two old ladies who were also enjoying the cool air outside the church and at the same time enjoying a little gossip about their neighbors. Seated with their backs to me, I could not avoid hearing all they said.

"He couldn't help breakin' up if he was as rich as Girard," said one, "with such a wife as he has. I believe he tried to do as well as he could; but law sakes, with her silks and her finery, to say nothing of her good-for-nothin' lazy ways, no man could get along. I do not honestly believe that woman went near the kitchen once a month. Hetty Marvin had full sway, and you know whether you or me would trust our kitchen to the Marvins. I know what I know, though I never mentioned it to any one living. But Mrs. Marvin had more tea, sugar, and coffee, too, in her house nor I had, and it didn't cost her anything, either. Between you and me, Mrs. Briggs, I may say it, Mr. Brooks kept Marvin's family as well as his own; but that's his affair. Of course," and she waxed warmer with the subject, "if he can afford to keep her a-sittin' in her rocking-chair or thumpin' her piano he may, but he won't get rich at that I do know. Then her company; well, I like to go see my friends, and I like to have them come to see me, but such housefuls of company as she'd have, the 'biggest bugs' in the place, too."

Mrs. Perkins forgot, or seemed to forget how often she had dropped in to tea, and seemed then to consider me a real nice little woman, not a bit "stuck up," to use her own expressive language.

"Well," she continued, "such goings on ain't for nothin', as I tell Mr. Perkins, a man's wife lifts him up or puts him down, and says I, 'where would you be, Mr. Perkins, if you had a wife like Mr. Brooks?'"

What Mr. Perkins might do under the circumstances I never knew, for Eddy, waking just then, cried a little, and both ladies looking round and discovering who their neighbor was, started to their feet, Mrs. Perkins remarking, "I feel better now, Sister Briggs, hadn't we better go in?" and both old ladies whipped past me and entered the church in time to join the last prayers, which I have no doubt they did with greater gusto after their *innocent* gossip. For a few moments I felt too much amused to think of prayers; but recollecting myself, I too entered the church and joined the prayers, conscious of a great thankfulness that Mrs. Perkins was not my mother-in-law, nor did she resemble her in the least.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

TRAVELLING RUG OR CARRIAGE WRAPPER

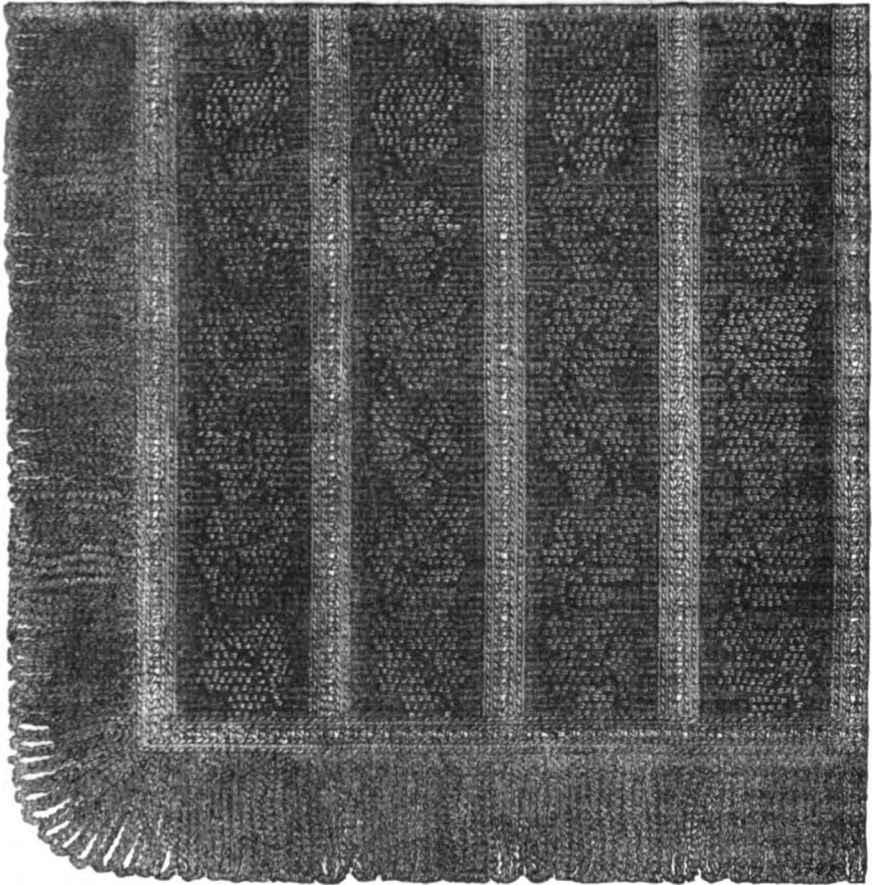
IN KNITTING AND CROCHET WORK.

Materials.—Scarlet fleecy wool three shades, gray fleecy wool, a crochet needle, and knitting needle.

FIG. 1 shows part of a carriage wrapper in

scarlet fleecy wool is likewise sewn round the edge. On our pattern the strips are three and three-fifths inches wide and one yard four inches long; they can, of course, be made wider by working a few stitches more in the ground.

Fig. 1.



reduced size; the pattern consists of separate strips fastened together. They are worked in two shades of scarlet fleecy wool in crochet; the darkest shade forms the ground worked in double stitch; the loops which form the pattern are worked with the lighter shade. The latter appear raised, and give the work a velvet-like appearance. With a third yet darker shade work the veinings in the leaves of the pattern; they are worked in overcast stitch with the wool taken double. The strips are edged with a narrow border of gray wool, and sewn together; the whole cover is edged in the same manner all round. A knitted fringe in

Begin on a foundation chain of 22 stitches with the second shade, and work 1 row of double stitch. At the beginning of this row take the lighter shade and work over it. In the 2d row (inserting always the needle into the whole stitch) begin to work the pattern by leaving a loop of light wool, one-seventh of an inch long; these loops appear on the wrong side in this row. After each loop work one double stitch with the darker shade. In the following rows the loops must appear raised on the right side of the work.

When one strip is completed, work the veinings with the darkest shade in long overcast

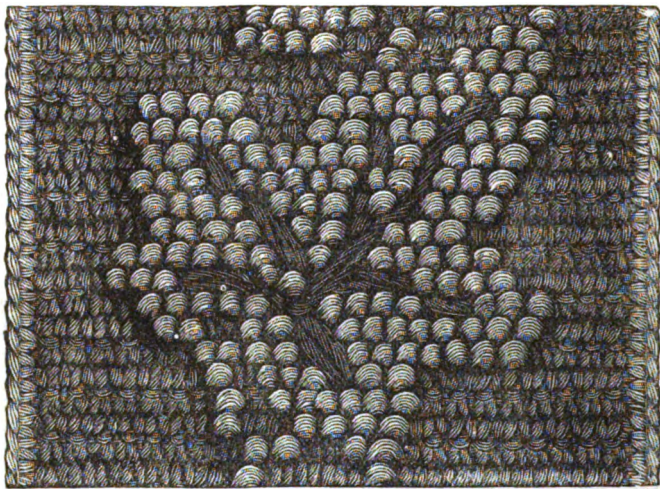


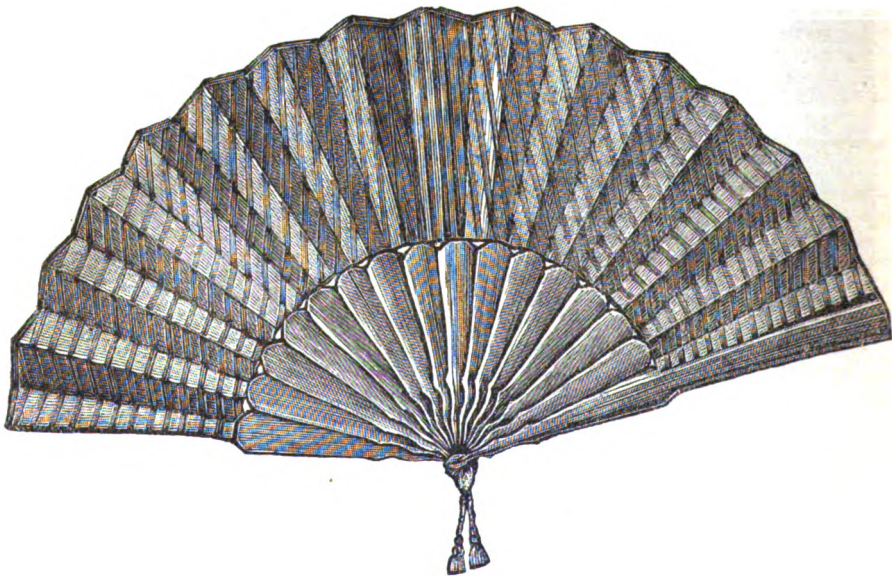
Fig. 2.—Part of Strip for Travelling Rug (full size).

from Fig. 2, which shows part of the strip full size. Then work on the side of one strip first 2 rows of double stitch with gray wool, inserting the needle into the selvedge stitch in the 1st row, then 1 row of treble stitch; the next strip is edged only with one row of double stitch; the strips are then sewn together on the wrong side with overcast stitch. In sewing the strips together take care to have for the outer strip of

edge of two or three stitches on one side, as can be seen in illustration.

FAN OF FRENCH CALICO.

THIS fan is covered with chintz or striped French calico, which is now so fashionable. Our pattern consists of an ivory frame, covered with red and white striped French calico, taken



the cover one which is only edged with double stitch. The cover is then edged all round like the other strips. For the fringe knit with lightest wool a strip 20 stitches wide, in rows backwards and forwards; iron it with a very hot iron; open a selvedge stitch on one side, and undo the stitch in rows, leaving only an

double. The pieces of calico are fastened on the frame with gum, first on one side and then on the other side of the frame. At the upper edge the fan is piped with red Foulard, one-fifth of an inch wide; this border is also gummed on. The frame of any old fan can be covered in this manner with French calico.

NECKLACE FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

Materials.—Small-size gold or steel beads, some fine gold cord, and strong fine silk to suit the color of the beads.

THE necklace is from three-quarters to one yard long, and is finished at each end with tassels—shown in the full size in Fig. 1—headed with a little looped fringe of gold cord. The beads are threaded to form a flat chain, shown in the full size, with the way of working it above the tassel, Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



sels—shown in the full size in Fig. 1—headed with a little looped fringe of gold cord. The beads are threaded to form a flat chain, shown in the full size, with the way of working it above the tassel, Fig. 1.

EMERY CUSHION, IN SHAPE OF A STRAWBERRY.

Materials.—Red cloth, yellow and red silk, white calico, some emery, brass wire, green paper.

THE cushion is made of white calico, giving it the shape of a strawberry as nearly as possible; it is filled with emery, and covered with



red cloth. On this cloth embroider small spots in knotted stitch, with yellow silk, so as to imitate the seeds of the fruit. The stem is made of brass wire, covered with green paper; the leaves are made of similar paper. The latter are arranged round the strawberry in the manner seen on illustration.

FLOWER WITH A SURPRISE.

THE flower is white. The centre, which is one inch and three-quarters in diameter, is made out of a flat band-box, surrounded with stamens an inch long (see Fig. 2). In order to

Fig. 1.



conceal a little present (a ring or something similar), and to render it easy to take it out, the band-box cover is furnished with a little wire eye, with yellow wadding; and a few grains of sand are gummed on, which represent the stamens. The wire is fastened at the bottom of the cover. The petals, which are laid

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

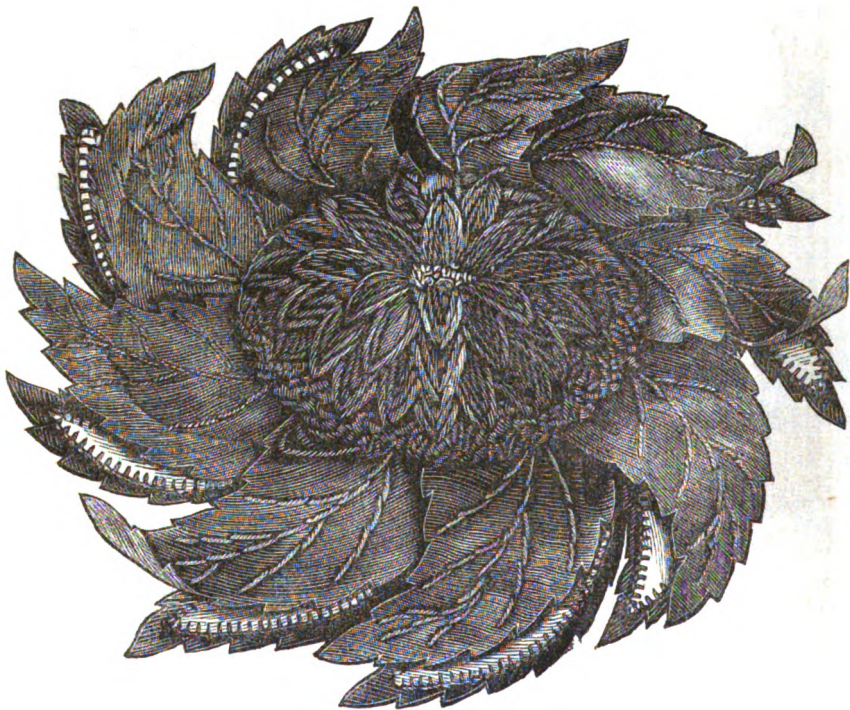


eightfold upon each other in a circle, may be white or colored. For the two innermost curled circles see Fig. 3. The outer, about four to six, are cut rather larger than this pattern, with scallops. The parts that are cut in scallops must be drawn over the back of a knife, and the plain part must be rounded inwards with the wooden machine, rounded at the ends. It is advisable, in the last circle, to gum the deep parts of the scallops a little over each other.

PINCUSHION WITH NEEDLE-BOOK.

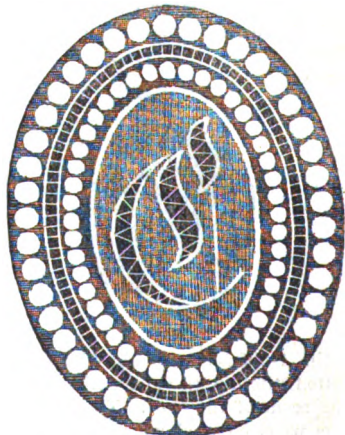
THIS pincushion imitates a dahlia, and is worked on canvas in satin stitch, with four shades of red. The dahlia rests on leaves made of green cloth and white flannel, which are

one another at the upper edge to half their width; in the centre of the card-board a round space, measuring one and three-fifth inches across, must remain free. Lastly, sew the dahlia on the leaves from illustration, and



meant to hold the needles. For the dahlia, work first the ground for the flower, consisting of four circles of chain, stitched with wool taken double; on these work the satin stitched pattern, which is thus raised. Work the leaves of the outer circle, beginning with the lower leaves; first work with the darkest shade, and then with the following shades. Two stitches of one shade must always meet together at the point of one leaf. When both the rounds of leaves of the outer circle are completed, work the other circles in a similar manner. The centre of the dahlia is filled up with knotted stitch of yellow wool. The leaves of the outer circle are thus worked round, with buttonhole stitches as can be seen on the illustration, and the canvas is cut away all round. For the needle-book, cut eighteen leaves of green cloth of the shape seen on illustration, nine others of white flannel a little smaller, and without Vandykes; nine of the cloth leaves are then ornamented with veinings of green purse-silk; the flannel leaves are worked round with similar silk; then join together always two cloth leaves with one flannel one between, and arrange them on a round piece of card-board, measuring two and one-fifth inches across, so that the leaves overlap

cover the card-board on the wrong side with green calico.

INITIAL MEDALLION.

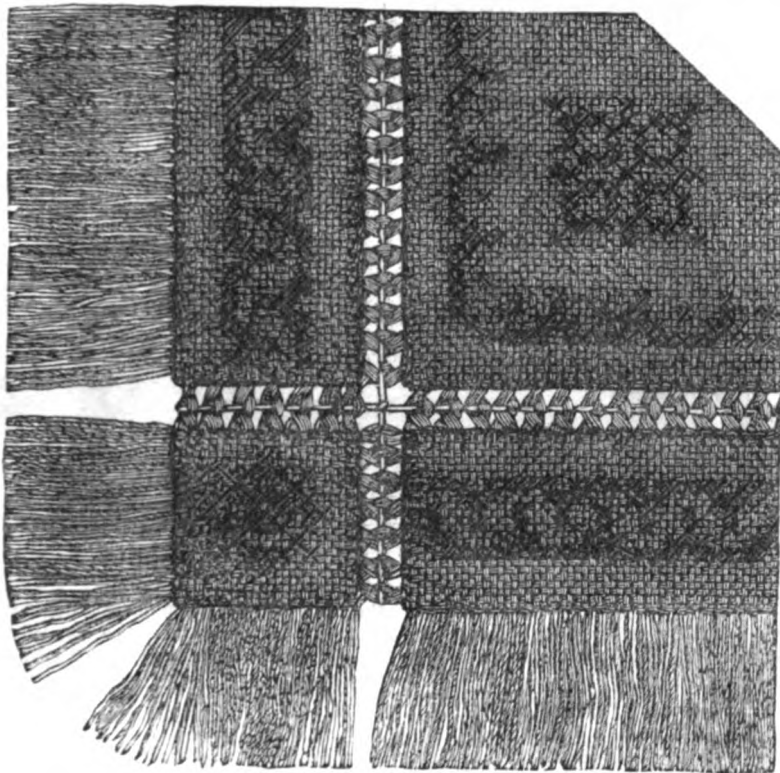
SUITABLE for a pocket handkerchief. It is worked partly in *appliqué*, and partly in satin stitch.

BED-ROOM ANTIMACASSAR (WHITE PANAMA CANVAS).

THERE is no better material for a bed-room antimacassar than white Panama canvas, as it is made of white cotton, and washes well. The

SPIDER-WEB KNITTING—SHETLAND SHAWLS.

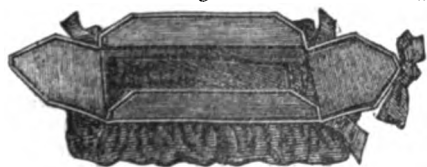
WOODEN needles No. 6 or 7, and Shetland wool. Cast on any number of stitches that will divide by 6, adding 2 at each end for the edges,



border of our model is first worked, having previously drawn out seven threads at each side for the open work that divides it from the centre, and caught together the remaining threads with buttonhole stitches. The design is worked with black ingrain silk in cross-stitch, and the fringe is ravelled out of the canvas. There is a row of buttonhole stitches above the fringe.

GLOVE-BOX.

THE bottom of the box is made of a piece of card-board a little larger than a glove, covered on each side with light blue silk. The sides



are formed of a puff of silk. The top is made of four pieces, covered with silk, and finished with small bows of blue ribbon.

to be knitted plain on both sides. 1st row. After the 2 edge stitches, * over, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass slipped stitch over, over, 3 plain, repeat from *. 2d. Purl, except edge stitches. 3d. After edge stitches, 3 plain, over, * slip 1, knit 2 together, pass slipped stitch over, over, repeat from *. 4th. Purl except edge stitches. Repeat from 1st row.

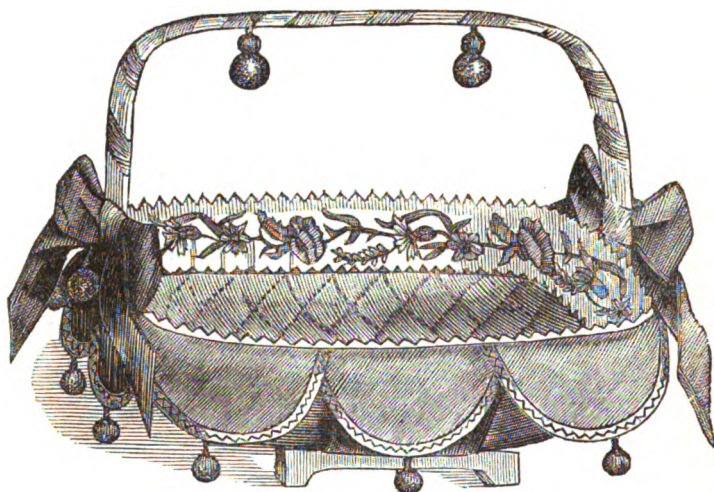
The following is a pretty pattern for a Shetland shawl, in stripes, very light and open. Same sized needles as the foregoing. Cast on any number of stitches that will divide by 24, and 2 at each end for edge stitches, to be knitted plain in each row, taking off the 1st stitch. These stitches will not be mentioned in the pattern. 1st row. 2 plain, over, knit 2 together, 3 plain, over, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together twice, pass the one over the other, so as to form 1 stitch, over, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together, over, 3 plain, over, knit 2 together; repeat from the beginning. The 2d and every alternate row, purl. 3d. 1 plain, knit 2 together, over, 3 plain, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together, over, 1 plain, over, knit 2 together,

over, knit 2 together, over, 3 plain, knit 2 together, over, 1 plain; repeat. 5th. 2 plain, over, knit 2 together, 1 plain, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together, over, 3 plain, over, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together, 2 plain, over, knit 2 together; repeat. 7th. 1 plain, knit 2 together,

WORK-BASKET.

THIS engraving illustrates a pretty style of decorating a plain work-basket. Our model is white straw, and it is lined and wadded throughout with blue satin. The outside is ornamented with festoons of blue satin, turned up with a border of white cloth worked down

Fig. 1.



over, 1 plain, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together, over, 5 plain, over, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together, over, knit

the centre with herring-bone stitches in black silk. In the midst there is a Vandyked band of white cloth embroidered with corn-flowers,

Fig. 2.



2 together twice, pass one over the other as before, over, 1 plain; repeat. 9th. 2 plain, over, knit 2 together, 1 plain, over, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together, 1 plain, over, knit 2 together, 2 plain, over, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together, over, 1 plain, over, knit 2 together; repeat. 11th. 1 plain, knit 2 together, over, 3 plain, over, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together, 2 plain, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together, over, 1 plain, knit 2 together, over, 1 plain. 12th. Purl. Commence again at 1st row.

Fig. 2; blue silk is used for the flowers, green for the leaves, and gold silk for the veinings. The handle of the basket is decorated with blue satin bows.

KNITTED QUILT.

THE following would be a simple pattern, as it is only plain and purl knitting. Needles No. 14; knitting cotton No. 6 or No. 8, 3 thread.

Cast on 3 stitches, knit them plain, which brings you to the right side of the work. 1st row. Take off the 1st stitch, and purl rest of

row, increasing in the last stitch by knitting a purl stitch as usual, and then (putting the thread back) a plain one at the back of the same stitch. 2d. Plain, taking off the 1st stitch, and increasing in the last one by knitting 2 in it, one being at the back. 3d. Take off 1st stitch as before, purl, increasing in the last stitch as in the 1st row. 4th. Plain, taking off 1st stitch, and increasing as in the 2d row. This will complete 4 purl rows on the right side. The next 4 rows are to be plain on the right side, so that the back rows must be purled, and every row increased in the last

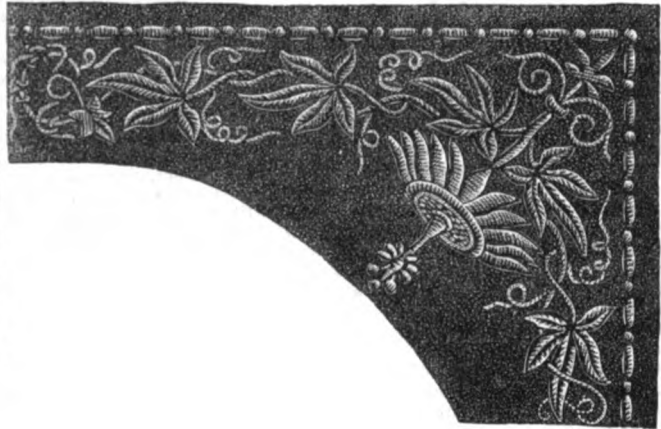
stitches must be either purled or knitted together, as the case may be, till you bring it back to 3 stitches, then cast off. These diamonds, though very simple, form a pretty pattern when sewn together, making the 4 points meet, and being careful that in sewing them together the ribs correspond.

EMBROIDERED COVER FOR PRAYER-BOOKS.

THE covers may be of black, blue, red, or violet velvet. The embroidery may be in gold,

Fig 1.

FIG. 2.

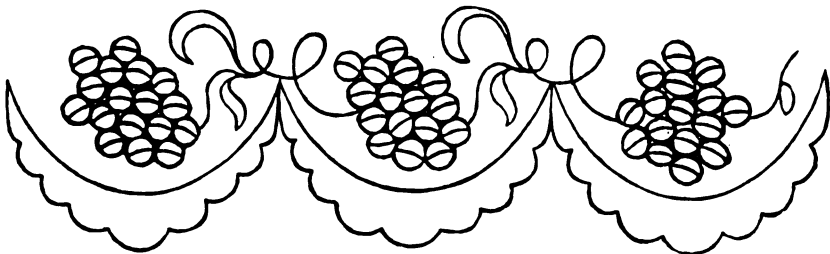


stitch as before directed. When you can count 4 purl rows at the back of the work, the 4 purl rows on the right side must begin. In every row throughout the work the 1st stitch is to be taken off without knitting, and one to be increased in the last. Continue in this way till you have completed the 6th purl rib of 4 on the right side, when there will be 46 stitches on the needle. Begin the 4 plain rows, and knit the 2 last stitches together. In every row the 2 last

silver, or silk, according to taste. The outlines of the patterns must be traced upon the velvet, and worked over from the full-size parts of the design given in Fig. 2.

The cross in the middle may be easily enlarged from the illustration, as the outlines are very simple. Some ladies make these covers loose, and sew them over the book; they must then be lined with silk to make them neat. Others send them to the binder's.

PATTERN FOR MUSLIN EMBROIDERY.



Receipts, &c.

DIGESTION.

ONE of the most frequent causes of disorder of the digestive function is insufficient mastication, either from want of teeth, from a habit of hurried eating, or from carelessness; many persons but half, or indeed scarcely at all, chew their food, which is swallowed in lumps, and of course, not being broken down, is unmixed with the due proportion of saliva. Fortunately, the solvent powers of the gastric juice are sufficiently active to compensate in the course of time for the imperfect performance of the first of the digestive operations; but it must be evident to all, how much longer and more laborious the process must be of dissolving a solid lump of meat or potato, than of one well broken up and opened up to the operations of the gastric juice; it must also be evident, that, in the case of farinaceous and vegetable food, insufficient admixture of saliva must occasion insufficient digestion, or conversion of the starchy matter into sugar, and that, therefore, a portion of the food consumed may become useless.

Another evil resulting from imperfect mastication, is the rapidity with which food is introduced into the stomach, so that, probably, the organ is overloaded before the natural sensation of appeased hunger can make itself felt.

Many persons, again, hurry over their meals, with minds intently engaged on something else; the food is swallowed as quickly as possible, and the scarcely interrupted mental effort or business anxiety is resumed; or it may be active exertion at once engaged in. Now, it is a law of the animal economy, that all the functions of the living body, and those which are only periodically called into exercise more than others, require, for their perfect performance, some additional access of nervous power, and some increase in their usual supply of blood, whilst the peculiar function is in active operation. With the stomach this is peculiarly the case; the disinclination for exertion, and the slight sensation of cold which generally follow a full meal, are the results of the call made upon the nervous energies, and upon the circulating blood, by the stomach, during the first stages of digestion. These sensations are more felt if the individual remains quiet after a meal, less so or not at all, if active exertion, either of mind or body, is at once engaged in, and the reason for this is evident; in the first instance, the person who remains quiet, permits the nervous power and the blood to be, as they ought, directed to the performance of the digestive function, and, consequently, their supply to the other portions of the body being diminished, incapacity for exertion, both of mind and body, is experienced; if, however, before the nervous and circulating energies have become fully directed towards the stomach (or, indeed, if after they have, exertion is made by a strong effort of the will), they are attracted by a still stronger power, either of muscular movement or mental exercise, the inclination for rest is not experienced; but this is attained at the expense of the stomach and of its digestive powers, the food is more slowly and perhaps imperfectly, digested. It is true that many persons go on for a great length of time, without apparent bad results, violating the laws of their own constitution, snatching hurried meals, and running off to business, or study, or exertion, immediately after; but the practice tells, in the course of time, and the extreme prevalence of disorder of the digestive organs, amid the commercial and professional classes in this country, is evidence sufficient

of the hurtful tendency of such practices. There is, of course, much variation in the injury which the digestive powers sustain, for some have these naturally much more active than others, and can with much more impunity impose upon them, but, as a general rule, moderate rest, both of body and mind, is requisite for a short period after a full meal has been taken, to insure the perfection and the *continued healthy operation of the digestive powers*. If exertion is *requisite*, the meal should be made a light one, and the full supply of food delayed till rest can be taken. Somewhat similar consequences and enfeeblement of the function of digestion, are apt to occur if an individual makes a hearty meal when in a state of fatigue or exhaustion from exertion previous to the taking food, even though quiet is observed after it; the nervous power being exhausted, cannot be sufficiently supplied to the stomach to support its efficient action.

Another frequent cause of disordered digestion, is excess of food, either at once, or by its too frequent repetition. It would seem that the healthy digestive power, and secretion of the gastric juice, are dependent in some degree upon the requirements of the system, and as the gastric juice can only dissolve a certain proportionate quantity of aliment, if more is taken than there is gastric juice to act upon it, it must be imperfectly or not at all digested, and if it is not, it becomes subject to the same chemical laws as if exposed to heat and moisture out of the living body; fermentation, and, it may be, putrefaction, take place; gas—"wind"—is generated, acids are formed both in the aliment itself, and thrown out, probably by the efforts of the irritated stomach, and heartburn, pain, and the many other uneasy sensations connected with indigestion are developed. Many of the causes of indigestion are undoubtedly traceable to other sources. The digestive power of the stomach is remarkably interfered with, or even negated, in many diseases, especially those of an acute or febrile character; it seems to lose almost entirely its power of secreting the gastric juice, and with it, of course, all power of digesting; if food is put into it, it is unacted upon, and is probably vomited after many hours, almost unchanged. There can be no question that this instinctive sympathy, as we may call it, of the stomach with the constitution at large, is wisely intended to prevent nutriment being introduced into the system, and into the blood, when it would either only tend to embarrass the curative powers of nature, or to aggravate the disease.

From the review now taken of the nature of the process of digestion, and of the more general causes of its disorder, the reader must have been made *rationally* aware of the necessity and reasons for attending to these requirements, which have been pointed out as imperative, for the immediate proper performance, or for the continued health of the function. The food *must* be prepared for the stomach in the mouth, and the stomach must not have the nervous energy and blood supply, requisite for the important office it performs for the system at large, abstracted from it by unseasonable exertion. The food must, too, be proportioned to the wants of the system. If a man will be sedentary, if he will not use up his blood, his muscle and nerve, in active exertion, he must not expect to enjoy food like one who does; he may eat the food, and, if he possess naturally strong digestive powers, his stomach may dispose of it without giving him much inconvenience; but when the excess of nutriment reaches the blood, it must either be deposited as fat—*itself*, when in excess, a disease—or it must be developed in the poison of gout, gravel, or biliary or other disorders.

Hitherto, the processes of the first or primary digestion have been considered, being the changes of the food from its introduction into the mouth, to the discharge of its refuse on the one hand, and the passage of its nutrient materials into the blood on the other. Physiologists, however, recognize a secondary digestion, embracing the changes undergone by the blood and tissues in the performance of the various functions of the living body, and the final discharge of their components after they have fulfilled their offices.

It may, perhaps, have puzzled the unprofessional reader, that at times the digestive operations have been alluded to as if they had actually been witnessed by the eye, and such is the fact; for it happened that, between twenty and thirty years ago, an American physician—Dr. Beaumont—enjoyed the rare opportunity of experimenting upon, and witnessing with his eyes, the results of his experiments upon the healthy stomach of a living healthy man.

The subject of Dr. Beaumont's experiments was Alexis St. Martin, a young Canadian of good constitution and robust health, who was accidentally wounded by the discharge of a musket, which carried away a portion of the skin and muscles covering the stomach, and perforated the organ; by good treatment, St. Martin recovered from the injury, but the opening into the stomach never closed. The case coming under the notice of Dr. Beaumont, he, fortunately for science, availed himself most fully and intelligently of the unique opportunity it afforded, and, by numerous well-conducted and accurately-recorded experiments, he cast light upon many unascertained points connected with the process of digestion.

PRESERVES.

Plum Jelly.—Take only those plums which are perfectly sound; remove the stalks, and put them into large stone jars; if damsons, make an incision in each; cover the jars with bladder; put them in deep pans of water over the fire, and let the water boil gently for three or four hours, till all the juice has come from the fruit; then strain through a jelly-bag, and boil with an equal weight of lump-sugar, taking care to stir it constantly.

Blackberry Jelly.—This preparation of the blackberry is more agreeable than the jam, as the seeds, though very wholesome, are not agreeable to all. It is made in the same way as currant jelly; but the fruit is so sweet that it only requires half the weight of the juice in sugar.

To Preserve Pears.—Take small, rich, fair, fruit, as soon as the pips are black; set them over the fire in a kettle, with water to cover them; let them simmer until they will yield to the pressure of the finger, then with a skimmer take them into cold water; pare them neatly, leaving on a little of the stem, and the blossom end; pierce them at the blossom end to the core, then make a syrup of a pound of sugar for each pound of fruit; when it is boiling hot, pour it over the pears, and let it stand until the next day, when drain it off, make it boiling hot, and again pour it over; after a day or two, put the fruit in the syrup over the fire, and boil gently until it is clear; then take it into the jars or spread it on dishes, boil the syrup thick, then put it and the fruit in jars.

Pear Marmalade.—To six pounds of small pears, take four pounds of sugar; put the pears into a saucepan with a little cold water; cover it, and set it over the fire until the fruit is soft, then put them into cold water; pare, quarter, and core them; put to them three teacups of water, set them over the fire;

roll the sugar fine, mash the fruit fine and smooth, put the sugar to it, stir it well together until it is thick, like jelly, then put it in tumblers or jars, and, when cold, secure it as jelly.

Blackberry Wine. (*A seasonable receipt.*)—The following is said to be an excellent receipt for the manufacture of superior wine from blackberries: Measure your berries and bruise them, to every gallon adding one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar; cork tight, and let stand till following October, and you will have wine ready for use, without any further straining or boiling, that will make lips smack as they never smacked, under similar influences, before.

Blackberry and Wine Cordial.—We avail ourselves of the kindness of a friend to publish the following excellent receipt for making cordial. It is recommended as a delightful beverage, and an *infallible specific* for diarrhoea or ordinary disease of the bowels:—

Receipt.—To half a bushel of blackberries, well-mashed, add a quarter of a pound of allspice, two ounces of cinnamon, two ounces of cloves. Pulverize well, mix, and boil slowly until properly done; then strain or squeeze the juice through homespun or flannel, and add to each pint of the juice one pound of loaf-sugar. Boil again for some time, take it off, and, while cooling, add half a gallon of best Cognac brandy.

Dose.—For an adult, half a gill to a gill, for a child, a teaspoonful or more, according to age.

Tomato Preserves.—Take the round yellow variety as soon as ripe, scald and peel; then to seven pounds of tomatoes add seven pounds of white sugar, and let them stand over night; take the tomatoes out of the sugar, and boil the syrup, removing the scum; put in the tomatoes, and boil gently fifteen or twenty minutes; remove the fruit again, and boil until the fruit thickens. On cooling, put the fruit into jars, and pour the syrup over it, and add a few slices of lemon to each jar, and you will have something to please the taste of the most fastidious.

Tomato Catsup.—Take ripe tomatoes, and scald them just sufficient to allow you to take off the skin; then let them stand for a day, covered with salt; strain them thoroughly to remove the seeds; then to every two quarts, three ounces of cloves, two of black pepper, two nutmegs, and a very little Cayenne pepper, with a little salt; boil the liquor for half an hour, and then let it cool and settle; add a pint of the best elder vinegar, after which bottle it, corking and sealing it tightly. Keep it always in a cool place.

Another way.—Take one bushel of tomatoes, and boil them until they are soft; squeeze them through a fine wire sieve, and add half a gallon of vinegar, one pint and a half of salt, two ounces of cloves, quarter of a pound of allspice, two ounces of Cayenne pepper, three teaspoonfuls of black pepper, five heads of garlic skinned and separated; mix together, and boil about three hours; or until reduced to about one-half; then bottle, without straining.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Queen or Heart Cakes.—One pound of sifted sugar, one pound of butter, eight eggs, one pound and a quarter of flour, two ounces of currants, and half a nutmeg grated. Cream the butter by mixing it with the hands, and mix it well with the sugar and spice, then put in half the eggs, and beat it ten minutes; add the remainder of the eggs, and work it ten min-

utes longer; stir in the flour lightly, and the currants afterwards; then take small tin pans of any shape (hearts the most usual), rub the inside of each with butter, fill and bake them a few minutes in a hot oven on a baking-plate; when done, remove them as early as possible from the pans.

Queen's Drops.—Leave out four ounces of flour from the last receipt, and add two ounces more of currants and two ounces of candied peel cut small; work it the same as in the last receipt, and when ready put the measure into a biscuit-funnel, and lay them out in drops about the size of half a dollar on white paper; bake them in a hot oven, and when nearly cold, take them from the paper.

Luncheon Cakes.—Two pounds of flour, a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, six ounces of washed and dried currants, one ounce of candied peel, a quarter of a pound of butter, one tablespoonful of baking powder, one of salt, whites of four eggs, and some milk. Rub the butter into the flour, and add to it the powdered sugar, the currants washed and dried, the citron cut into pieces, the salt, and carbonate of soda. Mix all these ingredients together. Then whip up the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, and mix up the cake with them and some milk to a moderate thickness, but not too stiff. Grease the cake tins with lard, and dust them with flour; half fill them with the cake mixture, and bake them in rather a quick oven of a light brown. To know when they are done, pass a clean skewer through the middle of each cake; if the skewer is sticky, put the cake back into the oven, but should the skewer come out clean, the cake is done. Turn them out on a sieve to let the steam go off.

Green Grape Tart.—Take the grapes when they are no larger than sweet pea seed, and clarify some sugar; throw in the grapes, simmer them for about five minutes, put a rim of rich crust round your dish, lay in your fruit and syrup, cover with a top crust, and bake for forty minutes. Serve with a custard.

Black Currant Pudding.—Stem your fruit, but you need not top them. Line a pudding basin with a light paste, strew sugar over it, then put in your black currants, add more sugar and a teaspoonful of elder, or an apple or two sliced thin; cover with a top crust, tie a cloth over it, and boil for two hours. Never put water with fruit puddings or pies; lemon-juice, grape-juice, or elder is admissible, but water should on no account be used.

Cherry Tart.—Have a very shallow round tin tart-mould, not more than an inch and a half deep; cover it with a thin layer of paste; then take some fine cherries, cut off their stems with a pair of scissors so as not to tear the fruit—the principal beauty of a cherry tart consisting in the fruit being whole when sent to table. Pack in a single layer of the cherries, strew a good deal of sugar over them, and bake for three-quarters of an hour in a gentle oven. Serve hot or cold.

Rolled Jelly-Cake.—One cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one and a half cup of flour, two-thirds of a cup of milk, one egg, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder sifted with the flour. Bake in a large sheet, and when done, spread on the jelly, and cut the sheet in strips three or four inches wide and roll up. If, instead of jelly, a sauce is made and spread between the layers of the cake, it may be eaten as cream-pie, and furnish a very nice and easily prepared dessert. **For the Sauce.**—Beat together one egg, one teaspoonful of corn-starch, one tablespoonful of flour, and two of sugar. Stir it into a half pint of milk and boil till it forms a good custard; remove from the fire and flavor with vanilla.

CONTRIBUTED.

AN inquiry was made in the May number for a receipt for *Gold and Silver Ink*. A subscriber in California sends the following in reply. We think it would be cheaper to purchase the article, as it would be difficult for an amateur to compound:—

Gold Ink.—Mosaic gold, two parts; gum-Arabic, one part, rubbed up to a proper condition.

Silver Ink.—Triturate in a mortar equal parts of silver foil and sulphate of potassa until reduced to a fine powder, then wash the salt out and mix the residue with a mucilage of equal parts of gum Arabic water. F. L.

Bandoline or Fixateur.—Take one ounce of gum tragacanth, put it in a crystal jar containing a pint of water, all night to dissolve. Rose-water can be substituted for water, and, if desired colored, a few drops of cochineal or carmine will effect that purpose. Mrs. B.

DEAR GODEY: I am very sorry I did not before notice the omission of flour in the *marble cake* receipt which I sent. Please tell your subscribers I use two cups (of flour) in each, the black and white parts.

Lemon Pie.—One lemon grated, two eggs, one-half cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one of water, and three tablespoonfuls of flour. This makes three pies.

Cottage Pudding.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, one pint of flour, and a little salt. To be eaten with milk and sugar. Mrs. J. E. S.

Washington Pie.—One cup of sugar, third of a cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, one and a third cup of flour, one egg, half a teaspoonful of soda, one of cream of tartar, lemon flavor. Grease two round tins, and put in the above. Bake until done. Then put it on a dinner plate, spread with nice applesauce, or sauce of any kind; then another layer of cake on top. It is nice without sauce, but sauce improves it.

Fruit Pie.—One cup of sugar, one of water, one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of lemon essence (or lemon grated), one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, half a cup of dried currants; mix and boil, stirring to prevent the flour from settling.

Lemon Pie with Three Crusts.—A layer of crust, a layer of lemon sliced fine, a little sugar, layer of crust again, and sugar and lemon again, then the upper crust.

Another way.—One cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one egg, one and a half lemon, the grated peel and juice, one tablespoonful of flour; then after baking, the white of an egg beaten, sweetened and put on the top; then set in the oven and browned.

Macaroni.—Wash it well; put it, with sufficient salt, into cold water, enough to allow its much swelling. Hang it over the fire till tender; pour off half the water, and add as much milk, and grate on cheese to taste. Let boil till done; the whole time occupying about forty-five minutes. Turn with a colander; then put it in a saucepan with a little butter. Send it to the table hot.

Macaroni Pie.—Steep in milk or water, enough macaroni for a common-sized baking dish till quite soft; lay it crosswise your dish, on a good paste; grate over it four ounces of good old cheese; add a pint of new milk, and bake about half an hour.

Macaroni Pudding.—Boil eight ounces of macaroni in a quart of milk till quite tender; line your dish with a thick paste; put it in, and add half a pint of milk, with a little fresh butter; cover with a paste, and bake about forty-five minutes. Mrs. B. T. P.

Editors' Table.

THE OLD GRANITE STATE.

Land of the forest and the rock,
Of dark blue lake and mighty river,
Of mountains reared on high to mock
The storm's career and lightning's shock,
My own green land forever!
O never may a son of thine,
Where'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky that bent above
His childhood like a dream of love.

WHITTIER'S EARLY POEMS.

A book* is now lying before us which recalls our imagination to our own early life. It is the account of a centennial celebration at Croydon, New Hampshire, of the founding of the town. The speeches and addresses in this handsome volume are all of them interesting to a native of New England; but there is one so eloquent and so characteristic that we venture to quote from it at some length. It was delivered by the Rev. Baron Stow, an eminent Baptist clergyman. In this hot month the weary thousands who cannot feel the freshness of country air or the mountain coolness, will perhaps be refreshed even with a picture of the pleasures which are denied them.

"Some years ago," said the speaker, "I was in the heart of Europe, in Munich. One bright, cloudless afternoon I walked into the country. The air was balmy and charged with perfume from fields and gardens in full bloom. When far enough away I ascended a knoll and turned to view the landscape. It was one of the loveliest. Away at my right, on the slope of a ridge, was the famous national monument, the colossal statue of Bavaria, towering with its pedestal one hundred feet from the ground. Towards my left was the city, the gem of Continental Europe. In front along the south loomed up the serrated range of the Tyrolean Alps, snow clad, and glittering in the sunlight like burnished silver. The whole scene was one of blended beauty and grandeur.

"But soon a small object changed suddenly and completely the current of thought. Seated on the turf, I noticed at my feet a flower which I had familiarly known in my early years as the 'yellow weed' or 'buttercup.' I remembered when the fields of my native town, in the month of June, were golden with its bloom, and how the farmers classed it with the Canada thistle, as a nuisance not easily abated; but there I hailed it as an old acquaintance. * * * I stood, once more a boy of seven years, in that semicircle of high hills, sweeping around from northeast to southwest, with slopes partly wooded and partly dotted with small rocky farms, and within which lay an undulating plain, having in its centre a dark forest, the haunt of night-prowling animals, the terror of the cornfield, the hen-roost, and the sheepfold. Around that forest were cultivated farms, not very productive, but yielding to industry and economy support for a hardy yeomanry.

"It was midsummer in the memory, and the warm blue sky was flecked with detached clouds that dappled with shade the sunny landscape. The shadows of those clouds, moved by the lightest, softest winds, as they passed down the mountain side and crossed the plain; and the grass and grain waving in gentle undulations; and the smoke curling aslant from the chimneys of farm-houses—all these had given me my original impressions of natural beauty. Herds and flocks were grazing quietly in rocky pastures. The atmosphere was loaded with fragrance from clover-blossoms, white and red, sweeter than any perfume from Araby. No sounds fell upon the ear but the music of birds or the hum of insects, or, at the hour of twelve, the housewife's horn calling the hungry men from the field of toil to her prepared table; or at nightfall the hoarse cry of the night-hawk and the inimitable hoot of the 'boding owl,' both relieved by the plaintive notes of the hidden whip-poor-will."

* See Literary Notices, page 183.

The summer tourists who are now travelling through the White Mountains will recognize the picture. They would realize it even more fully if they turned to the southern part of the State towards Keene and Charleston, on the Connecticut River, where the climate is milder and the landscape softer. The new railroad to the summit of Mount Washington has enabled all to enjoy without excessive fatigue, the beauties of mountain scenery and the keenness of mountain air in the Switzerland of America.

It may be interesting to our readers to hear Mr. Stow's reminiscences of the men and women who peopled these fair mountains:—

"The men of the first half century were a hardy race, enterprising, adventurous, made robust by toil and exposure, with great powers of endurance, and renowned for uncommon triumphs over rugged obstacles. Nowhere else have I seen men of such physical frames and such executive energies as some whom I remember. With what rapt interest and admiration I listened as a child by the hour to stories of their hardships and exploits in land clearing, river bridging, road making, house building, sugar manufacturing, bear hunting, otter and beaver trapping, snow-shoe travelling! How unproductive was often the soil they cultivated; how unfriendly were the late spring and early autumnal frosts; how obstructing were the terrific snow storms; how short and capricious were their summers, and long and vigorous their winters, how difficult to protect their scanty crops and live stock from the depredations of wild beasts; how coarse and often restricted were their means of sustenance; how stringent were their privations during the Revolutionary war; how great their sufferings from a depreciated currency, from the lack of groceries, clothing, and medical supplies.

"I was fond of the captivating detail of Jewish, Grecian, Roman, and English history; but nothing that I read struck root so deeply in my inner being and fixed there so permanent a lodgment as those oral narrations heard by childhood's ear during the long winter evenings nearly sixty years ago. Often since have I coveted the descriptive powers of those strong-minded, stalwart veterans, some of whom were actors in the rough scenes they graphically portrayed. And among those narrated marvels were not a few of the heroic achievements of Croydon women; of what they effectively did and bravely suffered, when their husbands, fathers, brothers, sons were away contending for their country's independence.

I remember some of those women, of uncommon brain and muscle, giantesses and the mothers of giants; and few of the sex have I since seen who equalled them in strength of intellect and executive accomplishment.

"We are here after a long separation that we may have one earthly reunion, and bring together the treasures of quickened memories; and especially that we may garland the graves of the intrepid few, who, on these hillsides and along these watercourses, laid good foundations for the thrift of their successors."

A NATIONAL DUTY.

CAN the women of our country not do something to aid in putting an end to that weary conflict, which has been going on for more than three centuries on this continent between the native race and the European colonists? Benevolent men, from the times of Las Casas and William Penn to our own day, have attempted to stay the strife, and to bring the two races into harmony, but in vain. The present administration (to its high praise be it said) has

declared that its method of dealing with the Indians shall be by "the policy of kindness." General E. S. Parker, an educated Indian, who in intellect and character would do honor to any race, has been placed at the head of the Indian department. The chief Indian agencies have been committed to members of the Society of Friends, who may justly be called the hereditary guardians of the red men. Every effort has been used to make the Indians understand the friendly relations of the government towards them, and induce them to yield to the necessary restraints of civilization, but thus far without success. The lamentable warfare still goes on; and the public are shocked by narratives of outrages and their punishments, distressing to read, and which become still more painful when we consider how exactly they resemble the stories which have come down to us of the Indian wars in the early days of the American colonies. It is sad to think that in so long a time nothing has been done to bring about better relations between the two races. As the frontier advances, the same dismal tragedy is repeated—surprises and massacres by the Indians, followed by their conquest, and at length their total or partial extermination.

In this strait the national authorities look for assistance to the people. The Secretary of the Interior, General Cox, in a letter recently addressed to the Secretary of the Indian Commission, declares that the government, in various ways, has "held out its hand to the moral and religious people in the country, and wanted close co-operation and a more intimate mutual understanding in the effort to secure from destruction—both physical and moral—the remnants of the original inhabitants of the land." He adds: "Pardon me for saying that the response has neither been as prompt nor as hearty as we thought we had a right to expect. We hoped for a concentration of benevolent effort, and a revival of missionary enterprise in this direction, which would, at least, equal what we are doing for foreign heathens. The Friends have shown praiseworthy interest in the agencies under the charge of members of their society; and have had committees of their own to visit them, and to give them both moral and material aid, but what have others done? With the brief exception of the Santee Sioux Mission, we have heard of but little here."

This is an appeal which should be answered by the women of America. It touches their humanity, their piety, and their love for their brothers and sisters who are exposed in the frontier settlements to the horrors of this dreadful warfare. In the late civil conflict, American women showed what they could do to mitigate the sufferings of war. They have now an opportunity of striving for a still nobler end—that of preventing war, and converting savage enemies into friends and, in time, into useful citizens. There are abundant examples to show that this conversion is practicable. The Six Nations of New York and Canada, and the Cherokees and Choctaws in the South-West, who were once among the fiercest of the native tribes, are now communities of peaceful farmers, many of them well-educated and qualified for all the duties of civil life. What they are now the Sioux, Comanches, Blackfeet, and other bands, who are the terror of the Western plains and mountains, will doubtless become, if the proper means are taken to influence them.

The policy of the government, it is stated, is to treat the Indians, not as wild beasts to be exterminated, nor as children to be kept in perpetual tutelage, but as reasonable men, who can be governed by appeals to their understanding and interests. They

are to be induced to give up the wandering life of hunters, and to settle on reservations, which will be secured to them, and where they will be gradually prepared to receive the privileges of citizenship, which are now accorded to all persons of every race who take up their permanent abode in this country. Such a policy of reason, kindness, and justice—if carried out in the spirit in which it has been devised—may well be expected to put an end to this contest of centuries, and to add a new trophy to the triumphs of Christian love.

Here is a field for the exercise of all the highest and best qualities which distinguish the true woman. Those who engage in it may feel that they are aiding to accomplish a great work of humanity and of patriotism.

ORPHAN EMIGRANTS.

THAT wonderful flow of emigration, which is carrying the surplus population of the old world into the newly-opened regions of the globe, has poured on, until lately, in such a confused, unregulated way as to bring with it much suffering and many evils. Recently benevolent persons have become interested in the subject, and have succeeded in procuring the passage of laws which have remedied some of these evils. A few have not rested there, but have taken an active part personally in establishing a better system, by which the safety and comfort of the poorer emigrants can be assured. An English lady, Miss Rye, is especially distinguished for the good which she has accomplished by her clear-headed, practical energy. She has taken out many companies of servant girls of good character to the British Colonies in Australia and North America, and has been careful to see that her charges were all placed in good situations. Her latest undertaking, and one which must meet with warm approval, is to bring out a number of little orphan girls, all under ten years of age, to be placed in families as adopted children, or to be trained as servants.

The first company of these little emigrants, under Miss Rye's charge, arrived lately in Canada; and some of them, it seems, have been brought by her to the United States, in response to numerous applications. In a late number of the Canadian *Church Herald*, we find it stated that "the result of this first attempt is very encouraging, and has more than realized the most sanguine expectations of its originator. The last child has been placed; and, from inquiries that have since been made, there is every reason to believe that the children have all found good and comfortable homes. About one-seventh of the whole number have been adopted. In every instance they have been given to persons in comfortable circumstances, and in one or two instances they will receive all the advantages that wealth and fortune can give." It is added that "from Halifax and Gaspe to the North to Mississippi on the South, and from New Jersey on the East to Michigan on the West, applications for children are being continually received, while many shiploads will be required to supply the demands of Ontario alone for that class of emigrants. And there seems no limit to the work; for each child that is placed only opens the door for another, and homes are now waiting for all that Miss Rye will be able to bring on her next arrival from England."

A large building has been given in the town of Niagara to serve as a temporary home for the children on their arrival from England, and has been comfortably fitted for their reception. No doubt it will be often filled and quickly emptied, if Miss Rye is able to continue her labor of love, in which every kind heart will wish her good speed.

DEFINITIONS.

LIFE is a strife. The strongest have the sternest tasks. The highest gifted have the holiest field. Man is stronger than woman; he has the hard work of the world to do. He must strive for gain; he has to support the world.

Woman is delicately formed, and endowed to persuade, not to compel. Her task is to soften man's rugged nature and to bow his will in obedience to the voice of his conscience. She must mould humanity to its highest perfection of character. She thus helps man in his task of subduing the world, and fitting it for the reign of peace and good will.

Our country is now open for this glorious work of women. As our good cousin, the late Rev. Dr. Stow, says, in his memories: "There were giantesses and the mothers of giants among the early settlers of our country." So it must be, now, in its progressive history. Noble-hearted women will precede heroic men. They will differ in characteristics of greatness as cedars of Lebanon differed from the polished corners of the Temple; one for earth's glorious uses, one for Heavenly aspirations.

The right to vote will not help woman to rise, but it must degrade her. She will have man's right to share the hard work of the world for gain. Her own holy work of doing good, and thus crowning man with glory, she will leave undone.

We lay before our readers the opportunity of entering two new fields of good works, where women may widen their empire over humanity. We must aim at sovereignty. Leave suffrage to men, who subdue the world. We women must lead the world to the worship of the true God. Begin now. Draw the Indian children to Christ and train them for Him; thus you may save a remnant of the *red race*! Seek out homeless emigrant children, cast forth from the Old World; make these helpless little ones useful sons and daughters of America. You will thus serve God and your country like Christian heroines!

There is yet another field open—wider and more important than those we have shown you. Would you like to know how to conquer the world?

MR. ROSSETTI'S POEMS.

We are of the number of those who believe that sooner or later a man shows himself to the world in his true colors, and that genius or capacity of any kind seldom fails of an opportunity. It is peculiarly pleasing when this publication and announcement of merit are made after a long novitiate of probation; during which the ripening powers, which are destined to delight or improve the world, are known only to a few, whose criticism is a competent guide and forerunner of the public verdict. Such has been the case with Mr. Rossetti. He comes of a remarkable family. His sister, Miss Christina Rossetti, is well known to the public, and he himself has achieved the highest eminence in a kindred branch of art. Indeed, it is as a painter only that he is known to the world. His *David*, his *Guinevere*, his *Hamlet* and *Ophelia*, have received the highest praise. He now has published a small volume of poetry; and the verdict, no less of the public than of the critics, stamps the book as a permanent contribution to the best English verse. They are not his only literary venture, but we have not space to particularize his translations.

We will devote what we have to selections which will give some idea of Mr. Rossetti's style. We will offer a single criticism. He is simple, direct, and terse; but the very concentration and brevity of his words compel a close attention, if we would grasp

the full meaning and beauty of his lines. His poems are divided into sonnets, ballads, and lyrics. One of the sonnets is called:—

LOVE'S LOVERS.

"Some ladies love the jewels in Love's zone
And gold-tipped darts he hath for painless play
In idle scornful hours he flings away;
And some that listen to his lute's soft tone
Do love to deem the silver praise their own;
Some prize his blindfold sight; and there be—
they
Who kissed his wings which brought him yesterday,
And thank his wings to-day that he is flown.
My lady only loves the heart of Love:
Therefore Love's heart, my lady, hath for thee
His bower of unimagined flower and tree:
There kneels he now, and all-anhungered of
Thine eyes gray-lit in shadowing hair above,
Seals with thy mouth his immortality.

The poet-painter thus identifies himself with the portrait of his lady:—

"O Lord of all compassionate control,
O Love! let this my lady's picture glow
Under my hand to praise her name, and show
Even of her inner self the perfect whole:
That he who seeks her beauty's furthest goal,
Beyond the light that the sweet glances throw
And refulgent wave of the sweet smile, may know
The very sky and sea-line of her soul.
Lo! it is done. Above the long lithe throat
The mouth's mould testifies of voice and kiss,
The shadowed eyes remember and foresee.
Her face is made her shrine. Let all men note
That in all years (O Love, thy gift is this!)
They that would look on her must come to me."

Here are two stanzas from "The Portrait":—

"This is her picture as she was:
It seems a thing to wonder on,
As though mine image in the glass
Should tarry when myself am gone.
I gaze until she seems to stir—
Until mine eyes almost aver
That now, even now, the sweet lips part
To breathe the words of the sweet heart—
And yet the earth is over her.

"Alas! even such the thin-drawn ray
That makes the prison-depths more rude—
The drip of water night and day,
Giving a tongue to solitude.
Yet this, of all love's perfect prize
Remains; save what in mournful guise
Takes counsel with my soul alone—
Save what is secret and unknown
Below the earth, above the skies."

We have not space for the finest poem of all, "The Blessed Damozel." We close with a trifle called "A Young Firwood":—

"These little firs to-day are things
To clasp into a giant's cap,
Or fans to suit his lady's lap.
But many winters, many springs
Shall cherish them in strength and sap,
Till they be marked upon the map,
A wood for the wind's wanderings.

"All seed is in the sower's hands:
And what at first was trained to spread
Its shelter for some single head—
Yea, even such fellowship of wands—
May hide the sunset, and the shade
Of its great multitude be laid
Upon the earth and elder sands."

We hope that our extracts will send our readers to the book itself. Its scope and variety can be justly conceived of only through a long criticism. Mr. Rossetti will, we think, rank high among our meditative poets.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles have been accepted: "To Elise"—"Farewell"—"Ode to Stone Mountain, Ga."—"Mutual Blindness"—"The Ruined Chimney"—"Love's Truth"—

"The Knight's Thoughts of his Lady"—"Trust"—
 "Bert Haverell's Christmas"—"The Secret"—"Si-
 lent Love"—and "The Fairy's Second Gift."

The following are declined: "Dear Home, I'll
 think of Thee"—"Amanda Phoenix"—"A Starlight
 Thought"—"Forbidden Fruit" (nine cents postage
 due us)—"Acting Charade, An End it Shall Be"
 (three cents postage due).

"My Country Cousin." No letter and no stamps.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

BY DR. CHARLES F. UHLE.

TRICHINÆSIS OR "PORK DISEASE."

It is not until within a comparatively few years that this disease has attracted attention, although we have every reason to believe it has existed unrecognized from time immemorial. It is caused, as we are all now aware, by the infection of the muscular system by a minute parasite, called the *Trichinæ Spiralis*, which gains access to the economy through the medium of uncooked hams and sausages made from pork containing them.

This parasite, which is truly a microscopic animal, is only one-third to one-half line in length, and about one-fifty-second of a line in thickness, and is always found coiled up in a little sac or cyst firmly imbedded in the muscular substance. For a considerable length of time the natural history of these creatures was poorly understood, and the manner in which they gained access to the muscles of man after being taken into the stomach a mystery; but, during the years 1856 and 1857, Mr. Leuchart, a German pathologist, by a series of experiments upon the lower animals, gathered many important facts concerning them.

He administered portions of infected meat to rabbits, and found that when the trichinæ reached the stomach, they were liberated from their cysts, and at once commenced increasing in size and numbers. The old ones—that is, those taken in with the meat—dying off in a few days, and the young boring their way through the intestinal walls, and dispersing in every direction throughout the body, the process being attended with more or less constitutional disturbance as the trichinæ were in large or diminished quantities. After they reached the muscles, they domiciled there, an exudation was thrown out around them, a cyst was formed, and in a short time they present the same appearance as those taken into the stomach in the infected meat. Now this is the "sum and substance" of the entire matter, and all of it is equally true as regards the human subject, for all of these changes in the history of the animal have been repeatedly observed in man.

The symptoms of this disease are quite characteristic, and vary in severity according as few or many of the trichinæ have been swallowed, as well as in proportion to the number of the progeny and the extent of their migrations. It usually commences with loss of appetite and general *malaise*, followed by nausea, prostration, diarrhœa, and painful stiffness, with swelling of the muscles of the arms and legs. In some instances the irritation of the intestines is very great; and the greater it is, by the way, the more favorable the prognosis as a general rule, for violent and frequent evacuations seldom fail to discharge the greater portion of the young trichinæ from the body. If the irritation be not very marked, time is allowed for the trichinæ to penetrate the intestinal walls, and enter the muscular tissue, which takes place usually about the end of the first or second week. This is the most dangerous period.

The passage of the worms into the muscular tissue, and the changes which take place there, creating violent constitutional disturbance, which usually results in the patient's death. If this is safely passed through with, and the creatures get encysted, the patient's condition begins to improve; the skin becomes cool and moist, the muscles lose their soreness, the general typhoid state which marks the disease subsides, and everything passes on as usual. The trichinæ, after they become encysted, remain in the muscles for the remainder of the patient's life.

The chief epidemics of this disease have occurred in Germany; but we have not escaped in this country, nor can we claim that our hogs are not infected. On the contrary, it has been found by investigation in Chicago that, of all the pork brought into the market, one hog in fifty has the trichinæ in their muscles. This shows that we are all in danger of becoming infected by the disease unless measures are taken in preparing the meat so as to destroy the vitality of the worms. Smoking and salting will not do this effectually; only thorough cooking can be relied upon as a safeguard. It is remarkable that most of the cases of this disease in this country have occurred among the Germans. This is because they have the habit, not otherwise common here, of eating ham, sausages, and even sometimes fresh pork, nearly or quite in the uncooked state. Now unless the flesh of the hog be thoroughly cooked, it might as well be taken raw as far as immunity from trichinæ is concerned; for, if every portion of it be not raised to a temperature of 212 degrees, the parasites are not killed. Bear in mind, therefore, this fact; and, before putting between your lips a piece of ham, pork, or sausage, see that it has been subjected to a thorough cooking process. These are the chief points of importance in regard to this disease.

It is certainly fatal enough, frequent enough, and revolting enough to induce us to take all possible measures in preventing it; and, I think, nothing is sufficient for this purpose but a thorough personal examination of every piece of bacon, ham, or sausage used as food, to see that every part of it has been prepared as thoroughly as is necessary that it should be.

Literary Notices.

From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

ONLY A GIRL; or, *a Physician for the Soul*. A Romance from the German of Wilhelmine von Hillem. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. This novel is written from a conservative point of view, and attempts to show that however strong may be a woman's ambitions, longings, and capabilities, her feminine attributes of both body and mind will prevent her from ever competing successfully with men in the higher walks of labor and thought.

CARLINE. By the author of "Dr. Antoine," etc. With illustrations.

From HENRY C. LEA, Philadelphia:—

SUPERSTITION AND FORCE. *Essays on the Wager of Law—the Wager of Battle—the Ordeal—Torture*. By Henry C. Lea. This is a second and revised edition of an able and learned work, which has been well received by the public, and which we referred to on its first appearance.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE CHRISTMAS GUEST. *A Collection of Stories*. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth and

her sister, Mrs. Frances Henshaw Baden. Of these stories Mrs. Southworth claims the first and longest—"The Crime and the Curse." The remainder, from the pen of her sister, are well written, and will give pleasure to lovers of light literature.

CONSUELO. *A Novel.* By George Sand. Translated from the French by Fayette Robinson. A reprint of one of the most popular and ablest of Madame Dudevant's works.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS. *A Story of a Woman's Life.*

From PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia:—

LIFE OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, wife of Napoleon I. This biography of Josephine has been founded chiefly on that of Dr. Memes, published in London in 1831, the Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes, and of Bourienne, Napoleon's school-fellow and private secretary. Whatever relates to this remarkable woman cannot fail to be read with interest, as her life is the very romance of history.

From J. P. SKELLY & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE THREE RULES: *The Iron Rule, the Rule of Self, and the Golden Rule.* By Mrs. Mary D. R. Boyd, author of "Baby's Shuttle," etc.

KITTY FARNHAM'S LETTERS; or, *Beginning a New Life.* By Faye Huntington, author of "Through Patience," etc.

Two very neatly printed, prettily illustrated and entertaining books, suited either for the Sunday-school library, or for juvenile reading in general.

From the AUTHOR and PUBLISHER, Philadelphia:—

ALBRIN AND ROSAMOND, and *Lesser Poems.* By Robert Burton Rodney, U. S. N. This is a volume of poems, pleasing in outward appearance, and possessing much intrinsic merit.

From G. PETERSON & Co., Philadelphia:—

PETERSON'S PRESERVING, PICKLING, AND CANNING FRUIT MANUAL. By Mrs. M. E. P. This is not a mere copy of receipts out of other books, but are the results of actual practice of experienced housekeepers. The book is offered very opportunely to the public, just as the season for pickling and preserving has commenced.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

QUEEN HORTENSE. *A Life Picture of the Napoleonic Era.* An Historical Novel. By L. Mühlbach. Translated from the German by Chapman Coleman. No word need be said concerning Louisa Mühlbach's ability to write an interesting historical novel, and when, as in this case, all the facts surpass even the wildest fiction, her success cannot fail to be complete. Without attaining actually to greatness, Madame Mundt is one of the most remarkable of modern writers.

LOTHAIR. By the Right Honorable B. Disraeli. Disraeli has stepped once more from the world of politics into that of fiction. He has wrought up his knowledge of the world—of men and manners—of political and religious intrigues—into a charming romance, in which the characters seem drawn from the life. Indeed, it is said that some of them are.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE. *A Love Story.* By the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli. This is one of Disraeli's earlier works, and one which contributed much toward winning for him his reputation as one of the most graceful, finished, and vigorous romancers of a past generation.

HOME SCENES AND HEART STUDIES. By

Grace Aguilar. This is the fourth volume of the series now being issued of Grace Aguilar's works. It is a collection of a number of short stories.

THE CAGED LION. *A Novel.* By Charlotte M. Yonge, author of "Redcliffe," etc. Miss Yonge is one of the purest, strongest, and best of English writers. This, like her previous historical romances, is not professedly correct in every minute fact, but is intended to give a careful and correct picture of the people and customs of the times. Some of the characters are well known to history, while others are purely imaginary. The book is one of her best, and will add much to her reputation.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., and PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE VICAR OF BULLHAMPTON. *A Novel.* By Anthony Trollope. With illustrations. Among all living English writers, we know of no one who is so uniformly worthy of our admiration as Anthony Trollope. He may lack the sensation and brilliancy of Reade and Collins, and there is missing also the spice of immorality which seems to be the greatest charm of certain talented and versatile English authoresses; but his novels are pleasing and natural pictures of everyday life, in which he works up the common and trivial details with minute exactness, and draws his characters with photographic fidelity. We remember these latter not as heroes and heroines of which we have read, but rather as people whom we have personally known. We cannot deny that Trollope is sometimes dull, sometimes tedious; but take him all in all we believe him the best, because the healthiest, of English romance writers. "The Vicar of Bullhampton" has nothing startling in its character, but is a story quietly and well told, and will interest all who read it.

CHRISTIANITY AND GREEK PHILOSOPHY; or, *The Relation between Spontaneous and Reflective Thought in Greece, and the Positive Teaching of Christ and His Apostles.* By B. F. Cocker, D. D., Professor of Moral and Mental Philosophy in the University of Michigan. The author says of his work that in its preparation he "has been actuated by a conscientious desire to deepen and vivify our faith in the Christian system of truth, by showing that it does not rest solely on a special class of facts, but upon all the facts of nature and humanity; that its authority does not repose alone on the peculiar and supernatural events which transpired in Palestine, but also on the still broader foundations of the ideas and laws of the reason, and the common wants and instinctive yearnings of the human heart."

MISS VAN KORTLAND. *A Novel.* By the author of "My Daughter Elinor." We can say for this, what we can say for few American novels, that it is excellent in plot, original in thought, vigorous and finished in style, and displaying none of that crudeness and want of knowledge of the world which are the chief characteristics of romances which originate on this side the Atlantic.

BENEATH THE WHEELS. *A Romance.* By the author of "Olive Varcoe," etc

From CARLETON & Co., New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

"GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY." *The True Story of Manhattan Well.* A novel of moderate interest, which will, no doubt, repay perusal.

ROBERT GREATHOUSE. *An American Novel.* By John Franklin Swift, author of "Going to Jericho; or, Sketches of Travel in Spain and the East." The writer of this novel has boldly entered a new

field for the novelist, and given us a stirring picture of scenes and characters among the silver mines at the West. The book is spicy and entertaining, and, we think, will prove a valuable addition to American literature.

HONOR BRIGHT. *A Romance.* By the author of "Malbrook." A story possessing no remarkable interest, still one that is worthy of something more than a passing glance. Those who read it will find themselves repaid for their trouble.

From **CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York,** through **LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia** :—

WONDERS OF ARCHITECTURE. Translated from the French of M. Lefèvre, to which is added a Chapter on English Architecture by R. Donald. This volume is one of exceeding interest. It begins by treating of Celtic monuments. After these come Pelasgic and Etruscan monuments; then Egyptian, Asiatic, Greek, and Roman styles are described in all their varieties and peculiarities. Italian and French renaissance have also their place. The book, which is handsomely illustrated, belongs to the "Illustrated Library of Wonders."

LIFTING THE VEIL. A story—we can scarcely call it a novel—of a religious cast, teaching lessons of patience, endurance, and submission to the will of God.

From **LEYFOLDT & HOLT, New York,** through **CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFELFINGER, Philadelphia** :—

HAMMER AND ANVIL. *A Novel.* By Freidrich Spielhagen. From the German by William Hand Browne. A creditable translation of an excellent German story.

From **JAMES MILLER, New York** :—

THE NEW-FASHIONED GIRL. *A Story of To-Day.* This little book is a good-intentioned, but clumsily executed doggerel in ridicule of the "girl of the period."

From **SAMUEL R. WELLS, New York,** through **LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia** :—

LIFE AT HOME; or, The Family and its Members. By William Alkman, D. D. A carefully written book, filled with old-fashioned truths and beautiful sentiments relating to home and the family.

From **DODD & MEAD, New York,** through **LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia** :—

THE JUNO STORIES. By Jacob Abbott. Volume First, Juno and Georgie. Volume Second, Mary Osborne. Years ago Jacob Abbott established his reputation as a writer for children in producing the "Rollo Books," a series of juvenile stories which has delighted more than one generation. "The Juno Stories" are somewhat religious in their character, and are all that can be desired both to profit and please their young readers. Their outward appearance is exceedingly elegant.

From the **NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND PUBLICATION HOUSE, New York** :—

JOB TUFTON'S REST; or, Ways and Means. A Story of Life's Struggles. By Clara Lucas Balfour.

THE HARKER FAMILY. By Emily Thompson.

JUG-OR-NOT. By Mrs. J. McNair Wright, author of "John and the Demijohn," etc.

THE DRINKING FOUNTAIN STORIES.

"**COME HOME, MOTHER!**" By Nelsie Brook. We have here five volumes, all of them excellent in their character, and intended to accomplish much good in the field against intemperance.

From **CARTER & BROTHERS, New York,** through **ALFRED MARTIN, Philadelphia** :—

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD. By Rev. William Hanna, D. D. Vols. V. and VI. These two volumes conclude Dr. Hanna's history. Vol. V. is devoted to the day of Crucifixion; Vol. VI. to the Forty Days after, with the Resurrection and the attendant miracles. Dr. Hanna's merits we have before referred to, and need only say that the work will doubtless take rank as a standard commentary. The publisher has done all in his power, by clear print, good paper, and handsome binding, to render the series attractive.

VIOLET'S IDOL. By Joanna H. Mathews. We have mentioned before Miss Mathews series of stories on the Commandments. This is the first in order—the second and third have not yet reached us. The author of the Bessie Books will never want readers. This volume is devoted to the first two commandments; and the practical illustration of their meaning will be apprehended by children as nothing else would be.

KATIE'S WORK.

ROGER'S APPRENTICESHIP.

CONSIDERATION FOR OTHERS.

By Emma Marshall. Well bound and printed.

From **EDMUND WHEELER, Esq.** :—

THE CROYDON CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY. A record of the speeches and addresses made at the Centenary of the founding of Croydon, N. H. Although chiefly interesting to the inhabitants, this volume will be found attractive to the general reader. We have quoted largely from its pages in the Table, and need only add that while the mechanical execution of the work is excellent, the carefully selected biographies and interesting reminiscences of sixty years ago will make it a New Hampshire classic.

From **LEE & SHEPARD, Boston,** through **E. H. BUTLER & Co., Philadelphia** :—

ALASKA AND ITS RESOURCES. By William H. Dall, Director of the Scientific Corps of the late Western Union Telegraph Expedition. There is probably no portion of our extensive possessions with which we are so little acquainted as those recently acquired from Russia. The volume before us, a large octavo of six hundred pages, supplies ample knowledge concerning Alaska, its inhabitants, its history, resources, and capabilities. The book is handsomely printed, profusely illustrated, and is a valuable addition to our literature.

LIFE AND ALONE. This is a novel combining both the sensational and the religious element. It is well written, and will, no doubt, find plenty of readers.

From **ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston,** through **LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia** :—

ANTONINA. *A Novel.* By George Sand. Translated from the French by Virginia Vaughn. This is the second volume of a contemplated "Standard Library Edition of George Sand's Novels."

From **CROSBY & DAMRELL, Boston** :—

MAN'S WRONGS; or, Woman's Foibles. By Kate Manton. This is evidently a cleverly written satire, written by some advocate of woman's rights, trying to show how foolish, how trifling, how ignorant, how vain, how supremely silly a girl can be who does not believe in "strong-minded women," and how priggish, how self-conceited, how ridiculous is the man who believes in the overweening superiority of his own sex. The satire is somewhat overdrawn,

however. A girl may, through education and association, have very conservative ideas concerning the rights and privileges of women, and yet not be independent of the rules of grammar, of rhetoric, and logic; nor so ignorant as to call an English earl by the title of Sir, at the same time denominating him a "barrister," meaning baronet. Nor do we think it was necessary putting the finishing touch of foolishness to the character of the heroine, to make her fall in love at first sight with a gentleman who offers her a seat in a street car, and to confide to her journal, after a few commonplace interviews: "I may as well confess my miserable secret at once—my whole heart is his! Yes, if you can credit it, given without asking! And he—plighted to another! * * I have fully proved that *nothing* will quench my deep, pure love for Sir Henry!" This is a depth of folly that it is hardly fair to credit to the weakest minded of women.

From LORING, Boston, through TURNER BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR; and *How I made it in Five Years' Time, Starting without Capital*. By Edward Mitchell. Books of this class, no doubt, do a certain amount of good; but the amateur farmer who starts out, taking such a volume for his guide, is often surprised to find how much better cabbages grow in the book than out, how much fewer are the moles, the fleas, the bugs, the cut-worms, and all the other pests of the farmer, than he finds them actually. Farming in theory is beautiful; farming in actuality is sometimes uphill work, unless you first know how.

VIOLETTA AND I. By Cousin Kate. Edited by M. J. McIntosh. A beautiful little story that every one will be delighted with.

From HORACE B. FULLER, Boston, through LIPFINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

DRIVEN TO SEA; or, *The Adventures of Norrie Seton*. By Mrs. George Cupples. An attractive and profitable story for boys.

REVIEWS AND PAMPHLETS.

From LEONARD SCOTT & Co., New York:—

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW: April, 1870.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW: April, 1870.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW: April, 1870.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW: April, 1870.

The Quarterlies for April have much good reading, especially the *London*, whose articles on The English Bible and Langfreys Napoleon will be found very interesting. The *Westminster* has its usual excellent book Review.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

AUGUST, 1870.

"GOING HOME" is the title of our handsome steel plate. We have here depicted in a masterly manner the return of a farmer's family to their home after their day's work in the fields. The older members of the family are far in the advance, while the youngest daughter has stopped at the last stile to have a parting word with her companion—her lover. Her pretty face is beaming with pleasure at some kindly words that have been spoken by him, while the fond mother, always anxious for her daughter, has turned to see what has become of her. It will not be a long while before these two happy creatures will be going to a home of their own together,

and there will be no more parting after their day's work has ended.

CHARLES DICKENS.—So much has been written on the life and death of this truly great man that we can have but little to add; but our duty as a journalist, and regard for the character of this man, and appreciation of his writings, remind us, even at this late day, to devote a portion of our columns to a kindly notice of him. There has been no intelligence that has created a more painful sensation throughout the civilized world than the announcement of his sudden death. No writer of fiction enjoyed a wider popularity than he. We well remember his first sketches under the signature of "Boz." We published them as they then appeared in the early years of the *LADY'S BOOK*, about 1837; at that time it was not known who the real author was. The publication of these works achieved such wonderful popularity that the name of the author could no longer be withheld from the public. His future works exercised a great influence on society in England. His sympathies were always with the masses of the people. Abuses were brought to light that had existed for years; and the characters that he introduced to the public through his writings, their trials and sufferings, received more attention from the hands of the philanthropists than they otherwise would. Charles Dickens was a man of high culture. Those who had the pleasure of meeting him in private life speak of him as a most affable and genial gentleman, highly gifted with those powers of conversation which are the greatest charms to the social circle. In his home he was idolized by his children, to whom he was gentle and affectionate.

THE different fashions selected for our August number, both steel and wood, are of a character that will not admit of any competition. Always reliable! Read the following from the editor of the *Conservative*, Hopkinsville, Ky.: "We have often said it before, and take occasion to repeat, that as a fashion-book we regard GODEY'S *LADY'S BOOK* as without a rival."

THE BRIGAND HAT.—This fashion for ladies is a failure. Nothing that they have adopted lately, for perfect hideousness, can approach it. And again, they do not consider whether it is applicable to their features, height, or complexion. We saw a tall lady, a few days since, with a long face and spectacles on, and she did look as ugly as if some person had bespoken a specimen of feminine ugliness.

A REVOLUTION IN COOKERY.—Since the introduction of the patent SEA MOSS FARINE, a complete revolution has taken place in that department of cookery to which we owe the luxuries of the dessert. The most delicious blanc mange, jelly, custard, Charlotte Russe, light puddings, etc., are produced from this palatable nutriment at about one-third of the former cost. A great economy of time as well as money is effected by its use. The preparations made from it are pronounced by physicians to be the best possible diet for consumptives, dyspeptics, and persons suffering from biliousness and general debility. Convalescents fatten on them, and gain rapidly in muscular strength as well as in flesh. The SEA MOSS FARINE CO., 53 Park Place, New York, who are manufacturing this article from the best Irish Moss, in enormous quantities, produce an array of medical and general testimony in its favor which is perfectly overwhelming, and must set all doubts of its superiority as an alimentary staple (if any exist) entirely at rest.

PENNSYLVANIA EDITORS.—To the Editors composing the Pennsylvania Editorial Convention that assembled at Harrisburg, in the year 1859, for the purpose of forming an Editorial State Union :—

You did me the honor, at that time, of electing me your Treasurer. The funds collected, amounting to \$125, were handed to me, without a list of the members who had paid in the amount. There being no organization of the Union at this time in existence, and feeling assured, from my knowledge of the kindly feelings existing between the editorial fraternity of Pennsylvania and the members of the Typographical Art, that what has been done with the amount will meet with their hearty approval, I submit the following for their information :—

June 17, 1870.

MR. WM. LACY,
President Philadelphia Typographical Society.

SIR: In the year 1859 a meeting of Pennsylvania editors took place at Harrisburg for the purpose of forming an Editorial State Union. The membership fee was placed at \$2 a year. Many of those present contributed, and the undersigned, although not present, was elected Treasurer, and the sum of \$125 was paid over to him by a gentleman who was at the meeting. During the war a card was addressed through the LADY'S BOOK to the editors asking their permission to pay over the amount to the Sanitary Commission. It was the only means I had of addressing them, as not one name of those who contributed had been handed to me. I received answers from two only, who readily assented. I did not think that this was sufficient authority. Now, as I do not know to whom to return their several sums, and not wishing to retain money not belonging to me, and presuming no editor will object to the use I am about to make of it, I give it to you as an addition to your "Beneficent Fund," the interest of which fund is, as I understand, devoted to the relief of the widows and orphans of members of your society.

L. A. GODEY.

REPLY.

June 18, 1870.

L. A. GODEY, ESQ.: Yours of the 17th has been received covering a donation of \$125 (amount of money in the treasury of the Editorial State Union of 1859). Let me assure you, sir, and the gentlemen you have been pleased to represent, that this money will be faithfully devoted to the objects contemplated by you. This is not the first time, sir, that this fund has been increased by your kindness, and the Society will ever entertain for you sentiments of great respect. Respectfully,
WM. F. LACY,
President Typographical Society.

PROFITABLE MARRIAGE IN PARIS.—M. Richard is Napoleon's Minister of the Fine Arts, and the bride is the daughter of the proprietor of Le Petit Thomas, in the Rue de Bach, Paris, who gives her the pretty little set out of \$600,000 to begin life with, and, no doubt, the run of the shop as long as he may keep it—no trifle, we can assure you, as Le Petit Thomas is a vast establishment. Bon Marché is on the same street, a place well known to every American. The bridegroom gets money, and the bride position, so everybody, ourself among the number, is satisfied.

AN ASSORTED CARGO.—With two exceptions all the rum made in the United States is distilled in Massachusetts, and the distilleries are situated in Boston and the immediate vicinity. The Boston Post, in a recent review of the trade in New England rum, says that the greater part of the export is sent to the African coast, and points with pride to the cargo of a recent bark, which consisted of tobacco, rum, and four missionaries, one being a woman.

We think GODEY'S is the best magazine in the world. Wishing you success always, and hoping the receipts may be found useful to some one, should you see fit to place them among your list, I am
Yours respectfully,
Miss P., Wisconsin.

Providence Nunnery, Montreal.

WE are very happy to be able to recommend WHEELER & WILSON'S Sewing Machines to all persons who may be wanting an article so useful as a Sewing Machine. After an experience of ten years, we are not only able to speak with confidence of their usefulness, but also of their great superiority over all other machines that we have tried in our establishment. These Sewing Machines have three advantages of great importance—rapidity of motion, adaptation to a great variety of work and material, and little or no expense for repairs.

SISTER MARY, *Sister of Charity.*

AN INTELLIGENT WITNESS.—A case was heard lately at the Uxbridge Sessions, England, in which two carters, named John Saunders and Thomas Hammond, of Loudwater, Bucks, were charged with assaulting a toll-taker. Mr. Baker Smith, for the defence, wished to call one defendant to give evidence on behalf of the other. The bench acquiesced, and Hammond was put in the witness-box, when the following strange colloquy took place: The Clerk: "From what I know of this class of men, I think I must hesitate before swearing him. (To witness) Do you know the nature of an oath?" Witness (rubbing his head): "I dun'no what you mean." The Clerk: "Can you read—have you read the Bible?" Witness: "No." The Clerk: "Can you write?" Witness: "No." The Clerk: "Well, you know your name; how do you spell that?" Witness: "I dun'no." The Clerk: "Have you ever been to church?" Witness: "Yes, once or twice when I was a young 'un." The Chairman: "We cannot take that man's evidence, Mr. Smith." Mr. Smith: "But, sir, he cannot be so bad as that. I will put the questions in a different form. (To witness) Now, my man, tell me, do you believe in future rewards and punishments?" Witness seemed more perplexed than ever. Mr. Smith: "Come, have you ever heard of a God or a devil?" Witness: "I dun'no." Mr. Smith: "Do you know how old you are?" Witness: "I be more ner twenty." Mr. Smith: "I think I must give him up, your Worships." The "witness" was then ordered to stand down. This intellectual specimen of humanity (and there are many like him in Bucks) is in the employ of a Mr. Roberts, haydealer, etc., of Loudwater.

W. GILMORE SIMMS.—This well-known American novelist departed this life on June 11th. He was a most industrious and prolific writer, and took rank next to Cooper among historical novelists. "Katherine Walton," published in the volumes of the LADY'S BOOK for 1850, was one of the most popular of his works, and created a great excitement at the time among the people both North and South. His death has been sincerely regretted by his numerous friends.

A LETTER from Paris says: "I saw at the opera the Princess Alice, daughter of Queen Victoria. She is very plain and homely. She wore a low-necked white silk dress, trimmed in blue. She had chestnut curls, and wore a blue feather and a few diamonds in her hair; a diamond necklace glistened about her throat. Her shoulders are not pretty, and her back, which was visible half-way to the waist, is ugly."

"WE WANT PAY."—It is getting to be a little too ridiculous—the quality of the MS. sent requesting payment. Pay for what? Why, for MS. that we would not think of reading if our duty did not oblige us to. When everything else fails, women think they can easily write for the magazines. "I am only fifteen, and persons have praised my writing very much. I send you a story," etc. In most cases we ought to charge for the waste of time in reading them. We would advise all authors to write to us at first, asking us if we are in want of MS. It will save us time and them postage.

LIBERALITY.—As will be seen by the following correspondence, the Philadelphia Typographical Society have again been the recipients of Mr. George W. Childs' liberality. The first of his gifts was the presentation to the Society, some time ago, of a large and beautiful lot in the Woodlands Cemetery, containing about 2000 square feet, inclosed with a handsome marble wall. The gateway is also of marble, in the Gothic style, and of a large size. It was finished at a cost of \$8000. The second gift we now have the pleasure of laying before our readers.

PHILADELPHIA, May 19, 1870.

To the President and Members of the Philadelphia Typographical Society:—

GENTLEMEN: Having been favored with an expression of views of a committee from your society as to the best disposition to be made of a gift of \$1200 promised by me in a former communication on this subject, I have now to request that this gift shall be invested as part of your Beneficent Fund, and be applied to the purposes of that fund as described in Article XX of your By-laws * * * Herewith you will find my check for \$1200 in fulfillment of the promise, and to be applied to the above-mentioned purposes. With my best wishes for the prosperity of your society,

Yours very truly,

GEORGE W. CHILDS.

PHILADELPHIA, May 19, 1870.

GEORGE W. CHILDS, Esq.:—

DEAR SIR: I am pleased to communicate to you the receipt of your letter with check for \$1200. On behalf of the Philadelphia Typographical Society, whom I have the honor to represent, I beg leave to tender you at this time their heartfelt thanks. The fund you have requested this money to be invested in has been in past years of great service to the widows and orphans of many of the members. In future years, with our increased income, the widow and orphan will have cause to bless the heart that prompted and the hand that gave this gift to the Philadelphia Typographical Society.

Respectfully, WILLIAM F. LACY,
President Philadelphia Typographical Society.

The Society, at a meeting, held June 4, passed a series of resolutions warmly eulogizing Mr. Childs for his kindness, and instructing the officers to have them handsomely framed and presented to him, which was accordingly done. We trust that we may not be considered as intruding ourselves on private affairs when we state that this money is understood as being his portion of the \$6000 paid by Mr. Swaim for his admission into the Philadelphia Associated Press. Mr. Childs could not have selected a more worthy society, or a more useful fund to which to donate his money. He appears to be imbued with the faculty of knowing where to dispose of his gifts so that they will be productive of the greatest amount of good. This fund of the Typographical was founded by bequests from Richard Ronaldson and Lawrence Johnson for the purpose of affording relief to the widows and orphans of deceased members of the Society. Since its foundation the interest arising from it has been productive of a vast amount of good. Many a widow and orphan has been relieved from pressing want through the Committee having it in charge. It now amounts, with this additional donation, to about \$3000. We trust that the Society will not be forgotten by those disposed to render aid to useful organizations.

LISZT.—Some person once observed that the most delightful obituary notice that he ever read was that of the inventor of the accordion. We know of many others who would like to read that of Liszt, the pianist. You can scarcely read a letter from Europe, and especially from Rome, that does not contain the most fulsome notices of this pounder of bone. One would suppose that there was no other composer or piano player in the world.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for August.—Contents: Kathleen Aroon, beautiful song by Abt, author of *When the Swallows*, with German and English words. Far from my Thoughts, Vain World, sacred solo, duet, and quartette. Sehnsucht (Longing), exquisite little fantasia by Jungmann. Denton Waltz, easy, and a beautiful instrumental duet for piano and flute, or violin. One of the best numbers ever published. Only 40 cents, or the last three numbers for \$1 10. Address as below.

Hervén's Dime Sheet Music. We have seen samples of this new series of cheap music, the best yet issued, and the only series of real sheet music from engraved plates, at 10 cents per copy. Among the songs are *Too Late to Marry*, *Five O'clock in the Morning*, *I Cannot Sing the Old Songs*, *Only in Jest*, *King of Thule*, from Faust, *Shylle Bawn*, and *Mary Mavourneen*, by Balfe. Among the waltzes, etc., are *Royal Waltz*, *Party Polka*, *Ingleside Mazourka*, *Flying Trapeze Waltz*, *Grand Russian March*, *Windsor Forest Galop*, and *Fair Lady Schottische*. Among more advanced pieces are *La Plainte Indienne* by Ascher, *Kriss Kringle* by Oesten, *May Time Nocturne* by Goldstadt, *Morceau Melodique* by Oesten, *Allegro Marziale* from Verdi's *La Forza*, and *Snow Castles* by Ascher. These pieces are usually sold at about 30 cents each. In Hervén's edition they are furnished at 10 cents. We will send any five (not less) by mail for 50 cents. Address orders to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher *Musical Monthly*, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

A KNOCK-DOWN ARGUMENT.—The following anecdote is related in connection with the late Professor Simpson's application of chloroform to patients under surgical treatment. The use of the anæsthetic was denounced by certain Calvinistic objectors, who held that to check the sensation of pain in connection with "visitations of God" was to contravene the decrees of an all-wise Creator. Professor Simpson's answer was that the Creator, during the process of extracting the rib from Adam, must necessarily have adopted a somewhat corresponding artifice, "for did not God throw Adam into a deep sleep?" The pietists were silenced.

SAVING OF TIME.—Cuvier, the naturalist, said:—

"I found that my shaving took me a quarter of an hour a day; this makes seven hours and a half a month, and ninety hours, or three days and eighteen hours, very nearly four days, a year. This discovery staggered me. Here was I complaining that time was too short, that the years flew by too swiftly, that I had not hours enough for work, and in the midst of my complaining I was wasting nearly four days a year in lathering my face with a shaving-brush; and I resolved thenceforth to let my beard grow."

A CONVICTION UPON SINGULAR TESTIMONY.—A man upon trial in Ireland was convicted of an offence, and the strongest part of the testimony was as follows:—

"He was, however, suspected. The letters were compared, and found to be in the same handwriting, while three postage-stamps found in his house corresponded exactly with the three others affixed to the letters. The man has been found guilty, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude."

Now, how was this? In this country three three cent or two cent stamps are exactly like any other three or two cent stamps. Are they different in Ireland?

WHY have you quit smoking? Because I chews. **CLOROPATRA** was married the first time with Great Pomp, but she afterwards became a woman of Marc. **BACKHAMMON**—a lady's pannier.

A LADY'S BILL FOR DRESSES.—Boston has a sensation. Costly dresses, bill \$1911 11. Husband won't pay it, and a lawsuit. Mrs. Olivia P. Flynt is the name of the modiste. Jury could not agree. Well, we think the charge rather unreasonable. Had we been on that jury, we should certainly have given a verdict for the defendant, for our impression would have been that any dressmaker who would send such a letter as that which we publish below, would make any charges. We may here remark that great impositions are practised by our so-called fashionable dressmakers, and the reason simply is that the higher their charges the more fashionable they are presumed to be. That Mrs. Flynt is a delicate, high-minded lady may be judged from the following piece of testimony. "Items 33 and 34, the poplin suit: each one of those pieces is but separate. This piece is so soiled, so filthy, I hate to touch it. I should not think any lady ever wore it." Bravo, Mrs. Flynt!

A LETTER BY MRS. FLYNT.

The testimony for the defendant was here closed with the following letter written by Mrs. Flynt to Mrs. Coolidge, which was read to the jury:—

MRS. COOLIDGE: Yesterday, I regret to say, I completely lost command of my temper when Mr. C— called about your bill, and, as I consider it every lady's duty to apologize for any un ladylike action (whatever may be the provocation), I do so with all proper humility.

Now, Mrs. Coolidge, I have worked for you a number of years, and in that time have you ever known me to practise the slightest deception or do the least thing in an underhanded manner? I know, Mrs. Coolidge, your answer will be emphatically that you never did; because I do feel, after all my difficulty with you, that you are a real, thorough, true-hearted woman—*woman by nature*. On that ground let us reason.

I am by nature a keen observer of human character, and must say that it has been with regret that I have noticed the change that your husband's acquisition of wealth has made in what was a real charm (to me, at least) when you first came to my rooms; so unassuming, so kind, so little desire for display—or, as the term goes, "getting into society." Had you continued yourself, kept your own identity, how much easier to have drawn about you people good and true—people that you could have known were your friends, made so by your own merit.

Your husband quotes several people as authority for advice. For the present I will only allude to the W—s. Why did not Mr. W— resist the payment of the bill I had against his wife for the simple reason that he could not. Mrs. W— makes all manner of sport of you and your husband; I cannot say that he does, as I never heard him as I have her; only know what she has said in here as a repetition of his remarks, and I could tell you just what she said, and if you have any reason to doubt my word, could state the particulars so you could know that, as she and you were the only parties from the Revere House that I knew or met, there was no other way for me to know the circumstances. They think themselves very much your superiors, and only tolerate you from policy, and advise Mr. Coolidge to do as he has simply to make him appear ridiculous, which he dared not do himself, and laugh as soon as Mr. Coolidge's back is turned. I do not make the above statement to hurt your feelings, but as a fact I know to be true, and I write it with the best of feeling, for I have respected you very much, and the trouble I have had with you seems more like a dream than a reality. Coming as it has when my overtaxed brain could not receive even a feather's weight without great injury, and coming from you, so unexpectedly, as well as undeservedly. I shall never make one cent deduction from my charges, as every charge can be fully substantiated by my books and reliable witnesses, as well as your former bills, and if it is not paid within a few days shall appeal to my certain tribunal, and shall make it as public as possible, and as every person Mr. Coolidge has quoted will be summoned to appear, and I shall be supported by the wealthiest and most influential, best cultivated ladies in Boston.

They have seen your bill and consider it a perfect

outrage for you to come to me, knowing my prices, consume my very best time in the season, get my very best goods, under false pretences, representing that your husband would pay the bill as soon as presented, and then presume to wear the dresses boldly and impudently, and your bill unpaid.

Mrs. ——— furnished the means to pay for your dresses, although her work is not yet completed, and consequently has not received her bill. Her bill was nearly four thousand from January 1 to April 1, and will very far exceed that this season. She says she is perfectly satisfied; that she has found it much the cheapest to patronize the best; and that she expects to pay the very highest price for the best talent, and that she wishes me to make enough to be above worrying or fretting about anything, and so as to afford recreation and rest, so that when I do work she can have the full benefit of my talent for designing, for which she is so willing to remunerate liberally. She says that is what she particularly appreciates, and the last luxury she would expect to enjoy without paying honestly for. I could quote others her equals, and who are willing to support me with their testimony. It is freely offered.

And, Mrs. Coolidge, it will be the very best thing that ever happened for me. One of the best reporters is a particular friend of ours. The papers will be glad to publish such a novel and interesting trial, and it will be copied far and near. Our lawyer is a very intimate friend of Mr. Flynt's, and we will get the thing up in good style, be assured.

How can you, Mrs. Coolidge, gaze upon your own reflection in the mirror and derive the slightest satisfaction from your adornments, knowing that they are not paid for, knowing, as you too well do, how much time and thought I gave for their construction.

Such a change from the Mrs. A. Coolidge of former days cannot be. There is some terrible illusion. Very respectfully,
OLIVIA P. FLYNT,
July 15th, 1869. 46 Chauncy Street.

It will be observed that Mrs. Flynt says: "One of the best reporters is a particular friend of ours," etc. She little knew, when she wrote this, that "one of the best reporters" would be anything but "one of the best things that ever happened for me."

IN a former number we mentioned the fact that a certain Signor B. had given a concert in New York with a stipulation that all the victims of the male gender should wear swallow-tailed coats. The same signor has since given a concert here, but, being forewarned, he made no such stipulation. Philadelphians are not yet quite so snobbish as New Yorkers, but they are coming in fast.

EDGAR A. POE.—A recent writer in a Southern periodical complains of the unfair treatment of Poe by Rufus W. Griswold, in the biographical sketch prefixed to the poems of the former, asserting that he assailed him after he was dead. But though Griswold spoke of those peccadilloes of Poe best known, he softened those he noticed, and omitted much that he might have said. Still, had Griswold reflected, he might have put in an ingenious plea in behalf of the poet, and have assumed that Poe's frequent violations of the code of morals and honor, was from the lack of a thorough appreciation of right and wrong.

There was exactly this difference between Poe and Griswold. The latter knew what was right, but purposely pursued the wrong.

A SUBTLE REMARK.—A colored preacher, during the late American war, feeling constrained to preach against the extortions of the sutlers, from which his little flock had suffered, announced for his text, "Now, de serpent was more suttler dan any beast of de field."

A PARISIAN lady recently called on her milliner to inquire the character of a servant. The morality of the latter was beyond questioning. "But is she honest?" asked the lady. "I am not so certain of that," replied the milliner; "I have sent her to you with my bill a dozen times, and she has never yet given me the money."

SOME travellers see strange things, as will be seen by reading the following. We have been to Cologne on two several occasions, and can testify that we were not accosted in church, nor on the streets, or anywhere else to purchase Cologne; and as to the vitriol burning, we do not believe one word of it. And possibly, we can say what cannot be said by any other visitor to Cologne, that we never purchased one cent's worth of the *eau* on either occasion:—

"All travellers who have been to Cologne must remember the martyrdom they suffered at the hands of the vendors of the famous *eau*. One has scarcely settled down in one's rooms at the hotel when up comes a waiter with different sized boxes full of bottles of the scent. In the streets it is the commissionaires who are on the lookout for strangers, and who bear down upon them three or four together with offers to sell some of the perfume cheap and already packed for travel. In the cathedral even there is a beadle who whispers that he knows a shop where the *eau de Cologne* is much better than elsewhere, and can be bought half price. All this is tiresome enough, but what makes the matter really perplexing is that wherever one may buy one's *eau*, whether at the hotel or at the perfumer's, of the beadle's friend, or of the commissionaires, it invariably bears the same hieroglyphic-looking label with the name of Jean Maria Farina, and this, although each vendor, beadle, commissionaire, or waiter assures that the only genuine water is that which he is puffing, and that all the others are spurious. A singular trial has just taken place at Cologne to clear up the point as to whether a man may sell false *eau de Cologne* with impunity. A French traveller who had been allured by the cheapness of some of the vaunted perfume bought a bottle, but found that it was both scentless and dangerous, for on rubbing his hands with it he burned himself as though with vitriol. The tribunal judged, however, that it could give him no relief, for the label, although so closely resembling that of the genuine water, had been candid enough to state in microscopic characters that 'the contents were an imitation of which the purity was not guaranteed.' The person obviously in the wrong was, therefore, the Frenchman for not being able to read German."

THE wood-cut illustration of "The Leisure Hour" is one of the handsomest we have published for some time.

In the following advertisement from the *Public Ledger*, we do not exactly see where the joke comes in:—

"Sailors in Her Majesty's Royal Navy wear jackets the exact shape of the Llama lace sacks sold by L."

Is the compliment to the ladies, or to "the Sailors in Her Majesty's Royal Navy?"

USEFUL RECEIPT.—How new potatoes are made in Paris:

"Old potatoes, the cheapest and smallest that can be obtained, are purchased by the *rafistoleurs de pommes de terre*, as they are called, who carry their property to the banks of the Seine, a good supply of water being necessary. The potatoes are then put into tubs half filled with water; then they are vigorously stirred about by the feet and legs of the manufacturers, who roll up their trowsers and stamp on the raw potatoes until they have not only completely rubbed off their dark skins, but have also given them that smooth and satin-like appearance which is so much appreciated by gourmands. They are then dried, neatly wrapped in paper, and arranged in small baskets, which are sold for 41 apiece. The oddest part of the whole business is that the *rafistoleurs* make no secret of their trade, and may daily be seen at work near the Pont Louis Philippe, within sight of the Hôtel de Ville."

ONE of the miseries of human life—to have a neighbor in our thinly-separated houses who practices on the piano.

WHO WORE THE FIRST RING?—"Conclusive evidence is not obtainable," remarks a recent writer, "when rings were first used." But one fact is plain—they are of great antiquity, were always used as tokens of trust, insignia of command, pledges of faith and alliance, and, equally strange, as marks of servitude. The religious system of Zoroaster is exceedingly ancient; and in some of the old sculptures of that sect images hold a ring, indicative of omnipotence and power. And to this day the Persians, Hindoos, and all the Eastern nations attach great significance to the ring. The Egyptians were particularly fond of this ornament. There are specimens in the Museum of the Louvre. Some date as far back as the reign of Moeris. At the British Museum there is an exceedingly fine specimen. This is a ring of the finest gold, of the Ptolemaic or Roman period, with figures of Serapis, Isis, and Horus. The same collection has also others of a similar metal, set with the scarabæus or sacred beetle. Others have the names of Thothmes III. and Rameses III. The most ancient ring in existence is that formerly worn by Cheops, the builder of the great pyramid, found in a tomb in the vicinity of that monument, of the finest gold, with hieroglyphics. Sundry passages of Holy Writ prove the antiquity of rings. When Pharaoh confided the charge of all Egypt to Joseph, he took the ring from his finger and committed it to him, as a symbol of command. Ahasuerus did in like manner to his favorite Haman, and subsequently to Mordecai. The impression of the monarch's ring had the force of a command. "Write ye also for the Jews, as it liketh you, in the king's name, and seal it with the king's ring; for the writing which is written in the king's name, and sealed with the king's ring, may no man reverse." Rings among the God-favored people, when used as seals, were called "taboath," the name of a root, signifying to imprint and also to seal. They were commonly worn on the little finger of the right hand.

A CELEBRATED writer says: "No woman can be a lady who can wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, or how cultivated she may be, she is, in reality, coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. Uniformly kind, courteous, and polite treatment of all persons is one mark of a true woman."

We wonder if this "celebrated writer" ever saw women stare at each other. If a man was to look at another in the way the women do, it would be resented as an offence.

ANTIDOTES FOR TOBACCO.—A society has been formed in Paris to put a stop to the use of tobacco. Laymen can become members of it on payment of five francs, and churchmen by paying one franc. Whether the difference in the admission fees indicate that the clergy will receive less benefit from protective or restorative influences of the society, or that they are greater sufferers from the use of the weed, and, therefore, special inducements are held out for their reformation, does not appear. A French magazine says that for one suffering from excessive indulgence in tobacco it is sufficient to drink a cup of strong coffee without milk; the coffee is said to be an antidote to nicotine. The government tasters in France, it is said, who are obliged to smoke an inordinate number of cigars, find that when their nerves are shaken and their taste impaired by excess, take some strong coffee, and immediately find that their delicacy of discrimination is restored, and they are able to go on with their trials. The Turks would seem to have found out this secret long ago. They smoke and drink coffee alternately, and thus save their nerves and their taste, as the dangerous properties of each, it is to be presumed, counteract those of the other. A writer in *Lippincott's Magazine* says that there is another remedy for excessive smoking, namely: the free use of fruit. After smoking all the evening, he eats two or three apples, or as many bunches of grapes, and finds himself in the morning none the worse for his tobacco or his fruit. Still another remedy, not so easy for habitual users of tobacco, but invariably effectual if persistently followed up, is to abstain from the weed entirely. Those who find themselves suffering from its effects, had better try this first.

If you give a penny to a boy, why are you like silence? Because silence gives (assent) a cent.

We have often made remarks upon the subject of American families bartering their daughters and their money for foreign titles. The following letter from Rome to the *New York Herald* rather confirms what we have said on this subject:—

"Within the past month more than one American girl has felt the soft fires that compelled Desdemona to love the dusky Moor. They have not been kindled by the attentions of Mr. William Smith, the blandishments of Mr. Uriah Brown, nor the manly presence of Obadiah Jones. No such riff-raff for the American 'girl of the period,' for those who have a good balance in Wall Street. They have high notions—admire the impecunious Italians for their titles and the blue blood that they suppose flows through their veins. Fair Italia's sons have distanced all competitors in the 'love chase;' they are the favored ones; no one else has any show to be rewarded for a 'world of sighs.' But *signor* are assiduous in their attentions, and sigh 'like furnaces' and like—Italians. The latter don't mind lineage in an American. Once the lady arrives here, or in any other part of this sunny land, the depth, length, and breadth—the cubic measurement of her fortune is gauged by the poor counts and penniless scions of 'noble' houses; and the 'fairest of the fair' does not feel displeased to be told that Signor Macaroni does not care a snap for her, he wants her fortune and nothing more. It is stated for a fact that some of the ladies are so agreeable that they save the 'noble' born men the trouble of wooing. The ladies do all that kind of thing. Indeed, I saw one do the agreeable so pointedly to a reputed nobleman in the zouaves that I felt a kind of pity for the good young woman. Americans, gentlemen, are very small potatoes, no matter what may be their personal appearance, character, and abilities, with their countrywomen in Rome. It is a kind of condescension on the part of Mary Jane and Agnes, whom we knew in the town of Newburg at Sunday-School, to nod to us as they whirl over the rough pavement of Rome with a tawny count or gaunt son of a very amiable but decrepit marquis.

"It is not fair to find fault with all American ladies, particularly with those who marry into first-class families, where the advantages are equal; but where the only object is the money of the lady, it is the meanest and most degrading of unions. A handsome, well-educated American lady will be admired all over the world by intelligent men of rank and fortune. When such a union takes place, supposing the lady to be rich, it is complimentary to us, because her husband is above the mere desire to marry a fortune; but all the fortune-hunters in Rome are not worth, intellectually or morally, the regard of any American girl worth a row of brass pins. They are, for the most part, worthless as men, and mere consumers of bread, macaroni, and cigars. Morality, as we understand it, is a humbug in their estimation. A woman, in their estimation, is a toy of pleasure, only to be married when proprietress of a fortune. Few of them ever marry a foreign born lady but to spend her substance on creatures of doubtful character.

"Europeans in general are surprised at the attentions, in many cases obsequiousness, of Americans when in company of titled persons—persons who have never done anything to merit any recognition above ordinary respect, and that is due solely as being a member of a respectable family. They are the best of democrats when in Boston or Cleveland. Once a count or a count's brother rubs his coat tails against one of their sofas or chairs they are no longer plain republicans—they set up for an alliance with some 'venerable,' very poor house—and invariably trace their ancestors to Plymouth Rock, Jamestown, or Maryland, whereas the beginning of this country found their parents playing marbles or skip-rope in Germany, England, or Ireland.

"On dit that half a dozen or so American ladies are engaged to be married to Roman noblemen—noblemen short of cash. The ladies have plenty of cash, and their future husbands have plenty of poverty. The Roman nobility have a knack of finding out who is rich and who is not that is surprising. At present an American family resides in the house of the Senator of Rome, a high official; the Duke of Lante has another; the Baron Gavotti has furnished rooms for another; the Marquis of Guistiniani, who has a chance of falling heir to the principship of Bandini, will probably marry an American. There are plenty of noblemen making love

to American girls, and there will be quite a number of marriages, providing the ladies have a couple of hundred weight of the needful or corner lots in eligible situations. There is a New Yorker here who was asked how his daughter was by a friend from home. He replied that he did not know of any daughter but the Marchioness—. The friend ~~has~~ concluded to ask in future for the health of 'my lady, the Marchioness—.'

"Look around Among the titled ones of the world; Do they not spring from some proud monarch's father?"

"Shoddy has a great many of his family in Rome and Nice. The misses of the family scarcely knew the difference between *bon jour* and *lail chand* when their father was 'salting down the dimes' he is scattering over the Corso and around the Pincian Hill at present; but they knew how to order fish and *petits volants* of the olive-colored Italians, and turn up their very small noses at the remotest reference to shad, Mackinaw trout in brine, and Cincinnati pork. They talk of Falernian and claret, English cheese—manufactured on the banks of the Hudson—and French soles, truffles, and champagne. They don't like hock, sherry, Moselle, Malaga, Madeira, Arinto, Calcavella, Lisbon, port, Rudesheimer, Johannisberg, Tokay, Sauterne, Payaretta, Montilla, Cape, or Burgundy, because, I am charitable enough to suppose, they have never seen any of them, or, if they have, it was at a distance.

"It is fashionable in Rome to appreciate Falernian, because Horace has immortalized it. 'Why do you like Falernian?' asked a gentleman of a brother of one of the daughters of Mr. James Shoddy. 'Oh! I don't know, but I believe Horace liked it.'

"What Horace?" responded the interrogator. "Why, the Athenian, who wrote the account of Jerusalem delivered after the discovery of America and the death of the early missionaries in the island of Sumatra."

"Oh! I beg pardon," replied the questioner. "I know now to whom you refer—a well-known writer who flourished in the days of Dost Mahommed and the conqueror of India. He did, indeed, like Falernian, and when fuddled rode into Rome on a mule."

"The very man," replied the brother of the sister of the daughter of James Shoddy, Esq.

"The historical accuracy of Mr. James Shoddy is like his expenditure—careless. The former is a matter, as Toots would say, 'of no consequence;' but when the dimes, which have been 'salted down,' are ignorantly and ostentatiously spent, the saltier of the same grumbles at the expense and extravagance of the young ladies, who prefer 'warm milk' to 'good-day.'

"The preliminaries of some of these marriages in 'high life' must be arranged before long, as Lent is not far away. But I do not think all will be married who are enjoying that brightest epoch in all our lives, sparking time. I must, however, keep my little bird instructed about the trousseaus and 'cakes and ale.'"

A LATE traveller in Europe tells an amusing story about an American who, having entered a Parisian restaurant, could think of no French phrase in which to give his order. At last he stammered out, "*J'ai faim*," but pronounced the last word so that the waiter understood him to say, "*J'ai femme*," and, supposing that he wished to wait for a companion, left him. After waiting for a long time, seeing that the waiter did not seem disposed to attend to his wants, and thinking that he must have made some mistake in the grammatical construction of his sentence, the man rang again, and this time said to the waiter, "*Je suis faim*," pronouncing the last word *femme*, as before. The waiter started in astonishment, and, having surveyed the man from head to foot, hastened to the cashier, and assured him that the big-whiskered fellow at table No. 3 must be insane, "for he says he's a woman."

PRETTY LITTLE ITEM.—At Prince Demidoff's sale recently in Paris, Lord Dudley paid \$45,000 for a dinner service of Sevres China, consisting of one hundred and seventy-two pieces, and not complete, there being no dessert and only three soup plates. About \$250 for the plates and dishes large and small.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

VASE FOR LIGHTERS.

TAKE a piece of blue-colored paper, about six inches in breadth, and about four inches and three-quarters in length; then cut with your penknife and ruler eighteen narrow strips, leaving an inch at the top and bottom not cut through. When they

Fig. 1.



are finished, cut out in the same manner, and same length and breadth, twenty-two strips of gilt paper, leaving the half-inch at the ends, as in the blue paper. Take a strip of gilt paper *under* the first strip of blue, pass this *over* three blue, and again

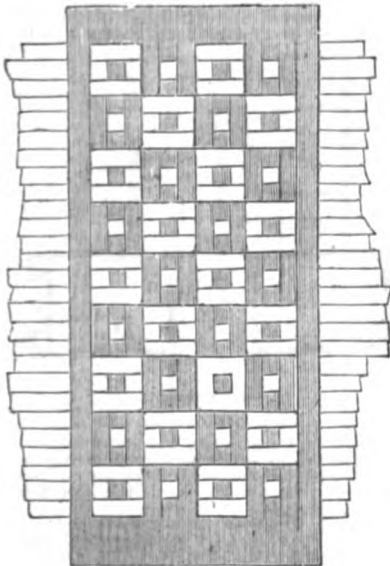


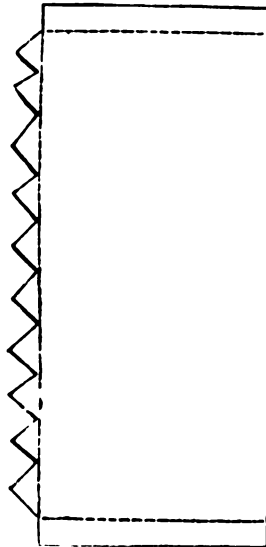
Fig. 2.

under three blue, and *over* three again, till you have carried it to the other end, leaving the half-inch at each side. Take another strip of gilt paper, pass it *under* the first blue, and *over* the second one, and so on in the same manner till you have finished the strip; the next is done the same as the first; then take another, and pass this *under* the outside one, and *under* three of the following inside strips, then *over* the next three, and *under* again, and so on till you come over to the other end. Take another, pass *under* the outside, and *under* one of the *inside*, *over*

again and *under*, till you get to the end. The next is done the same as the fourth strip of gilt; commence again as at the beginning, and so continue all over the pattern (Fig. 2).

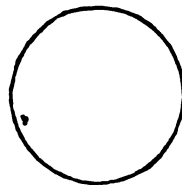
The vase is made of card-board, exactly the same length and width as the blue paper (Fig. 2). Cut half through the dotted line in *front* of the card at the bottom, and on the *back* of one side, and in front of the other, with your penknife; divide the separate ends of the card in half, back and front; fix the

Fig. 3.



two sides together with gum very neatly, and allow it to dry. For the bottom (Fig. 4), cut out a piece of card-board the exact size of the inside of the vase, and fix with gum the sides (Fig. 3) thereto; cut off the outside ends of the gold paper, and fix with gum the two ends of blue together round Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.



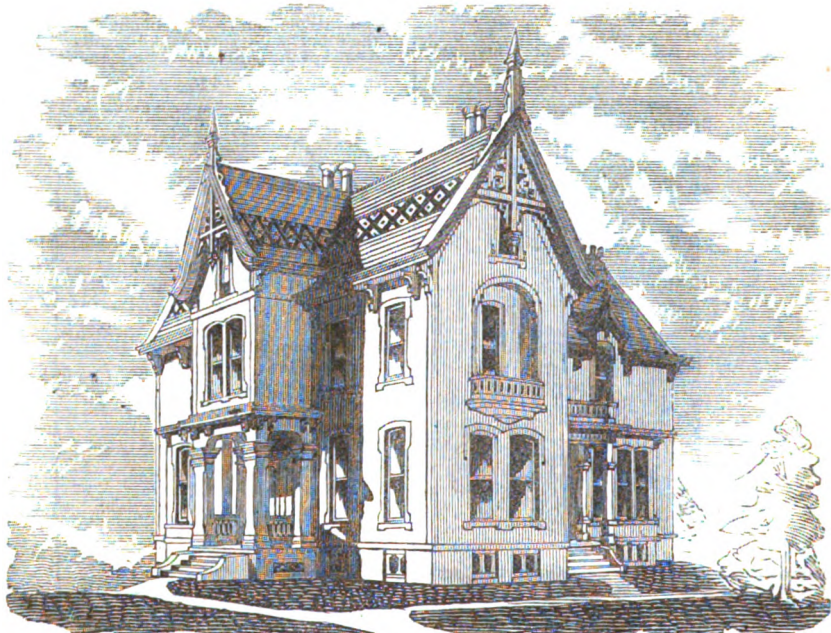
Having procured some strips of embossed gold paper, fix round the top and bottom of your vase, and you will have a pretty and useful chimney-piece ornament.

GOVERN THE TEMPER.—Angry words win nothing but contempt. Have you ever chanced to catch a glance at yourself in a mirror when in a violent rage? Did you not make a ridiculous picture? The distortion which anger occasions to the countenance renders it a striking exponent of mental character. The lines become fixed in time, and, alas! so does the habit, until we hear people complain that they cannot restrain their temper. They can if they like.

YOUTHFUL CONDUCT.—The line of conduct chosen by a young man during the five years from fifteen to twenty will, in almost every instance, determine his character for life. As he is then careful or careless, prudent or imprudent, industrious or indolent, truthful or dissimulating, intelligent or ignorant, temperate or dissolute, so will he be in after years, and it needs no prophet to cast his horoscope or calculate his chances in life.

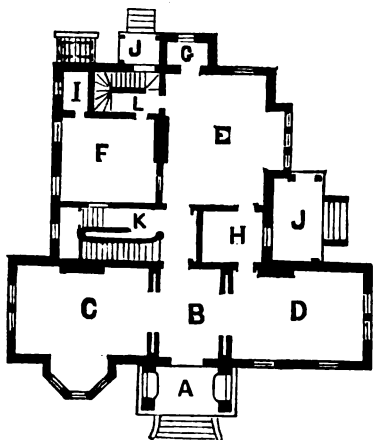
A MODEL RESIDENCE.

Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, formerly 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.



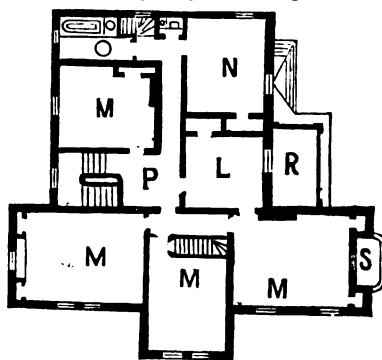
THE above design is intended to be built in Moorestown, New Jersey, by a gentleman who has been reading Mrs. Stowe's admirable work on House Economy, and has taken advantage of many of her valuable suggestions that aid materially in the adjustment of the various parts, although they are intended by the author for cheapness. From the nucleus of that good sense arrangement, that should enter more largely into the more expensive residences of the land, we are pleased to see the rapid advancement on the part of the ladies all over the country, and a new era is being instituted in the good individual sense of the owners in the control

the interior arrangement. By reference to the plans it will be observed that the house is commodious, and contains everything usual in good buildings.



FIRST STORY.

over those parts of a house that demand their personal attention. The minds of the lady population of this country are required to refine and utilize those parts that render a home desirable. The above cottage is very beautiful in the exterior, and handy in



SECOND STORY.

The whole will cost when finished \$7000, built of frame. Its beauty will depend upon its proportion; all of the various parts can only be shown upon the detail drawings, together with the specifications explaining them.

The blank forms of specifications and bills of quantities, that we send for \$2, are intended for builders or others capable of filling them up to cover their wants; and, as they have headings of all the various parts about a house, nothing can be forgotten by the parties purchasing.

Description. First Floor.—A entrance porch; B hall, 9 feet wide; C parlor, 13 feet by 18 feet 6 inches; D sitting-room, 13 feet by 18 feet 6 inches; E dining-room, 14 feet 3 inches by 18 feet; F kitchen, 12 feet by 13 feet 6 inches; G China closet, 8 feet 6 inches by 6 feet; H retiring-room, 7 by 10 feet; J porches; K stair hall.

Second Floor.—M chambers; N servants' room; O bath-room; P hall; R veranda; S alcove.

POSTAL MONEY ORDERS.—Apply to your postmaster for a postal money order. No more losses by mail.

"The postal money order system established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than \$1 nor more than \$50. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz: For an order for \$1 or for any larger sum but not exceeding \$20, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of \$20 and up to \$30, the charge shall be 15 cents; more than \$30 and up to \$40, the charge shall be 20 cents; over \$40 and up to \$50, the charge shall be 25 cents."

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Address "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

J. W. O.—Sent suit by express May 23d.

Mrs. T. L.—Sent pattern June 1st.

Miss M. B.—Sent pattern 1st.

Mrs. J. A. H.—Sent articles by express 6th.

Mrs. J. Z. T.—Sent articles by express 7th.

Mrs. J. B. F.—Sent articles 9th.

Mrs. T.—Sent articles 9th.

Mrs. L. F.—Sent articles 9th.

Mrs. M. E. D.—Sent articles by express 9th.

Mrs. H. A.—Sent hair studs 11th.

Mrs. W. W.—Sent articles 17th.

Mrs. F. B.—Sent articles 17th.

E. O. K.—Sent articles 17th.

A. D.—Sent pattern 17th.

M. B.—Sent pattern 17th.

Mrs. W. H. H.—Sent pattern 17th.

S. B. S.—Sent pattern 17th.

Flora, Grafton, California.—Thank you for the receipts.

Jerome B. Bell, of Camden O. H., S. C.—You ask us to take a great deal of trouble for you, but do not even send a stamp to pay return postage.

Katie.—Long Branch is in Monmouth Co., N. J., seventy-eight miles from Philadelphia, and thirty from New York. We found it on the map. Thank you for the receipts.

North Carolina.—The words are mere nonsense; we decline to publish them.

Madeline B.—Girls of sixteen generally dress less elaborately than young ladies. The hair should be worn curled, or put up in small puffs, unless it is allowed to hang loosely, being crimped.

Amy and Ella.—1. No. 2. Rum and Castor oil are said to be good; it should be clipped when broken.

3. It is not improper if you desire to do so.

Vashti.—A plain white silk, no trimming except tulle on waist and sleeves; tulle veil.

Mrs. S. B.—If a very dear friend or relative, yes; otherwise not.

Estella.—1. We think not; a person is baptized but once, but we are not acquainted with the rules of the Presbyterian Church. 2. We would not profess to be the judge of a person whom we have not seen. 3. If you notice any undue familiarity, by a severe glance at first it will not likely be repeated.

A. C.—1. Yes, her studies should occupy her until seventeen years of age. 2. No. 3 and 4. It is not to say improper, but we would not advise you to do it.

5. Yes. 6. No. 7. It is always improper, less so than later in life. We hope you won't address us again if your questions are not more sensible than those we have answered.

Bess and Susie.—1. Certainly not, unless they are engaged. 2. Walk slowly on, if not introduced. 3. If the parties are engaged, they should not wait on other ladies; if not, they can do as they please. 4. Yes, state "Miss — and myself came together, so I cannot accept your offer unless she is included."

5. No. 6. Yes, if he has been in the habit of visiting

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her. 7. No, merely bow. 8. If the pleasure is mutual, acknowledge it. 9. No, if he goes further the lady should accompany him. 10. No, nothing but flowers. 11. Yes, by a bow.

Emeline.—We would advise you to give up poetry, there is no promise in the lines you sent.

Miss V. S. L.—White gloves, of course; they are always worn at weddings.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

The Publisher of the *LADY'S BOOK* has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the Fashion Editor does not know.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Dress of *écru* buff silk, made with two skirts, the lower one trimmed with a wide black thread lace headed by a band of satin; the upper skirt out pointed and trimmed with lace to correspond. Corrage cut heart-shaped, and trimmed with lace. Sleeves, trimmed with lace insertion and deep fall of lace. Hair arranged in puffs, with rose and leaves in front.

Fig. 2.—Evening dress of white crape, trimmed with two plaited ruffles, headed by a wreath of green leaves, and the upper one with puffs divided by green. Overskirt of white silk, trimmed with fringe and wreaths of leaves. White silk opera saque, embroidered in green silk with a narrow vine. Hair rolled high in front, with green leaves arranged in front.

Fig. 3.—Dinner dress of pink silk, with an overdress of white muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and pink silk ruche and bands. A pink silk tunic falls over this, trimmed with lace and ruches. White muslin corrage, cut low square, trimmed with lace and silk ruches; pink satin sash. Hair arranged in puffs and curls, with pink roses and leaves placed between.

Fig. 4.—Dress of white Hernani, trimmed with three plaited ruffles, divided by rows of blue silk fringe and satin pipings. Overskirt of the white faced and bound with blue satin, the edge being cut in points and edged by a very narrow white lace. Low corrage, with bretelles of blue satin. Hair rolled high up in front, with half wreath of blue flowers arranged in it.

Fig. 5.—Dress of lilac grenadine, made with a court train. The front breadth is trimmed with three ruffles, with satin folds and box-plaited ruches be-

tween; the sides and back of train are trimmed to correspond. Low square corsage, cut pointed in front, large sash bow in back. Sleeves to elbow, with deep ruffles on the bottom. Muslin chemisette, with a lace ruche around the throat. Hair puffed, with large bow in front made of green ribbon; lilac flowers and white feathers.

Fig. 6.—Dress for a girl of seven years old; the underskirt is of blue and white striped percale, with a band of blue around the bottom. Overskirt and waist of plain gray, with blue bands for trimming. The waist is open front and back, and a white plaited muslin waist is worn under it. Hat of Leghorn, trimmed with blue ribbon and feather.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—White *piqué* suit, the skirt trimmed with ten rows of fancy braid. The upper skirt and jacket are trimmed to correspond. White straw hat, trimmed with blue velvet and feathers.

Fig. 2.—Walking-suit of violet grenadine, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with three fluted ruffles, headed with bands of satin; the upper skirt is cut in points, trimmed with a narrow quilling, headed with a band of satin. Sacque of the same, trimmed to correspond. Hat of white chip, trimmed with lilac velvet, white lace, and lilac flowers.

Fig. 3.—Dress of Azof green silk, made with one skirt, with a plaited quilling on the bottom cut in points, and headed with three bias bands of satin, and bands of satin coming down on the skirt, finished with a bow of the same. Black silk sacque, cut into the figure, trimmed with lace; a piece extending down from the neck, trimmed with lace and satin bows. Green straw hat, trimmed with green satin, black lace, and feather.

Fig. 4.—Suit of buff linen, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with one ruffle, headed with three bands of green chambray; the upper skirt is trimmed with six bands of the same. Jacket trimmed to correspond, with bows of the same on the shoulders. Leghorn hat, trimmed with green velvet and feather.

Fig. 5.—Dress of silver-gray silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a plaited ruffle, headed with a bias band, bound with black velvet, with small bows through the centre, and finished on each side with a quilling of the silk, with four bands of black velvet above it. Overskirt puffed in the back and trimmed to correspond. Sacque of white cloth, bound with black velvet, and embroidered with black.

Fig. 6.—Underskirt of light blue silk, trimmed with narrow ruffles and fringe. Overdress of black silk, cut open in front, and pointed at the sides, trimmed with blue silk; waist cut open, with revers of blue silk. Black straw hat, trimmed with blue velvet and feather.

Fig. 7.—Breakfast-cap of white illusion, trimmed with bows of cerise-colored ribbon and flowers.

Fig. 8.—Hat of white crape, trimmed with field flowers and wheat.

Fig. 9.—Collure, arranged in loops, puffs, and bows.

Figs. 10 and 11.—Handkerchief ring. This pretty invention consists of two gold rings; one round, and the size to fit on the little finger; the other is heavier, and of an octagon shape, with the name of the owner on one side of it. This is of a size suitable for passing the handkerchief through, as will be seen in the engraving. A little gold chain connects the two rings.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Morning-dress of white Nainsook. The skirt is trimmed with a fluted ruffle, headed with a narrow band of lilac silk, with a narrow lace on each side; this extends up the front, with bows at intervals on it. The waist is made surplice, and trimmed to correspond. Open sleeves. A lilac silk sash can be worn with this.

Fig. 2.—Outdoor costume. Pearl-gray grenadine dress, consisting of a short skirt, bordered with a flounce, which flounce is headed with a ruche *à la vieille*. The top of the skirt is ornamented with a pannier, which forms a bustle only at the back, and is scarcely visible at the sides. The bodice is open and square in front, and is edged with a narrow ruche of the same material. A Bachelick mantle, trimmed down the hood with graduated bows, the point terminating with a larger bow, the ends of which fall on the pannier. This mantle crosses in front, and then falls with square ends, which are kept in their place by the waistband of the dress passing over them, and fastening in front with a rosette. The entire mantle is bordered with a ruche *à la vieille*, forming a narrow heading at each edge. White tulle bonnet, with an aigrette of white feathers, tipped with gray.

Fig. 3.—Wrap of blue and white striped cloth, trimmed with blue satin and fringe. This is to be worn at watering-places.

Fig. 4.—Nightdress. The trimming is tucks and embroidery. The sleeves are coat-shape pattern, and the slope for the neck requires particular attention; for arrangement of the insertion and collar see illustration.

Fig. 5.—Long robe for an infant, made of clear white sprigged muslin, and is worn over white silk. The *tablier* is formed with Valenciennes insertion, and the fly fronts correspond, edging being added round them of the same style of lace.

Fig. 6.—Waist of white spotted muslin, made of puffs, divided by bands of colored satin; the neck is cut heart-shaped, and finished with narrow lace. Open sleeves, trimmed with three puffs and a broad lace.

Fig. 7.—German hunting-shirt. This style of shirt is worn on sporting occasions. The material is colored shirting, trimmed with a darker shade of the same, or it may be made of white calico, and trimmed with color.

Fig. 8.—Child's jacket from one to three years old. This jacket is made of red flannel; it is ornamented with white and colored purse silk. It is stitched all round the edge, fastening down at the same time a strip of silk two inches wide on the wrong side. The sleeves are edged in the same manner.

Fig. 9.—Jacket for little girls from four to six years. This jacket is made of white cotton cloth and ornamented with *point russe* embroidery of colored silk; the flowers are worked with blue silk, and the leaves with green. The collar is stitched round the edge and lined with silk. A narrow strip of silk edges the jacket all round on the wrong side. The jacket fastens with a cross strip of velvet into which a buttonhole has been worked, and with a button.

Fig. 10.—Morning cap in the net shape. The wide foundation is of thin muslin. The front part is of muslin quillings and pinked stripes edged with lace, worked insertion, and colored silk ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide. Colored ribbon holds the net-shaped part behind.

Fig. 11.—Fichu of lace and muslin. This fichu is made of plaited muslin; it is edged with a strip of Valenciennes insertion four-fifths of an inch wide, and Valenciennes lace of the same width. The seams are covered with cross strips of fine linen, stitched

on through the centre. The fichu has three plaits on each side; these plaits must overlap each other to half their width. At one end of the fichu fasten a sort of lappet, ornamented with strips of insertion, and cross strips of linen; at the upper edge the lappet is box-plaited, and then ornamented with a cross strip of muslin, or gathered lace is sewn on at the lower end of this cross strip.

Fig. 12.—Nainsook pinafore, edged with fine embroidery. The shoulders are trimmed with bows of pink satin ribbon.

Fig. 13.—Infant's cap of fine French muslin, chain stitched with white cotton. The edge is trimmed with Valenciennes lace. White satin bows and strings.

Fig. 14.—Braces for young girls from thirteen to sixteen years of age. These braces, meant to be worn with white bodices or light dresses, are made of plaited muslin, guipure lace four-fifths of an inch and two-fifths of an inch wide, strips of guipure insertion three-fifths of an inch wide, and narrow black velvet ribbon. The arrangement is distinctly seen on illustration. The braces are fastened on to a colored waistband. A plastron is fastened in front and in the back between the braces, so as to join them together. These plastrons are also made of plaited muslin, and are ornamented like the braces. The back part is not sewn on to the waistband at the lower edge; it has to be pinned on when the braces are worn.

Fig. 15.—Drawers for a boy of three years, made of fine long cloth.

Figs. 16 and 17.—Suit for a boy of ten years, of buff linen bound with braid, and buttons. The vest is of white *piqué*, with gilt buttons.

Fig. 18.—Dress for a girl of ten years, of green and white striped chambray, bound on the bottom of skirt with plain green, scalloped and bound with white and four rows of white braid on it. Overskirt and waist of plain green, scalloped and trimmed with braid. White chip hat, trimmed with a wreath of green oak leaves.

Fig. 19.—Suit for a boy of three years, of buff linen, the dress plain, the saque cut with revers bound with black braid, the skirt of saque is trimmed with black braid. White straw hat, bound with black velvet, with three small scarlet feathers at the back.

Fig. 20.—Parasol of lilac satin, trimmed with alternate rows of lilac and white feathers. The top is also ornamented with feathers. Pearl handle.

BONNETS AND HATS.

(See Engravings, Page 124.)

Fig. 1.—Bonnet of white crape; the frame is covered plain, with blonde lace at the back, and a tab of lace falling at the left side; the flowers are a white rose, foliage, and grass.

Fig. 2.—Bonnet of lilac crape, puffed, trimmed with black lace, and a tea rose and foliage; the strings are also of black lace.

Fig. 3.—Bonnet of black lace, trimmed with a branch of cherries and leaves; a green ostrich feather is fastened at the back, and comes over in front.

Fig. 4.—Hat of white chip, turned up at one side; it is trimmed with narrow black velvet and lace, with a bunch of field flowers at the side.

Fig. 5.—Bonnet of white chip; the front and strings being of blonde lace, a long veil of blonde lace falls over the back, fastened by a bow and marabout feather.

Fig. 6.—Hat of black Neapolitan, trimmed with black lace, a bunch of poppies in front and a scarlet feather; a bow of black ribbon in back with embroidered flowers on the ends.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

EVERYTHING is the fashion now—long dresses (for the evening) and short dresses, round waists, pointed waists, and jacket bodices, tight-fitting mantles and loose *paletots*, bright-colored trimmings and ornaments of the same color—but true elegance tends rather to the quiet contrasts produced by using different tissues of the same color. Such contrasts were produced last winter by a mixture of velvet and satin, or of satin and dull silk; this summer they are obtained by trimmings of grenadine, silk, gauze, or *crape de Chine* on dresses of silk or foulard. For instance, a dress of lilac silk is trimmed round the bottom with three flounces of lilac grenadine, which may be darker, but not lighter than the silk, the last flounce headed with a rouleau and narrow fluting of silk. About seven inches higher up the same trimming is repeated with the flounces narrower. The tight-fitting *casaque*, forming at once the bodice and second skirt—the latter very short, and puffed out at the back—is trimmed round with a flounce of grenadine, put on with a heading, and a fluting of the same is arranged in braces over the bodice. The sleeves are tight, and trimmed with a fluting around the wrists.

A pretty summer costume is made of buff-colored *toile Mexicaine*, a new wool and silk fancy material. It is composed of a first skirt, trimmed with seven rows of black velvet ribbon; of a second skirt, with five; and a *paletot*, with three rows of the same. Above this velvet trimming embroidered bouquets of field flowers are thrown here and there, giving great elegance to this simple costume. These bouquets are embroidered in natural colors; they are large on the underskirt, smaller on the upper one, and smaller still on the *paletot*.

The most elegant dresses of lawn and organdie are trimmed, besides flounces, with pinked-out ruches, made of self-colored Scotch cambric, matched with one of the predominating tints of the dress; plain green, blue, pink, or cerise colors. These plaited ruches are placed above all the flounces as headings; they look exceedingly pretty and Pompadouresque. Sometimes they are edged with very narrow Valenciennes lace, instead of being pinked out.

It is very much the fashion to trim all styles of lawns, muslins, cambrics, and organdies with white lace. Nay, white lace, as before stated, is used even for silks and fancy materials. It is put on above flounces, and round the edges of ruches and flutings. One of the prettiest white muslin dresses seen was made with a wide plaited flounce round the skirt; and above the flounce three or four rows of wide imitation Valenciennes insertion (real, of course, is much handsomer if it can be afforded), lined with bright-colored ribbon. A kind of loose jacket of muslin was worn with this, also trimmed *en suite*; the lace over the ribbon being carried round the skirt, and edged with a muslin frill to simulate a train at the back and a *tablier* in the front.

A novelty among the latest importations is *batiste*, which resembles linen cambric of a pale green shade. The tint is as delicate as the fashionable *écru* buff, and is as becoming to blondes as *écru* is to brunettes. On a model dress there were two scant-gathered flounces, edged with white lace; and above each flounce a flat plaiting three inches wide in very narrow plaits, held down by black velvet ribbon basted near the top. The draped upper skirt and the *paletot* with flowing sleeves were merely trimmed with the flat plaitings and lace. A black velvet sash completed the costume. The material is said to wash well.

A few words on travelling costumes will, we

think, not be amiss to our readers. Suits of brown or buff linen are the most fashionable travelling suits for this month. They are made with two skirts and a *paletôt*, and trimmed with flat plaitings of linen. Each plait an inch wide is cut in leaf pattern at the lower edge, then needleworked in tiniest notches, and placed over narrow plaitings of white muslin that are basted beneath, and show a couple of inches below the colored plaits. These white plaitings beneath colored ruffles are quite a feature of French dresses. Made of Swiss muslin, they are placed beneath black and gray silk flounces; of tartane, beneath grenadine both colored and black; and of muslin, beneath cambric and linen.

Another novelty for travelling suits is a thick cotton material, corded like *piqué*, but heavier than poplin. It is imported in yellow, brown, and nankeen colors. The trimming is straight flat plaiting, merely hemmed at the edges, and stitched on by the machine. The newest *piqués* are much trimmed with embroidery, plaited muslin, ruffles, and fringe. The suits are made in the style already described for other materials.

Dusters or overalls of gray or brown linen, to protect the dress from dust while travelling, are shaped like waterproof cloaks. A Gabrielle wrapper, made of linen, and a cape or *paletôt* added, will be found serviceable as an overall when travelling, and can be used as a morning-dress when fresh and clean at home. Many persons prefer this to an entire linen suit, as a handsomer suit can be worn underneath, and this removed when a stoppage is made.

The round hat is adopted for travelling by ladies of all ages, and with reason, for we have seldom seen hats of such sensible and comfortable shapes. True, the crowns are tall and steeple-shaped; but the turned-down slanting brims, two or three inches wide, shade the eyes, protect the face, and hold crimped hair in order. English straws and black Neapolitan prove to be the favorite hats. The shape just described is probably most worn, though many new and stylish hats retain the turned-up brim. A tall crown is the only obligatory feature; everything else, in regard to shape and trimming, is at the caprice of the wearer. Feather tips, flowers, and ribbon are mingled on each hat. *Gros grain* ribbon, two and a half inches wide, more often black than colored, is box-plaited around the crown, or else merely twined there, and flowing in long streamers behind. A flower cluster is on the left side, and a black ostrich tip, coming from under the flowers, curls across the high crown.

White or buff linen collars with narrowest pointed front and standing back are used for travelling. Valenciennes lace or embroidery ornament them. Undersleeves have cuffs to match. Muslin ruffs become limp too soon for a traveller's use; but standing plaited frills of muslin are sometimes placed around the neck and wrists.

Undressed kid gloves with three buttons at the wrists, are chosen in gray and yellow brown shades. Silk, linen, or Hsle thread in the same shades are also worn.

A novelty for summer dresses is *tussore de Long-champs*, a reversible silk pongee. One pattern is violet on one side, palest *écru* buff on the other. This is to make a buff suit with facings, pipings, and revers of violet. No other trimming is required. Other patterns are turtle dove gray on one side, with rose, blue, or green on the reverse.

Unbleached gimpure laces in the various buff, gray, and tea colors are imported for trimming linen dresses; they are from half an inch to two inches wide.

Roman sashes have taken a fresh lease of favor.

They are worn with the black, gray, brown, buff, and white dresses that fashion ordains for this season. They are of fine *poult de soie* ribbon, very soft, reversible, and wide enough to be used as a scarf. A length of narrow ribbon to match the sash can be purchased to wear around the neck or on the hair.

Although jet is quite gone out of fashion as a trimming, it is now in great favor for ornaments, such as large balls of cut jet for *épingles* to wear in the hair, with eardrops and oval locket or cross to match. Balls or knobs of cut jet are also frequently introduced in the trimming of bonnets and hats. Sometimes these jet ornaments are studded with small pearls or seed diamonds, which, of course, very much enhance their value. For mourning, ornaments and crosses of carved blackwood are preferred to jet.

In veils there are various patterns; but the most fashionable seems to be that which is made in the shape of a fichu; it is placed over the bonnet so that one point hangs in front and two at the back. All the new veils, be they square or pointed, are much larger than those which have been worn. The small masque veils are quite gone out of fashion, and we need not regret them, for truly nothing could be more unbecoming than that same masque, which, coming down just below the nose, produced a black line just above the mouth of the lady.

Some charming little muslin bows are seen, which can either be worn at the throat or on the head. They consist of three pieces of muslin on each side, two inches long and two inches broad, edged all round with lace; the muslin being stiff enough to retain the folds when plaited in a fan shape. A flower of thick embroidery is in the centre, also edged with lace, and the size of the bow when made is three and a half inches in length and three inches in breadth. Muslin neckties in the form of sailor knots, embroidered with *fleur de lis* in black and red are another pretty trifle. Short scarfs of Chinese crape in various colors, just long enough to tie in a bow at the neck, the ends being pointed, are selling in great numbers.

Boots and slippers are made with the toes far more pointed than of late, which, according to some, is a move in the right direction; the broad toes never being universally popular.

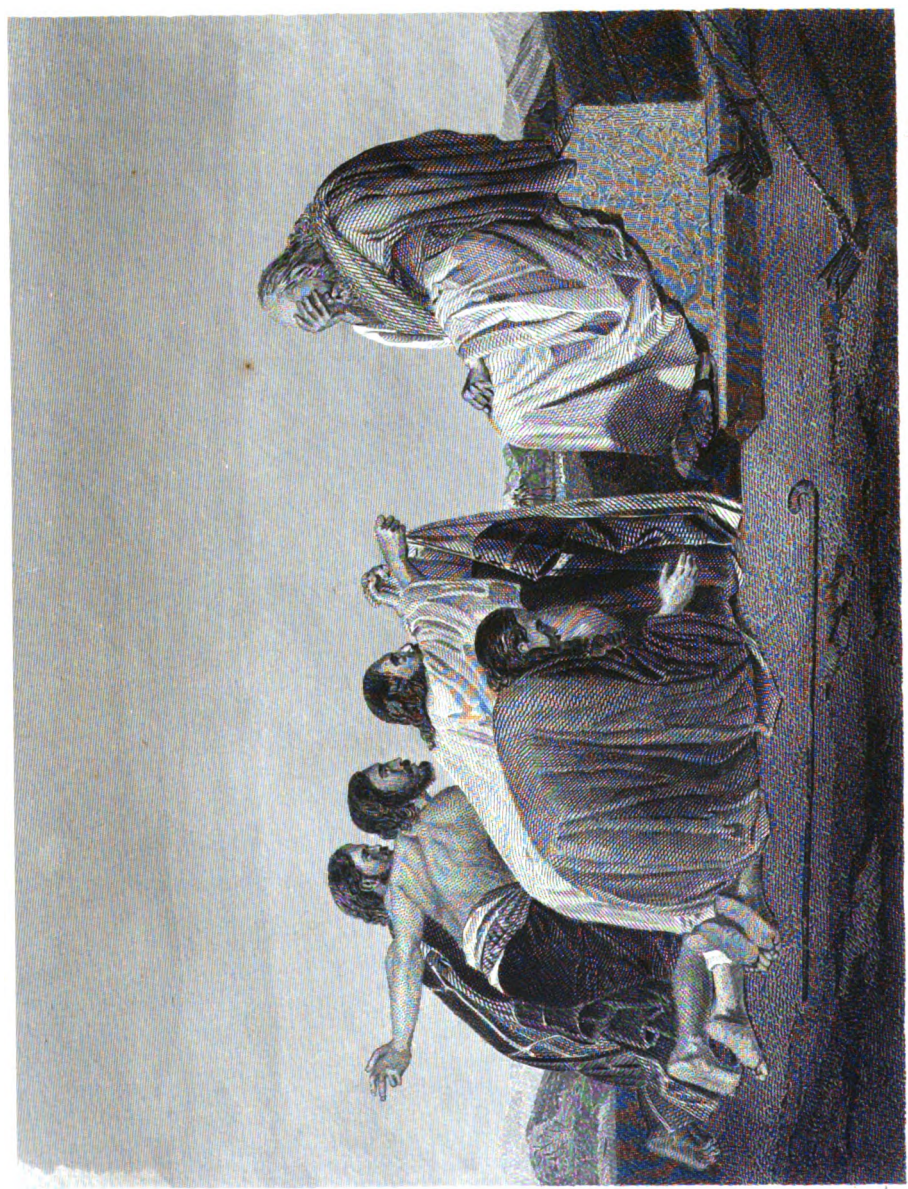
Tufts seem to be all the fashion for headdresses, whether for morning or evening wear. For evening wear we have seen a large number of round bunches of such flowers as the rhododendrons, etc., surrounded by lace. Bows for the hair for morning wear are made in endless variety. Gilt flowers jewelled, with a tuft of marabout feathers springing from them, are worn at the side of the hair. Shell diadems and Empire combs are in favor. The diadem effectively fills up the space between the front hair and the back braids. The lower the hair can be worn on the head at the back, the more fashionable it is.

The novelty in laces is the Bruges gimpure, a strong white lace, resembling Honiton in having extremely light meshes with heavily-wrought figures, but the designs imitate those seen in round point. At present there is very little imported, which is used for trimming silk suits; but it is the fancy of the season in Paris to wear it as fichus and in full parures for the neck and sleeves.

Lace collars are almost as large as fichus, and are made to fit low, heart-shaped necks. The Marie Theresa collar, with square outer corners and heart-shaped opening is the most popular. It is wrought in solid pieces in all laces, but is most often seen made of Valenciennes insertion. Notwithstanding the introduction of novelties, Valenciennes retains its place as the popular lace.

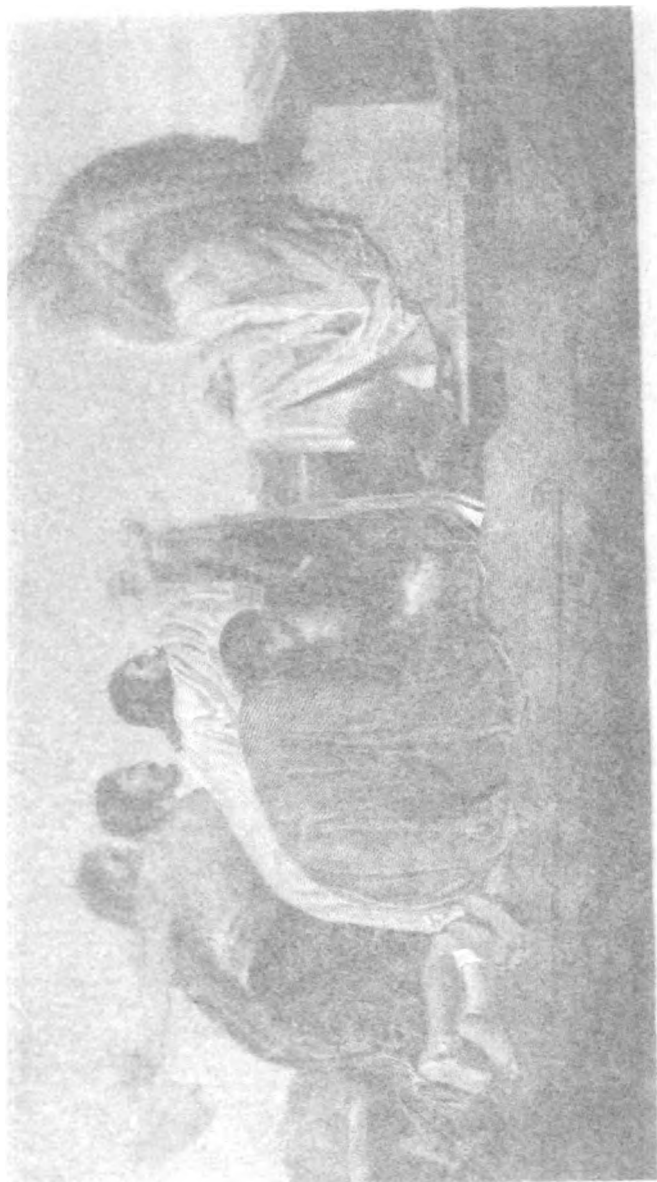
FASHION.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE LOST SHEEP





THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT.





THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT.



WAIT FOR ME!

MEMORY'S REVERIE WALTZ.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

BY B. S. BARRETT.

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MEMORY'S REVERIE WALTZ.

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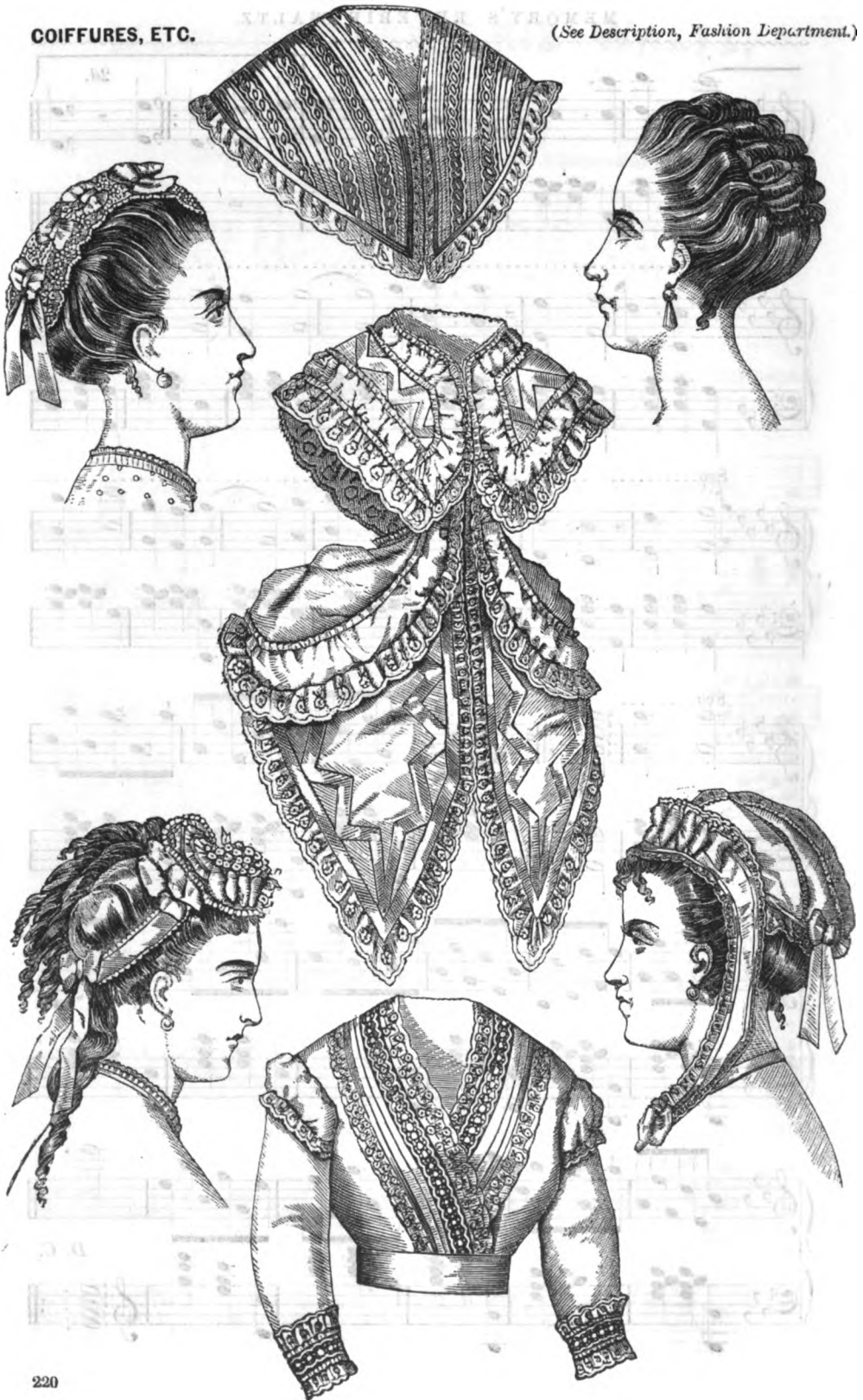
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Fine.

D. C.



GODEY'S

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VOLUME LXXXI.—NO. 483.

PHILADELPHIA SEPTEMBER 1870

WALL-FLOWERS.

BY MARION EARLAND.
(Concluded from last month.)

PART III.

MID-APRIL again, and the air of the beautiful Southern city palpitated with moonlight and fragrance. The stately horse-chestnuts, popular in the patrician purlieus wherein resided the Temples, were forward with their cones of white bloom, and a lively imagination might descry visible clouds of perfume arising from the pearly censers. The sidewalks were peopled with strollers—youths emancipated from the active duties of business, tasting the delicious moments with the zestful delight man can never know after five-and-twenty; happy girls in early spring attire, with uncovered heads, leaning on the arms of their attendant swains; with here and there a graver wedded pair reminiscent of their own days of wooing. The Richmond Eros greatly affects *al fresco* declarations, and makes a specialty of moonlight rambles. In no other place of the same size on this continent—certainly in no more Northern town—are more vows of eternal constancy exchanged under the open heavens. Every one of the embowered streets of her seven hills is a lover's walk, and the time-honored custom of putting these to their proper use is one in which there are no signs of degeneration.

The Temple mansion had undergone many changes, manifest even in the mellow moonlight, during the two years that had elapsed since Robert Dent halted before it on that smiling April morning to hearken to the carol within: "Tears for to-morrow, but kisses to-day." The songstress had been his wife for eighteen months, but he had not gloried in her upon their bridal day as he did this evening. She was receiving an informal party of friends who had flocked to her father's house to wel-

come her home from the foreign tour Mr. Dent—wearied of wandering, and longing for home and quiet—had yet planned in consonance with what he divined were her tastes and desires. They had landed in America barely a week ago, and had not unpacked a single trunk in New York. Bertha was anxious to see her parents and sisters, and the year-and-a-half-old bridegroom only waited to know her wishes to execute them. He was repaid, if the indulgence of this one had caused him inconvenience, by the sight of the lively pleasure the reunion brought to each member of the family. And, as of yore, the light and life of the house was Bertha. One, at least, of the dreams which had wrought upon her to accept Mr. Dent's suit was fulfilled. Her father, as her husband's agent in the supervision of the investments the latter had made in Richmond, was in receipt of a generous salary. The repairs of the homestead were a Christmas present to the family the year of Bertha's marriage. Mrs. Venable no longer gave music lessons, and Ellen was on the eve of marriage with a thriving young merchant of Baltimore. Mrs. Temple's hands were again fair and smooth, and upon her dear old cheek bloomed the late blush roses which are the more lovely because so rare. She was a happy queen-mother to-night, sitting in an antique arm-chair, erect and alert, catching the meaning of every *bon mot*, appreciative of every graceful movement of her youngest daughter. They might well—one and all—worship her, for she had rescued them from abject poverty; proved herself in prosperity open-handed and affectionate as when she had given her all of time and labor to lessen family expenses, and increase the slender stock in the common purse. Her abundance was a very cornucopia to her kindred. It was a luxury to be rich in these circumstances, and her manner to her husband conveyed her recognition of the fact that he was the author of the great good. Dutiful,
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sweet-tempered, and cheerful she was always; but there was a deeper, he imagined, a tenderer meaning now-a-days in eye and voice when he drew near, and she called him by his Christian name habitually in the freedom and familiarity of her early home.

He had hardly dared hope for her love when he sought her hand; had sued, with trembling earnestness, so foreign to boyish presumption as to be in itself a charm, for the opportunity to win affection by affection. She had not said that she loved him while they were betrothed, only that she liked and esteemed him beyond any other man of her acquaintance, and that she was entangled by no other attachment. He was very determined in his quiet way, and he resolved to stand in the highest niche in the temple he deemed so beautiful and holy—a true woman's heart. He was patient, too, and he had never endangered final success by importunity or exaction; never forgotten that he was her senior by sixteen years, and could not woo with the impetuosity that is not unseemly in ardent youth. If he could gain her gratitude by benefits to those she loved, could by attentions timely and assiduous make himself necessary to her happiness, the rest would follow. The boon he craved must be won step by step, and was it not richly worth all it would cost?

He thought this over clearly and methodically, as it was his wont to treat subjects of importance, while moving about among his wife's guests, adapting himself with tactful readiness to the tone and character of each—an agreeable, handsome gentleman decided the ladies, young and elderly. It was less surprising, now that they knew him better, that Bertha should have brought herself to the point of marrying him, and that the Temples seemed so pleased with the match. She certainly (this same "certainly" drops from the tongues of the fast youths of Richmond with every other sentence, at least)—she certainly looked well and happy, and what woman of sense would not be susceptible to the influence of such toils as that she had sported yesterday afternoon (they called it "evening") in her promenade with Mr. Dent on Franklin Street, and that she wore to-night? Neither was startling. Bertha's taste was always correct; but her dresses were rich in material, and in trimming and fashion heavenly and Parisian, very enchanting and very indefinable. She was not a bit spoiled by her good fortune. This was also voted with silent unanimity. Her manners were fresh and frank as ever. She talked as Bertha Temple used to chat to her coterie of school-fellows, without affection or hauteur; asked after each of her old cronies, and entered heartily into everything that had happened during her absence.

"Do you ever sing English ballads now?" inquired Doctor Maxwell, a gentleman with

white cravat and ruffled shirt-front—Bertha's god-father—and a fine specimen of the gallant sexagenarian, the school which is passing but too rapidly away. "Or am I a barbarian to ask the question of one who is, no doubt, mistress of the operatic style? Your sisters have told me how much attention you paid to music abroad."

"But not to the exclusion of ballads in my native tongue," replied Bertha, brightly. "Had it been possible for me to forget or neglect my early love, Mr. Dent would not have suffered it. His fondness for simple minstrelsy rivals yours, doctor." She smiled up at her husband, who was within hearing. "He used to make me sing for him in the purple Roman twilights Mrs. Hemans' version of:—

'Roma! Roma! Roma!
Non e' piu come era prima!'

We troiled the 'Flower o' Dnmblane' in the shadow of Ben Lomond, and 'Annie Laurie' in sight of Sevastopol, in memory of the brave fellows who chanted it every night in the trenches before that stronghold. You recollect the circumstance, don't you? And how delightfully Bayard Taylor has told the story:—

'Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang Annie Laurie!'

"And when did you recall my favorite? By the way I have not heard it since you were married. The young ladies of this day know nothing about it they tell me, with a curl of their pretty lips."

"'Auld Robin Gray?' Isn't it a singular coincidence that you were the last person for whom I sang it?" said Bertha, perfectly unembarrassed.

Perhaps she did not detect a glance, furtive but polite, exchanged by several persons near. Mr. Dent was too intent upon her motions and words to observe it.

The doctor looked disappointed. "And I was about to beg you to sing it. You have forgotten it, then?"

"I never forget old friends."

She arose, put her hand into his arm, and moved toward the piano, most of the little company following. She was "Bertha and nobody else" still. Mr. Dent smiled in recollecting the phrase which Ellen had repeated to him in describing the scene that preceded their earliest meeting. Nobody else could equal her in grace, beauty, sprightliness—in all that was noble and comely. An impulse people would call sentimental overtook him. He would listen to her singing, and watch her from without, from the balcony filled, in her honor, with wall-flowers and other of her pet plants. This was rather a habit of his—to retire to some secluded nook, whence he could feast his eyes without risk of curious or sarcastic scrutiny. He knew that gray-haired men with beautiful young wives are considered fair game, and he would not make his darling ridiculous or him-

self if he could help it. Seizing the opportunity, when the attention of all was drawn to the pianist, he passed through one of the long windows, and took his stand in the far corner of the balcony, now transformed into a veranda by the addition of a Chinese roof and light iron pillars. The shadow of the horse-chestnuts lay dense across the floor, the flower-breath was intoxicatingly sweet, and Bertha sang:—

"Never till now had it been given
To lips of any mortal woman
To utter notes so fresh from heaven."

The quotation was in his mind, when a couple strayed from the group at the piano, and sauntered to the front window. They were Louise Morton, a near neighbor of the Temples, and Bolling Cabell, a cousin on the father's side of Mr. Dent's nephew. The lady sank with an exclamation of pleasure into the lounging-chair her cavalier rolled to the threshold for her.

"How deliciously cool and fragrant it is here!" putting out her hand to pluck a geranium-leaf. "And isn't it too romantic and nice to sit in the moonlight and listen to Bertha's music?"

"She sings delightfully as ever," remarked the impolitic gentleman. "And how handsome she has grown. I never saw a more queenly yet more fascinating woman."

"Pity a few more of us couldn't marry rich and elderly Yankees!" retorted Louise. "She has turned all the gentlemen's heads. I should think her nominal lord and master would be jealous."

"Jealousy is not a masculine foible," was the mischievous rejoinder. "And, as far as I can judge, she is very much attached to him—quite devoted, in fact."

"Perhaps!" a shrug and pout. "Hardly as devoted as she was to your Cousin Sterling in the *ante bellum* days, however. By the way, what broke that off? Ellen told me they were certainly engaged all during the war."

"Hark! She will answer your question herself."

Bertha was singing—

"Young Jamie lov'd me weel, and sought me for his bride,
But, saving a crown, he had naething else beside."

Mr. Dent in the covert he dared not leave, and the critics in the open window, heard the verse through.

Then Louise laughed low and scornfully. "You acknowledge it, then? Yet you admire her—hold her up as a model to other penniless maidens?"

"*Et pourquoi non?*" Sterling's cousin resembled him strongly and not pleasantly as he said it. "The greatest good to the greatest number' isn't a bad motto. Sterling alluded to the affair when he was here, year before last. He couldn't afford to marry a girl without money, especially where there was a chance that he would have to support her parents also.

He had next to nothing himself, and very expensive tastes. I don't believe he ever dreamed that his uncle, whose heir he hoped to become, would throw himself into the breach—but so it was. He was rich enough to indulge in luxuries. And he has certainly done the handsome thing by the Temples."

"It was a heartless transaction all around!" ejaculated Louise, fanning herself energetically.

"I might echo your 'perhaps' in reply." It is reasonable to suppose that Mr. Dent knew he was the second best choice, and was not so vain as to fancy that his beauty married him through love *par et simple*. He has too much sense for that."

The song was over, and Mr. Dent, finding his situation painfully awkward, was vibrating between the alternatives of scaling the railing and escaping into the yard, and presenting himself boldly before the gossips, when Louise fluttered off, like a butterfly, to examine a folio of photographs upon the centre-table. Her escort went in pursuit, and the imprisoned eaves-dropper emerged unseen from his bower.

Not to hide, like other stricken things, alike from the view of friend and foe. He had the presence of mind to see that he had made a mistake in leaving the room while "Aukl Robin Gray" was sung. He doubted not that the majority of the guests had applied the ballad after Mr. Cabell's style, and he had given color to the impression by seeming to shirk observation. Unconsciously, Bertha abetted his resolution to deport himself with gay unconcern.

"I was just wishing for you," she said, looking over her shoulder, and espying him, as she finished the doctor's second song. "Doctor, you help persuade him to give us—'There is a song of the olden time.'"

"You need no other help than my cordial desire to please your friend," was the reply.

Did some alloy of ambition to prove that he had recommendations to an attractive girl's favor besides wealth and social position mingle with his readiness to oblige her? He was usually averse to whatever savored of display. Modest in his estimate of his abilities, and with a hearty appreciation of real excellence in musical, literary, or social talent, he, at all times, preferred that others should exhibit while he admired. To-night he took the initiative; sang several times with his wife, then a solo, to her accompaniment, and finally, at her request, sat down to the instrument and treated the company to a German ballad—a masterpiece of pathos and passion, given in a style that elicited rapturous applause.

"I wonder at you no longer," said a vivacious belle, aside to Bertha, real tear-drops beading her eye-lashes. "If he wooed you in such music as that, you could not have resisted had you wished to do so."

As the musician's fingers lingered upon the

final chord, he looked up, not expecting to see his wife, and met her gaze bent earnestly upon him. She leaned upon the end of the piano, her lips apart with delighted interest, her eyes beaming and dewy. But for the revelation of the last hour, he would have drawn dearest encouragement from the regards that sank bashfully under his, from the vivid blush with which she turned away. As it was, he strangled new-born hope with one fierce wrench, arose, outwardly placid and smiling, to receive the compliments which were showered upon him.

"I was so proud of you, to-night," said Bertha, when they were in their room together, after the guests' departure.

Her husband stood by the window, looking out into the night, and, as she joined him, the scent of the wall-flowers came up in slow waves, like the creeping tide of memory in a still hour.

"So proud and happy," she repeated, linking her arm in his. "How can I thank you for the pains you have taken to entertain my friends? I suppose it is weak and foolish in me, when I know so well, for myself, what you are, but I was anxious to have others learn something of this also. I could hardly command myself into a decorous show of modest gratification as I listened to the handsome things that were said about you—of your singing, conversation, deportment, etc."—laughing. "Even Louise Morton called you a Bayard. *Entre nous*, she hasn't an idea whether Bayard was a Frank or a Greek, but she meant to be very complimentary."

"I am glad you were gratified." He did not intend to be reserved, still less to repel her, but his heart was aching sore with its green wound, and at her clinging touch, her kindly, almost loving words, a mocking strain seemed to float through the summer air:—

"But I do my best a gude wife to be,
For Auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me."

Bertha glanced up quickly. "You are very tired, are you not? I am too apt to forget that this sort of thing—the constant excitement of calls and evening gatherings cannot be so pleasing to you as to me—that my acquaintances are, most of them, strangers to you. We shall be more quiet after this week, I hope."

"Not on my account. The weight of years does not incapacitate me from the enjoyment of agreeable society. Nor am I at all weary. On the contrary, I was just thinking that I would take a walk toward the river with my cigar—the night is so tempting. Don't sit up for me." He avoided the wondering reproach of her eyes; waited for no more apologies or expostulations. His mood was unjust, and being a middle-aged instead of a young man, he had the candor to acknowledge this to himself, and break off abruptly an interview that threatened to become agitating. That he had

failed to teach her to love him, was, in the opinion of this staid and upright gentleman, no sufficient reason why he should tempt her to dislike him.

This was the first shadow of the cloud that gradually crept between two, who, up to that date, had been sincere friends, if they were not lovers. On one side it was the darkness of pride and indignant amazement; on the other, of wounded affection and disappointment none the less scathing that it had fallen later in life than such sorrows generally befall men. The world saw in them an amiable and well-bred couple, who had had weighty reasons for seeking to be joined together in the holy ordinance of matrimony, and jogged along in harness more comfortably than did half of those who had contracted marriages of affection without regard to other desirable accompaniments. The Temples were complacent in their conviction that Bertha had done well for herself as for them.

"There was a trifling disparity in their ages, but it was on the right side, and there was a perfect understanding between them."

Sterling Cabell, whose cleverly-suppressed resentment at his uncle's "folly at his time of life," and Bertha's fickleness, had cooled down somewhat with time and reflection, yet said wicked things to himself in his cynical way, of the perfidy and mercenary proclivities common to all women, when he attended one of Mr. Dent's parties, or met her in the park, in velvets and sables, or silks and laces, as the season demanded. Sometimes her gray-haired husband was at her side—people began to whisper how fast the snow was falling on his temples—sometimes, a trio of laughing girls, or a couple of dignified matrons were with her in the luxurious chariot Mrs. Cabell was never tired of admiring and coveting.

"She ought to be satisfied with it and her lot generally," Sterling was surprised into saying to his malecontent Imogen. "She crucified her heart, sold herself, body and soul, perjured herself at the altar to secure the position she craves."

"Which means that she might have had the nephew instead of the uncle," returned the wife, coolly. "I don't blame her for what she did. It was an excellent match for her. A woman should make the best bargain she can in these matters. There is force, not folly in the saying about an old man's darling. Few wives, even though they may have brought their husbands wealth, have their every whim indulged as she has who came to hers penniless. I should like to learn how she contrives to have her way so thoroughly."

"Not by lecturing her legal lord, I imagine," rejoined Sterling, putting up his hand to conceal a yawn. "You recollect the fable of the sun and wind?"

"Unless her physiognomy belie her, she has

spirit as well as sense," said Imogen, contemptuously regardless of the insinuation. "Mr. Dent is not the man he was, prior to his marriage. If the truth were known, I have no doubt we should find that she carries it with a high hand when he dare oppose her sovereign will."

She was mistaken. From the memorable evening of the discovery that blasted his hopes, there was never the exchange of a jarring word between Mr. Dent and her who was called his wife. Better the jostling of impetuous waves that chafe and battle for an instant, but to sink into a closer embrace, to blend more quickly into one than the wintry calm that locks them into even, glittering ice. By mutual and tacit agreement, the Dents discussed no subject concerning which they were likely to disagree; studied each the other's preferences in their domestic arrangements; were agreeable and courteous to one another in private as in public; very conscientious, very attentive, and altogether miserable. A woman whose moral principle was less staunch would have revenged herself for her consort's polite reserve by vigorous flirtation; one who had suffered less, and learned fewer lessons of self-control in that sharp school would have revolted openly at the unnatural life to which she was held by the iron hand under the velvet glove of seeming regard for her wishes and welfare. A weaker wife would have complained of her joyless fate in the ears of those who loved her and showed their love. The young Virginian carried a high—not a haughty head—through pain, and amaze, and repression—was loyal in word as in deed to her grave-visaged spouse. In the handsome house of which she was mistress, she was hospitable, not gay, and when she went abroad her husband was her cavalier. Scandal-loving tongues might prate of the extreme probability that hers was a marriage of convenience, but the most lawless among them never meddled with her serene propriety, never dared whisper that it was the screen of unlicensed desires or loves. If she felt her life to be a failure, wearied of decent routine and elegant bondage, she kept heart-burnings and regrets to herself.

For nearly two years after Ellen's marriage Bertha did not revisit her native city. One summer her father and mother passed with her in her Rockaway cottage, and, having seen them so lately, she declined to go to Richmond the following winter. There was always some plausible excuse for postponing the journey Mr. Dent repeatedly proposed, and although surprised at her persistency of refusal, was far from suspecting the truth, viz., that she attributed their estrangement to a slight, real or imaginary, put upon him by some member of the company assembled at her father's the evening the chill first fell upon her spirit. He had heard or seen something that displeased

him—what, she had racked her brain to conceive. Her levity had offended his taste, or some chance and indiscreet allusion to his age and her gayety sunk deeply into his mind. However this might be, the thought of going to Richmond was distasteful to her, and also, she believed, to him.

Early in April of the second year, a summons arrived that could not be disregarded. Mrs. Temple was very ill, and a telegraphic dispatch to that effect was sent to her absent daughters. Ellen's arrival at the homestead preceded Bertha's by a few hours, and for a fortnight the three sisters relieved each other as nurses of the mother they loved so fondly. They won her back to life—would not let her go, she said to Mr. Dent, who surprised the family—his wife included—by appearing among them one day at the close of the third week of Bertha's stay.

"I trust you will never have experience of her proficiency in that line, but your wife is one of the cleverest, tenderest nurses in the world," she added, putting her wasted little hand in that of the son-in-law for whom she had had a decided partiality from the beginning of their acquaintanceship. "It was more than kind in you to lend her to us for so long. Have you come to take her away?"

"By no means. I am here on a flying business visit. I must return the day after to-morrow. It is my sincere wish that Bertha should remain with you as long as you require her services, or as she desires to stay. I did not expect her to accompany me to New York."

"I wish my other half would take lessons from you in self-denial—or is it indifference?" said Ellen, saucily. "I half believe he is tired of you, Bertha—that he finds himself more comfortable without than with you."

"She knows better than that." The remark escaped him involuntarily, but he did not offer to recall it.

Bertha smiled faintly, and, as her husband arose, saying he must go down town, she busied herself with her mother's pillows, answering his "Good-morning to you all!" with a silent bow.

"Don't you kiss your wife when you leave her in the morning?" cried the thoughtless sister, feigning to be shocked. "Suppose you were to be run over by a runaway horse, or shot by a drunken soldier as that poor wretch was, the other day, or come to some other awfully sudden end, how would you feel to think you had parted from her in that frosty-gentle way? I was asked, last week, if you were not a very fashionably-cool couple. I denied it then, but I must say this looks like it. I should break my heart if my Will were to go out of the house without kissing me."

The two thus bantered blushed like convicted lovers.

"I will go with him as far as the door," said

Bertha, hastily trying to laugh the matter off. "You must not regard Ellen's nonsense," continued she, when they were in the hall. "She does not understand."

"I know!" he answered, briefly—it seemed to her sadly. "Is there anything I can do for you in the city?"

"Nothing—thank you!"

"You ride or walk every day, do you not? You are looking pale and rather thin. At what hour shall I order a carriage for you?"

"We usually go about half past four."

These sentences were exchanged in the lower hall, while his hand was upon the front door. At her last reply he opened it and stepped out upon the veranda.

"It will be a warm day!" he observed, glancing up at the sky, over which a whitish haze, like August exhalations, was gathering.

"The season is very forward, even for this latitude," was the answer, uttered mechanically.

He did not mean to kiss her, then. They were to part on this day of reunion, after long separation, as upon all other days, like common acquaintances. She was no nearer to him at meeting for having dreamed of him by night and missed him with homesick longing during every waking hour. She would never be more to him than now—never!

There could be no pleasure in prolonging the exchange of commonplaces, yet something seemed to make him loath to go. It was very unlike his usual promptitude of character and manner to loiter as he did; his hat in one hand, while the other trifled with his cane. He appeared to be casting about in his mind for some topic of conversation that would give him an excuse for dallying yet longer, or to be revolving a subject he wished to introduce. "Your wall-flowers are looking finely, this season," he remarked, surveying the smiling ranks. "They never display such affluence of bloom anywhere else as in this balcony."

"The fine weather has brought them on well, but they are hardy, constant bloomers always." Bertha said it with an odd stricture about heart and throat, absolute physical pain at the rush of emotions the words brought over her.

If Mr. Dent remarked the change and falter in her voice, he did not show that he had done so. "Will you give me one?" he asked, gently, after a pause.

Without a word she broke off a spray, and, with sudden, inexplicable boldness, pinned it in his button-hole.

"Thank you!" said he, gratefully. "I would beg you to walk with me before the heat becomes oppressive, but I promised to meet Mr. Burruss, who was my travelling companion, in the court-room of the capitol at half-past ten. Good-morning!" He raised his hat in the stately old-time courtesy she thought so becoming, and walked off down the street.

Bertha, leaning on the railing of the veranda, gazed after him, her eyes filled with bitter-sweet tears. "If he knew!" she said, by and by, in a hoarse whisper. "But he never will. He would not care if he did. He has not missed me all these weeks. He would not have come to see me had not business brought him. Heaven help me!"

The passers-by were few in that neighborhood after the morning stream of business men had flowed past to empty itself into the lower town, and she sat down upon a low cushion in the French window. A goodly picture, thought the half-dozen who chanced to see her there, in her white dress, her chin resting in her palm, her eyes purple and velvety with thought, her bright hair curling with the heat and moisture of the unseasonably sultry day. She had sat in that spot hundreds of times before in the long, long ago that had never been so misty as now; sat there with Sterling's letters rustling in her bosom, and his miniature in her hand; sat there empty of hand and heart in the few days of mourning she allowed herself over her "beautiful, dead dream;" but she had never held sadder communings with herself than those that engrossed her after the echoes of the manly tread she knew so well had died away. There was so little to live for in her world. The sameness of the dreary prospect disheartened her. All hope that her husband would ever love her again had departed from her weary soul. Association with her, the knowledge of her many faults, had changed his affection into indifference.

"I am but one of many items in his daily account of events, of pleasures, and of cares. I have striven—how earnestly only He who made me knows—to make myself necessary to his happiness, but in vain. Is it my fate never to retain affection? It was easy to recover from the mortification occasioned by the fickleness of a shallow, ignoble nature. But when a man like this withdraws his regard, there must be some grievous fault in me." She was still crouched behind the flowery screen, her hands loosely clasped, her eyes cast down, and the unbent lines of the proud mouth indicative of listless wretchedness, when Mrs. Venable, who had gone out immediately after breakfast, ran up the steps with blanched face and quivering lips.

"The Lord have mercy upon our doomed city!" she cried, bursting into tears, as she saw her sister. "This fills up the cup of our woes, is the climax of our calamities!"

"What is it?" said Bertha, startled out of her apathy.

"Haven't you heard the alarm-bells, and seen the people rushing by? The floor of the court-room at the capitol has fallen in, and a large number of men—some say hundreds—were killed instantly. They were digging them from under the ruins as I came by. You

know the decision in the mayoralty case was to be given—Bertha, don't scream! We must keep the news from mother at all hazards. Child, where are you going?"

Bertha tore herself loose from the grasp of the terrified woman—more terrified by her sister's behavior and the wild glare of her eye than by the calamity she had described—sprang past her, and was in the street before the other could ask another question or summon help to detain her.

The sidewalks were thronged when she gained the lower end of the street, where it ran into the Capitol Square. Swift, breathless pedestrians—men, women, and children, many elegant ladies bareheaded like herself—poured in a wild current into the inclosure, filled every avenue, were driven upon the turf by lines of carriages, hurrying hither and thither at the bidding of friends and physicians. The vehicles leaving the square contained bleeding forms supported by attendants; some motionless and prone, covered with dust and gore; not a few embraced by weeping women, whose lamentations rent the ears of the spectators. But the main tide set steadily toward the majestic building, for eighty years the city's pride, nevermore to be named without a shudder by those who visited it on that direful day. Through the multitude, when she could open the close ranks; with it, when she could not; the wife pressed on in frenzied haste, seeing nothing but the lofty walls ahead of her, hearing nothing save the ringing of Ellen's lightly-spoken words in her tortured brain: "What if you were to come to some awfully sudden end!" "And he did not kiss me!" repeated the half-crazed creature, again and again, whether aloud or inwardly she did not know.

She gained the goal, the centre of fearful interest to all, the railed space guarded by the police, a semicircle of turf directly beneath the gaping windows, through which were visible the torn walls and splintered beams. A dozen shapes were stretched upon the sward, gray with dust, dripping with blood. Knots of men were sponging the hideous disguise from features otherwise unrecognizable; straightening into decent, stark composure distorted limbs prior to the removal of the lifeless bodies of those who had been killed instantly; and, just as Bertha, clutching the railing for support, leaned over it to search with her own eyes for the one remembered form she beheld in imagination wherever she gazed, four attendants rolled up in a strip of carpeting, ripped from the fallen flooring, something crushed out of all semblance of humanity.

"Here comes another!" murmured the throng—the horrified sigh that heralded the appearance of each new victim.

A stalwart figure was borne down the steps, lain tenderly upon the grass. His hair was matted over his forehead, his sweeping beard

hoary with the impalpable powder that had proved the agent of death to many, and on his breast a spot of brighter color attracted instant and pitying notice—so incongruous was it with the horrors of the scene—a bruised cluster of yellow flowers clinging to the lapel of his coat.

"My husband! Oh! let me have him!"

In the midst of the tumult about her the wild cry was heard by comparatively few. But, when she would have bowed to pass under the low rail, that she might the sooner reach the inanimate form, a firm hand was laid upon her shoulder. She tried to shake it off, without withdrawing her eyes from the sight that had maddened her; struggled in the hold of the supposed policeman like a savage thing in a net.

"I tell you it is my husband! I love him better than anything else in the world! You have no right to keep me from him! You shall not!" she panted. "For the love of mercy let me go!"

An arm was wound about her waist, a cheek laid to hers. "Bertha, darling wife!"

"Drive this way!" called a policeman to the driver of a passing hack. "A lady has fainted."

She was lifted into the carriage by the sympathizing officer and a tall gentleman with a full brown beard touched with silver, and a spray of wall-flowers in his button-hole.

"Poor thing! she must have recognized a friend among the wounded," said those near her, and straightway forgot the trifling incident in the new horror of the next instant.

"I met Burruss on the capitol steps," Robert Dent explained to his wife, when her sisters, having seen her recover from her long and death-like swoon, and heard Robert's brief statement of the cause of her indisposition, considerably withdrew, leaving her lying, pale and happy, in her husband's arms. "He told me that the court-room was crowded to excess, so that he doubted the possibility of our finding standing-places, much less seats. The day was so warm that after a minute's deliberation we abandoned the thought of going in, and I suggested, instead, that we should pass the time that must intervene before we could learn the decision in visiting other portions of the building. We were in the central hall, looking at the statue of Washington, when the crash came, and immediately lent our aid in removing the rubbish, and extricating the injured. I was upon the steps, having just assisted in carrying out a wounded man, when the gleam of your uncovered hair, and the flutter of your white dress on the outside of the rail, caught my eye, and I hastened around to you."

For two days, from sunrise to sunset, the throbbing of the funeral bells was the audible pulsation of the city's mighty heart of woe, and the mourners went about the streets. What was yesterday the busy mart of trade was de-

sented, and from every closed door floated a sable pennon below the placard :—

"Closed on account of the calamity at the capitol."

Of the grief of desolated homes, the secrets of stricken hearts, the bewilderment and distress of the oft-smitten town—robbed in one little hour of nearly three-score of her noblest sons—it is not the province of so light a pen as mine to write. Turn we rather to the holy calm of the Sabbath evening succeeding the disaster, when hand in hand husband and wife, in truth as in name, sat upon the balcony under the stars, listening to the requiem of the river, breathing the incense of wall-flowers; and, when the fulness of their souls allowed them to speak, talking softly of past mistakes, of present content, of the future, which should be as the present and even more abundant.

"Yet I could wish, for your sake, that I were younger in years, as young as I am in heart," said Robert, regretfully.

Bertha's answer was to kiss the luxuriant locks massed above the broad forehead. "Beautiful hair!" she added, caressingly. "It is a crown of glory in my sight, because it is you who wear it."

MUTUAL BLINDNESS.

BY C. A. C. H.

ONE there is who loves me—
Ah! the blissful thought—
One there is who proves me,
And finds me lacking naught.
Blinded is his vision,
To imperfections all,
I pray the scales may never
From those dear eyes fall.
Time's relentless finger
Touches brow and hair;
"Above the rest," he fondly quotes,
"I count ripe beauty rare."
Pain and cruel sorrow
Blanches lip and cheek;
But "the heart is gentler,
And the soul more meek."
Old Care hath marked his furrows
Where once white dimples hid,
And youth's fire flashes faintly
Beneath a drooping lid;
But instead he seeth
"A mind's strong steady light,
Shining far and clearly,
A star amid the night."
Oh! blinded is his vision
To imperfections all:
I pray the scales may never
From those dear eyes fall;
For the one who loves me
To other gives no thought,
And the one who proves me
Is proved, and lacketh naught.

THE first and worst of all frauds is to cheat oneself. All sin is easy after that.—*Bailey.*

OUT OF CREATION.

BY LUCY S. CRANDELL.

"WHO'S in for a trip out of creation?" cried Tom Ferret, looking into the parlor, where a company of young people were collected.

"I am!" "I too!" "And I!" chorused half the bevvy.

"Where is it? Let's hear more about it," queried one of our number.

"Yes, Tom, pray explain," I seconded.

And the vote being unanimously carried, Tom, obedient to the demands of the people, informed us that "he was going to his grandfather's, some thirty miles from the river, over the worst road in the country, and should be delighted to have the ladies and gentlemen present accompany him. If they decided to do so, he desired to know it immediately, in order to make due arrangements. All the ladies would be expected to wear calico dresses and large hats; the gentlemen ditto."

Of course, we were in for a frolic. Accordingly the following morning a covered spring wagon, drawn by a span of bays, driven by Tom, appeared at the door. Five ladies and three gentlemen, with baskets of luncheon, were neatly packed away on seats arranged lengthwise, all ready for the start, when Tom exclaimed, in a tragical manner :—

"'Tis wrong to scold too loud, to eat too much ;

'Tis wrong to put off acting till to-morrow,
To tell a secret, or get drunk ; but such
Are naught to this, of your invention : it
Can scarce be borne, and I'll not bear it!"

"Pray, what's the matter?" inquired we.

"Matter! How can you ask? Do you not see I am alone? This wide, wide world holds not a girl that cares for me. In the name of justice, men and brethren, I demand a fair companion!"

He looked toward me, but I did not take the hint, until two or three laughingly cried :—

"There, Bess, there's a chance for you!"

Then, unwilling to be made the butt of a joke by refusing, I clambered over into the vacant seat, saying, in a stage whisper: "O girls, if it were but leap-year!"

Tom leaned toward me, ostensibly for the purpose of arranging something, but in reality to say: "Don't wait for 'leap-year,' Bess. 'All's fair in love and war,' you know."

Why I could not keep the blood out of my face at that moment is a mystery.

As we roll away from that pretty country-seat on the Hudson, I will give you a general idea of who we are. Tom Ferret, with his sisters, Belle and Mary, had invited some especial friends to spend the summer with them at Gleeland, as they christened their happy home, and I, Bess Buell, made one of the favored number.

"We'll stop for Joe Emmett, if you say so, Belle?" suggested Tom, looking back roguishly at his sister.

"I don't care."

"That means yes, by *all means*," interrupted Tom.

So we drew reins at the gate, and hailed Joe, who was enjoying a Havana under the maples, but resigned it to join us.

There was no lack of wit or dainties, so the first two hours passed swiftly. Then came the beginning of our troubles in the shape of a frightened team running away over a rocky, hilly road. Thump, thump went the wagon, then a snap.

"By George! Excuse me, ladies! but the back spring is broken, Tom, as sure as I am a sinner!" exclaimed Joe.

"Then it's *sure*, indeed. But I am glad it wasn't our necks," responded Tom, striving to check the span.

"Mercy! I *shall* die! Oh! do let me get out!"

"Please stop! I'd rather walk!"

"Now, Tom, I'll go right home if you are not more careful," and numerous like ejaculations came from the ladies within.

I saw the corners of Tom's mouth twitch, as he thought, probably, how utterly absurd all this was ten miles from the river, with the horses on a keen run.

I do not think the rest of the party realized the danger, for they were soon laughing and chatting as merry as ever. At length we came to a long hill, and before we reached the top the horses cooled down. But here another accident occurred, even more unexpected than the first. It seems the jolting opened the door at the back of the wagon, and somehow, no one really knew how, two of the young ladies were unceremoniously precipitated to the ground, while Tom, unconscious of the mishap, drove on without them. A general alarm was given, and the two heroines rescued and reconducted to their seats.

After ascertaining they were not seriously injured, Tom gravely remarked: "Girls, I am really surprised. Are you not aware it is unladylike thus to take French leave of a company?"

It was a hard ride with broken spring for twenty miles. "But would be worse if it were both," as Joe philosophically informed us.

After jogging along for five hours, we found ourselves tired out, and at the foot of a steep mountainous road. "Oh, dear! dear! Tom, when will we get there?" I asked, pettishly.

"Bess, my love, I know 'from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;' then, oh! what a wealth of affection must be stored away for me, when you thus freely confess I am so dear to you. I presume we will get there before to-morrow morning if nothing happens, *dearest*."

Of course, I was provoked, and he supremely indifferent to the fact.

"Now, ladies, you will oblige me by not

leaving the wagon while we are going up hill, as it is hard for the horses to stop in so steep a place." Having delivered these injunctions, the ascent was begun.

What a road it was; rough, stony, crooked! The girls obeyed orders, so far as not falling out was concerned; but, as we rattled over one of the ruts, down came the impromptu seats with a crash, depositing the ladies and gentlemen on the bottom of the conveyance in a manner that defies description. After much screaming, scolding, etc., they became reconciled to their change of base, and ended with a good laugh.

In the course of time we reached level ground, and the view from thence was of sufficient beauty and extent to repay us for our former tribulations. To the right stretched a picturesque country, having for the background the misty Catskills, which rose like huge banks of cumulous clouds against a clear blue sky. The "Mountain House" could be seen with the naked eye as a white speck, but with our field glass we could distinguish the pillars in front. Half an hour later we were collected at "grandfather's." Tom led the way into the large sitting-room, where "grandmother" was knitting.

"I've brought you a herd of *dear* to keep a day or so, grandmother," was Tom's mode of introduction.

The old lady raised her hands in amazement, as we ranged ourselves in a semicircle before her, and, looking over her spectacles, ejaculated: "Stars and garters, child! who be these?"

Belle and Mary came to the rescue with kisses and laughter. Just then Aunt Rachel entered, a good, whole-souled woman of some forty years. We were duly introduced and made welcome.

Then Tom, in his self-appointed capacity of spokesman, said: "Now, aunt, we do not desire to be regarded as company. We are in for a good time, and you must treat us as home folks."

"Then out with you, and put up them horses," laughed the good lady, seizing the broom by way of emphasis.

Tom obeyed with alacrity.

We spent a gay evening. The bread, butter, cheese, cake, berries, root beer, and milk were *tip top*, as Joe declared at least a dozen times. We joked until grandmother and Aunt Rachel laughed so heartily that the tears ran down their cheeks, and every few moments one or the other would exclaim: "Sakes alive! what ails them young un's?" "Massy on us!" "Did you ever hear the like?" "La! me!" and other provincial phrases, that only seemed to increase our mirth.

In the course of the evening Tom had a few private words with his aunt, and I knew by their conduct it regarded me. Of course, I was not a little curious to know their purport.

The next morning all but Tom and I went out berrying after breakfast. I remained with the old lady, reading the Bible to her, or listening while she told me of numberless infallible recipes. I remember but three, of which I will give you the benefit. For sweating off a cold, bringing out smallpox, measles, etc.: Take potatoes, boil, put them in bags (woollen preferable), then crush them sufficiently to allow the steam to escape, put them around the patient as hot as they can be borne, cover up, and in a very short time he will be in a good perspiration. For bilious colic, often considered incurable, a tea made of "lilac" leaves is a specific. For neuralgia: Take the root of "golden rod," wash, cut into small pieces, fill a bottle, then add of best Holland gin as much as it will contain; shake well, and drink a wineglassful several times a day. Reader, I give you the same advice the old lady gave me: "Don't forget these, for they may be of use to others, if they are not to you."

By and by Tom looked in at the door, and informed me he had found a patch of extra blackberries, which he wanted me to assist in gathering. As they were in the meadow near by, I complied. We picked and chatted carelessly some time, when suddenly we were startled by hearing a clear, sharp rattle—it seemed just under our feet—and we retreated precipitately.

"Hallo! that sounds like a rattlesnake," said Tom.

We listened and again heard it.

"O Tom, come! *Do come!*" I cried, starting towards the house.

"I'm going to thrash it out and kill it," replied he, coolly, seizing a stick.

I grasped his arm, entreating: "Oh, don't, Tom! *Please don't!*"

He looked down into my face with a half-questioning, half-wistful expression. "Why?" he asked.

"Because I am afraid you'll get bitten."

"Well, suppose I am? It wouldn't make any difference with you, would it?"

Woman like I dropped his arm, turned away, and replied, indifferently: "Oh! certainly not, but it might put your *aunt* to some slight inconvenience." Then, taking my little pail, I walked with dignity towards the house, although I could have run and screamed with the utmost sincerity. I heard Tom thrashing the bushes, then the fierce rattles, and prayed inwardly for "the one I left behind me." I had scarcely removed my things when Tom entered, holding the dead snake across his stick. It was nearly four feet long, and had eleven rattles.

Aunt Rachel was profuse in her praises, and declared they owed him a cow, as that snake, she believed, had been the death of two. Grandfather and uncle, who presently entered, were equally satisfied with the result of Tom's berrying. The rest of our party returned with

heaping baskets, scratched hands, and stained dresses. After another evening of merry-making, we started back to Gleeland.

As Aunt Rachel bid me good-by, she whispered: "You'll get a good boy, child. He told me all about it, and I love you already. Good-by, dear!" and, before I could recover from my surprise, we were far down the road.

This then was what Tom had told her, and there he sat as complacent as if not guilty of a falsehood. I had little to say to him on our ride home. My answers to his questions were brief and cutting. I lavished my attentions on a gentleman from the city, and Tom soon became equally entertaining to the lady who sat behind him. At length we reached Mr. Ferret's.

As we were going to the parlors after tea, Tom met me in the hall, and drew my hand within his arm, saying: "I wish to see you alone for a few minutes."

"Indeed! Well, suppose I do not wish to be seen?"

"Then please make your objections where they will not be overheard," and, before I had realized where we were going, he had hurried me out on the lawn.

"Well, what do you wish?" I inquired, stopping.

"I wish you to go where we cannot be watched or interrupted, and beg you will not refuse," he answered.

So we walked on to a little summer-house at the end of a grove. There I withdrew my hand, and demanded the meaning of this strange conduct.

"I want to know why you have treated me so cool all day. I could stand it no longer!" He spoke as if it was a great effort.

"Because I do not wish you to be able to misconstrue my conduct, and misrepresent our friendship to others as you have to your Aunt Rachel," I replied, haughtily.

"Bess, I have done nothing of the kind. I simply told aunt that—that—well, I told her you was my sweetheart, and, Bess, you *do* love me!" he exclaimed, imploringly, striving to secure my hand.

"Indeed! It is well I ascertained so important a fact," I rejoined, scornfully.

"Bess, Bess! for Heaven's sake don't play the flirt with me!" he cried, passionately. "You know that I love you—that existence would be a blank without you—that!"

But I need not repeat the old story of a woman's yielding to the blind god, and joyfully giving up a life of careless freedom. Suffice it to say not long after we sent wedding-cards "out of creation" to Aunt Rachel and the rest.

OF all the duties, the love of truth, with faith and constancy in it, ranks first and highest. Truth is God. To love God and to love truth are one and the same.—*Silvio Pellico.*

THREE YEARS; OR, ERNESTINE'S WAITING.

BY KATE D. WHITING.

UNUSUAL bustle and excitement had preceded examination day at the high school in one of our flourishing New England villages; and many hearts beat gladly at its close, for the much dreaded ordeal had proved a complete success, and committee and visitors alike joined in praise of the improvement made by the pupils, and the competence and thorough manner displayed by their instructors.

It was now six o'clock. The last lingering scholar had disappeared, and Miss Ernestine Foord gave a little sigh of relief as she entered the recitation room to replace some books, after which, taking down hat and shawl from their hanging place, she proceeded to arrange them in an absent, abstracted manner. A low rap caused her to start involuntarily, and, glancing up, she beheld Mr. Thurston, the principal, standing in the doorway—hat in hand—his keen black eyes fixed full upon her.

"Pardon me if I have interrupted you, Miss Ernestine," he said, with a grave bow and in a respectful voice, "but having searched for you below and in the school-room without success, I supposed you must be here. You may wonder why I was so desirous to find you, but I think you know, Miss Foord, that this is my last term of teaching, and as our acquaintance has been so pleasant, I could not resist the temptation of asking permission to be your companion in your walk to-night, if it is not presuming too much?"

What reply could she make to this request? Usually she chose the little footpath across the fields to her boarding-place—it was so much cooler and far more pleasant than the dusty street—and often she lingered to gather flowers, or to rest beneath the shade of the apple trees. I think she half regretted his intrusion, and would have preferred that her last walk there, for some time, should be shared by none. Beside, would it not cause comment and remark, should she be seen in his company? They had never met—this Maynard Thurston and herself—until the summer they had taught together in the school-room, and though many vague rumors had been circulated, yet she knew more of his history and life probably than any other person in the village. He had been reckless, dissipated, and what is generally termed fast, when a younger man; but it was said that he had repented his youthful folly, and was endeavoring to reform, which she sincerely hoped was true. Still, when the announcement reached her that he was to take the place of the former teacher—an old white-haired man, whom she had loved and respected much as she would a father, and whose sudden death she had deeply mourned—Ernestine decided to be polite, but distant and reserved in her

daily intercourse with him, and had well performed her part; while he treated her kindly, was grave and respectful, and, as time wore on, ever caring for her comfort, warding off everything which he possibly could with consistency, that was disagreeable in their school life, and—she sometimes almost resentfully thought—appearing to look upon her as a child, yet doing all so quietly and unobtrusively, that imperceptibly, notwithstanding all his past unworthiness, she was fast learning to esteem and respect him. She felt that he might become a very superior man, with his great abilities and fine education. More than once she had found herself thinking what a noble, intellectual face he possessed, and grew more and more confident that he really desired to lead a different life. But with all this, she retained her coldly uncordial manner, which had become habitual, and he had no reason to conclude, from her demeanor, that she gave him a thought. Had he preferred this request at any other time she would undoubtedly have refused him, but now that he was so soon to leave, she felt she ought not to decline so simple a favor, after the goodwill he had invariably manifested toward herself. So they walked forth together, and thinking they were about to part and might never meet again, she and this man, who had, in spite of all her firm resolves, so interested her, Ernestine unbent from her reserve, and exerted herself to be entertaining.

But very few are gifted with such rare conversational powers as this young girl possessed; yet she knew it not, and it did not occur to her how attractive she could become; for, although having an individuality and earnestness of manner seldom found in one of her years, she was as innocent and modest as a child; a charming freshness pervading every thought and motion. With a pure, pale face, and large dark eyes, she was fine looking rather than handsome. But when the fair face was lighted with enthusiasm, as Mr. Thurston, himself unobserved, had often seen it, or glowed with the light of some deep thought or tender feeling, then she became beautiful.

He had learned to love her all too soon, with a sincerity and depth which would not lightly be effaced; but knowing how instinctively she shrank from everything wicked and impure, had determined to go away with that great love unspoken; yet long since he had resolved to become a better man, and was now reaping the bitter return which all who slight God's holy laws must ever do; and deeply did he repent the course pursued by himself in youth and early manhood.

Is it any wonder that, as he listened to the sweet voice and gazed on the animated countenance of his companion, he forgot the stern resolve he had made, and thought only of the long, dreary road his already weary feet must tread if she could not be induced to return his

love; forgot everything at last but the passion that had enthralled his whole being, until his hitherto well-guarded secret found utterance, and words of long-repressed love escaped his lips before he was aware. With quick and rapid vehemence he poured them forth, giving his deeply pained and surprised listener no chance to reply.

"O Ernestine, Ernestine Foord! do you know that I love you? Every glance of your eye, every tone of your voice is dear to me. Do not turn your face away; do not leave me! I know that I have been a dissipated, unprincipled man, but I have suffered so much, so very much, for the evil doings of former years. You can never know, with your calm, unsullied life, what a proud nature like mine must endure if once fallen from honor and rectitude. My remorse and shame have been terrible. Every pleasure that others enjoyed was gall and bitterness to me. When at length I met you, came the hardest trial of all; how I regretted the blind folly that deprived me of even a chance to win you. Ernestine, you little know how this love has grown beyond my control. I cannot, will not give you up; you must be mine!" Then, after a pause, he said, more calmly: "Forgive me, Ernestine, for the rash and hasty words I have spoken! yet, if you could but return my affection, if you could like me just a little, I would wait years, I would be patient under every difficulty if finally I might hope you would become my wife."

He paused again, and, pale with agitation, paced to and fro with short but rapid strides; while Ernestine stood motionless, unable to speak a word. When, after what to her seemed a long time he returned, all trace of excitement had disappeared, and in a voice whose sadness thrilled to her heart and brought the tears unbidden to her eyes, he said:—

"Miss Foord, I have been insane to talk to you in the manner I have. I am very sorry, and you must forget it, if you can. It was wrong, very wrong for me to think of accompanying you to-night, but I thought I could not part so formally and coldly. It was your pleasant way and gentle words that disarmed me, and caused me to forget what was your due. You have always been so distant that I could not know your kindness would thus betray me. I shall always think of you as of some bright, lost treasure, and endeavor to hide my misery from all prying eyes. But can I trust myself with all that could make life beautiful, vanished forever, nothing to hope or to labor for? I have many misgivings, and it matters not much, I suppose, what becomes of such as I. May your life-path be happier than will be mine, and I beg you not to let any thoughts of the presumptuous person who stands before you cause you annoyance. Good-

Miss Foord, we shall probably never behold each other again; but, whatever may happen,

remember no blame can attach to you." He turned to depart.

"Do not go!" she said, laying a trembling, detaining hand upon his arm. "I know not how best to express in words what I wish to communicate; but Mr. Thurston, I cannot let you return to wrong doing, if act of mine may prevent; for long have I hoped and wished that you might become a true, good man, such as I firmly believe you are capable of becoming. Soon after meeting you I learned to respect and admire your many good qualities, and to regret all that has been dark and unworthy in your past career. I do not love you, Mr. Thurston; yet I would do much to save you, so much that, if you care for me as you assert, and the knowledge that one at least is waiting and praying for you, and is sincerely interested in your welfare, can aid and cheer you in your future endeavors, I will promise to become that one. Return to me three years from this day a reformed, noble man, and I pledge myself to wait for you; and, if at the expiration of that time you still wish it, to become your wife. Meanwhile we must part, and we both shall find more than enough to occupy us in the interim, for the world is full of work."

Do you think such words unmaidenly? You would not could you have seen that tearful, upturned face and read the pity in those dark eyes. For years she had, in the depths of her earnest, enthusiastic nature, longed for some great, good work to perform; and she had often thought, should the opportunity ever be granted her, she would not shrink from it or be found wanting, even though at the risk of much personal feeling and discomfort. When at last it was within her very grasp, could she let it elude her? No, oh, no! She felt that she could not, when, in so doing, she might save the moral life and soul of this man. Then, again, could she let the great love, which she knew to be real, pass away from her forever, when, since left an orphan in early youth, she had been hungering and craving for love?

Having been left with a competence, she might have lived without labor, but it did not suit her aspiring mind to remain idle, so, after spending a portion of her small fortune in acquiring an education, she commenced teaching; but although loved and respected by parents and pupils alike, there were times when she felt sadly alone, and yearned for the love which only near relationship can give, and she had neither brother or sister to lavish her love upon, or to be loved by them in return.

What thought Maynard Thurston of her words? It was very evident they had affected him deeply. She seemed like some good spirit holding out a helping hand in his hour of sorest need, and his voice had not its usual clearness when he spoke.

"Ernestine, I hope you will not think me too selfish and unmanly if I accept your generous

proposal. Believe me, I would never for a moment entertain the thought, did not something within tell me you were intended as the companion of my life, and that if I give you up I am lost irrevocably. So, calling upon God to witness my vow, I promise to retrieve all my former life as far as possible, and to return three years from this date, such a man as you need not be ashamed to recognize; and if a whole lifetime spent in your service can repay you for your sacrifice, then will you gain your reward." Drawing a plain gold ring from his little finger, he slipped it upon one of hers. "You need not fear to keep this, for it was my mother's, and placed upon my finger by her own hand. I would have you wear it as a connecting link between us; perhaps when you look upon it you will think of me, and, Ernestine Foord, if I find this ring upon your finger when I return, I shall hold you to your promise, and ask you to become mine. May choicest blessings surround you, and now let us close what I fear has been to you a most unpleasant affair, but to me, how inspiring, how pleasant have been your precious words." Pressing the little hand closely in his for a moment, he gazed earnestly into her face, as if to stamp every one of those loved features upon his memory, spoke a low "good-by," and was gone; while she sunk down upon the grass and commenced to cry softly. Yet she did not regret the promise she had made, and as she gazed upon the ring, silently prayed to be directed and guided aright in the new duty assumed.

When the next term commenced, a new principal had been engaged to take the place left vacant by Mr. Thurston's departure. A middle-aged man, with a wife and family. He was politely indifferent to Ernestine, and she soon felt he would not in the least care what befell her, provided he was enabled to retain his situation.

Sadly, indeed, did she miss the kind advice and cheering words of her old friend, the good man who had died, and still more did she feel the loss of Mr. Thurston's unobtrusive care. She had not known the extent of his assistance until left so entirely to rely upon herself, and remembered, with regret, how coldly she had always returned his kindness; but one glance at the golden circlet upon her finger would remind her of all that had transpired in that last meeting, and even she felt he was more than repaid. As time advanced it only increased her determination to remain true to her promise, and she trusted in his faith entirely. Convinced that he would yet rise from the mass, and attain an exalted position among his fellow-men, she, who was to become his wife, must be learned and accomplished.

Mr. Thurston's father was aristocratic and wealthy, and had been very proud of his gifted

boy; until, from much indulgences and the evil influence of wicked companions, he was led far astray, when, with bitter anger, he had cast him forth from his house, and declared he would no longer call him son. If he reformed, she felt certain his father would gladly become reconciled again. So she studied as diligently as any of her pupils, took lessons in music, and sought to improve and cultivate her mind in every way possible.

Thus passed the glowing, flower-crowned summer months; the tinted, sombre-browed autumn; and the long winter, with its frosty magic, its ice, and snow. Only thrice in all that lengthy time did she hear aught of Maynard Thurston; but the tidings were such as filled her heart with a glad thankfulness, and caused her to redouble her own efforts that she might progress equally with him.

He had returned to the profession for which he had studied formerly, that of a physician, and already had he become popular; his name being spoken with reverence and affection by the poor, with respect and admiration by the wealthy and powerful. His influence was used to help the cause of justice, and his wealth relieved the wants of the afflicted and poverty-oppressed. His father had reinstated him in his favor, and, as he was growing aged, relied upon him very much.

Time progressed, and Ernestine had passed her twentieth birthday. Up to this period her health had been good, and she was already anticipating the time when he would seek her, for still did she believe in his love and promises with her whole heart. Strange as it may appear, not one thought did she ever give to his being unfaithful; and, feeling that she ought to endeavor to return his affection as much as possible, she strove to cherish his memory more and more. But now she gradually began to experience a sensation of weariness and lassitude. Her school duties, for the first time, appeared irksome, and her usual buoyant spirits seemed deserting her. People said she was undermining her health by such close attention to study, and, doubtless, that was the cause of much; but there was another cause, and, although too proud to complain, it had annoyed her seriously. She had been obliged to bear the malice and ill-will of Mr. Gregory, the principal of the school, ever since an unlucky report had been circulated that "Miss Foord is far more capable, or is considered so by many, of conducting the school than he is." And, perhaps, the knowledge that there was too much of truth in the assertion caused him to cherish his hatred against her all the more.

She bore his persecutions for a brief season; but they daily increased, and, at last, she grew so ill that she determined to decline taking her situation for another term. Fortunately the vacation was near at hand, and she had received a very urgent invitation from a cousin

in New York to spend the remainder of the winter with her. Ernestine had not met this relative for many years; but, when quite young, they had been much attached, and since had corresponded, though somewhat irregularly. With a grateful heart that she was thus so kindly remembered, she perused the missive she had received. A portion of it we give for the benefit of the reader:—

"Is it not too shameful that I have not once seen your dear face since removing here, darling cousin? But I shall retain you all the longer when I once get you under my control, for you will find that my orders are not to be lightly disobeyed. Seriously, my dear Ernestine, you must give up your school and come to us; for I can tell from the tenor of your letters—what a person less interested in your welfare could not, perhaps—that you are tired, and worn out with your many duties, and need a rest. No wonder that you have at last succumbed under the pressure of so much weight! You ought not to have undertaken so much study with all your other tasks. Pray, were you not sufficiently educated before? I am sure I used to think you a prodigy of wisdom and learning long ago. You are not to look at a book while here, remember! Now, do not fail to come, for I want your company much. I would not confess to every one what I am about to confide to you; but, Ernestine, though I have many friends, and acquaintances, and plenty of this world's goods, I am often lonely, and would give much to see an old familiar face. Had God seen fit to bestow children upon me, there would have been no void in my life, and perfect happiness would now be mine. Yet I do not murmur, for I know it is best and right; but you can perceive by this how much I need and want you. I must now bring this rambling epistle to a close. The carriage will be at the depot for you one week from this, and you cannot be so cruel as to allow it to return empty."

More was written, but the rest we will leave unread. Ernestine sent in her resignation, and decided to go, for she felt it was the very thing needed. Preparations were forthwith commenced, and she had now only to take leave of her pupils and friends before starting. This was her hardest task, as they one and all urged her to remain, and the School Committee offered to increase her salary as an inducement; but, when she pleaded ill-health and want of rest, they withdrew all opposition, trying, however, to stipulate that she would return to them again some time. At last, amid the best wishes of all—for not one but loved and respected her highly, if we except the principal and his wife—she departed. She could but feel regret and pain in saying "good-by," for her association with them had been harmonious and pleasant.

Passing over the next month, we find her an inmate of her cousin's house. Mr. Granby was very wealthy, and both he and his wife were refined, cultivated people, and moved in a very select social circle. Very soon, under her relatives' kind care, Ernestine regained her lost energies. Fairer and lovelier than ever before

she seemed in this new home, where she was surrounded by everything that was elegant and beautiful, where all her wishes and tastes were studied carefully. If she enjoyed these advantages, who can blame her, for they surely became her wondrously. Introduced and accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Granby, she was much appreciated and admired. Her rare grace and accomplishments shone forth pre-eminent, and she now found that her long toiling and study had not been in vain. Many learned persons who conversed with the "country school-teacher" left her side astonished to hear so young a person converse understandingly on subjects that generally are considered beyond the range of even a well-educated lady.

She was acknowledged to be the queen in the high circle in which she moved, and it would certainly not have been strange had so much flattery and adulation turned that wise little head, but it did not. She listened to their honeyed words, and received their homage with careless indifference; yet ever mindful of others' feelings, and striving hard to avoid giving pain to any one. In vain did Mr. Granby and his wife, with playful raillery, call her the "little old maid." She only laughed and shook her head in reply. I am afraid that more than once these kind friends felt almost provoked with her as she again and again refused what they considered very advantageous offers of marriage.

"I would scold you severely, you naughty child, if it would do any good. What measures can we take, Ralph, to prevent her from leading a life of single blessedness?" Mrs. Granby said, despairingly, after one of these oft-recurring occasions.

"Oh! don't fret, Isabel, dear. It will be all right yet, I trust, only she must not forget the old saying—what is it?—'taking up with a crooked stick at last.' How is that, Ernie?" roguishly.

And with all this did Ernestine remain true to her old promise? Yes, and more earnestly than formerly did she pray for his welfare, and oftener was he in her thoughts as the appointed time drew near. She had only found out by mingling with the world how much she had learned to love Maynard Thurston. Of all who sought her hand, she found not one that seemed to equal him in manly grace and beauty; not one whom she could love as she would wish to the man with whom she must journey through life; and as she felt she could love him, freed from his former transgressions, as she fully believed he now was. Often did she hear his name spoken by her friends, accompanied with such words of praise as are only awarded men of superior minds and high endowments; and not one among them all knew how her heart throbbed with joy, and her face beamed with gladness, as she listened in silence.

But about this time she became anxious, and

was prone to give way to doubts and fears. Would he remain true to her throughout the whole of that long separation? That he had loved her truly and well she did not doubt, but there had been changes. He had lived among other scenes, and must have become acquainted with many ladies beside whom she would appear plain and insignificant. She had lost none of her olden modesty, you perceive. Perhaps he had found the love he had given her was not the one love of his life, as he at that time believed. She could but wait the issue as patiently as possible, feeling that she ought not to let such thoughts disturb her peace of mind. That he had, more than a year ago, given up his many duties, and put every other claim aside, to accompany his father, whose health was failing, on a tour throughout the Southern States, she well knew; and now she learned that he was soon to return to New York, the scene of his former labors.

It was at a festive gathering that the next tidings reached her. The lofty parlors were filled with an aristocratic and richly-dressed throng; and Ernestine had just left the grand piano, and was being led away amid a low murmur of praise at her splendid performance, when she heard words spoken that attracted her attention, and irresistibly drew her toward the group, of whom the speaker was the centre. There in the very hour of her triumph fell the blow that blasted all her hopes, and that she felt would more or less sadden her whole life. Amid the buzz of voices around, the following conversation was wafted but too distinctly to her ear:—

"Can any reliance be placed upon the assertion that Doctor Thurston is really coming home at last?"

"Yes, it is certainly correct. Papa heard it from an intimate friend of Doctor Thurston's, and do you know that his bride is to accompany him? She is young, and handsome, and very much attached to her *nonpareil* husband. I think it a shame that he should appear such an iceberg among the ladies here, and go off there to select a wife at last; now, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed, that I do, and, for one, don't much admire his taste!" was returned, in a serio-comic tone.

"Such a splendid man ought not to throw himself away upon a little Southern beauty," said a third.

"I am sorry for your disappointment, young ladies, but you must let us console you for your great and undeserved loss," laughed one of the gentlemen who had listened to their remarks.

Gay retorts followed from the ladies, but Ernestine heard nothing farther. How little all this meant to those merry jesters, and how very much to her! A faint dizziness oppressed her, and for a moment blinded and almost overcame her; then she struggled for her composure,

and realized that she must escape from the room as quickly as possible, and pressed eagerly forward in her endeavors to do so. Many noticed the pallor of her face and her uncertain movements; for she was always much observed, and her altered appearance could but cause comment. Fortunately they all attributed the cause to faintness, arising from the heat and crowded state of the rooms; and Mr. Granby, on whose arm she was leaning, helped to deepen the impression by exclaiming, in an alarmed voice:—

"Why, Ernie, are you ill? How white your face is! no marvel either, with so much confusion and such a temperature as this! No, thank you! she needs no assistance, she will soon be better," he explained to those who crowded around, and finally succeeded in reaching the cloak-room with his charge, where he seated her carefully, and lowered one of the windows that the fresh air might blow upon her face.

"Thank you, cousin! I am very sorry to cause you so much trouble," she said, as he handed her a glass of water.

Mrs. Granby now entered the room and hastened to her side. "Do you feel better, dear Ernie? I was so frightened when I heard you were ill."

"Much better, thank you! But would you object to returning home thus early, Isabel, for I cannot return again to the drawing-room to-night?"

Those pleading eyes were sufficient to cause Mrs. Granby to order the carriage had she not quickly perceived that something more than mere faintness had caused that strange, unnatural paleness on the face of her young relative, and though she could not even surmise its meaning, with considerate kindness, she asked no questions, but did everything possible to make her comfortable.

"Dear Isabel, how can I ever repay one-half your kindness?" was sadly whispered in her ear, as they stood in the vestibule, after an almost silent ride home. A warm kiss was her cousin's only reply.

When at last alone in her own apartment, she slowly replaced the evening dress she had worn by a wrapper; unbound the pearls which had been pronounced so perfectly becoming, as they were threaded in and out among the fair hair, and sadly put them all away. Could that be her face reflected in the long mirror, and was it but a few hours before that she had listened to their praises and received the homage accorded her, thinking all the while that she could not be thankful enough that her life was being made so pleasant and happy? This face was wan and haggard; while that she had gazed upon when preparing for the party had been bright, and full of content and peace. What had caused such a change? Would she

always be thus miserable? Wearily she seated herself in a low chair; but the horrid nightmare feeling still oppressed her.

Very sad was it to see that look of suffering on so young a face. She could not weep; this girl who felt that all the beauty and gladness had departed from her life, if Maynard Thurston loved another; she knew now, as never before, what this man, whose wife she had promised to become, was to her at that moment. Kneeling down, she found voice to pray: "O Thou who art the orphan's friend, help me to lead the life which must hence be mine! Even though I may have lost his love, I thank Thee, Heavenly Father, that I was instrumental in saving him from destruction; and yet I little thought the burden would be so heavy!" the low voice was lost in the tears that now flowed freely, and the unnatural calm was broken.

Next morning, when she entered the breakfast-room, her manner was a little more quiet and her countenance a little paler than usual, that was all. She seemed cheerful, and went into society much the same as before. Soon, however, she announced her determination to return to her old occupation of teaching at the opening of the spring term, having received an urgent request to do so, and, in spite of all remonstrances, remained firm in her decision.

Very short was the time now before the three years would be ended, and she resolved, if he wished to keep the appointment, it should be at the place of their parting; he would find that she at least had proved true. She believed that he would fulfil his pledge so far as to see her on that day, after what had passed between them. Farther than this she would gladly have tried not to think, but her mind seemed to cling to the subject. Perhaps there was no foundation for the report she had listened to; such rumors often proved untrue, she reasoned; and Hope, with her winning voice, enchantingly whispered encouragement in the belief.

Rudely was she awakened at last, and, having seen with her own eyes, was forced to become convinced.

Some very fine paintings were on exhibition at one of the picture galleries in the city, and she wished to examine them very much before leaving. On the day decided upon her cousin was unexpectedly engaged and could not accompany her, so the carriage was ordered, and she went alone. Having seen and admired the paintings, she was about to retire, and had reached the ante-room, and was looking absently from one of the windows, when she was startled by hearing a clear, musical voice, which she at once recognized as that of Mr. Thurston, in earnest conversation with some person. Her back was toward them, and, although trembling, she remained quiet while

they passed into the hall. Turning towards the entrance, she commanded a view of the whole length of the gallery, and there, standing before one of the paintings, she beheld him with a young lady clad in mourning by his side. The young stranger had thrown back her veil, disclosing to view a very lovely countenance. She was leaning on his arm with careless grace, apparently much interested in what he was saying. With a deep sigh, which was almost a moan, poor Ernestine turned away. And was this then the end of her young dream of love?

A week later found her at her desk in the "old school-room," patient and kindly, but paler and thinner than of old. The days passed slowly away, scarce varying at all in their dull monotony, until at last came the one which she had but a short time ago imagined would be so eventful to her. It was Saturday, and, therefore, a holiday.

Never rose the sun on a lovelier day. Nature was glorious, and seemed as if intent on gladdening every heart with her wonderful splendors, so richly displayed. Ernestine rose early, and, after seeking Divine guidance, became strengthened and composed for the duty that lay before her. She had arranged just how she would meet him; the ring he had given her should remain upon her finger, so that he might see *she* at least had redeemed *her* promise; just long enough for that, then she would take it off and place it in his hand, after which she would turn and go quietly away. That was all. He would come; she felt he was too honorable not to tell her the exact truth, and she would thus save him all painful explanations. She could not remain quietly in-doors all that lovely morning, and remembering some exercises she had forgotten and were to be corrected for Monday's lessons, she decided to walk to the school-room and get them, before commencing any other task. In her simple white wrapper, with hat in hand, she started across the fields. The beauty and calm of this morning, when every sight and sound could but cause delight to one who appreciated Nature as did Ernestine, soothed and tranquillized her troubled heart, and her face grew serene and peaceful as she proceeded.

All too soon the school-house came in view; and, was it possible? Yes! a tall form leaned against one of the large trees in front. That form she surely recognized; it was no other than Maynard Thurston. He was gazing eagerly around, as if trying to recall every once familiar object. Involuntarily, in spite of the resolve she had formed, her hand sought the golden circlet, and half drew it from its place. "No, I have been constant; I will let it remain," she said, decidedly; "and I will meet him here and now; it will be better to have it past, then I can resume my labors once

more. After this there will be nothing to disturb them." Proudly she kept on her way, coming into sight just a moment ere she stood before him.

Mute and silent, with the sun glimmering down through the tree-tops, and resting upon her beautiful golden hair, she stood, while the pure, pale face looked exquisitely fair, and the dark eyes shone with suppressed excitement and the anguish of the coming separation. Never even to his partial eyes had she looked so lovely. Astonishment and delight played in quick succession across his expressive features.

Before she could fulfil her intention, he took both her hands in his warm grasp, and gazed in her face with eager, loving eyes. "Ernestine, Ernestine! have you no word of welcome for me?" His eyes turned from her face to the little cold hands he held, and on perceiving the ring that he had placed there still remaining—"Faithful and true! mine at last, dear Ernestine, mine at last!" he murmured, tenderly, and, drawing her close within his arms, pressed a kiss upon her forehead.

For a brief, blissful moment she forgot all but her love for him; the love that had grown and ripened through the whole of those three long years of waiting, and she clung to him as if she could not give him up. Then came the reaction. Quickly releasing herself, she turned away, and tried to regain her composure.

Could it be possible he was false? Oh! was not the love beaming from his eyes sincere and true? What if there had been some mistake, after all; yet had she not herself seen them? Still would she wait for his own lips to condemn him, and she turned again to meet his inquiring gaze, and to hear him say, in a pained and deeply anxious voice:—

"Forgive me, Ernestine, if I have been too demonstrative in my greeting, for I forgot everything but that I stood in your dear presence once more, and we have been so long parted, at least it has seemed a long time to me. You surely must have heard more than once of me in my self-imposed absence, during which I have been toiling and striving that I might stand before the world freed from every old time vice, and afraid of no man; that I might again regain the station, and, without shame, bear the honored name which was once mine. These I got back long ago, and then I struggled for fame, that I might be the more worthy of you, and, Ernestine Foord, I can stand here and truly say that I have at last achieved all this. It was hard, up-hill work at first, and more than once I should have failed, had not the thought of you and your more than generous promise inspired and sustained me. I knew you did not love me then, as such a nature as yours could love, but I felt, Ernestine, that you were the one woman in the world that I would wish to call wife, and I hoped and believed that my

love must awaken a response in your heart. Do you wonder when I learned that you were not married, and, more still, that you refused one and all, every suitor, that my heart was filled with hope? And oh, beloved! when I heard your talents spoken of, your loveliness extolled by all, you know not what a proud and happy man I was to think that you cared for and remembered me, all unworthy that I am. Can it be that I was mistaken, and am doomed to meet disappointment? Speak, Ernestine, why is it that I do not hear the sound of the dear voice for which I have listened in vain?"

Could she longer doubt him, when he had said she was the one woman he would call wife? (How sweet were those words to her wounded, sensitive heart). After that she would have staked her life upon his truth, and frank and straightforward was her explanation and atonement. Going up to him and laying both little hands in his, she said:—

"Mr. Thurston, be patient for a little time, please, and I will explain all to your satisfaction. I did learn to love you, Maynard—I love you now very dearly! and it was for this reason that I rejected even very advantageous offers. I believed in your sincerity and love, and determined to repay it by being true to you." She then told him what we already know—the reports she had heard—her doubts, her fears, and her encountering him in the gallery.

He listened with a grave, tender smile, and when she had finished, drew her once more to his arms, and said: "Poor little Ernestine! and you suffered all this for me? How can I ever repay you? First let me assure you that the young lady you saw with me was my niece, who having lately been bereaved of both parents, was left alone in the world; and when we learned this, my father and myself urged her to return with us, and have endeavored as far as possible to overcome the deep melancholy under which she has been laboring ever since the sad event. So much for the idle tale you heard, and your subsequent fear and doubt, occasioned by that thoughtless conversation. Do you know, my darling, that no other face, however beautiful, could possess the charm for me that does my own brave little Ernestine's; and I cannot tell you how grieved I am that you should have to endure so much for my sake, when I so gladly would have shielded you from the smallest ill. We will trust and hope that all such unhappiness is forever past. And now, dearest, let us talk of our future. Many times have I spoken of you to my father and the orphaned Nellie, and both are waiting, with loving hearts, to welcome you to their home."

For a long time they lingered in the shade of the old elms, living over in memory the three years that were past, and picturing, with love's

fond anticipations, the bright future that lay before them.

But we will no longer intrude. When the trees blossomed, and the air was sweet with their fragrance and that of the new-mown hay; when the bees buzzed among the clover, and the birds twittered and flitted in and out among the tree-tops, in the brightsome summer sunshine, our Ernestine became the happy wife of a true, God-fearing man, and in the long years they were permitted to enjoy together, she reaped a rich reward for all that she had suffered, and for the good work she had so well performed.

GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS IN DRAWING.

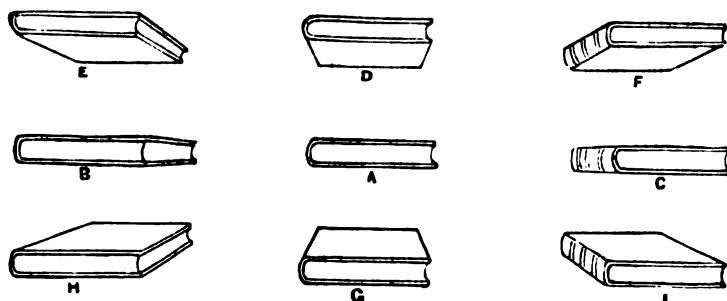
LESSON XIV.

PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

IT is important that the learner, before commencing the necessary instructions in this pleasing art, should have a correct idea of the critical meaning of the word *Perspective*, and of the purpose which it is more immediately intended to effect. Its meaning is, the exact appearance which objects assume when viewed from any

their respective positions. Therefore, one only of those objects, if truly represented exactly as they appear, can present a geometrical outline; the others will all have *perspective* outlines, presenting two or more of their sides to the view at the same time. This will be obvious after consulting the accompanying illustration, which gives a series of correct perspective representations of a thick book, which the reader is supposed to hold in her hand in various positions consecutively. If she hold it up level, with one of its edges opposite to her eye, its form and appearance will be that shown at A, in which she will see nothing but a geometrical view of that edge; if, keeping it at the same level, she move it towards the left, a second edge will come into view, as at B; if towards the right, the last-named edge will disappear, but the back of the book will be seen, as at C. If she now bring it back to the first position A, and elevate it somewhat, the front and back edges will both disappear and the lower side will be seen, as at D; by moving it at the same level towards the left, three of its surfaces will come into view, as at E, or towards the right, as at F, the lower side being in both these cases seen as well as the two edges. Let the book now be held, at G, as much below the eye as it was previously above it; its

Fig. 1.



given point or station; its purpose, the representation of such objects on a plane surface, as a sheet of drawing-paper, in exact accordance with such appearance.

In the work on Geometrical Drawing, instructions have been given how to describe squares, circles, and various other regular and irregular figures. But those instructions refer exclusively to their *geometrical* representation, as they would appear on a plane surface at right angles with the line of vision, that is, placed directly opposite to the eye. If, however, they be not exactly opposite to the eye of the spectator, they will assume different outlines, according as they may be situated above it, below it, towards the right hand, or towards the left. Now, in a view embracing a considerable number of objects, one only of those objects can be situated exactly opposite to the eye; the remainder will all be viewed more or less at an angle, according to

lower side has now disappeared, and the upper side becomes visible; and by moving it to the left (H), or to the right (I), three surfaces again become visible, as when the book was held at E and F; with this difference, that the upper side of the book is now visible instead of the lower. It will be observed that, in each of these nine positions, a comparatively slight change of position has effected a material change in the outline of the figure presented by the book; its boundary lines assuming different slopes, and different sides or edges coming into view or disappearing, according as it has been shifted upwards or downwards, to the right or to the left. The main object of perspective is to discover and apply the rules which regulate these varying slopes and inclinations of the boundary-lines of objects, by which the draughtsman may be enabled to transfer to paper a faithful delineation of them exactly as they appear.

The student is recommended to go through this simple exercise with any thick book ; taking care, as she brings it into its successive positions, and observes the outline presented, to keep her head steady, so that her eye may retain its original level and position. A writing-desk, chess-box, or any object of similar shape that may be at hand, will answer the purpose quite as well ; and by thus making her observations and exercising her thoughts upon simple and familiar objects, she will easily acquire a clear idea of the change of outline produced by a change in the position of the object relatively with the spectator. This branch of the art is denominated Linear Perspective, inasmuch as it refers exclusively to the lines which constitute the boundaries of objects and determine their form. And as form is the basis of correct drawing or painting, which determines the position and extent

which separate the pavement from the roadway, and also those lines of the pavement which run in the same direction as the curb-stones, that is, along the street, appear to draw nearer to each other as they recede from him ; and if the street be a very long one, they will approach each other so nearly as almost to meet in a point. If he look at the curb-line and other lines of pavement on the other side of the street, he will perceive in them a still greater inclination, all apparently tending towards the same point, and which point will appear to be somewhere in front of him. Turning his eye upwards, he will remark the same curious effect in the cornices of the houses ; which, with the window-sills, the tops of the railings, the lintels of the doors, and the lines of the shop-fronts, all manifest the same tendency to approach each other, and meet at some remote point at the end of the street.

Fig. 2.



of each of the various colors to be superadded to give increased effect to the form, the principles and practice of linear perspective will be first treated of ; reserving for the latter part of this section the more advanced subject of Aerial Perspective, which refers entirely to the various degrees of depth or force of color and shadow, by which various distances can be more naturally and effectively denoted than is possible by mere diminution of size, and the knowledge of which is essentially necessary in every case where it is proposed to superadd to a correct copying of natural forms, those increased effects which result from the further imitation of nature, by adopting her gradations of color and shade.

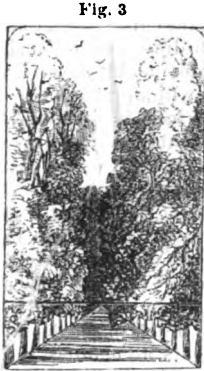
It will be obvious to any person standing at the end of a long straight street, and looking along it observantly, that the line of the curb-stones,

He will observe, further, that lines on or near the ground all point rather upwards ; those about as high as his own head are tolerably level ; while those which begin much above his head, such as the cornices and heads and sills of the upper windows, all incline downwards ; also, that the higher the latter are at any point near him, the greater is their slope downwards as they recede from him (Fig. 2.)

A similar effect may be observed by any person standing at the end of a long avenue of trees, and looking along it. The convergence of the lines of the feet of the trees, the commencement of the foliage, etc., is almost equally manifest (Fig. 3).

If, again, the observer walk on until he arrive at a crossing where the street is intersected by another street, and then cast his eye diagonally across it, so as to face the corner opposite

to that at which he makes his observations, he will perceive a totally different result. None of the lines of the first named street appear to meet in front of him, though they still manifest a tendency to approach each other, and meet in some distant point far away on one side; while those of the second street which has come into view appear all to tend towards some second point at the other side. This effect will be recognized with the aid

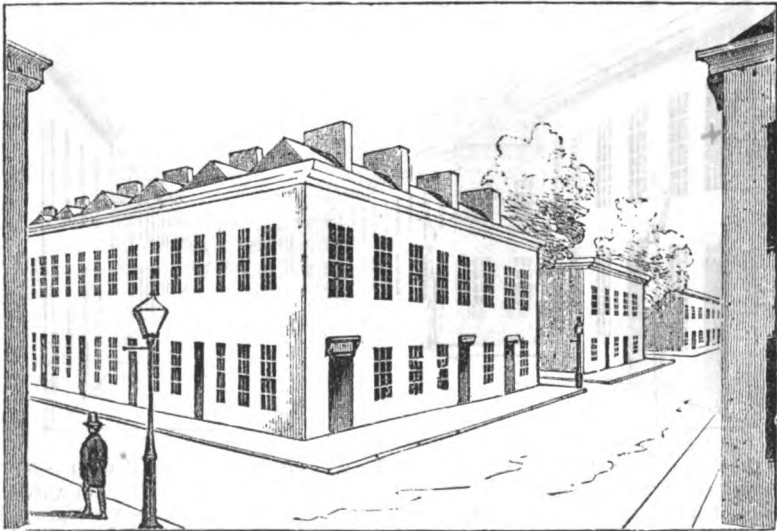


of the street view in Fig. 4. The same effect may be observed in any room. Let the learner stand at the end of an apartment, and note the direction of the lines of the ceiling, walls, and floor. She will find that those lines which are as high from the floor as her head, are level or

room are planes whose perspective appearance and form are determined by the lines at which they meet each other; and such plane surfaces will seem to converge just as lines do. In the street view (Fig. 4), for instance, the sides of the houses form such converging planes.

After lines and planes comes the consideration of solids. As planes are denoted by lines representing their external configuration, in like manner are solids denoted by planes representing the forms of their various sides. A house, a book, or other object composed of straight lines, may be looked on as a solid body whose external form is an arrangement of various planes: and the true perspective representation of such solid will be composed of perspective views of such of these planes as can be seen at once by the spectator from any given station. Thus in Fig. 1, the sides and edges of the book are planes, of which one, two, or three, according to its position with respect to the spectator, are seen in perspective at once. And as the perspective appearance of planes is changed by any change in the direction of their

Fig. 4.



horizontal; those of the ceiling, which are above it, slope downwards as they recede from her; those of the floor, which are below it, slope upwards. The degree of this slope or inclination increases near the ceiling and floor, and continues to do so till, at one part of the room, the lines assume a vertical position; thus showing that they all appear to converge towards some unknown point, though well known to be in reality parallel and horizontal.

Now, since flat or plain surfaces are bounded by lines, it follows that changes in the direction of such boundary-lines cause corresponding changes in the form of the planes which they inclose. The ceiling, floor, and the sides of the

boundary-lines, so is that of solids changed by changes in the outlines of their constituent planes. And having shown that lines and planes change their appearance according to the position from which they are viewed, it follows that the *point of view* has a corresponding effect on the outlines and appearance of solids.

BE not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you, for their censures are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern.—*Epictetus*.

CHARLIE'S WIFE.

BY CARROLL WEST.

I.

WE were disappointed in her! I may as well confess it; not only because you would soon see it, but because—with all my reserve—I am truthful, sometimes, as you know, even to harshness. Yet I did not see it myself at the very first—at least, tried to think that it was not so; that it was because I did not understand her; that she did not appear to advantage, a perfect stranger, coming into so large a family as ours, so singularly cold a family, too—I mean in its undemonstrativeness. I tried to think that it would be different by and by. But it was not, and there was no longer any use in this flimsy attempt at self-deception.

We all knew that she was not at all what we had expected, nor what we had fondly desired our Charlie's wife to be. And then her name! Everybody, even the most matter of fact, have a little imagination from which to draw their own idea of the person whose name they hear.

In Eleanor we expect a queen, and she comes a very sprite of mischief; or else a meek-faced girl who drops her "sirs" and "ma'ams" as she does her eyelids—at every sentence. Or, we look for a slender, gentle girl of seventeen, with soft brown eyes and lips of serious sweetness. In the inevitable white and blue our sense of fitness, but never our experience, tells us an Alice should appear; and, dashing aside all our fancies, is a laughing, noisy, self-assured woman of the world; with midnight hair crimped, puffed, and waterfallled, cheeks never blushing, and eyes that blaze defiance. She wears glaring colors, she is wild, *prononcé*; she drives fast horses without fear, and wins the race at skating. She can play anything on her grand piano that requires muscular force and not heart force. She can sing "Hear me, Norma," and "Robert toi que j'aime" with spirit; but her "Ah, mon fils," has no touch of mother-love, and her "Annie Laurie" might be "Irish Molly, O!" for lack of pathos.

If she had been named "Kate!" But she is not, and no one ever is named characteristically. All the "Alices" are "Kate," and the "Kates" "Alice." The "Paulines" dress our hair, and the "Clarences" stand behind our chair at dinner. Is there one quality in my name—"Mabel"—belonging to me? Am I not more of a "Mary Jane?"

And so with my sister-in-law. It was Dorcas—plain, unmitigated Dorcas! I leave it to yourself, who ever saw or thought of a "Dorcas" who was not a large, substantial woman, full of energy and common-sense, practical all the way through, thoroughly disclaiming the trickeries of dress—except they were of a good snuff color—and wearing her hair in a tight wad behind like a door-knob; and, above all, an ex-

ceedingly expert needlewoman, like her namesake of old? All of which she, Dorcas Merivale—now Mrs. Charles Edgar—was not.

We heard many pleasing things about her. But I think it a misfortune to be highly praised before one is seen. It certainly had an unfavorable effect in her case. One spoke of her varied accomplishments. She was "intelligent, bright, animated, and so conversational." Was "so unaffected, so affectionate, so charmingly frank." Another told us of the admiration and attention she received in society, so great a favorite with both ladies and gentlemen. There was general regret when it was learned her marriage would remove her from her native town. A third—our ministerial friend (you know who I mean, and how he loved her all in vain)—spoke so warmly of the affection her Sunday-School scholars bore her, and her Christian devotion and activity in every good work. A fourth—but I have said enough of our ideal impressions, and must hasten to the real. Only you know now what we expected.

Ada, you recollect, sprained her ankle just before the wedding. The position as bridesmaid, made vacant by this accident, was then offered myself. But it was simply impossible for me to leave both the care of Ada—who, as usual, was insufferable, with the lack-a-daisical airs of a novel heroine, under physical pain—and the housekeeping to servants. Nora was too inexperienced to be of use in either capacity. She therefore took the place I gladly escaped, and Ada envied.

My father, mother, and Nora fairly gone, my time at first was fully occupied with care of the house, and dancing attendance on Ada's "thousand and one" wants. When the wedding-day came, however, I did hope to have a few quiet moments to myself to think about it, but it seemed as if Ada never *would* stop talking. First, wondering about the whole ceremony—the bride's tremors, the dresses, gifts, and the breakfast—and then, which was harder to bear, sentimentalizing about the matter, talking upon a subject she has not the faintest conception of—love, true, absorbing, real, life-lasting love, not the counterfeit half the marriages are commenced with.

Not a pleasant topic for my ears, you may imagine, but I bore it patiently until she began to make it personal. Alluding to my long-ago love affair with Will Chester; arguing that there could have been no "true loving" there, or it would not have ended as it did—in his marrying some one else. I verily believe Ada would have been better pleased if I had jumped from a second-story window, and broken my neck, in an attempt to effect a runaway match with Will.

I cannot tell you all I said in my anger. She knew that it was my mother who put an end to our engagement, because Will was only a poor young lawyer; she knew of my mother's sharp,

insulting words to Will, which forever drove him from my presence! So I did not bring those points up again. But when she attacked Will, I defended his marrying Ellen Ames; though I am ashamed to say I knew I was wrong in doing so, for, if there is one sin I am positive about the "exceeding sinfulness" of, it is that of marrying one while loving another. Yet many a man, as well as woman, if they have not proved the truth of the adage "many a heart caught in the rebound," marries from the impulse of pride or temper. And, after all, do not these things work their own bitter retribution?

I said: "Will was alone in the world, and one of those warm-hearted, affectionate, domestic men who need some one to care for and protect, who need home happiness, and some one to love him above all others. And I was glad he was married—*glad as I could be*." With which remarkable piece of truthfulness, I dashed through the hall—scattering an apron-full of stockings to be darned as I went—to a dear old western oriel-window, whence I used to watch Will go down the road, and catch a welcome wave of his hand as he spied me; and where the June moonlight, six long years before, had witnessed our last fond meeting alone, and our bitter, wretched parting.

I was wicked enough to be thankful Ada was too lame to follow; and that I was at liberty to throw myself down in the window-seat, and weep as passionately as my long pent-up feelings demanded, without the aggravation of listening to her sympathetic platitudes, or—if the moral mood seized her—a sermon fitted to the occasion upon "the deadly sin" of remembering how once I had loved, and been loved, by one who was now another woman's husband. By the time I had indulged in a "real good cry," I came gradually to my senses. First—like Dickens' girl—"hated everybody, and wished everybody was dead," myself included, and then resolved to think no more nonsense; but to put all weddings—including Charlie's—out of mind, finish the stockings, read sixteen more pages of Lamartine's Girondists, and make a pudding for dinner.

Two days after father, mother, and Nora returned. From the latter came the first remark about Charlie's wedding, and the topic served for breakfast, dinner, and all hours for two days. Mother said little, except in answer to Ada. On this wise:—

"Yes, her dress *was* handsome, as it ought to have been. Moire-antique, point-lace, and pearls."

To which Ada characteristically replied: "How much prettier a simple white muslin would have been and a rosebud in her hair!"

Nora screamed with merriment. "O Ada, how primitive! I imagine you dressed in that style, and your sole bridal-gift a simple ring with 'forget-me-not' done in blue enamel."

Even our mother said: "My dear Ada!" with a *soupeçon* of contempt in her voice.

And I added, with more force than elegance: "Don't be a fool!"

"The presents were very suitable, considering that Doctor Merivale is not a man of wealth, as we supposed," sighed mamma.

Ah! thought I, the secret of the discontent lies in this—there is no money, "as we supposed."

"Mamma," cried Nora, "you call those presents only 'suitable'! They were splendid! Solid silver, real lace, exquisite jewels, ermine—everything."

"Such a display! How inelegant!" moaned Ada.

"May Heaven send me just such inelegance then when I marry," laughed Nora. "I should be satisfied with half as fine a wedding."

With an air of superiority, which effectually settles every disputed point within her jurisdiction, my mother said with severity: "Leonora, you will leave the subject. I am thoroughly weary of the whole thing. And, moreover, when my daughters marry, they will probably have weddings in every respect quite as *comme il faut* as that of a country doctor's daughter."

Papa put down his paper. You know he is a man of few words. "My dear," he said, in his deliberate tone, "be so kind as to remember that Doctor Merivale's daughter is our son's wife."

I could have patted papa on the head in approval. He can be so sensible when he chooses.

"I hope I do not need to be reminded of my duty to my son," was the stately response.

And from that time there was no farther mention of the wedding or of Charlie's wife. But the gauntlet had been picked up, for all so quietly, by my mother. She seldom forgave what my father defended.

II.

WITH a cold manner my mother handed me, about six weeks after the wedding, the few lines in which Charlie announced that they should arrive at Rocklands the following evening. Even the playful postscript, in which he said:—

"My D'or, who proves 'of gold' indeed, sends dutifully her love to her new relatives;" elicited no tender smile.

Her manner reminded me (strange that it should) of that day, that fatal day, when I, kneeling, besought her to listen to Will, because—innocent that I was to suppose *that* any reason—"because we loved each other so." It gave me a sharp pang at my heart, and an unbidden feeling of pity, akin to love, for this new sister who was coming. A feeling, I con-

fess, I did not encourage; on the contrary tried to stifle, with the heartless suggestion that I was probably wasting my sympathy; she very likely was too fashionably cold herself to shiver under our freezing process.

I picked up my keys with composure. "The maroon rooms, of course?" I asked, merely as a matter of form, as I arose.

Now, I presume the idea of that superb room and dressing-room attached, glorious in their rosewood and maroon luxuries, being used by one who, only recently, had been elevated from the position of "daughter to a country doctor, who was not as rich as we supposed," to that of "my son's wife," struck my mother as a sudden development of insanity might.

With dignity she took the keys from my hand. "Since you have no sense of the fitness of things, I myself will see that the blue room is in order. The maroon will probably be occupied by some of my guests during the winter." Majestically she sailed away, head up in the air.

Nora hummed "The Serious Family" Polka, her eyebrows curved ludicrously. And Ada said, languidly:—

"You ought to be satisfied, Mabel. Blue is so much more appropriate for a bride than maroon."

I had almost become pleased with the idea of their having that room—looking out, as did my well-loved oriel window, upon the western view and the winding carriage-road. I had fancied, with quick imagining, that she would sit watching the sunset with happy thoughts, waiting for Charlie's coming home. And I had lost sight, for a moment, of the disrespect implied in offering my brother and his wife what we all looked upon as an inferior room, when Ada's sentimentality spoiled my pleasure. If she were just such another woman as Ada, I thought, and liked the room—that room, with its to me sacred view—merely because "blue was appropriate and suited her complexion!"

The syllabub I had to whip for dessert was all the better for my wrath. When I went up to dress for dinner, the door of the blue room stood open. Not for the world would I have entered; even though I had not seen Ada attitudinizing, with her head drooping on her white hand, and her light blue eyes turned slightly heavenward, before the Psyche glass. Certainly the "blue" did suit her blonde complexion and flaxen ringlets—and she was undoubtedly very handsome in face and figure—but the sight was annoying. I was very positive that if Charlie's wife had similar hair and complexion, I should detest her. I threw open Nora's door, with the intention of deciding this important point at once; but forgot it upon seeing her devouring a pamphlet novel, seated on the floor, with her hair still in crimping-pins. I snatched the book, without looking at its title, threw it on the top of a high wardrobe,

denouncing vehemently all "such trash," and advising her to learn her French lesson if she wanted to read. She cried with anger. Declared it was "not a trashy novel; that Charlie's wife had said it was excellent." A silly novel reader in addition to being a vain beauty. I felt I had rather anything had happened Charles Edgar than that he had married such a woman!

Not an enviable state of mind for the remainder of the day, and I went early to bed in a fit of remorse, which dissolved itself in penitential tears, as my tempers usually do, before morning. They were to arrive early the following evening. I myself—penitence being uppermost—gave the finishing touches to the blue room. Shook it out of the stern rigidity in which my mother had had it prepared. Put a little marble-top stand in a deep recess of the western window, and on it a slender vase, with one sprig of heliotrope, and the last choice tearose our garden yielded. Beside the table my own rocking-chair—the one pet thing of my own room.

With my precious volume of Mrs. Browning—the only gift of Will's I had retained—open at that delicious memory: "The Lost Bower," I sank into the little chair, drank in the oriental fragrance of the flowers, and, with gaze alternating from the sad yet doubly sweet poem, to the sunset glory of the sky, dreamed dreams again—was young again, was loving, trusting, happy; and watched down the winding road the coming of my loved one. My book fell noiselessly to the floor. It was Will and I who were coming home! Will and I, belonging wholly to each other!

Carriage-wheels sounded on the gravel—were at the door. I woke, fled to my own room. I was wild to dream so! The truth struck me sharply; I was alone! Will was another woman's husband, not mine! and this was my brother and his wife! Every one was happy but myself. I could not go down just then, till the self of nowadays came back. But, like a coward, not daring to face the enemy, I hung over the staircase and looked into the hall below. Saw my father bring her in on his arm, and, kissing her, formally call her "my daughter." He was always formal; yet did not mean to be unkind. Then Ada drawled out a stereotyped welcome; and Nora frankly and warmly renewed her acquaintance.

They entered the dining-room. And I scudded back to my own room. It was then I first realized that my mother was not there. It was singular! I knew she was dressed long ago. Before I had my reverie, in the quiet of that little room, I had seen her emerge from her dressing-room in all the glory of black *moire antique* and a cap with pink roses. There was not a shadow of doubt in my mind but that her absence was intentional. She meant that Mrs. Charles should not presume too much upon the

eagerness with which she was received. Should not too quickly claim, or feel she had found, a right in her husband's home.

Such I know now was my mother's motive. Oh, that I had seen as clearly then the chilling effect upon the warm heart expecting, and having a right to expect, a different reception. Or that it had never been. That my mother's voice, as well as my father's, had whispered, "Welcome, my daughter!" Then I might never have had occasion to write of my brother's wife "we were disappointed in her," and what followed the disappointment.

Thinking, with positive shame, of my mother's rudeness, I went slowly down to the drawing-room. A slight girlish figure—clad throughout in a soft suit of lavender—was seated on the sofa near my father. Charles standing, with her shawl still on his arm. Ada gracefully arranged in an arm-chair; and Nora pulling to pieces a sprig of geranium, and then—in terror of my mother's "bump of order"—quickly picking the bits from the carpet.

This was the scene upon which I entered. One glance gave me food for congratulation. She was not "a blonde beauty;" indeed, not a beauty at all, only interesting. Somewhat pale, though not in the least sickly; with very dark brown hair, straight and abundant; and when Charlie said, "D'or, this is our sister Mabel, of whom you have heard;" and she raised her large eyes to meet mine, there was a wonderful darkness in them—a "dumb pathetic" asking for some unproffered boon.

O D'or, sweet D'or! would that I had acted upon and lived up to the impression of that moment! Would I had never suffered thy fine gold to become dimmed with the chilling breath of prejudice! What would I not give—now too late—for that one appeal of thy deep blue eyes again.

"Ah! too late we come to know
What was false and what was true."

But I must not linger, I have yet to tell you how and why I was disappointed in her. But not that day; *that day I loved her.*

It was I led her up the grand stairway; Charlie following with the parcels. I saw him, under my lashes, cast a look of surprise at me, as I passed the room of that floor and paused at the blue room door. I pretended not to see, and, entering with them, asked if I could not be of some assistance.

"Oh, no, thank you," she replied, and again her eyes met mine; "I need not trouble you, for"—with an arch smile—"Charlie has become so skillful."

Perhaps Charlie did not hear. He certainly did not move; but was intently gazing out at the window, his brow knitted with vexation. She went to him, holding back her head as a child might, that he could see better to untie her bonnet-strings.

He did so, and put his arm fondly around

her; she gazing up into his face with eyes half filled with tears, while playfully—a dawning smile on her lip—she smoothed with one finger the wrinkles from his brow. There was a murmured "Darling," as he kissed her; and when he smiled, she for the first noticed the vase of flowers. With a most enthusiastic "O Charlie!" she lifted it in her hands, and laid first one cheek and then the other against the creamy rose. What there was in that simple, and every way natural picture, which gave me a choking spasm in my throat, I cannot say; perhaps because it brought forgotten day-dreams of mine own to mind. I quietly made my escape to my own room—which was the adjoining one—and sat down on the first chair near the door, my hands in my lap, thinking. In a moment my mother entered.

"Well?" she said.

"No, not well," I answered, with equal defiance. "Charles is displeased, naturally enough, at this slight to his wife."

A smile of mingled disdain and triumph curled her lip, and she passed through the hall and knocked at their door.

Charlie opened it with, for him, a cold salutation, though he asked her to enter.

"No," she replied, "not now, Charles. Probably your wife is dressing for dinner, and I should disturb her; but if you are at liberty, will you come to my room?"

He went at once. And the hall fell into silence. No sound either from the adjoining room. If only, *only* I could have seen then what I knew afterwards—from the tear-blotted pages of the little diary, with that rose pressed in it, which her own hand, in parting, gave into mine. Only seen the quivering of that poor little form, as she dropped to the floor, and laid her head in my chair, her hands tightly pressed to her chest, while sob after sob struggled for expression. Only heard that heart-stricken cry to her own dead mother—"I thought to find a mother in his mother, friends in his friends! How can I live if they will not love me!"

It was some little time before a knock at my door announced Charlie. "Mabel," he said, "I want to talk to you a moment before I go back to my wife. Isn't she sweet? Just the dearest little creature to pet imaginable. I do not know how you and she will get along together; but I guess you'll manage. But mind, I want my mother above all to like her. She *must* like her, I say! She isn't exactly one of mother's sort—she is very unsophisticated, you know, and doesn't know much about doing things; had older sisters, you see, so she, the youngest, never had to learn; but she can be easily *made* to do whatever my mother wishes."

It did flash through my mind that it was quite a different matter—doing what he desired, out of love to him, and being "*made* to do what his mother wished;" but I prudently,

or, as I have learned since to feel, *culpably*, kept silence, and he resumed.

"I wondered what you were carrying us to that second-rate room for; I was really angry in spite of that dear child trying to smooth the signs of it out of my brow. I couldn't understand it at all; and it seemed insulting, when one had expected the best, of course. Until mother explained it—for I didn't hesitate to let her see how I felt—and said it was your notion that D'or might like the western view."

Again I kept silence; but mother or no mother, I accused her mentality of a most deliberate falsehood. "Does she like the window?" I said, at length, thinking it best to preserve peace.

"Mercy, yes! I left her gazing out of it; she has the queerest way of looking far off, as if she saw what we common mortals couldn't see. And she was charmed with that rose. There's the dinner-bell. I must run back to her."

Just as the second bell was ringing, I met her coming out of her room with Charlie. He was evidently telling her she would meet our mother, for I heard him say, "she was busy when we came. But look your prettiest, now!"

Her face flushed, and her eyes sought mine, where I am sure she read the truth, for she grew pale and quiet. She stopped to hand me my Mrs. Browning, still open at "The Lost Bower;" kept open, I thought, by her finger as she held it; but as they passed down the stairway, I saw the marker was a tiny cross of gold, with a delicate chain, on the clasp of which was engraved my name.

My impulse, as I stepped back to my room, was to fasten the chain around my throat, that she might see I appreciated it; but I could not bear to move it from where I was sure only her fingers could have placed it. And so I left it there; and it became in time not only a reminder of the poet's "Lost Bower," but of my own lost hopes, and—later and sadder—my forever lost opportunities.

This little episode necessarily detained me, so that I did not witness my mother's grand reception of her son's wife. I can imagine it, though, from Nora's few words as she came into my room that night before retiring, waving triumphantly the novel of Miss Muloch's which I had tossed on high in my indignation, and for which she had perilled her neck in climbing.

"Mabel," she asked, "wasn't it like a majestic iceberg bearing down upon and crushing a poor little white-sailed ship? Only Charlie's wife gave her back an equal iciness, when mamma seemed not to see the hand she held out. She does not seem at all as she did in her father's house. And I cannot like her as well; for there she was so cordial and talkative with mamma, and so animated with papa, and was really merry with me; and now"—

"And now march off to your own room!" I

exclaimed, with difficulty unclasping her arms from around my waist. "You should neither criticize your mother or your sister-in-law. You should cultivate more respect."

With a peal of laughter, and her favorite expression, "How, primitive!" she ran away.

Yes, it was primitive, without doubt. The days had long passed when mothers and sisters-in-law were not discussed and criticized. I sat down and pondered in a manner that neither did myself or any one else any good; and midnight found me still wakeful, but still undecided as to whether I really did or did not like Charlie's wife. Thinking of the wistful look of her dark eyes; of her loving enthusiasm over the rose; of the little cross so delicately given me; I felt a quick beating of the heart that meant love. But, dwelling upon the calm dignity and almost hauteur of the bride at her first dinner in her husband's home, a doubt chilled me. Yet my thoughts lingered over her; and instead of seeing her in the plain gray silk, the lace collar, fastened with a bunch of coral, and her straight smooth hair—stylishly yet so simply arranged, with its only ornament the sprig of scarlet geranium Charlie had placed there—as she appeared that evening she again stood before me—holding back her head for her husband to undo her bonnet, while her finger smoothed out the frown from his brow.

III.

It would be wearisome to recount the little nothings of the days and weeks that followed. The visits from all the neighboring country-seats paid our bride, and returned by her in the same listless, uninterested manner with which they were received. It was only occasionally that she grew mirthful and animated. But never, I noticed, if my mother were present; and after a while even this rare rousing from reserve ceased.

The plainly-to-be-seen disappointment of Nora, who looked for a bright, sparkling companion in her gayeties, and found one quiet and abstracted. The disappointment of Ada, whose most elaborate sentimentalisms were met—although never with ridicule—with evident lack of sympathy. Once, I know, Ada had spoken to her of some trivial discourtesy on Charlie's part, as "a waning of that beautiful affection always seen in perfect marriages." And, while I stamped with vexation at Ada's want of common sense, D'or turned with a calm manner, and yet for a moment her eyes flashed, and said to her:—

"Do not speak so to me of my husband! I am quite sure he never was intentionally rude in his life. And, moreover, I am perfectly assured of his unchanged affection for his wife."

By way of parenthesis, I want to ask why it is that really truthful women will make the

most positive assertions, regarding the man they love, without the slightest hesitancy, when at the same time there is a something in their faces which contradicts their words? I am led to this question by remembering that directly after this remark of D'or's, concerning her perfect faith in the "unchanged affection" of her husband, she made a pretence of looking for her crochet-needle, and as she passed me to leave the room, a quick glance showed me tears on her lashes.

But, to go back after this long digression. My father was disappointed. He had hoped, I think, for a more affectionate and demonstrative daughter than his own had proved; and found one, though always amiable and respectful, spiritless and silent; and, if he would believe my mother's reiterations, one who was "dissatisfied and discontented, and impossible to please."

At first she had walked on the grounds with him, and he had taken evident pleasure in her enjoyment and appreciation of his fine conservatory. But suddenly she broke off without apparent reason, though sometimes he saw her at her window looking eagerly out. Of course, he could not know, nor did I then, that she had overheard mamma's cruel remark to Ada about "Dorcas's diplomacy in ingratiating herself with papa." Once he had occasionally kissed her—a morning greeting or a good-night—but that occurred no more; and yet she did not appear to notice it, only looked surprised and almost pained. Once—when he gave her a poor little purple pansy he had found under the first snow, and suggested, in his half-shy way, that "going out would be a good cure for her headache"—she took his suggestion kindly, and from that time walked daily. And yet these walks were generally alone, unless I offered my company.

She always seemed pleased when I did so, and was a most pleasant companion, except I spoke upon any home topic; then her reserve fell between us. She expressed no opinion of any member of our family; not even when I, giving vent to ill-humor, led the way by uttering severe things about them.

Not that she was not perfectly aware of our injustice towards herself. I used sometimes, when vexed at her gentle silence, to say to myself that "she had no depth, was tame, meek, slow, too spiritless to resent." And yet in my heart I knew better; for I have seen her flush under my mother's persistence in calling her "Dorcas," a name for which she had openly avowed her aversion, and to which she had never been accustomed. And when, in the presence of visitors, mamma expressed great interest in or friendliness for her, her clear, searching eyes—suddenly uplifted—said, as plainly as words, that she *knew* it to be, not friendly kindness, but policy or patronage. Yet how silently she endured, out of her great

love for Charlie—that perfect love in which was no thought of self.

And he—oh! how I should blame him for it, how I would heap reproaches upon him now, except for the sacred promise exacted that last night—he at different times found fault with her, not sharply or rudely, yet blindly, not seeing that it wounded sorely. Still he was a kind-hearted fellow; and we had always so lauded his love for his mother, that we did not see that this exaggerated virtue had become a vice in the injustice it did his wife. They were so totally unlike in every thought, feeling, opinion, except their common love for him; and, though he loved both to the extent of his comprehension, he was of a nature much more capable of understanding his mother's disposition than D'or's.

Before spring he was as ready as any of us to laugh at her little fancies, and dub them "whims;" never with intended unkindness, perhaps, but with such a conscious sense of superiority as had the effect of immediately silencing her. Once or twice her hand pressed suddenly tight against her chest—an involuntary movement, apparently, but usually the effect of Charlie's contradictions, or his "Nonsense, D'or! No one holds such ultra notions but yourself." He quoted my mother's decisions almost too much, I thought. I saw occasionally her lips compress, as if to keep back words, and often her eyes flash, but never made she one answer that was not respectful and conciliatory.

Even then I gave her credit for not stirring up strife between her husband and his family; but I thought it was because she was one of those easy souls who prefer peace, even at the price of bowing the neck to the victor's heel, to the exertion of a battle. I did not know, I did not dream—sweet D'or, forgive my blindness!—of the fearful self control she was exercising, the fierce anger which sometimes rent her, the almost hatred—as she saw her happiness being ruthlessly laid waste by cruel hands—which was wearing away her life, nor how she struggled and prayed to be able to forgive.

How *could* I know, except I had had the child-like trust and unsuspectingness which she, above all women I ever met, possessed? How should I know of the aching woman heart beneath this calm exterior? My own sorrow had shut mine eyes to others' woes; because it seemed to me mine *must*, in its very nature, be life's crowning grief. Even when death came between beloved ones, there was the comfort that they might be faithful to that love. But here had fate cruelly stepped between me and my idol, and called "the faithful love," which had once been a virtue, a deep and fearful sin. How then could I see that *this* woman, who was the chosen wife of him she loved, *could* be unhappy? There is no medium in the effect of our trials. They bring

out the extremes of our temperament. Either we become hard and embittered, or tender and sympathetic; either more selfishly blind, crying "I alone suffer," or keen to see how great the noble army of martyrs to grief.

I am not seeking to excuse myself. I too was fearfully to blame in my treatment of and feelings towards my pure and lovely sister-in-law. But still, seeing only this outward Mrs. Charles Edgar, not the real one—which by fictive explanations I am making known to you—it is not strange that at length I too confessed to myself that I was disappointed in her. No one understood her, and day by day she seemed to live more apart from us. Even her eyes, which gradually ceased to meet mine as they used, had an introverted look, and a heavy weariness which dulled their former expression. She seemed happiest such days as the weather would permit her going, as she always did *alone*, to the early service; or when in her own room over some book; or cutting out, and trimming with the finest of lace, the tiny garments for the little one expected in the early summer.

That expectation might have been a bond of interest between us (for I am wild about babies), but never in the most distant manner did she allude to it; and the few times that I ventured into her room—not, I am ready to say, from inclination, but from an uncomfortable sense of duty—she immediately put aside the pretty cambric. How *could* I know she felt we had so little love for her that we could not care for her child?

One of those sunny days of spring, which redeem the poets' old-time praise from falsity, I hastened down the lawn to various sheltered nooks, hunting the shy anemones and sweet blue violets, those "darlings of the April rain." Passing D'or's open window—where she sat, her head leaning on her hand, looking wistfully out at the new young grass and the tender budding leaves—I was struck sharply with her extreme pallor, and that her once fair full cheeks were strangely wasted. There was an expression of isolation and weariness, which renewed a pang of self-reproach, in spite of my effort to believe my mother's words, "that Dorcas was well enough, if she only chose to think so." "Well" she certainly was not, nor happy; for, if ever there was a story in her face, it spoke now of severe physical and mental suffering. She smiled, as I nodded to her, so sweetly that I called to her to come out, and promised her hosts of violets as a temptation.

"Oh! I should love to," she answered, with more enthusiasm than I had seen in months; "but I dare not—at least may not. Charlie will not like it if I am too tired to see Mrs. Chester when she comes."

I turned hurriedly away. So *she* was coming again? My rival, my enemy, because she had won the man I loved!

She had been spending part of the winter with a neighbor of ours—a Mrs. Moore—who lived in a country-seat not unlike our own, though nearly two miles distant; and who, being a pretty and hospitable widow, fond of society, liked to soften her dreary Lenten season as much as possible by having plenty of gay visitors within her own doors, and entertaining them with the mild sort of gayeties she thought adapted to a penitential mood. Not that she looked upon the presence of Mrs. Chester and her brusque brother, Harold Ames, in the light of a penance, as I should have done; but, as it was not quite the thing for her to be in the midst of city gayeties during Lent, she brought her friends out of the temptations she might not share, and tempted them at her own table with fasting fastidiously softened by a judicious fare of legitimate delicacies. Mrs. Moore had returned the call with her guest, which my mother and Ada had made upon them long time since, but I had managed to evade a meeting. Now it was impossible. D'or had told me they were coming, and I could not feign ignorance.

A far-off part of the grove had the benefit of my fit of anger and quick following passion of tears. Then I gave all my attention to the wealth of violets around me, and filled my basket and hands to overflowing, intending to share my spoils with D'or, who appreciated my intense love for them. As I drew near her window, she hurriedly closed it, and there came fluttering down what I supposed a letter to her father, as she was always writing him. I had but time to put it safely in my pocket, when I saw what had occasioned her sudden disappearance—a carriage containing our expected guests, and with them my brother Charles.

He had known Harold Ames of old, he said. And perhaps this old acquaintanceship, as well as the billiard-room and bowling-alley, were a pleasant relief to him after the monotony of his own home. We were not—take us as a whole—an especially intellectual family, and Charlie had few resources. D'or was well-read and cultivated—in fact, much more so than her husband—but it did not seem to drive away his *ennui*. "He was tired, bored, wanted a change," he said, and so he took it by being constantly with Harold Ames. So I was not surprised at seeing him with the ladies now; and yet, for some reason, was vexed.

But I did not stop to analyze it. I hurried to my room, tipped the violets unceremoniously into water, and began to dress. I never looked better, even in my best-looking days. I was so determined to do Will's taste credit, if ever, by any mishap, his wife had penetrated the secret that I—Mabel Edgar, a spinster of twenty-eight years, and fully resolved always to remain a spinster—was his first and—I am sure of it, and proud in the surety—his only love! And, for all the contrast of my petite figure with her tall stateliness approaching *en bon point*; my chest-

nut hair, which never would do anything but wave, with her massive yellow braids, forming a coronet for a regal head; my lips, childlike in their pouting—though the corners had learned a trick of sorrow—with hers, thin, calm, and scornful; these eyes of mine, which Will, loving them, called after the violets I love, with hers of that changeful bluish-gray, which are the most expressive, the most passionate, and, at the same time, the most selfish, the most icily-cold eyes ever seen; my either coldly-indifferent or quick-tempered, sternly-controlled or impetuous manner—either one extreme or the other, just as impulse or circumstance led me—with her perfect ease, unruffled self-possession, suavity, and grace; for all this contrast, I say, I believe had Will—free from either—been in the drawing-room that evening, and called upon to choose between us, he would have clasped me in his arms.

But I must confess I had to call D'or into council before I came to a satisfactory decision what to wear. She came at once upon my entreating at her door: "D'or, *will* you come into my room, and make me presentable?"

How sweet a creature she was! Never lovelier, I am sure, for all her wasted temples and pallid cheeks. There was such a heavenly look in her serene eyes—that far-away look we have seen in some dear child, too pure for earth, and come with pledged promise not to stay; and such peace—that "peace which passeth understanding"—in her whole face! She wore the most delicate sea-green silk, with the finest soft laces and pearls. I shall never forget her as she appeared that day—never, *never*!

She half-apologized for her dress as I praised its becomingness, saying: "I hope it is not too much of an attempt to be dressy, is it? I do not know why I feel so particularly anxious to look well in Charlie's eyes to-night. This is his favorite of my dresses, and the pearls his gift. Only he likes something in my hair, and I had nothing. I was hoping he would come up," there was a touch of sadness now in her voice, "but I suppose he is occupied with the ladies."

In a moment I had rescued from the water some of the fragrant white and more of the deep purplish violets, and fastened them in her hair.

She blushed as I made her look in the glass—I thought at her own loveliness—but no; her pleased exclamation was: "Charlie will be pleased!"

"Now, D'or," I said, "I want to look my very best. I know what for, for there is no Charlie in this case; but there is a Mrs. Chester. Do you understand?"

She suddenly put her arm around me, and half-shyly kissed me. "Dear Mabel, I understand perfectly."

She selected for me, from my somewhat limited wardrobe, a silk the very color of the

lighter violets; and while I was fastening the belt, and shaking out the long train, she had gone to her room and returned. Around my throat she placed an exquisite collar of point d'alengon, and when I remonstrated, she urged:—

"Please accept it, to please me. I shall never wear it. I bought it myself in Paris, but have never worn it."

There was a revelation! She had been in Europe, and never once had I heard her—as usual with travelled ladies—say "when I was abroad."

Then, with a half timid gentleness, she took from a case the most charmingly carved set of pink coral, and put upon me the pin, the earrings, the bracelet, and the cordon in my hair.

"D'or," I said, "they are beautiful, bewitching! Why have you never worn them? But undo them quickly, before I become a second Narcissus."

"No," she cried, eagerly; "*please* let me have my own way—just to-day, Mabel. And if you can love me at all, you will grant me this little favor. I have longed to give them to you before, but have not dared; because I should be obliged to speak of a person Charlie had warned me not to mention. We were at Florence—mamma and I, with Uncle Chester and Will—on my birthday; and Will bought them there and gave them to me. How well I remember that day, and how happy I was wearing them with my white frock. But so soon after that—so soon that I never wore them again—both dear mamma and uncle were buried there, in Florence; and poor Will and I were coming home alone."

I turned suddenly towards her. "D'or Edgar, are you a cousin of Will Chester's? Why have I never known it?"

"I supposed you knew it," she replied, clasping one of my hands within her own pale and cold fingers. "On the steamer he used to talk so much of you. His 'little May,' he called you—his 'loving May.' Dear Cousin Will, I have never seen him since his marriage, which I have heard"—She broke off abruptly, then resumed, looking so wistfully into my face. "So you see I had learned to love *you* long before we had met—when I thought we should be cousins instead of sisters."

I could not keep back my tears, as I clasped her in my arms. "D'or, precious D'or! And how have I treated you?"

"Ah, well, you did not know me, dear, or who I was. But now," wiping away my tears, "now we will be happy together, won't we? and"—stooping to whisper softly in my ear, while her cheeks grew rosy—"if it is a little daughter, I will name it 'May,' and if a son, 'Willie,' shall I?"

I kissed her a dozen times. "I shall love it to death, if you do," I said, laughing; "just as I am likely to love you, now."

Her face grew sad, and her eyes troubled. "Love it as I would, Mabel! Take my place."

Before I could answer, Ada entered—languid in white poplin and sky-blue ribbons—with the announcement that Mrs. Chester and her friends were not only in the drawing-room, but would remain for the evening. And we three descended together.

Never had my father and mother appeared to pass a more agreeable evening. Mrs. Moore, if dull, was good-natured, and needed little attention; and Harold Ames, in his matter-of-fact fashion, was all devotion to Ada. But Mrs. Chester was cultivated and brilliant. She executed the most difficult music; sang with the most highly trained voice; criticized paintings and statuary with the air of a connoisseur; spoke with careless familiarity of sights and scenes in all quarters of the globe. German, Italian, or French terms—untranslatable in our language—fell naturally into her sentences. And her manner, while as bewitchingly frank and simple as a child's, was yet sufficiently reticent, and very dignified. Artfully artless, cunningly deceitful, thoroughly heartless.

I read her, and *hated* her from the first; and my heart ached—with a soreness in which there was keen pity for him—that the man I had loved should be this woman's husband. Looking up, at the moment of these thoughts, my heart ached also for another—poor, sad, silent D'or. She sat alone, in the recess of the bay-window, leaning wearily back in a large arm-chair. Her eyes seemed unnaturally bright, and either cheek bore a small spot of hectic color. I noticed how the fingers of her right hand clasped the other, and occasionally worked her wedding-ring convulsively. Then I followed the direction of her eyes, and saw what she saw.

Mrs. Chester had been playing, and—with her jewelled fingers still resting on the keys—was gazing, with all the bewildering power of her cruel eyes, up into Charlie's face, as he bent over her, fascinated beyond any consciousness of anything, *anybody*, but this beautiful, wicked enchantress before him. "Fascinated," I say, for that word implies an unholy something to be resisted. But here was no resistance. Unconsciously—I will have the mercy to believe it *was* unconsciously—he was paying the fullest tribute to her siren power. D'or saw it, and felt it to her inmost heart. I did not know how deeply, for I was ignorant then—of what she had within a few weeks learned—that this bewilderment was not only a thing of the present, but had been of the past.

Presently Mrs. Chester, leaning on Charlie's arm, approached D'or, and with the utmost empressment urged her to sing. D'or had one of those tender, plaintive voices, suited to ballads—a voice which would move sympathetic souls to tears; but not one that would please

those who looked for a highly cultivated voice as they would a curious piece of mechanism. D'or's quick intuitions taught her she should fail to please even her husband, and she courteously but decidedly declined. Mrs. Chester entreated, and finally appealed to Charles for his authority.

"Don't be foolish, Dorcas," he said, in an irritated tone; "go sing anything, it doesn't matter what; Mrs. Chester knows you have but little voice."

At the cold, and from him unusual, "Dorcas," she shivered; but when the sentence was complete she arose with a quiet dignity, and a something in her manner I had never seen before, and walked slowly to the piano. Her cheeks were burning scarlet, her eyes bright with a strange fire. At that moment she was absolutely beautiful. We all noticed it. Even Charles for a moment seemed startled from his infatuation—for a moment only—the next, half in shadow of the lace curtains of the bay-window, he saw no one, heard no one but Mrs. Chester.

But we were all aroused—bewildered—when, instead of Malibran's sad little Echo Song, she was ever singing, the room rang with a powerful German air—proud, passionate, defiant! I did not think her capable of it, and I still think it was the effect of that cruel inspiration. Once the air changed to a heart-broken minor—her own heartache uttering itself—it was but for a moment, and the keener agony of passion triumphed—the right of a soul to struggle against suffering asserted itself.

Mrs. Chester was beside her almost before she had risen from the piano, profuse with compliments. D'or received them with indifference; her eyes only sweeping her husband's face, and then falling to the floor, as she received no answering glance but its expression of mingled wonder and confusion. Then—and it seems so hard to forgive when I realize what it brought about—my mother advanced, and added her word:—

"Very well sung, Dorcas. Only not quite your style. You should not essay the brilliant. That we acknowledge as Mrs. Chester's forte—in music as in everything."

"Decidedly!" said Charles; "mother is right, Dorcas. Sing some of your old songs."

Her obedient fingers ran through a little ballad, which had ever brought him to her side when he played the rôle of lover; and her eyes again cast that hungry, searching look upward to his face. In vain the wistful begging. Mrs. Chester's smile stood between her and her husband. Then the air suddenly changed into deeper, firmer chords, and rang out mournfully. In after days I learned that both music and words were her own—born of sorrow. But even ignorant of this, they smote me painfully.

Out of the depths! Not of sin, but of sorrow;
 Depths of foreboding—of fear for the morrow;
 Depths of despair, my mis'ry bemoaning;
 Hear, oh, good Lord! Hear all my groaning,
 Out of the depths!

Out of the depths! So darkened my life is;
 Depths deep with sighing, so cruel their strife is:
 Depths that they deepen with harshest false-saying;
 Hear, oh, good Lord! Hear all my praying,
 Out of the depths!

How still the room was! She arose hurriedly, as if to reach the door. Held out her hand towards me, and fell prostrate on the floor. Charles, with terror-stricken haste, bore her lifeless form from the room to her own bed. It was one of those long heavy swoons, when it seems almost impossible to recall life; and as Charles and I stood over her—speechless, but trying every restorative—we heard our guests depart, and the house fall into its natural repose. A flutter of the eyelids, a convulsive movement of the fingers, and, with returning consciousness, her gentle eyes sought his; her hands met around his neck, and, with a burst of sobs, she cried: "O Charlie, I did not mean to trouble you!"

It was too much for me—that childlike expectation and acceptance of blame. I saw him stoop to kiss her, and lay his boyish head, with all its curls, on her shoulder; and I dashed into my own room to have a good cry. I saw *then* we had broken her heart between us. I saw *then* how I loved her, and resolved that in me, henceforth, she should find the satisfaction of love. "Henceforth!" The ignorance of that word.

IV.

RESTLESSLY wandering about my room—thinking of Will Chester—lost to me forever; of his wife, and her cold, cruel eyes; of my little sister's broken and starved heart, and her childlike penitence, when her suffering made her the innocent means of marring her husband's selfish pleasure; of how to right this wrong, ere it was too late, the night wore on. It must have been midnight when I became aware that the murmuring I had heard sometime in the hall, as if in a dream, was voices, growing more distinct. It was my mother and her son.

"Charles," I heard, "if you yield to Dorcas in these foolish whims, you will only make yourself trouble. There is nothing like showing yourself firmly determined not to encourage such nonsense. It is nothing in the world but nervousness—all imagination, and want of will or self-control. She is no more ill, and no different in any way from any other women. And the world is full of mothers. If she were more energetic, and industrious about active work—instead of reading all the time—she would be well enough. But there is nothing

so easy to get up, by fanciful persons, as fainting, and nothing so likely to create a sensation. Only take my advice. Be perfectly unmoved by such influences, and they will soon cease. I was mortified at the display to-night. And Mrs. Chester smiled upon you so commiseratingly. Oh, how different she is!" she continued, moving nearer my door, as if in sudden apprehension of waking D'or. Those keen mother eyes watched Charles as he listened—listened as, I will be just enough to believe, he would not have done to any one but his idolized mother—to him the embodiment of every practical common sense virtue.

"It is too late, of course, now, Charles, as you are both married; but at the time you wrote of your interest in her, you should have told me—not merely of her stylish elegance and ease; but that, though poor herself, the uncle, from whom she has inherited so much, was in feeble health. I should not have been so set against it then, Charlie. And, after all, you have married no money. Oh! I have been so unfortunate with my children, and all from love of them."

Ambition, not "love of them," I could have said; but, struck with the sudden knowledge that a double mystery—a double sin and sorrow—lay in this marriage of Will Chester, whom I had loved, with Ellen Ames, the beloved of my brother, I leaned against my half open door speechless.

"Mother," said Charles, "you would not listen to me. You would not even see her when I urged it. Do you remember what you wrote me about 'a lover's rhapsodies'?"

"But how did I know that this uncle was suddenly to die and leave her a fortune?—and just as it was too late, and she was actually married to Chester."

"What is the use of regretting it?" he cried, passionately, smiting his hands together. "It is too late—too late for any of us. She is as unhappy as I, poor thing! she told me so to-night."

"It can't be helped. We are not the first persons who have made such mistakes in life."

"And as for D'or, poor child! she loves me, anyway; and if I had dreamed there was the least bit of that confounded fancy for Ellen lingering, I would not have asked her to marry me. Indeed, I would not have done her that wrong. I don't know how it came about. I was enraged at Ellen for marrying Chester—professing to love me; and I mistook anger for indifference, I suppose. Just then I met D'or Merivale, and she was so different; I was glad she was different; it was a comfort and repose. I thought it was love I felt; and it must have been, for I was so happy with her at first; I wish I could ever be so happy again. And I thought you would be sure to like her, mother."

"My dear son, don't accuse me of injustice to your wife. She does very well undoubtedly;

only you must not let her rule you by tears and scenes, as weak women always do."

"Well, well!" said Charles, turning away impetuously, "it can't be helped now, and I must bear it, I suppose."

At that moment through her open door, whence she had heard all, as I had heard, came D'or. How pale, how tall, how spirit-like she looked in her white wrapper, with her long hair falling loose around her! My mother and Charles stood aghast. I was startled, and went towards her.

"My husband," she said, gently, laying her hand on his arm, "I thank you for saying you would not have done me this wrong—of giving but a half-love for my whole heart's love—if you had *known*! I thank you for saying that, in any degree, it *was* love you once felt for me, and that you were happy for a little while. Yes, happy at first, oh! how happy!" her eyes grew wild, her words hurried, and she stretched out her other hand fiercely towards my mother, "until *you*, cruel woman, robbed me utterly! May God forgive you! I cannot, cannot!"

I saw the sudden shivers of her frame, the sudden drooping of her head, and rushed to her. "D'or, darling, for your own sake! for your child's sake!"

She flushed at that; it seemed to give her strength. "You have been kind," she said, but she waved me aside; and, with a sudden impulsive movement, throwing both arms around Charlie's neck, sobbed: "O Charlie, my poor boy, be patient a little longer! Only a little while, and it *can* be helped! It *will* be, and you need bear it no longer! Oh! I am glad I can make you, even in this way, happy again! Only be kind, won't you—even if it should be, unhappily, like me—and ask *her*," pointing to my mother, "to be kind—for your sake, not mine—to my poor—motherless—little—"

We raised her from the floor in strong convulsions. My mother's shriek, as she witnessed her own work, aroused the household. My father, with anxious haste, disappeared for the physician. Nora, midst her tears, became my only help, for all the real care came on me; Charlie, in his despair, being worse than useless, and my mother and Ada sitting down stairs mute and powerless.

All the rest of that night those fearful convulsions and heart-piercing cries. Morning dawned faintly in the east, and there was still no room for hope. Between those cries of agony the room was deathlike in its stillness. Even the robin's cheerful note sounded dirge-like as he sang from the budding trees. Then came an interval of consciousness and supernatural strength, in which D'or spoke the sweet words of faith I never can forget; and, begging me to keep her little diary always, compelled me to make the solemn promise of love and forgiveness towards Charlie, which

God has helped me keep. Oh! how short that interval, only to be measured by moments.

Then our kind doctor, taking my hand to lead me from the room, said: "She is again unconscious. Go, while you can, and take the air. You will soon need all your strength. And take him with you. Comfort him if you can," raising Charles from his prostrate position beside her bed, and putting my arm around him as he staggered towards the door.

We went together to my dear old western window; where, sinking on his knees, with his arms around my waist, and his head in my lap, he moaned: "I have killed her, my poor little D'or! Yet I did love her; I do love her dearly!"

"Tell her so!" I cried, eagerly. "Perhaps she knows, perhaps she hears, more than we think, and it might be a comfort to her."

"Poor little girl!" he said. "How often she has asked me: 'Do you love me, Charlie?' And I wouldn't answer after a while; first from perversity or love of teasing, and then because I thought it silly. O poor D'or! I told her so one day, and she has never, *never* asked me since; only looked it sometimes when she thought I didn't see her. And she will never ask me again, my poor darling! Mabel," he cried, suddenly, with vehemence, "I shall hate *that* baby if it is the cause of D'or's death!"

I raised his face in my hands, resolved to speak the plain truth; and, looking him steadily in the eyes, I said: "Charlie, it will not be her baby that will make her die. D'or has suffered too much in other ways to have strength for this trial. She has not met with the care or attention from any of us, not even you, Charlie, which a delicate, sensitive woman in her condition needs, and ought to have. She has had too much anxiety and depression, and these mental emotions have exhausted her vitality. The doctor told me this was the trouble. He said her fearful suffering was owing to violent mental excitement. We may as well look at it boldly, Charlie. There is no virtue in blindness."

What else could I say? I felt he had been wickedly blinded through prejudice and passion; and too well I knew that they, who sow as he had sown, *must* reap the whirlwind. Had I fought and prayed so long against any lingering affection my heart might deceitfully conceal for Will—the husband of another—not to know how great a danger and sin *his* was in allowing, for a moment, the fascinations of Mrs. Chester to blind him to his duty? Was the self-reproach I was experiencing equal to the remorse he must suffer when sweet neglected D'or rose to our minds? I could not bid him hope she would live. I felt death would be a greater kindness to her than life had been. Alas! I knew too well now who it was I was disappointed in.

He was dumb with grief and the cruel pang

of accusing conscience. My tears fell on his sunny brown curls. Searching for my handkerchief in the pocket of the morning dress I had hastily thrown on, I drew out a paper. Not seeing—in fact, not thinking—that it was the one I supposed a letter from D'or to her father, I mechanically began to read verses in her delicate writing:—

“Twilight comes to me drearily now—
Drearily, although the winter snow,
Vanishing, leaves all the violets blue.

“For in the violets' blue I see
Sweet baby eyes—mine own that shall be—
Eyes that may never be seen by me.

“Slowly are fading the sun's last beams,
Softly the gold on my window gleams,
And mingles in with my twilight dreams.

“Shall the hue of baby's hair be gold,
Twining and curling in sunny fold,
Untouched by its mother's fingers cold?

“Rosy the tinge of mountain and sky,
Rosy the clouds now wandering by;
No rosy hopes in my pathway lie.

“The rose on my baby's cheek shall rest;
Yet never be warmed 'gainst mother's breast,
Nor close to her loving lips be prest.

“Can I lonely sit, thinking of this,
Ne'er one caress, ne'er one baby kiss,
Daring hope summer shall only bring bliss?

“How shall I bear this agonized strife?
Must my life end when dawns this new life;
My darling find a babe, but no wife?

“O God! my prayer, weak though it be”—

But, alas! here the prayer ended. God knows, not we, what the prayer was. Not for longer life for herself, I truly believe; except as woman's utter self-abnegation would ask for life, which was naught but pain, for her husband's sake or her child's. God knew the unuttered words. God was more merciful than we, who would have kept her.

The setting sun shone in, and crowned, with a dim reflection of her martyr-crown, a cold dead mother and her cold dead child. A moment's consciousness ere the waves overwhelmed her, and this death, born of life, had sealed her ears forever, bore to her Charlie's ardent cry:—

“D'or, my own! my darling! forgive and love me!”

For a moment the weary eyes grew brighter, and, where only moans had found a way into the outer world, fluttered a smile as she answered: “God knows I love you, and have tried to be good.”

The dear blue violets covered the mother and child in that narrow bed. Heartsease lay, with faces full of sympathy and thought, underneath and around their cold feet. The pure baby cheek, pressed next her own, was not whiter than the waxen rosebuds which formed the cross within her hand, nor the lilies purer than her pure soul. Truly our D'or, our spotless gold, had passed through the furnace, and

come forth fit for the Master's touch and superscription!

I wish I might end here. I wish, with telling you of the carefully attended grave, and the white cross—standing at the head of her who had borne the cross in life, and reaped the fruits of that wholesome but bitter tree in death—my words were done. But you asked me of “Charlie's Wife,” and though—in my heart and mind—the name and title ended with her who sleeps the quiet sleep her first-born brought her, another bears it, and I must, though reluctant, speak.

Perhaps D'or was not forgotten. I will try not to judge. And then most men are different from ourselves, and *outgrow* grief. The first pang perhaps they feel as sharp. But soon the world shuts it out. They have more to take their time, and minds, and thoughts. They do not sit all a dreary day—when the rain, pattering on the roof, reminds you, at every drop, of the last time you listened to that sound—in a room whose every article is filled with associations of that dear one—gone forever. In the desolation of an unbroken stillness they are not watching for those little feet on the stairs. In the waning twilight—the hour for coming home—they are not waiting for him who never comes. In the hush of midnight *their* hands are not searching for the tiny fingers which were wont to clasp them in sweet security; *their* eyes are not weeping bitter, fruitless tears, while the heart rends with its cry: “O God, why, *why*?”

This is woman's lot, which a man seldom shares or understands. *They* stop you when you would speak the cherished name; they turn their eyes away when the dear face beams forth from canvas, saying, “Do not *speake* of her,” while *your* heart cries, “Do not *forget*.” There hides the sharpest thorn in your crown of sorrow—to see what you idolize, and *cannot* forget, *forgotten so soon*.

Charlie was no more perfect in constancy than other men. Perhaps, in fact—if I would be just, and not let my love for D'or and my aversion for Ellen blind me—I should say it was natural and right the first love of his heart should reassert itself; not cruel or strange he should again yield to her power and influence; and to be expected that she—all the feeble love her cold and selfish nature was capable of being expended on Charles—should forget the agonies that Will (*mine* I will say now, since he is beyond the grave, and she the wife of another; *my* darling Will) suffered, during his long illness, ere death released him and brought the fruition of the promise, “there shall be no more pain.”

Yes, she—Ellen Ames—the woman who looked slow response where I should have felt an ecstasy of rapture—when my Will said “my wife”—holds the dead D'or's place; rules my

father; laughs at my mother's authority; declares what is proper for Ada to do or wear, since she has sunk her sentimentalism in the more substantial comfort of being Mrs. Harold Ames; she who ridicules Nora's love match with the young country parson; and me, the maiden aunt, for living in Nora's peaceful home, and finding happiness in her golden-haired D'or and black-eyed Willie; who sends her own numerous babes to the tender mercy of foster-mothers; *she*—for which reason I must check my fiery temper while I speak of her—is now our Charlie's wife.

THE SONG OF THE RIVER.

BY LYNT.

I STAND on the shore of the ceaseless river;
It singeth its song forever and ever;
It telleth a tale of joy to me,
A song of happiness, deep and free;
The alder trees droop to the waves to hear,
And the echo is whispered far and near.
The children upon the bank at play,
Gathering flowers to cast away,
Pause in the midst of their thoughtless game
To list to that song—'tis ever the same—
"Happiness, pure, and deep, and free;
Love, and hope, and joy for thee!"

Alone I stand by the river shore;
It singeth its song of joy no more;
Sadly and slow its waves roll on,
With ever and ever a low deep moan,
Telling of joys that are long since passed,
And hopes that are fled on the spring's wild blast.
The children are gone from the river side;
They love not to watch its turbid tide,
The lilies they gathered in lightsome play
Are borne by the current far away.
O'er them and my hopes it maketh its moan:
"Forever and ever thou must walk alone!"

OUR HANDS.

THE human hand is so beautifully formed, it has so fine a sensibility, that sensibility governs its motions so correctly, every effort of the will is answered so instantly, as if the hand itself were the seat of that will; its actions are so free, so powerful, and yet so delicate, that it seems to possess a quality instinct in itself, and we use it as we draw our breath, unconsciously, and have lost all recollection of the feeble and ill-directed efforts of its first exercise, by which it has been perfected. In the hand are twenty-nine bones, from the mechanism of which result strength, mobility, and elasticity. On the length, strength, free lateral motion, and perfect mobility of the thumb, depends the power of the hand, its strength being equal to that of all the fingers. Without the fleshy ball of the thumb, the power of the fingers would avail nothing, and, accordingly, the large ball formed by the muscles of the thumb is the distinguishing character of the human hand.

SILENCE.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

How shall the praise of silence best be told?
To speak is silver, to hold peace is gold;
Thy word unspoken thou canst any day
Speak, but thy spoken ne'er again unsay.

EASTERN PROVERBS.

SILENCE is one of the greatest virtues of individual character. To observe it requires often the highest style of philosophy. Speech is never so easy, but judicious utterance is always difficult. "A word fitly spoken" is a grand thing, a noble contribution to the happiness and progress of humanity; but such a word is never spoken by the unreflecting and loquacious. Those utterances which give inspiration and cheer to our fellows, and add to the stock of the world's truth and hope, drop only from the thoughtful and wise, and only from them in their most favored moments of thought and expression. "No man is at all times wise," says PLINY. If so, there are times when even a wise man should be silent, lest "he speak unadvisedly with his lips." For thus speaking only once in his eventful life, MOSES, the wisest of men in his utterances, was not permitted to enter the Promised Land. FULLER observes very expressively regarding the right use of the tongue: "Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks' silence."

Silence is often the sublimest kind of speech. Truth is never so impressive and heart-touching as when it answers "never a word." "The Bible often says much by saying nothing; its silences are teaching; like the dial, on which the shadow, as well as the light, gives information." Nature is always eloquent in her speech, but she is never so much more so in her silence. There is a grandeur in the peal of her thunders, in the swell of her oceans, and in the dash of her cataracts; but there is no voice equal in sublimity and impressiveness to that which in the hush of night breaks in upon the soul from her far-off million silent worlds.

In the relations and contacts of life words are necessary, but they are happiest who use them with judgment and economy. Though silence is not always the mark of wisdom, yet generally the wisest men are the most noted for the fewness of their words. They have ideas, and, when they speak, ideas, rather than words, are prominent in what they say. Men who think profoundly are too much absorbed in their meditations to lose valuable time in unnecessary or much speaking. They are averse to the society of talkers; but, when in such society, they study men and women, and analyze character, as they are wont to study books, and investigate subtle questions when alone. MONTESQUIEU remarks with much truth: "Those who have few affairs to attend to are great talkers; the less men think the more they talk." A learned ancient observes, respecting the philosophy and value of silence, as follows:

"I think the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the Gods *who knows how to be silent.*"

Though silence does not imply greatness or wisdom necessarily, yet it is always wise in persons to be silent on questions concerning which they are ignorant or but indifferently informed. The world has an unquestionable right to all the wisdom and truth there is in any one in order to the best good and highest welfare of society; but it has no right to know the scarcity and inferior quality of any man's ideas, unless he is very anxious to make a revelation on the subject. What if there are those who are

"—reputed wise
For saying nothing!"

Is not that much credit due such for knowing themselves so much better than they would have others know them? The man who says nothing, because he has nothing to say, shows plainly that he *knows himself*, and this knowledge is the first step to wisdom. He who thinks enough of himself in society to avoid exposing his lack of intelligence may yet, as has been done in a thousand instances, think himself into the respect of men of thought and culture.

A courtier in the retinue of ALEXANDER the Great paid a visit to the studio of APELLES, the celebrated painter, and was received with the consideration due to his rank. This excited his vanity and talkativeness, which, unhappily, sallied forth upon the fine art in question, exposing his ignorance in a variety of questions and criticisms. APELLES interrupted him at length in an undertone: "Do you see those boys that are grinding my colors? While you were silent, they admired you, dazzled with the splendor of the purple and gold with which your habit glitters; but, ever since you began to talk about what you do not understand, they have done nothing but laugh at you."

There is no little philosophy in silence when we consider the difficulty of speaking wisely in those cases which seem most provocative of speech. This difficulty arises not so much from want of intelligence as from the prejudices and hasty conclusions of men. Intellect and judgment are two different things; in the same person there may be much of the former, and very little of the latter, and *vice versa*. There are those in every community who can write scholarly essays, deliver eloquent orations, or charm with the felicity and elegance of their conversation, who, at the same time, cannot be appreciative or just when speaking of the parts and performances of others. Nowhere, as in society, do men so faithfully exhibit their true character; at no time are they so transparent and self-revealed as when they are passing on the merits and claims of their fellows. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." His words are the reflection of his thought, and his thought

is the expression of his character; hence you have his character in the noble or unworthy utterances he gives out concerning others. If over their genius, wit, humor, humanity, or goodness, his eye never sparkles, and his tongue never grows eloquent in praise, he may be very justly set down as a shabby specimen of a true man.

There is wisdom in silence, because there is never anything to unsay. Here the advantage of the man of few words over the man of many is incalculable. "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin; but he that refraineth his lips is wise." Words are expressive, reader, but they can never tell what words have done to darken and sadden human history. Here and there humanity has suffered because brave words were not thundered for the right; but who can reckon the number of hearts bleeding in earth's homes, and the numbers lying pulseless and still in its cemeteries and graveyards from words that ought never to have been spoken? Happy they who have so used the faculty of speech as not to have made it an instrument of harm to their kind! Happy they who feel assured that there is no sorrow in the heart, and no gloom in the life-path of any mortal because of any word they have uttered! Envious, indeed, are all such, for "they are not in the roll of common men."

In our individual word-history, reader, how much, had we power, we would unsay? How gladly we would have for our answer "expressive silence" to a thousand questions which in that history have wrong *word-answers*? How much better for us had we got through life thus far with fewer words and more thoughtful silence. But, alas! what has been spoken cannot be unspoken. It only remains for us to be wiser and better for the future. He is wise who "knows how to be silent;" who *knows how* thoughtfully to anticipate the history into which his probationary life and deeds are so surely crystallizing—a history that before all worlds shall vindicate the wisdom and proclaim the moral grandeur of piety. Only they have lived in the high sense of the word who have given to the world whatever of truth or wisdom they had for their generation, and yet have so shaped their words in life as that they have said nothing they could wish from its effects upon others to *unsay*. Preferring the *gold* of silence to the *silver* of speech, be it our ambition, reader, to "go and do likewise!"

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WHERE education has been entirely neglected or improperly managed, we see the worst passions ruling with uncontrolled and incessant sway. Good sense degenerates into craft, and anger rankles into malignity. Restraint, which is thought most salutary, comes too late, and the most judicious admonitions are urged in vain.—*Parr*.

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

DOWN in the grass, with the roses dropping their fragrant leaves around her, and the summer wind just stirring the sunny curls that clustered about her broad, fair brow, little Madge Wilder knelt. No one ever thought of calling her anything else than "little Madge," though she had passed her twentieth birthday, and called herself a woman. She was not only petite in figure, but so winning in every pose, that the words rose involuntarily to your lips. She had been wandering over the lawn this morning, her dress lifted daintily to avoid the dew which yet lingered on the grass, plucking now and then a red rose, or a spray of great golden lilies, which still hung idly in her hand.

Just now she had knelt down in eager quest of a four-leaved clover. Near her stood two men; one, young, like herself, with a countenance radiant with health and good-humor, laughing eyes, and a mouth entirely hidden by the curling brown moustache which had made him the declared admiration of all the young ladies gathered at Fairlawn for the summer: the other, a man in the prime of life, his hair just touched with gray, and the high forehead marked with lines of care, or grief, or disappointment. This was Paul Lyon, a man whom you could not look upon without feeling instinctively that there was much to reverence beneath the quiet, almost cold exterior; a man whom more than one woman was anxious to please, but whom thus far in life no one had been able to win from his secluded ways until Madge Wilder crossed his vision. He thought her the very daintiest bit of created womanhood, and sometimes wondered if she could ever learn to look with affection upon him, worn as he was with the world struggle.

She looked up at these two presently, standing there so quietly, watching her every motion, with an arch glance and merry smile. "Come," she said, "yon both know how much I want my clover-leaf, and yet you stand there as if you had quite forgotten that you came out here expressly to help me find it."

In an instant Fred Hastings was beside her, parting the damp grass, peering here and there, with eager eyes, as if certain he must be successful. "What reward will you bestow on the one who makes you happy in possessing the coveted treasure, Miss Madge?" Fred asked it with a smile, which brightened his face wonderfully.

She glanced up hastily, first at him, then at the silent figure leaning against the maple just beyond, and hesitated a moment. Then she spoke quietly, her eyes veiled by the long lashes, "Whoever finds a four-leaved clover for me first, shall name his own reward."

A little thrill of delight shot over Paul Lyon's face, and he too stooped down to the bed of

fragrant clover. Light words and pleasant laughter mingled during the next half hour, when, suddenly, Madge felt a leaf drop on her hand. She looked at it carefully to see that there was no deception about it, and then a faint blush stole into her cheek, as she felt rather than saw whose hand had let it fall. She did not speak, but sat there twirling it carelessly in her white fingers.

"Here, Madge! I've found it!" exclaimed Fred Hastings, coming round the other side of her, "and now for my!"—

He had become silent in a moment, for Madge held up her hand, and he saw the tiny green leaf resting there, and the summer sunshine falling lovingly down upon it.

"Well, Lyon, so you're ahead of me; but, after all, it's only in the matter of a clover," and he turned to Madge, who had risen and stood looking back to the house, saying, "Let me carry those lilies for you, Madge; I won't lose one by the way, I assure you."

But she would not surrender them, and so he walked back beside her, looking at her down-cast face, as if it had been the rarest picture in the world.

Paul Lyon walked on the other side with a thoughtful look upon his face that was usual, and a rare smile lighting it up, that was quite unusual. He did not look at Madge, at least so Fred Hastings would have said, but it is certain that he did not miss one smile or look of the woman who walked so quietly by his side.

Madge was but a woman, with all the caprices of the sex, and for two weeks had been puzzled enough at Paul's curious ways to awaken a strong interest in him, but she would not acknowledge, even to her own heart, the fact that she cared a good deal whether Paul Lyon loved her. Fred *did*; of that she felt sure, and I think the idea had never been an unpleasant one until just now, when she began to fear he might tell her of it. As this fear came upon her, she turned around with a shy, sweet smile, and said, laughingly:—

"I am going to press my clover-leaf, Mr. Lyon, and keep it until I am a real old woman."

His face lost none of its brightness at the thought of her being a real old woman, some time in the future, and he smiled as if he would have made some reply, but just then Fred asked, "What for, Madge?"

"To help me keep in remembrance *to-day*, when it shall have become a 'dead yesterday, yonder.' I don't think I could quite forget, without it, either; still, such associations go a great way in our memories. Just the same spell of sunshine and summer cannot always be invoked, but this little leaf will certainly bring me back *some* of the charm of this morning."

Fred stared at her in dumb surprise. Madge

grew more and more a riddle to him every day; she had gradually laid aside some of her little oddities, and showed oftener, now, the pure womanly in her nature. Fred called it "the angel side," and felt some hesitation as to whether it had been *his* touch that had wrought the change. He drew in his breath quickly at the doubt, and resolved to test the thing before night. As a good many things, however, escape us that we set our hearts upon, so, after all, the day went by like any other day, and Fred was as much in the dark as ever when he bade Madge a merry good-night just outside the parlor door.

The swift-winged days went by, and the last day of their stay came in with a blue sky, balmy air, and a myriad of red-throated warblers filling the air with joyous melody. Paul Lyon had met her on the porch the night before, and asked her to ride this morning, and she came down early to fulfil her promise. Very beautiful she looked to Paul's partial eyes, as the glance he bestowed upon her told her as plainly as words could have done. The golden glory of her hair escaped from her cap to fall in half curls over the little blue velvet jacket, and just as she lifted her hand to tie it back with the loosened ribbon, Fred Hastings came hastily out. "Off so early, Madge, and alone?"

"Can you not see that I am not *alone*?" she said, a little pettishly, for just then the man's freedom wounded her.

"Oh, Lyon. Well, don't stay too long, for we must gather our roses while the dew is on them," and a whisper, which no one but Madge heard, finished the sentence, and at the same time called up a rosy blush to the delicate face.

"I do not understand you," she said, at length, without lifting her eyes.

"It doesn't matter. Only don't fail to understand *yourself*, Madge;" the last words were raised just a trifle in tone, so that Paul Lyon heard them distinctly. "Take good care of Madge, and don't let her ride too far," he said, carelessly, to Lyon, as if her welfare did not concern more than one of them.

The words, the tone, all taken together, were, to Paul Lyon, a sign of ownership—very loving ownership, it was true, but so unpleasant to him was the mere hint, that his face grew white in a moment.

Madge rode on a few moments in silent thought, while her very heart ached with thinking of the disguise which had been so thoughtlessly forced upon her. Perhaps *not* altogether thoughtlessly, either, and she felt at that moment as if she almost *hated* Fred Hastings; a moment later, and her kind heart relented, and, driving the frown from her face, she turned to her companion. "Are you thinking that our pleasant circle will be quite broken up after to-day, Mr. Lyon?"

"Yes; we leave here like the birds, at the first touch of frost," slightly shivering as he

said it. "I wonder if any of us will ever return as we are to-day?"

"All of us, I *hope*; but who can tell? A year brings so many changes."

"True. Though of hope we may have *something* left, we always have most of fear, I think."

"Not *you*, Mr. Lyon; I count you a brave man among my heroes," blushing faintly as the words left her lips.

"You do not know me sufficiently well, Miss Wilder. In some cases I would, I am sure, prove the veriest coward."

"I cannot believe it."

"Why not?"

"I suppose because I have not known you so."

"We may be brave in all senses but one, my friend; yet cowards, after all life's discipline, where our dearest hopes are concerned."

She looked up with a faint smile when he said this, but of the many emotions written on her face, the yearning love which shone forth from her very soul, he read—and translated it *pity*.

A soft south wind, which bent the blossoming grass aside, lifted Madge's golden curls, and, as Paul stooped to look at her saddle, they were blown directly across his face. He gathered it all in his hand and held it to his face a moment; then, as he released it, he turned to her with a remonstrance written on his face. "You are so like a child to me, yet, Madgie, that I sometimes fear for you. I find myself wondering what your lot will be in life, and dread lest it should be a clouded one."

"Do you care so much, then?" she asked, not venturing to lift her eyes to his own.

"*Oh, my darling!*" Then, with a great sigh, that found its way straight to Madge's tender heart, "Forgive me if, in the sorrow of the moment, I have forgotten what I ought, of all men, to have remembered."

Pride sealed her lips for an instant; then she looked up to him with a face in which was blended the very sweetest humility and a noble resolution. "What had you forgotten, Paul?"

He grew paler at the sound of her gentle question, but turned at once to answer her.

"It is your right to know, little Madge, though I had thought never to tell you; I know you love him best, dear child; but oh, let me think one moment what joy it would have been could I have stood in his place! Do you know," he said, choking down a sob, "what a bright picture I had drawn for myself?"

"No," she said, softly, "tell me."

"It was the day when you promised a reward to the one who should find you a clover-leaf. I had nothing to choose but your love, child, and I had dreamed the day *might* come when I should dare to ask you for it; visions of a cheerful home, which your voice should make as charming as the-birds made the morning;

which your smile should brighten like the noon-day, were you mine. Ah, Madge, you must not call me a brave man any longer!"

"And now," she faltered, "for you may yet claim the fulfilment of my promise."

"Now, if you will only give me that one poor little clover-leaf, to take away with me, I will strive earnestly to be content."

"Leave that to me," she cried, tears running down her fair cheeks and dropping on his hand; "it is all I have of yours."

He looked at her in doubt, then asked, hastily. "Had I spoken sooner, Madge, would you have paused to weigh my claim against his?"

"He has no claim, save in your imagination, Paul."

"No claim, Madge! Dear little one, do you mean this?"

"Stop, Paul! Do not shame me."

"My darling," he added, gathering her up close against his throbbing heart, "will you give yourself to me? My life has been a broken and a scarred one—some time I will tell you of it; but if you can give me a word of hope, there will be light at last."

She looked at the noble, kindly face, with its lines of grief and care; at the silver threads that crept out to sight amid the raven blackness of his hair; at the dear eyes, with such unutterable longing in them, and then she put her hands in his, saying, simply, "I do love you, Paul. Will you leave me my clover-leaf?"

"Until the day you give yourself with it," he said, tenderly. "My wife will let me share her memories, when she looks at it, years from now, I know."

Madge only smiled, but she did not draw her hands from his firm clasp.

The sunshine had robbed the roses of all their dew long before Paul Lyon and Madge Wilder dismounted at the front piazza, and Fred Hastings was waiting impatiently, walking up and down as he watched the road.

It required some self-control to meet his glance unflinchingly, but Madge did it, and with a hasty, gay good-morning, she hastened up the stairs. It was late in the afternoon before Fred found an opportunity of speaking to her, and then she was standing alone in the half twilight when he came into the room. She dropped into a chair by the window as he drew nearer, and mutely awaited what he had to say.

He leaned over the back of her chair, saying only, "Dear Madge, have you no word for me, after hiding from me all day long?"

She drew away from him, vexed and ashamed, hardly knowing how to reply. But when he would have said more, she found her voice. "Hush!" she said, with a motion of entreaty, "I must not stay here now."

"Madge, do you not know how much I love you?"

"Do not say it—I!"

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But just then she heard Paul's voice under the window, and in a moment more he came in with his hands full of roses. "Madge, little one, are you here?"

"Yes."

"Well, come here, then. I want to crown you queen of my summer. Do you not see that I am growing young again?" Then seeing Fred, who stood looking at him in amazement, and, taking in Madge's look of entreaty, he said, "Excuse me, Mr. Hastings, but this little girl has given herself to me, and I want to mark the day with flowers."

The roses, half of them, dropped from his hands as Fred left the room, crashing the door together behind him, but as Madge smiled and bent her head, he took her face between his hands and bent his own to meet it.

"I think I will gather my roses from a sweeter garden hereafter, Madge," and he left a fond kiss on either cheek.

Still she was silent.

"I am sorry for him, dear child, for I can measure his loss by my gain; but he should have been a swifter searcher for the clover-leaf."

Madge looked up, blushing very rosily, as she remembered the kisses, at once so strange and so sweet, and said, "I am satisfied, dear Paul."

And Paul thought, as the years went by, and the sad lines faded out of his face, and his fair young wife walked beside him, that God had been very good to him, and he thanked Him out of a full heart, into which content, like a beautiful dove, sank to rest.

SABBATH EVENING.

BY LOU H. PARNALL.

THE shades of eve are round us closing,

Another Sabbath day has gone;
Our thoughts and words are now in heaven
To bless us, or to make us mourn.
In letters bright they will reward us
A place of bliss in that fair home,
Or with a thundering voice proclaim us
Forever given to death's dark gloom.

Another Sabbath day has ended,
O God! forgive us for all sin,
And grant us in the coming hours
Religious hearts, and pure within.
Make us to love this day, and serve Thee,
To bless Thy great and glorious power,
So that when Death demands our bodies
We can with joy approach that hour.

Another Sabbath day has left us,
The autumn breezes softly sigh,
Sweet church-bells chime the evening worship,
Receive our prayers, O Lord, on high.
And let us have a taste of heaven,
Of that great bliss Thou shalt bestow;
Grant us, to all that grace be given
To love and worship Thee below.

DOING good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.—*Sidney.*

SARAH'S SCHOOL.

BY QUAIN.

AWAY up among the hills of Pennsylvania is the old-fashioned little town of S——, and highly offended would the good people of that place be if any one should insinuate that it was other than the most charming spot he had ever beheld. The country people for miles around speak of "going to town" with as much importance as we talk of a European tour, and, doubtless, many of them anticipate the trip with as great expectations as their city brethren do "a little run on the old Continent." The inhabitants of that section of country speak a barbarous lingo, dignified by the name of "Pennsylvania Dutch," which differs from the pure German tongue only in this respect—that a Pennsylvania Dutchman will stare in blank amazement at a German without understanding one word that he says, and a German will preserve discreet silence if addressed in the dialect, for the very good reason that he cannot discern what on earth the Dutchman is talking about. I have seen the experiment tried with the above result; but one word seems equally common to both—the expressive "yaw!"

Kinder hearts never beat than within the bosoms of some of these old-fashioned people, and, under their rough outer guise, good impulses and true principles flourish just as well, and sometimes better than beneath the polished exterior of more refined and enlightened mortals. Victor Hugo speaks truthfully when he says that "the true man is that which exists under what is called man. The vulgar error is to mistake the outward husk for the living spirit."

Among these people Sarah Chapman came, for the delightful purpose of imparting useful knowledge to the sturdy and obtuse youngsters, of whom there was a liberal supply, in almost every household. In a few words, I can tell you that the aforesaid young lady was a small, black-eyed, black-haired specimen of two-and-twenty, who, casting aside with magnificent disdain all advantages of wealth and social position, determined to immolate herself on the altar of pedagogueism, ostensibly for the benefit of the rising generation, but really for the banishment of the horrible fiend *ennui*, that beset her ceaselessly.

Great was the consternation, loud the remonstrances of the assembled conclave, consisting of Uncle and Aunt Hall and Cousins Gus and Nettie, when Sarah announced to them her resolve.

"Who ever heard of such an abominable idea?" exclaimed Nettie, in great disgust.

"Sarah Chapman, are you positively insane?" queried Aunt Hall, solemnly, while her spouse looked grimly over his spectacles at his niece, albeit, a twinkle crept into his brown eyes; and Gus muttered, *sotto voce*, "I know; it's 'cause Ben Lane's gone."

"Many persons are obliged to have such ideas, Nettie," retorted Sarah, flushing with vexation; "and as for insanity, auntie, was it ever known in our family?"

"But you surely can't mean such a thing," said Nettie, plaintively.

"With your prospects and position, it is absolute folly. Situated as you are, what more can you want?" asked Aunt Hall, and Gustavus added his mite with, "You're a born goose, Sarah Chapman."

The individual addressed remained unmoved under this brisk fire, and answered with flinty words. "I have determined to teach school because I am sick of this eternal, monotonous round. I do next to nothing, and accomplish no good in the world, but if I adopt a teacher's calling, I may be able to implant in some young minds noble and true principles, and who knows but, from the little I can do, great results may spring?" and the young lady grew enthusiastic.

"Great aches from little toe corns grow," quoted wicked Gus.

"Much good you'll do among a troop of dirty urchins," said Nettie, ironically. "You, who are so particular about your own toilet, too."

"Sarah, I must remonstrate against such absurdity. Mr. Hall, do say something, and not sit there like a post!" said Aunt Hall, addressing her husband.

"Yes, uncle, do speak," appealed the refractory niece, "and help me against this artillery of words. Auntie has always spoiled me, and now, for the first time in my life, she wants to thwart me."

Mr. Hall adjusted his spectacles, cleared his throat, and announced his decision. "If Sarah is so anxious to teach, I see no great objection to it." (A feminine duet of "Oh, hear him!" and Gus says, "Hear! hear!") "I do not think that she realizes what are the trials of a teacher's lot; still, if she wants to learn them, let her try it."

Sarah smiled gratefully, and said, "Now, auntie, you will let me have my own way, and Miss Nettie, you can use your little tongue to better purpose than scolding at me. Gus not being 'grown up,' does not enter into consideration."

A growl from the latter named individual, and meek quiescence on the part of the two ladies was the result of this wordy war.

"How will you obtain a situation, my dear?" asked Mr. Hall.

"I have one," replied Sarah, blushing, "to teach in a country school in S——. The teacher appointed fell sick, and the directors advertised for another. I answered immediately, and was accepted, my application being the first one."

"Away up there," said her uncle, surprised, while aunt and Nettie looked unutterable

things, and Gus hummed "A life in the woods for me."

"But, my child, you cannot speak Dutch," continued Mr. Hall, "and that is more commonly used than English there."

"Why, uncle, I speak German fluently; you taught me yourself, and say so."

"I fear you will find the two very different; but do as you please, my dear," and the worthy uncle turned to resume the perusal of his paper.

In truth, the good man had been much exercised in mind because of Sarah's manifest restlessness and discontent, since the defection of handsome Ben Lane, an arrant flirt, who made hot love to the young lady, and then suddenly cooled, when a new face appeared, and "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream." Mr. Hall felt sure that Sarah now thoroughly despised the man; but it is a hard thing to worship idols, and then find them but clay; and the kind, keen-sighted uncle, remembering a chapter in his own experience, sympathized silently with his niece in her unseen trouble. He felt certain that some change of scene would help his niece to forget the fickle fellow, and, while trying to devise something of the kind, without letting her suspect for a moment that he even guessed at her secret, she unconsciously furthered his design, and he gladly acquiesced in her plans.

Sarah had never known other care than that of these kind relatives, for her parents died during her infancy, and fortunate was she to find such loving hearts willing to receive and adopt her as their own. Her life had been all sunshine, until this little flirting episode, and, although her heart yet remained unstirred in its depths, still the surface of its waters had been troubled sufficiently to cause her sore pain, but she was too proud to acknowledge it even to herself, and became restless and irritable without knowing exactly why it was.

It being settled that Sarah should do as she liked, hasty preparations were made for her departure from Trenton. She was oblivious to Gustavus' inquiries as to "whether there were windmills up there to fight?" "if the price of sour kroust had riz," etc., and turned a deaf ear to Nettie's doleful lamentations. Aunt Hall supplied her with so many warm wraps, that Sarah merrily told her that she did not intend emigrating to Alaska. Gus stood around, first on one foot then the other, surveying the operation of packing, and singing "I go mit Hans to Sharmany," to Nettie's immense indignation.

One cold December morning Sarah, with baggage duly checked for S——, stood on the platform awaiting the train that was to bear her away. At the last minute Nettie said, consolately, "O Sarah, do turn round and come home. I shall be so awfully cold, sleeping alone."

"You must come back the very minute you are tired of it," said Aunt Hall.

"Sarah, can't I come to your skule onct?" whined Gus, mischievously; and Uncle Hall, as he kissed his niece, said, earnestly, "God bless you, my dear; come home as soon as you want to, if it is to-morrow. We shall miss you sorely."

Tears came to Sarah's eyes, but the engine was puffing and panting, and, before she was seated, it was off.

The long ride through the mountainous country was delightful. The road wound around at the base of the ridge, and by the side of the river; which looked a smooth plain of ice, with but a dark streak in the centre to tell where the water ran swiftly in its channel; and on either side the everlasting hills reared their snow-crowned heads. Sarah did not weary of the scenery, and felt almost sorry when, about noon, the town of S—— was reached. It was a very small place, she thought, although beautifully located; and, as she beheld the strange faces that stared unwinkingly at her, as she stood upon the platform, a feeling of loneliness and homesickness came upon her. Before leaving Trenton, she had made arrangements by letter, for a boarding-house, and now determined to inquire for the place; so, stepping to the ticket-office, she asked of a man who sat therein on a high stool, "where Jacob Klein resided."

"Ten mile out," replied the official, concisely, without raising his head.

Sarah stood aghast, almost certain that her ears were deceiving her, and the man looking up, said, civilly, "You had better go to the hotel, miss, perhaps some one is there to meet you," and descending from his perch he pointed out the building.

Sarah picked her way through the snow, until she reached the plain, comfortable looking house. A tall, angular woman with red ear-rings, and a waterfall like a door-knob, came to the steps and courteously invited the stranger to come in. Sarah stood irresolute, and the woman said: "If you're the school-ma'am, Jacob had come up for you a-ready, but he went along to the blacksmith's onct, and said you should wait for him here. He'll be back till three o'clock. Won't you have dinner?" No, Sarah would take nothing, she was too anxious to eat.

While waiting in the little sitting-room she said to the woman, "The ticket agent says that Klein's is ten miles from here; he was surely mistaken."

"Oh, no, it's about ten mile, more or less," was the reply.

"But why should I board so far from town?"

"Because Klein's house is nighest the school-house." And, much to her dismay, Sarah learned that instead of teaching in S——, as she supposed, the field of her labors was ten miles away; but this was the nearest town, and thus the mistake occurred. After waiting

an hour, during which she was informed that old Jacob was "rich, with a heap of money at interest a-ready," that individual made his appearance in a low, red sleigh, drawn by a fat old farm horse, that poked out its nose with a look that said, as plainly as words could, "I take the world easy."

"Ten miles with that conveyance," inly groaned Sarah, but a smile curved her lips as she imagined Nettie's horror at such a situation.

Old Jacob, clad in homespun, with boots startling to behold, because of their immense size, nodded kindly to the young lady, as he said: "You ish de school-ma'am. I take you along home wiz me. Where ish de trunk?"

"At the station," replied Sarah. And, after some delay, they started off, with the trunk "up end in front," as Jacob said.

A long ride it seemed to the weary girl, for the roads were in many places filled with high drifts, and the old man was obliged to turn into fields, and go around at the base of hills, and through farm-yards, which took them several miles further than going by the usual route. They passed through at least half a dozen clusters of houses distinguished by the name of the great man of the place with "ville" attached. Five or six houses, a blacksmith shop, tavern, and store, was Steinvill, or Wienvill, or Rlenvill, as the case might be. Gradually even these signs of civilization—but not enlightenment—ceased; the road became more difficult, and the stout horse struggled panting through the snow with energy that Sarah would have thought impossible from its appearance. Now she could see the grand mountains, white-covered and stretching away in a long chain as far as the eye could reach; and part of the way lay through dense woods, where for miles they did not meet a living creature.

Sarah began to feel uncomfortable as the loneliness oppressed her spirit, and, though not naturally a coward, her imagination conjured unpleasant pictures. "How do I know what this old man is?" she thought. "He might murder me in this desolate place, and no one ever know it." She cast a furtive glance at his kindly, but rugged and homely face, and instantly felt ashamed of her foolish fear. Jacob was disposed to be communicative, and evidently expected his companion to be equally so. He said that he had "no children along home to go to school, but Katrina and Sophy were at home. Katrina was a nice girl, but she was sick now; and Sophy was kind of still a-ready, for she fell onct, and hadn't never been anything too smart since."

Now straggling houses came into sight, and all alike they seemed to Sarah's bewildered view. They all stood on hills, as if to catch every winter wind that blew; were all made of plank, were square and weather-beaten, with

no shutters; and all had green or blue paper curtains at the windows. Isolated and comfortable they looked, and not a tree stood near them, for the orchard was either on the hill-side or in the sheltered valley. The barn, generally a larger and better building than the dwelling-house, was always near the orchard, and in the comfortable farm-yard cows hunted up corn-stalks with their noses, and sheep shivered under sheds or near the barn doors. Every place looked the same, and Sarah could have thought that by some inexplicable fatality they were always passing the same house.

At last they reached one that she imagined was perched on a higher hill than the others, it looked squarer and more weather-beaten, its paper curtains were bluer and greener, the barn seemed larger, a greater number of cows rooted up corn fodder, and more sheep stood shivering under sheds, and here at its gate Jacob stopped. Three stout, overgrown lads sauntered from a shed, and took the horse, meanwhile conversing with their father in what appeared to Sarah a most unintelligible medley of English and German; but she was too cold to think much about it, and with stiffened, aching limbs followed the man down a long garden-path to the house. A Maltese cat sat on the door sill, and Jacob lifted it gently away, then entered a wide entry, and turned into a small apartment at the right, where was an old-fashioned wood stove with a bright fire. Several bricks lay on top of it, and Jacob, lifting one of them, bade Sarah take her shoes off, and put her feet on that to warm them, which she gladly did, and, as he then went out, she surveyed her surroundings.

This was evidently the best room. A home-made carpet graced the floor; two corner cupboards, with red painted doors, and small panes of glass inserted therein, revealed quaint China, bedecked with many colored flowers, curiously cut tumblers of glass, and shining cutlery. Two yellow painted chests of drawers, with great claw feet, and grinning brass griffins for handles, stood against the wall. They were so high that Sarah could not have reached their tops, even if standing on tiptoe; and, probably because of this being a place of safety, they were ornamented with plaster of Paris figures, absurd looking angels arrayed in green, with preposterous yellow wings. These, judging from their prominent position, were undoubtedly considered works of high art. A red table, covered with a homespun linen cloth, stood under a window, and upon it lay an ancient book on farming, a Bible, hymn book, and a copy of "Lives of the Martyrs," gaudily illustrated with astonishing pictures.

While taking this quiet inventory, Sarah became conscious of that disagreeable sensation (call it from psychology or what you please) that many feel when enduring the fixed gaze of an unseen person. Turning her head, she saw almost behind her a door that stood wide open

into a small room, and in a bed opposite to it lay a woman, who stared immovably with round unwinking eyes at the stranger. Her features were repulsively ugly, and the pallor of sickness rendered them ghastly in the extreme; a brown homespun night-dress enveloped her emaciated form, and her arms were thrown out on the bed, making her thin hands look like claws against the dark coverlet. Sarah felt a thrill of disgust creep over her as she thought: "This must be the sick Katrina."

The stillness of the house was sepulchral, broken only by the ticking of a tall, old-fashioned clock that stood primly in a corner. There were three of these antiquated pieces of furniture in the house; one having belonged to Jacob's father, the other to his wife's paternal ancestor, and the third was possessed wholly and entirely by the old man and his frau. "But the other two we stopped a-ready," said they, "for Katrina didn't like their noise."

While Sarah sat in the dusk, wishing that somebody or something would stir, a door opened, and a stout, stupid-looking girl, with very red cheeks, attired in the universal butternut-colored homespun, entered, and went to a cupboard for some of the hoarded China. Her shoes were clumsy, and she moved with about as much grace as one might expect from a log of wood. In fact, the women all walked thus; and, as Sarah said afterwards, she longed to poke, or pinch, or shake them, to ascertain if they were flesh and blood, or only wooden statues endowed with the power of motion.

Tea was soon ready in the kitchen, a large room with dark rafters overhead, and white floor smooth with constant scouring. Every thing was marvellously clean, and not a spot or stain indicated that culinary operations were ever performed there; but, if not, from whence came the supper? Ham, eggs, potatoes, dried fruit, apple butter, pickles, preserves, smoked sausages, cakes, and tea were spread upon a table in a style amazing to unsophisticated city eyes; but Sarah, being

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,"

ate most plentifully, for she was prosaically hungry. She now saw Mrs. Klein, a short woman with a homespun dress, with a tuck in it reaching to her ankles, and made, as Sarah had in childhood fastened dolls' dresses, without regard to shape or fitness. On her head was a huge quilted hood of the same material as her dress; and Mrs. Klein evidently considered it an indispensable article of her toilet, for she sat, walked, ate, drank, and, for aught Sarah knew, slept in it. None of the family spoke English except Jacob and Katrina, still they understood it to a certain extent, but when addressed in German stared as if petrified.

"Where is the school-house?" Sarah asked in that tongue, as they sat at table.

Sensation on the part of all but Jacob, who

said: "Talk Englese, won't you? We no understand."

And Sarah descended from her German stilts, and "talked Englese." With careful listening she could comprehend much that was said, but declared emphatically to herself that she never would learn to speak the jargon.

Feeling much fatigued, she expressed a wish to retire immediately after tea, and was shown to a room over the kitchen by Sophy, who then proceeded to depart with the candle. But Sarah informed her with many gestures that she could not undress in the dark, and the girl comprehending left the light on the table. Left alone Sarah sat down on an old chest, and looked curiously about, for she had never seen such a queer old house and furniture in her life. She had read of such things, and now here they were, and here was she, in this odd place and with these strange people. It was quite romantic; nevertheless there was an indescribable sinking at her heart when she thought of home. The roof of her apartment was slanting, and the walls were unplastered. From beam to beam ropes were stretched, upon which hung many colored waistcoats, pants, dresses, and petticoats; and, as they swayed gently to and fro, moved by currents of air that blew through the chinks, they cast grotesque and horrible shadows that made Sarah start nervously every moment as some fresh shape appeared. The bed was preposterously high, and, instead of coverlets, a huge feather bed rested on top. At first Sarah thought it was unmade, but close inspection revealed that she was expected to crawl between the two and lie there. "I shall stifle," thought she. "What would Nettie say?" And images of her pleasant room and dainty bed at home would perseveringly intrude. Another of these comical-looking resting-places was in the room, but evidently unoccupied, for band-boxes, hat-boxes, and whisks reposed thereon. "It looks like an old clo' shop," said Sarah. Then she found that there was no lock to her door, which discovery sat her teeth chattering with nervousness, and, as she had a candle, she must extinguish it, and lie in the dark all night. "I must have a light hereafter," muttered she, creeping between the beds; "if, like Paddy, I light two candles, lest one should not last all night."

It was one thing to get into bed, and another to go to sleep. The wakeful girl thought that she could claim kinship with the owl tribe, if obstinate open-eyedness was any trait to judge by. The moonlight crept through the window, and with ghostly fingers fashioned grim phantoms on the floor and wall, and twisted the hanging clothes into mocking, dancing imps, and several times Sarah felt positive that the door opened. Then a sort of faint squeak startled her; and, when something leaped upon the bed, she could have screamed with

fright, but her tongue refused to stir. A purring noise soon told of the presence of the old cat; and, although generally detesting the feline race, Sarah put out her hand, and drew pussy into bed, so glad was she to have some living creature, if only a dumb animal, to share the horrible loneliness.

Sleep at last visited her eyelids, and she did not awaken until daylight; when savory smells and clumping shoes, combined with sundry other symptoms below, announced that breakfast was being prepared; so she dressed herself and hastened down, shivering with cold. The meal despatched, Jacob volunteered to show her the school-house, and, pushing aside her dress, asked: "What fur (sort of) shoes have you got?" And, seeing her stout rubber boots, nodded approvingly, and plodded on through the snow.

He tramped along totally unconscious that there was any difficulty in it, but poor Sarah considered it pedestriating under difficulties. For half a mile they toiled thus, until they reached a steep hill, upon which was an ancient, squatty, eight-square building, that the old man pointed out as the school-house, and up the ascent they clambered. Prints of many little feet were seen in all directions; and, when they reached the house, troops of urchins came out, and stared unabashed at the "school-ma'am." Rosy-cheeked, demure little Dutch maidens and stout, grinning boys, alike clad in homespun, stood around, lost in one universal gape, as the new teacher entered the school-house, and surveyed the scene. It was decidedly unpromising. An old wood stove, puffing volumes of smoke from its many cracks, ornamented the centre of the room. Three rows of battered desks occupied the lower part, and the platform, on which stood a dilapidated desk and chair, was raised several feet above the floor. Behind the chair a broken blackboard, covered with chalk marks, was suspended by a thin rope, and rows of tin pails and bonnets hung on pegs inserted in the wall.

Sarah was utterly unprepared for such a spectacle. She had expected some discomfort, but this was beyond anything she could ever have imagined; and, as she stood upon the platform, after Jacob had gone, and looked around upon the group of staring little ones, her heart grew heavy with dismay. But she was a courageous woman, and bravely plunged into difficulties. The children were disposed to be orderly, and sat demurely in their seats with open eyes and mouths. Only half of the number spoke English, and, making a last despairing effort, Sarah addressed the others in choicest German. But, alas! it was an unknown tongue to these Dutch scions, and she might as well have spoken in Greek.

The day passed gloomily enough in trying to class the scholars, and discovering the extent of their knowledge, which was discouragingly

small, but they were quiet all day. And, although Sarah returned to Klein's disgusted with her first experience in teaching, still she had strong hopes of getting some ideas into these obtuse minds, because they were so remarkably good. The night was passed much the same as the preceding one, and pussy was again taken as a bedfellow.

The next day there was no fire when Sarah arrived at the school-house, and she was obliged to make it with her own hands; and, to crown all discomfort, the stove smoked worse than ever, and she wept involuntarily all day. The children, beginning to lose their awe of the new teacher, were fidgety, snapped apple seeds at each other, whispered in defiance of all rules, ate their dinners during school hours, told tales, and acted in the general fashion of country school children. Of the lessons assigned the day before, not one could be recited, and the A B C scholars were woful specimens. Of one sturdy urchin she asked: "Do you know your letters?"

"Naw—not much; never been to school but a little a-ready."

"Can you tell me what that is?" pointing to A.

He regarded it attentively, then laid his fat finger on the letter indicated as if afraid that it would suddenly fly away.

"Well, what is it?" Sarah inquired.

"I don't know any more'n you do. I told you I had been to school only a little a-ready," replied Carl, crossly.

"School-ma'am! school-ma'am!" cried a voice from a desk, "Jim Stein sot on my dinner basket!"—

"You must say 'sat'" corrected the teacher.

"Yes, ma'am. Well, he did too. He sat on my dinner basket, and upsot my dinner."

Sarah sighed in despair. Oh! the long weary day! How glad she felt when it was ended, and she could go to the place she called home! Visions of her own home flitted before her eyes; the comfortable parlor, the merry group gathered at the tea-table, and the long cosey evening, enlivened by music, chess, and sprightly chat, and—must I say it?—Ben Lane was never once thought of. When the tired girl reached Klein's, she found Katrina very ill, and the household in a state of demoralization. A doctor from S—— had been sent for, and before dusk a dozen neighbor women, more or less, exactly resembling Mrs. Klein in appearance, had assembled at the house. They arrived singly and by twos and threes, but what good they did was certainly not discernible. They sat in rows, uttering pathetic "ohs!" and long-drawn sighs until the doctor came, when, with one accord, they bestirred themselves, and each had a different remedy to suggest, or a different query to propound. "Wouldn't a mustard draught be good?" "You'd better bleed her onct." "Had she got a fever a-ready?"

"What fur medicine is that?" "Nit're'd do better," etc., *ad libitum*.

As all were up and astir, Sarah did not retire that night, but lay dozing on a settee in the kitchen. She heard the doctor's voice in the entry as he started away at daybreak, saying to Mrs. Klein, who stood in the kitchen doorway: "You may give Katrina a dose of salts to-night."

"Salt!" ejaculated the woman, and the immense crown of her hood seemed at once to rise several inches higher with horror.

"Not 'salt,' salts, salts, medicine," and then had recourse to Dutch to make the case plain to the wooden female.

"A Dutch doctor that gives salts and senna!" muttered Sarah, in disgust to herself.

The morning was wet and sloppy, a drizzling rain fell, and the teacher was thoroughly wet when she reached the school-house, where the fire was again to be built. There were fewer children present, and they behaved in an exemplary manner, so that she got along much better than the day before. But by noon her throat ached, her head throbbed, and darting pains shot through her body; so that when night came she felt as if she could not walk a step. Rain poured down steadily, and she felt rejoiced when little Joe Shultz cried: "Teacher, come here onct, and see Jacob Klein coming up the hill."

"You should not say 'onct,' Joe," said Sarah, kindly. "'Come here' is sufficient. Say it as I do, won't you?"

"Yes, ma'am, I'll try *onct*," replied the child, earnestly, and his teacher could not repress a smile.

Jacob took her home in an ancient gig; and she crept to bed without supper, and laid awake all night, alternately shivering and scorching, and by morning was unable to lift her head from the pillow. A boy was despatched to notify the school-children, and the statues moved around Sarah, and administered bitter, scalding teas.

"The doctor will be home till (by) afternoon, and you 'll see him onct," said Jacob.

The girl strenuously opposed it, but by the time he came, was only too glad to see him, and he relieved, if possible, of the agonizing pain in her limbs. She was surprised when he entered the room, and she saw a tall, strongly-built man, with black hair and eyes, and heavy black moustache shading a mouth a trifle too firm. His hand felt soft as a delicate woman's, as he laid it on Sarah's burning head, and she thought "he seems like anything but a Dutchman." He spoke quietly, asked a few questions, and left orders for her medicine with herself, when to his question of "Is there no one that you can have with you?" she replied, "No, I am a stranger, and there is really no need; I shall be better to-morrow."

But she was not, nor the next day, nor the next, and grew almost wild lying there listening to the clumping shoes and the monotonous ticking of the tall clocks. Jacob was very kind, quaint, rough old fellow though he was, and sat for hours on the chest watching her, but she pined for familiar faces. Doctor Francis ascertained where her friends resided, and, though Sarah declared positively that they should not be sent for, the gentleman had a will of his own, and that night dismay was caused in the Hall family by a telegram worded thus: "Come to S—— in next train, Miss Chapman ill. Francis, M. D."

Aunt Hall and Nettie wept floods of tears. Gus sat disconsolate, and Uncle Hall clapped on his hat and went to the depot as fast as a fat middle-aged gentleman well could. He ascertained that the first train for S—— left at nine in the morning, and home he went in hot haste to get ready. Aunt Hall, suffering from an attack of rheumatism, was unable to leave the house, and Nettie decided to accompany her father.

"What good will a fussy monkey like you do?" asked Gustavus. "I had better go." But Mr. Hall negatived that proposition, and Gus was quenched, Nettie triumphant. "Silenced but not convinced," quoth the aggrieved one.

"Convinced but not silenced, you mean," said the victorious one.

The next morning Nettie and her father started, and were met at S—— by Doctor Francis, who, introducing himself, said that he would drive them to Klein's.

"Is Sarah very ill?" asked Nettie, tremblingly.

"Not dangerously, but too sick to be alone among strangers," replied the doctor.

Their ride was a silent one. Uncle Hall repented that he had allowed his niece to come, and Nettie felt sad, and too much afraid of this great, dark doctor to say what she wanted to. But as they went over the worst part of the road, that Sarah had traversed a week before, Nettie broke forth. "No wonder she is sick! Who could live in this barbarous country and be well?"

"Very many do, and enjoy life equally with yourself, I presume," answered Doctor Francis, politely.

"They are all Dutch, then, I suppose, and don't know any better," said Nettie, with scornful nose; then, as a thought struck her, "But you are not Dutch. You cannot like it."

"I beg your pardon for contradicting you, Miss Hall, but I *am* Dutch, and I *do* like it," said the doctor.

"German," corrected Nettie.

"Dutch," replied the gentleman stoutly. "I was born and bred here, and my father and grandfather lived and died in this country." And he instantly rose three feet in Nettie's

estimation for daring to avow that he was a Dutchman, and declining to be called a German.

When Klein's was reached, Nettie stared in speechless wonder, and followed her father into the house without speaking, which event is worthy of record. Sarah was just thinking of home, when she heard Doctor Francis come in, then other footsteps that sounded strangely familiar; in a moment Nettie was at her bedside, and as she raised her eyes and beheld good Uncle Hall she wept for joy.

For a week the two remained there, sending daily bulletins home, and at the end of that time the invalid was sufficiently strong to bear the journey to Trenton. By this time, too, Doctor Francis thought he had never beheld such a winsome creature as Nettie; grave, prim man though he was, her mischievous manners and comical speeches completely captivated him. She charmed old Jacob, and the wooden women gazed at her as a chemist might at some new composition whose dangerous qualities were unknown. Katrina watched her with jealous eyes, and once, when Nettie volunteered to perform some kind office for her, after conversing with the doctor, the sick girl turned her head away, saying, "I no like you. Go!"

Why make a longer story of it? They all went home, and Nettie convulsed them with her description of the "clumsy Dutch ghosts." Doctor Francis found it convenient to visit Trenton soon, and call at Hall's, where he found Sarah completely cured of a desire to teach, and Nettie as sprightly as ever, and made the acquaintance of stately Aunt Hall and the hopeful Gus.

"A perfect gentleman," said Aunt Hall, after his departure.

"A man of fine principle," spoke Uncle Hall.

"A kind, good doctor," Sarah exclaimed, warmly.

"A bully chap, that knows the ropes," quoth Gustavus.

"A prim, old Dutch bachelor," said Nettie, bringing up the rear.

But she must have seen something in him to like, for as Mrs. Francis she acts the part of country doctor's wife to perfection. Old Jacob's eyes have been gladdened with a mammoth pair of slippers, the work of Sarah's own hands, and they repose by the side of the specimens of art upon the chest of drawers. The constructor of these gigantic articles had the pleasure of refusing Ben Lane's offer of heart and hand, and married an excellent young man from Trenton, but resides still with Uncle and Aunt Hall, while Gustavus vibrates like a pendulum between Nettie's home and Sarah's. *Voila tout.*

In maliciously pointing out the faults of another person, you only excite him to the discovery of your own.

ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.

BY H. C.

THE nutrient fluid which circulates through the organic tissues of plants, and which is called sap, exercises the same function in the vegetable that the blood does in the animal economy. Plants, however, possess no proper vessels within which a true circulation is maintained by the muscular action of a central propelling organ, or heart, and the sap of plants is not confined, like the blood of animals, to one set of vessels, for owing to the way in which the vascular and cellular tissues of plants are interwoven with each other, and the general permeability of all the organs, a general transfusion of the sap from cell to cell takes place endosmotically and in every direction, so that the process is in some respects one of distribution as well as of circulation.

This is particularly the case with the embryos of flowering plants during the early stages of their growth, whilst their structure remains wholly cellular, or they continue wrapped up in the folds of the seed; but as soon as the vital action of the embryo commences, and the integuments of the seed or vegetable ovum are ruptured, woody fibre and vascular tissue begin to appear in the expanding organs, and another force necessarily comes into play—that of capillary attraction.

It is well known that if a number of delicate tubes of different sizes be immersed in water, the water will rise within the tubes above its natural level on the outside of them, to a height proportionate to the fineness of their calibre or bore.

Now, although the sap is spread by endosmosis in all directions through the cells of plants, yet it is evident that the current will be the strongest where capillary influences most abound; consequently, it will move especially in their fibro-vascular framework, which, we have seen, terminates in the leaves in a system of capillaries which anastomose with each other, in the same manner as the capillary vessels, in which the bloodvessels of animals terminate. These capillary vessels, which are confined in plants to the leaves, pervade all parts of the structure of animals, conveying the nutrient fluid not only to the softer parts of the structure, but even into the solid substance of the bones. The sap of plants and the blood of animals appears to be transfused laterally through the walls of the capillaries and to be imbibed by the parietes (*paries*, a wall) of the parenchymatous cells amongst the meshes of the capillary network. It is in these cells that the principal changes in the sap and blood take place.

Now, in winter, vegetable life is dormant. The leaves, or capillary system of plants, are no longer required, and, therefore, drop from the

branches. The huge oak tree equally with the acorn which it has cast on the earth is torpid and inactive, and can no more put forth branches than the acorn can germinate. By the fall of the leaves the evaporating orifices on their surface which communicated with the interior of the plant have been removed. The cicatrices or leaf scars are all healed, and every pore is carefully closed and sealed against the severity of the weather, sometimes by secretions especially elaborated for this purpose. The fluids in the interior of the plant are at this time in a state of equilibrium. Capillarity cannot act. Fluids do not rise in capillary tubes closed at the top.

A low degree of warmth will, however, start the sap of plants even in winter. Thus, if incisions be made into the stem and branches of a young maple tree during winter, if the weather should become mild, the sap will be seen to trickle from the wound. So also coniferous plants, such as the pine, and fir, and evergreens, never lose their leaves. The coniferæ abound in resin, and maintain their temperature above the freezing point in the severest weather. Their fluids are never congealed owing to their viscosity, and they can, therefore, resist the cold when it destroys all the vegetable life around them. From the very nature of things evergreens must change their leaves, but they do it in a manner less visible and rapid than the other trees, one leaf replacing another in such a way that the tree is never totally defoliated. These plants, therefore, retain their capillaries which are more or less in action during the winter months.

As a general thing, however, winter is a state of repose to all the lower forms of animal and vegetable life, and during this period the nutritive fluid slowly accumulates in their tissues. When, however, the earth, damp and chill with the snows and rains of winter, is warmed by the returning heat and light of the sun, vegetable life in all its variety of beautiful forms again springs from the bosom of the earth. The resinous exudations which cover the buds are melted off, the pores are all opened, and the atmosphere once more freely communicates with the interior of the plant. The stores of oil, starch, and other secretions which always exist in the neighborhood of all growing points are changed into dextrine and sugar, in consequence of the absorption of its oxygen. The cells immediately surrounding the buds thus become filled with a sap more dense and mucilaginous than that in the other parts of the plant. The equilibrium of the fluids in the interior of the plant is thus described, and an ascending movement tending to its restoration immediately commences. Provision is now made for the elaboration of the sap into suitable nutritive material. The fibres and bark of the young shoots take a lateral development, expand horizontally into thousands of leaves,

whose porous surfaces extract nutriment from every wandering wind and falling rain-drop. The plant puts forth its vegetable capillaries. Examine any leaf and you will see them. The leaf is the true vegetable laboratory. All the chemistry of nature is performed in this organ. The material which forms the beautiful hues of the flowers which gives them their fragrance, which adds to the development and extension of the parts of plants, is elaborated and worked up in the leaves. In a few weeks the earth is covered with a thousand flowers, the trees are reclothed with verdure, and the animal creation issue forth from their hiding places to partake of the bounty of nature. What is all this rapid development of animal and vegetable life but the bursting forth, as it were, of the pent-up stream of vitality? It is reinvigorated nature waking up from repose, and her many-toned voice is once more heard offering up a tribute of thankfulness to that beautiful star—the sun, during whose absence she mourned in silence, at whose return she again rejoices, whose many-colored rays diffusive of life and beauty wherever they fall, are pencillings from the ETERNAL for our instruction.

THE COAT OF MANY COLORS.

BY REV. H. H. WELD.

(See Steel Plate.)

NOR by the patriarch's son alone is worn
The coat of many colors. Budding Youth
Is ever by fond Love in radiance clad;
And always the delusive spell of Hope
Weaves for the future of the well-beloved
Texture of gold that never shall grow dim,
Clothing of purple challenging men's awe.

The golden fancies which the father taught
Came brightest to the son in lofty dreams—
Visions which in his young exultant heart
Could not be hidden. Nor did wisdom warn
That vaunting but invites the envious shaft.
The lesser sheaves bowed to his greater sheaf
With fawning honor, as is this world's wont.
So dreamed the young enthusiast, and so told
His dreams—the vain, yet single-hearted boy.

The sun, the moon, and the eleven stars
Over the canopy of his rosy couch
Did honor to the lad. And yet again,
With strife-provoking tongue, he told the tale.

With cruel certainty the father wept
The end of all his fondly-cherished hopes.
So often men may weep. The brilliant tints
Of our o'er-confident and happy dreams
Change to the murky clouding of despair;
The many-colored robe is torn and soiled.

Wait still on God. He saith: "At eventide
There shall be light." And through the breaking
clouds,

Darkening the evening of his weary day,
The patriarch saw God's mercy—brighter far,
And purer, holier, than the beauty false,
With which the world deceives our earth-born
hopes.

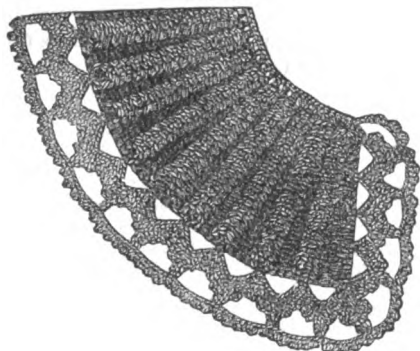
Trust! And for mourning He shall give you joy;
And, for the spirit sad, the robe of praise,
White with His righteousness, not many-hued.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

TWO CROCHET FRILLS FOR CHILDREN.

FIG. 1.—This frill is worked in such a manner as to form box-plaits; it is ornamented with a crochet lace at the outer edge. The thick part of the frill is worked in the cross-way with fine cotton in crochet *à tricoter* in the following manner: Make a foundation chain of 18 stitches, work 1 double row on the whole number of stitches, then * 1 double row of 12 stitches (including the selvedge stitch), then 7 double rows again on the whole number of stitches; in working the 1st part of the 6th double row, insert the needle into the cross-chain of the 2d row of the 7th double row on the wrong side; a loose plait is thus formed; repeat from * till the frill is sufficiently wide. When the last

Fig. 1.

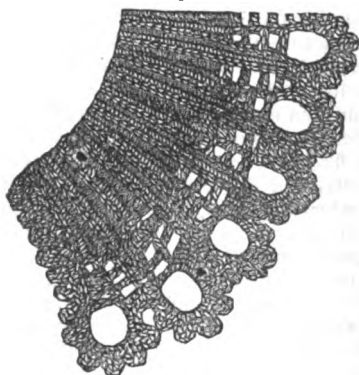


box-plait has been worked, work 1 short double row of 12 stitches, then again 1 double row on the whole number of stitches, and lastly 1 row of slip stitches, always inserting the needle into the long chain of the last double row; cut the cotton and fasten it off. Then work the following lace round the edge of the collar with finer crochet cotton: *1st row.* 1 double in the foundation chain at the upper corner of the frill, 3 times alternately 12 chain, 1 double into the next foundation chain but 4, 12 chain, 2 double divided by 12 chain into the stitches at the lower corner of the frill, then always alternately 12 chain, 1 double in the selvedge stitch underneath the next box-plait, and so on. *2d.* On every chain stitch scallop of the preceding row 5 times alternately 2 double, 5 chain, missing no stitches under the latter; then again 2 double; the separate double stitch between 2 chain stitch scallops of the preceding row is always missed. *3d.* 1 double on the middle purl of every scallop, then always 10 chain. *4th.* Always alternately 2 slip stitches on the 2 next stitches of the preceding row, 6 chain, missing no stitches under the latter; the separate double stitches of the preceding row remain un-

noticed. The lace is then completed. On the selvedge stitch round the neck work the following 2 rows: *1st row.* With tatting cotton always 1 double between 2 box-plaits, then 1 chain stitch. *2d.* With crochet cotton always alternately 1 treble on the next chain stitch of the preceding row, then 1 chain stitch.

Fig. 2.—This frill is worked with fine cotton in the cross-way in the following manner: Make a foundation chain of 21 stitches, miss the last stitch, and work back on the others 12 double, then 4 times alternately 1 chain, 1 treble in every other stitch of the foundation chain.

Fig. 2.

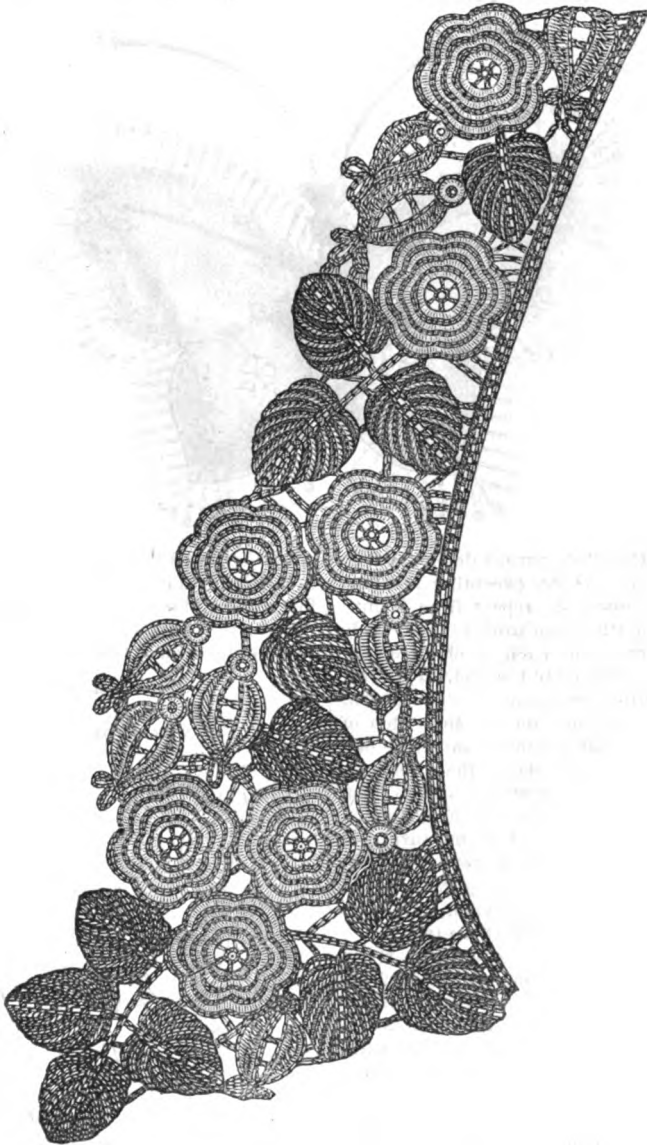


* Turn the work, work 12 chain, then 1 treble stitch on every separate chain stitch of the preceding row, 1 chain after every treble stitch, then 12 double on the 12 double of the preceding row, always inserting the needle into the back chain of every stitch. Then work 1 chain, turn the work, and work backwards and forwards 2 rows of double stitch; each of these rows must count 20 stitches; the scallop of 12 chain on one side of the work remains thus unnoticed. Then work 1 chain, turn the work, work 12 double on the next 12 double of the preceding row, 4 times alternately 1 chain, 1 treble in the next stitch but one of the preceding row, and repeat from * till the frill is sufficiently wide. Then work all round the collar 1 purl row as follows: Begin at the upper corner on one side of the frill, and work * 1 double in the next selvedge stitch, then 1 purl of 5 chain and 1 double in the preceding double stitch, 1 double in the next selvedge stitch but one; repeat from *. At the lower edge of the frill work round every chain stitch scallop 5 times alternately 1 double, 1 purl; lastly, 1 double; work always 1 chain between 2 scallops, 1 double on the selvedge stitch of the thick strip between the open-work strip and 1 chain.

COLLAR IN IMITATION OF HONITON LACE.

IF very fine cotton is used for this crochet you will find it closely resembles Honiton lace. When all the sprays and leaves are worked, cut a piece of paper the shape you wish the collar, join them together upon the paper, and

THE ROSE.—Make a chain of 12, unite, then 7 ch, 1 dc in the 2d chain in the ring, * 4 ch, 1 dc in the 2d ch, repeat from * 3 times, then 4 ch, 1 dc 6 long, or the thread once round the needle, 1 dc, take the cotton to the back of the round, 1 single in the 1st dc in the 1st round, 5 ch, 1 single in the next dc, repeat all round;



work a row of long and treble stitches for the neck; the longest of these are double treble or the thread 3 times round the needle; upon this row for the neck work a row of plain double crochet, then a row of 2 ch, 1 long in the 3d dc underneath.

then over every 5 ch work 1 dc, 8 long, 1 dc. For the 3d round of leaves work 6 ch, 1 single upon the single at the back in the 2d round of leaves; repeat 5 times, then over every 6 ch work 1 dc 10 long, 1 dc. For the 4th round of leaves, 7 ch, 1 single on the next single at the back; repeat

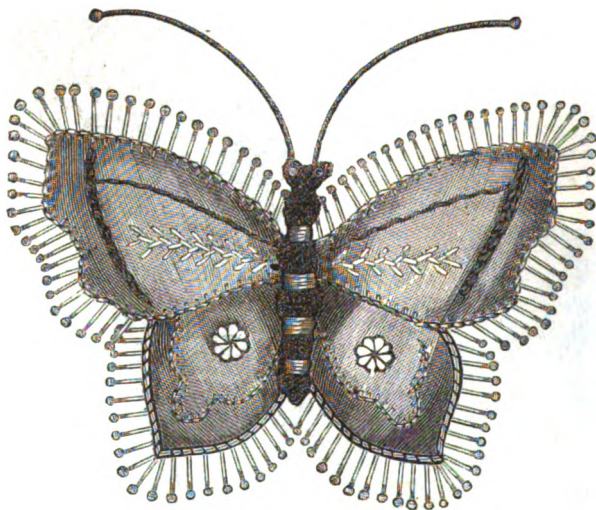
5 times; over each 7 ch work 1 dc, 4 long, 4 treble (or the thread twice round the needle), 4 long, 1 dc, then fasten off. Work double the number of rows given in the engraving.

THE LEAVES.—You work 6 sprays of 3 leaves each, and 6 odd leaves; they are worked in ribbed crochet. Commence with 8 ch, work back on it 7 dc, 2 ch, turn, 7 dc, working the first on the first of the 2 ch, * 1 ch, turn; work

miss the first dc on the round and work 2 dc in each stitch until you come to the other side; then fasten off.

BUTTERFLY PINCUSHION.

THIS cushion is made of fine white cashmere, embroidered in colored silks. The shape must first be cut in card-board, and both sides

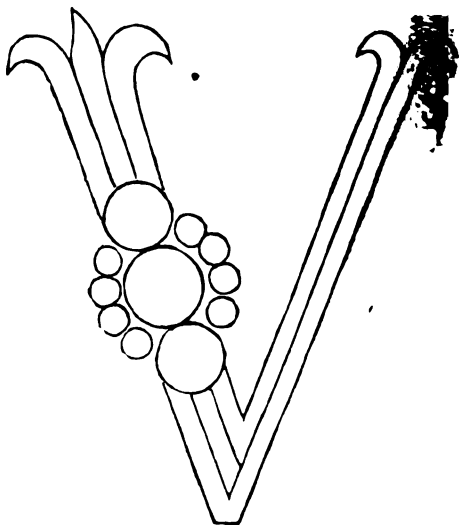


dc to the end, then 3 ch, turn, 1 dc on the 2 ch and each of the next dc, excepting the last, which is left unworked; repeat from * until you have 7 little ribs, then work to the outside again, 3 ch, turn, dc on each stitch excepting the last 3, 1 ch, turn, dc to the end, 3 ch, turn, 1 dc on each stitch excepting the last 6, turn, dc to the end, 3 ch, turn, dc on each stitch of last row, then on each stitch left in all the preceding rows, and on the edge of the rows also; when you come to the first row of ch, turn, work 6 ch, 1 long on the 3d dc, * 2 ch, 1 long on the 3d dc; repeat from * to the end, turn, and work dc on each stitch; then work the other half the leaf like the first, joining the inside of each row to the 2d dc on the vein, and therefore leaving out the ch stitch at the turn.

THE BUDS.—18 of these small buds are required for the collar. Commence with 2 ch, work 5 dc in the first ch, join, work a round of dc on this 5 dc, working 2 in each stitch of last round, then 13 ch, work back dc on the chain, then 2 dc in each stitch on the round; now 4 ch, 1 long on the 5th of the 13 ch, 3 ch, 1 treble in the 9th ch, 4 ch, draw through the last chain on the left side of the bud; then turn and work dc on the last little row as far as the round, on which work 4 single, missing the first dc; turn, 1 dc, 2 long, 12 treble, 4 long, then 1 dc on the join at the top of the buds, the 9 ch, 1 single on the first 3 times, 1 single on the last dc, 4 long, 12 treble, 2 long, 1 dc on the left side of the bud;

covered, the edge being finished with button-hole stitch. The body and head are made of fine white cotton, with gold braid over it. The feelers are of gilt wire. The pins are allowed to stand up around the edge.

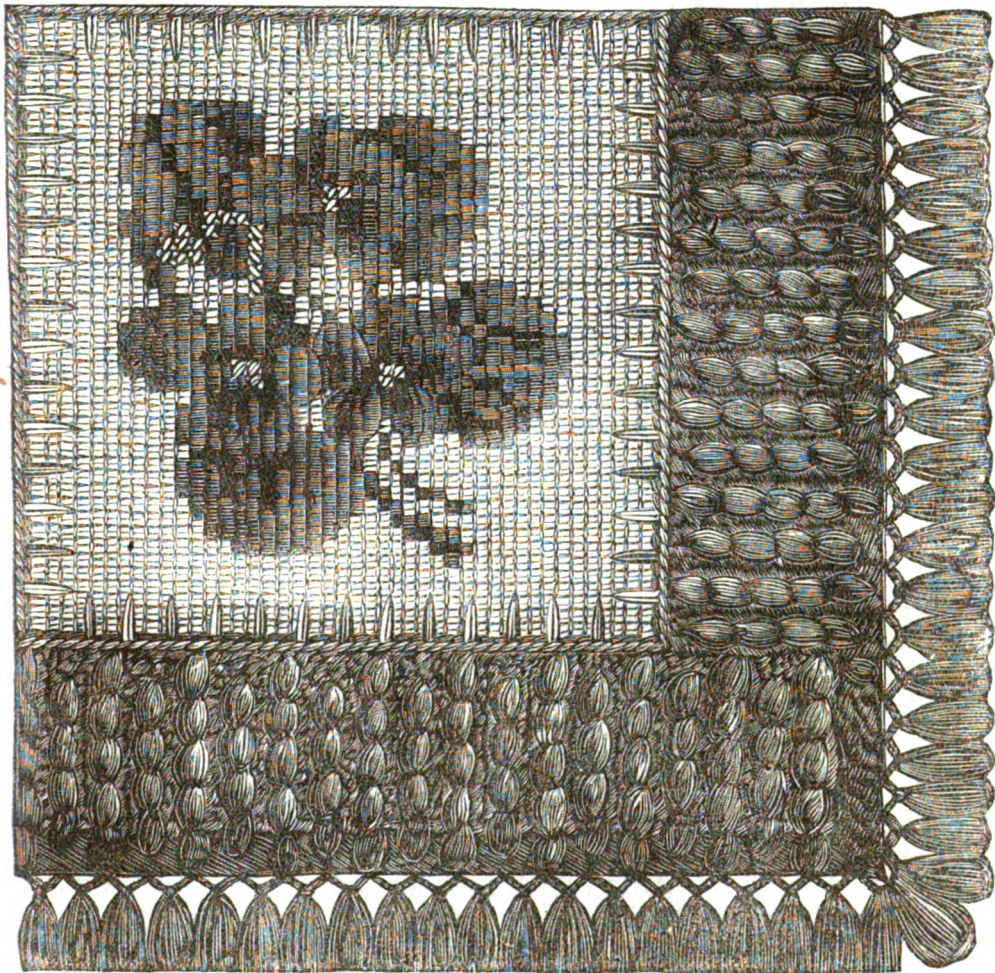
LETTER FOR MARKING.



CROCHET TABLE-COVER.

THIS cover is meant for a small table or cushion. It can be made larger by increasing the number of crochet rounds in the centre and at the edge. The middle is worked in *crochet à tricoter* with white fleecy. A bunch of violets, with its foliage, is embroidered on this ground in natural shades. Then edge the crochet square with one yellow round and one black

on 21 stitches, and increase a stitch at the beginning of each of the first 6 rows (by knitting twice in the same stitch, once as usual, and from the back), then increase every other row (which will be at one end only) for the next 8 rows; the increased row is for the toe. Knit next 12 rows without increasing; there ought now to be 31 stitches on the needle; cast off 20 of them, and knit 2 rows with the remaining 11,



round with double stitch, then 4 rounds in pineapple stitch with mauve-colored wool, and then 2 similar rounds with black wool, one round of double stitch with black wool, and one round of chain-stitched scallops with black wool also. Into these scallops knot loops of black fringe two inches long, as can be seen at illustration.

BED-SOCKS.

Two wooden needles No. 7 and one and a half ounce of 4-thread fleecy are required. Cast

casting off 1 at the toe; in the next 2 rows increase 1 at the toe, then knit 12 rows straight; cast off 1 at the toe in the next 2 rows; in the 2 following increase 1 at the same end, then cast on 20 more stitches, which will give 31 stitches again on the needle, and knit to correspond with the first part of the sock.

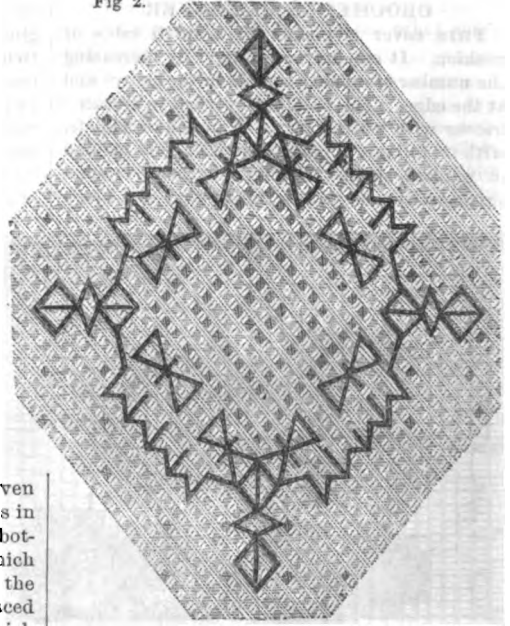
CHILD'S BIB—EMBROIDERY UPON PIQUE.

THE embroidery is worked with Turkish red

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

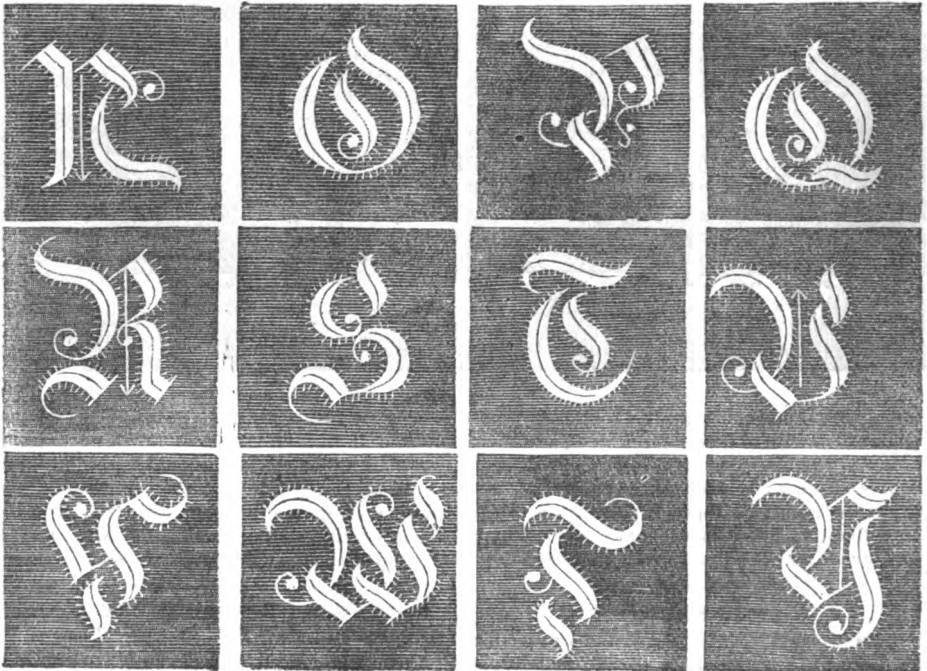


cotton or black silk. The bib measures seven and a half inches in height, and eight inches in breadth; the corners are sloped off at the bottom, and the straight shoulder-straps, which are one and a half inch broad, rise from the upper edge. Fig. 2 gives the middle part placed crosswise, also the simple cross pattern which covers the whole bib. The side straps for passing the strings through consist of a piece of the stuff half an inch broad, with a scalloped edge worked in buttonhole stitch, and placed as an

eye between the upper part and the lining. The calico lining is fastened in with the outer buttonhole stitch.

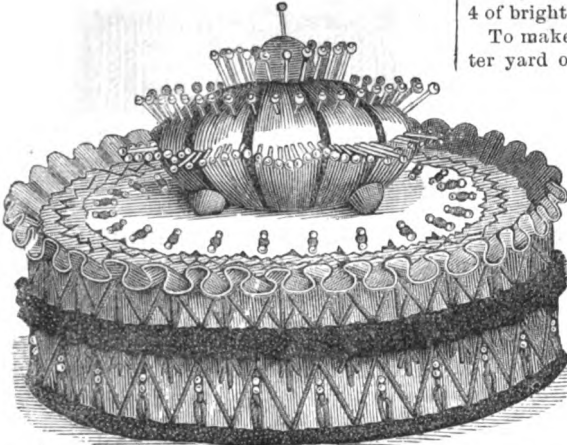
LETTERS FOR MARKING.

(Concluded from *Extension Sheet.*)



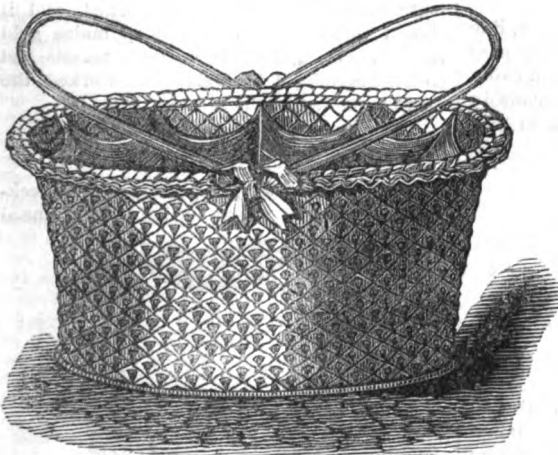
PINCUSHION.

THIS is a good design for a showy pincushion, likely to prove saleable at a fair. A round box must first be procured, and the lid well stuffed with sawdust, and covered with red cloth, worked all round with a row of herring-bone stitches in black silk. In the centre of the lid there is a small octagon cushion covered



with white cloth, and standing on a flat frill of the same pinked out at the edge, and decorated with crystal beads. This small cushion is for black pins. The sides of the box are decorated with a ruche and point russe, worked with black silk.

KNITTED WORKBASKET.



Materials.—This is done in filosele. 4 skeins of deep maize, 6 of bright scarlet, 6 of dark scarlet or claret, and 3 of black, are required.

CAST on 37 stitches.

1st row. Seam 1, make 1, slip 1, repeat.

2d. Seam 2, slip 1, repeat.

3d. Seam 2 together, slip 1, make 1, repeat, at the end of the row seam 1, instead of 2 together.

4th. Seam 1, * slip 1, seam 2, repeat from *.

5th. Slip 1, make 1, seam 2 together, repeat at the end of the row. Seam 1 after seaming 2 together, repeat from 2d row till you have worked the colors 14 times. Knit 4 rows of black, 4 of claret, 4 of bright scarlet, 6 of maize, 4 of bright scarlet, 4 of claret, and repeat.

To make up the basket—one and three-quarter yard of rose-colored satin and 14 yards of satin ribbon, three-quarters of an inch wide, with an edge to it, will be required. Join the knitting round, and quilt a piece of satin, the same depth and length as the knitting, then hem a stiff wire in at the top and bottom, and 8 pieces of wire the depth of the satin, at equal distances, 1 piece at each end and each side, and 1 piece between each of these. For the bottom of the basket, cover a piece of cardboard, 11 inches long by 8 wide, with the corners rounded off, with quilted satin, stitch a strap across the centre of it, with divisions run

in for scissors, stiletto, etc. For the pockets, cut a piece of satin on the cross, one and a half yard long and 7 inches deep, double it and run a tuck a quarter of an inch deep, and put a prepared whalebone through it. For the pincushions at the end, cover a piece of cardboard, about 4 inches long and 3 deep; double the corners back and cover the top, then stuff them with bran, and place one at each end, then put the pockets round the basket, 4 on each side of the pincushions, with one small one about the size for a thimble, then put a quilling of ribbon round each pincushion. For the cover, quilt a piece of satin, the same size as the bottom, and line it with sarcenet, with a stiff muslin between, then edge it round with a quilled ribbon. For the handles, take two pieces of prepared whalebone, the length you wish them, then place them together, and wind a thread tightly over them, then cover them with swan's-down calico, and wind a ribbon firmly over it, giving it here and there a stitch to prevent its slipping.

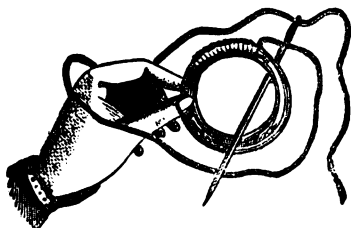
This very useful basket has been much admired, and is very easy to make.

SHIRT BUTTONS.

THESE are very easy to make and pleasant work, and by the help of some linen thread and

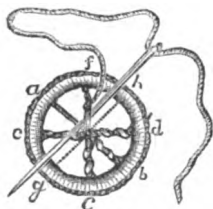
a sewing needle you need never be without a button, which sometimes does happen; for wear we cannot recommend them. Thread your needle with a long length of thread, then wind it twelve times round the end of a thick lead pencil; loop the first end of the thread with the second after having wound it round; now slip it off the pencil, and work over this ring of 12 threads with embroidery buttonhole stitch. The detail 2a gives you the position of

Fig. 1.—2a.



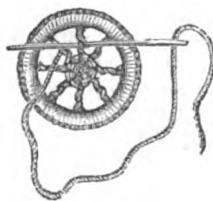
the needle and cotton exactly. When this is finished pass your thread through the inner thread again, and make the cross line. (See detail 2b). Bring the needle out at a, cross

Fig. 2.—2b.



over to b, pass the thread over this cross, line once, and then insert in the ring at c, pass under the line into the middle again, and catch the needle through the half loop just made in leaving b. Then cross to d. Work in this

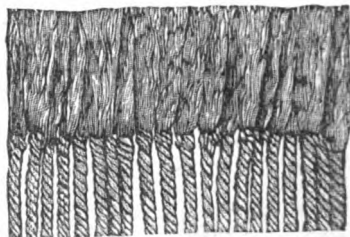
Fig. 3.—2c.



manner regularly from letter to letter, always taking through the middle in the half loop last made; it will leave one-half bar, a to b, plain; this does not matter. When all are crossed over work round and round, as in detail 2c, putting the needle under each little bar as you see it there, until the whole of the centre is filled in. It is then very much the same size as the engraving. It will be far better than no button at all.

FRINGE FOR COUVRETTES, ETC.

This fringe is made of white cotton cord; the strands are knotted a short distance from



the bottom, and then fringed out. This fringe can be used for a variety of purposes where cotton fringe is used.

FOR A SOFA CUSHION.

Materials.—1 ounce each of 4 shades of violet, 4 of green, and 2 ounces of black, 1 ounce of carmine flosselle.

MAKE a chain of 20 inches.

1st row. Take up the wool on the needle, insert the needle in the first loop, draw the wool through; draw the wool through 2 loops on the needle, repeat this in every loop.

2d. Draw the wool through 1 loop, then through 2 at a time, to the end of the row.

Repeat these two rows alternately; in the 3d row the needle be inserted in the long stitch in front; work 2 rows of each shade, from the dark violet to the lightest; 4 of the lightest, 2 of each back to the darkest, 2 of black, 2 of flosselle, 2 black; this completes one stripe; work a green stripe in the same way, and repeat the violet and green alternately. The cushion looks well with both sides worked, and it should then be lined with deep maize gold satin or silk, and made up with tassels and cord to match; if both sides are worked, the chain must be 36 inches.

PEARL NECKLACE.

THE mode of making this pretty-shaped necklace is too clearly shown in the design to need



description. The beads should be strung on round white elastic, and fastened by satin bows.

Receipts, &c.

HOME-MADE FURNITURE.

I HAVE lately met with two or three useful and rather ingenious devices with which a room might receive very necessary adjuncts to the comfort and convenience of its owner, without any great demands being made upon the said owner's purse. I don't suppose that these things will be new to all who may read this, but I hope that they may be so to many. When one mentions furniture, it is always supposed that, even if anything in that line can be made at home, it must owe its production to the hands of one of the gentlemen who may have a taste for, and have learnt, carpentering. But it is not so. All that I am going to write about can be done by any lady who can manage a hammer and nails, and the little rough work that is needed is within the power of any school-boy or man-servant.

So to proceed at once to my subject. The most useful things (especially in a small room) are those that fulfil two purposes, and box ottomans certainly do this well. If bought, they cost not a little; but has it struck many of my readers what capital ones may be made out of old packing cases? I have seen excellent and large specimens made out of Indian camphor-wood packing cases. These were only just long enough to go at the foot of a bed (by which the foot-board formed a back to the ottoman), and held a dress skirt at full length. Their width was about three feet, they were nicely lined, and the top stuffed. A covering of pretty chintz went over all, and very nice looking and useful pieces of furniture were thus made out of boxes that would by many people have been condemned to a lumber-room, or to be broken up. Smaller boxes of this kind are very useful as window seats, and will hold hats, jackets, work, etc. But, now, how to make one. Find a box of the shape and size you wish, and see that there are no nails sticking out; if so, hammer them in, or pull them out. Line the inside of the box, top, bottom, and sides with common white or gray glazed calico, using brass-headed nails, or tin tacks, at long intervals to fasten the calico on with. Then take a piece of the coarsest calico or canvas, double it, and measure it with the top of the box; let it be nearly half a yard wider all round. Make it into a bag, leave the end open, and stuff it rather tightly with horsehair, feathers, or even newspapers torn into the tiniest fragments. Now thread a packing needle with very strong string, and pass it once or twice straight through this cushion; pull it tight, and knot it firmly. Do the same at equal distances of six or eight inches all over the cushion, which will then, if nicely done, look as though padded by anything but an amateur hand; nail the cushion firmly to the top of the box, and so far your work is done. Now, as to the covering of the box; this must depend a great deal on the furniture of the room, of course; rep, moreen, or damask wear best; but I always think chintz is as cheap as anything, and infinitely prettier and more clean, for it washes so well. Take the piece of whatever material it may be that you intend for the top, and wherever there is a knot in the canvas below sew a flat button of any kind to it; when this is done, the covering must be nailed on all round, with a broad furniture gimp or fringe and brass-headed nails. The sides are to be covered with the same material, and can either be padded, or the stuff put on plain. If this is chintz, it must have a calico lining, or probably the wood of the box will show through; fasten this up by the same arrangement of

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gimp and brass nails as you did with the top. A really handsome box might thus be made for a drawing-room by covering the sides and top with different pieces of Berlin work, and it would be most useful to hold music, portfolios, etc. For such use the inside lining would look best of chintz instead of calico. These box ottomans always remind me of those pretty box pincushions, in which form so many old cigar boxes have come into use for our dressing tables.

Another very useful thing is a plate box, instead of a basket, to hold the dirty plates from luncheon or dinner. I have seen a very nice looking one made out of an old tea chest, odd as it may sound to say so. The top was taken away, of course; the height of the box was reduced to about two and a half feet to three feet; common calico was nailed tightly all over it, and painted black. Upon this were pasted little bouquets of flowers, bright-colored birds, butterflies, etc., not all close together, but scattered about. One or two coats of varnish completed the work. The tin lining for the box can be made by any tin-worker, such as even the smallest country towns possess. It should have holes cut to serve as handles in each side, by which to draw it and its load of plates out of the wooden box.

Chintz wardrobes are not very expensive things—certainly far less so than oak or mahogany; but to make one requires more carpentering than the two things I have mentioned, though nothing beyond the powers of a fair amateur carpenter or the village professional. They are made just the size of any other wardrobe, but are composed of a mere framework of deal spars about two inches square, with one or two cross-pieces to support the said framework. Over this—top, bottom, sides, back, and front—is stretched chintz. Brass hooks are screwed into the top of the framework at the back, on which to hang the dresses, and a little brass knob by which to open the door; also a bolt at the top and bottom, to keep the second door from flying open.

One can make such comfortable, nice looking footstools by taking a square or a round case of thick canvas, and stuffing it tightly with any of the things I mentioned for cushioning the box ottomans, or with shavings. Then stretch a piece of pretty Berlin or other work over the top, put cloth at the bottom, and hide the joining of the two at the sides by a thick furniture fringe of any suitable color, which ought to sweep a little on the ground. These footstools are much nicer than any you can buy, and you will also have the pleasure of reflecting that they are all your own work, which is very satisfactory.

I have seen actually a very comfortable little low chair for a bedroom (just the thing for pulling close into the fire when you are having a chat to your dearest friend) formed from one of those ugly and uncomfortable cane-seated chairs, with which most bedrooms are furnished, I think. Any chair will do for the purpose, provided that the seat of it is tolerably broad. Have the legs of the chair sawn off two or three inches; in short, reduce it to pleasant diminutiveness, taking care that the "hind" legs are shorter than the forelegs. Cushion the seat and the whole of the back thickly and softly with the before mentioned canvas, stuffed and padded cushions. Make and put over all—seat, back, sides, everywhere—a loose cover of moreen or rep, leaving not one bit of the woodwork to be seen. Fringe, sewn round the seat and back, looks very well, but it is not necessary. Chintz does not answer so well as thick materials; but, should you wish to use it, you can line it with unleached calico. When nicely done, no one can discover what was the

original state of one of these chairs, such pretty comfortable little things are they. Ay! and is it not a capital way in which to utilize shabby old chairs, no matter of what kind?

Those always popular fender stools, too, which cost a good deal when bought, can be produced nearly as good by home work, or at a small cost. Have a straight piece of deal, the length and width you require, and into this put (as you would into a bench) the four little feet (or six if it is to be for a long stool); stain the legs and the under part of the stool with oak stain, which you can buy at any color-man's, in large or small quantities, quite cheaply. Then put a soft cushion along the top of the stool, and place over it a pretty piece of Berlin work, fastening it on by means of gimp or fringe and brass nails. By the way, I have always found it best to use beads in profusion in any work on which feet are to be placed. No matter how tiny and light those feet may be, they do wear out work, and beads prevent this wearing out to a great extent.

I have endeavored to make the above hints as plain as possible, thinking that in such cases too many words are more readily pardoned than too few. That they may be useful to those who appreciate comfortable pieces of furniture, and who cannot afford to buy them at the extravagant prices usually charged, is the great hope of MERTIE.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Fried Potatoes and Bacon.—Though a very homely dish, this is a very difficult one to dress satisfactorily, unless care and attention be bestowed upon it. In the first place, the bacon should be neither too thick nor too thin; it should be done quickly and thoroughly without being burnt. The cold boiled potatoes should be well chopped and peppered before they are put into the frying-pan, and turned about without intermission until the steam arises freely from them, for nothing is more objectionable than when they are barely warmed. The fire should be pretty brisk, but not fierce. Put the potatoes into a dish, and arrange upon them the slices of bacon (in a circle) round the margin.

Meat Rolls.—Cut some very nice little thin fillets from any kind of meat not previously dressed, lay a small portion of forcemeat upon them, roll them round, tie them once across with a bit of thread, moisten them outside with yolk of egg, dust them over with bread-crumbs, season with pepper, put them upon a spit, and baste them with butter; ten minutes will do them. Send them to table with gravy in the dish, garnished with sliced lemon, crisped parsley, or scraped horseradish.

Cake of Veal or Poultry.—Cut rather thin slices of the uncooked meat of fowl, rabbit, veal, or turkey; add a third of cold ham. Line a plain mould or tin with well-buttered paper, season the meat with red pepper, and shred lemon-peel; lay it in your mould, strewing amongst it minced hard-boiled eggs; mix in two raw eggs, beaten up in a glass of brandy. Cover with buttered paper, and bake slowly for three hours. Turn it into a dish, and when cold decorate it with jelly.

Breakfast Beef.—Take twelve pounds of tender beef, wash it and wipe it dry, rub it with half an ounce of saltpetre, and one ounce of bay salt, all finely beaten. Two hours later rub it well with half a pound of brown sugar; at the end of another two hours add more salt and bay salt. Let it lie eight-and-forty hours. Drain it, and hang it in a very dry but not warm place. In ten days it will be ready for use. Soak it in sour beer for a few hours before dressing it. Then boil or braise it like hunter's beef.

Fried Eggs and Bacon.—The slices of bacon or ham should be as nearly as possible of a size, and not too thick. Toss them in a frying-pan until they are nicely browned, then break your eggs into the pan, and when they are sufficiently set firm, trim them neatly and place them upon the meat. The eggs may be poached, if preferred; they are then less rich, but not nearly so savory.

To Cure Salmon.—Draw and split open a fine fresh salmon; wipe it well inside and out, but on no account wash it. Sprinkle it plentifully with brown sugar, and let it remain a day or two; then rub it over with a small quantity of salt and pounded saltpetre. When this has become pretty well absorbed, wipe the fish, hang it up for a short time in an airy place, and afterwards smoke it slowly.

Bologna Sausages.—Take of beef suet, bacon, beef, pork, and veal, of each half a pound; chop all fine; add some shred sage, marjoram, and pennyroyal; season highly with pepper and salt. Fill it into large skins. Prick them with a needle, boil for an hour, and hang to dry.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

A Nice Sweet Cake.—One pound of flour, one of sugar, one of currants, one of butter. Beat the butter till soft, add sugar and flour gradually. Break in six eggs, one by one, beating the mixture all the time. Bake about fifteen minutes in a hot oven at the end of a baking.

Ambrosia.—Have ready a grated cocoanut and some oranges, peeled and sliced. Put a layer of orange in your dish, and strew sugar over it, then a layer of cocoanut, then orange, and sprinkle sugar, and so on till the dish is full, having cocoanut for the last layer. It should be prepared for an hour or two before it is wanted for use. Pineapple can be substituted for the orange; some use both, but it is better with only one fruit.

Gingerbread Pudding.—Grate six ounces of stale bread, and mix with it six ounces of suet, chopped fine, and two ounces of flour; add a teaspoonful of ground ginger, and mix all well together with half a pound of molasses; put it into a mould, and boil it two hours.

Leicester Pudding.—Mix a teaspoonful of soda with two teacupfuls of flour, a quarter of a pound of suet, half a pound of stoned raisins, sugar, grated lemon-peel, and nutmeg to taste; mix all well together with a pint of milk, put it into a mould, boil for two hours and a half, and serve with sweet sauce.

Lemon Cake.—Beat six eggs, the yolks and whites separately, till in a solid froth; add to the yolks the grated rind of a lemon, six ounces of sugar; beat this well for seven or eight minutes, shake in with the left hand six ounces of dried flour, then add the whites of the eggs and the juice of the lemon. When well beaten, pour into a cake pan, and bake nearly an hour.

Spice Cake.—Two and a half pounds of flour, two pounds of currants, two pounds of butter, half a pound of moist sugar, half an ounce of pounded spice, four yolks and two whites of eggs, two glasses of brandy, a tablespoonful of yeast, and a little warm water. Rub the butter into the flour, mix all together, and put it before the fire to rise about half an hour. Then make it into cakes about half an inch thick, or a little more, and the size of a pudding plate. Bake them not too quickly.

Cocoanut Rock.—Three pounds of loaf-sugar, the meat of two cocoanuts, and the milk of one. Chop up the cocoanut very fine; boil the sugar alone first

till it will crystallize on a plate; then add the nut and the milk, and boil till it hardens when dropped on a plate.

CONTRIBUTED.

Elderberry Wine.—Take six gallons of berries, seven of water, a quarter of a pound of allspice, two ounces of ginger, and a few cloves, and boil them together for half an hour, when they will probably be reduced to seven or eight gallons. Well press the berries through a sieve, and put three pounds and a half of moist sugar to every gallon, and you will then have enough altogether to fill a nine gallon cask. After the sugar is put in, boil till the liquor becomes clear, and as the scum rises remove it. Let the liquor be taken to a cool place, and poured into the cask, and when about lukewarm put in a piece of toast dipped in thick yeast. Look at it the next day, and if fermentation should not have commenced, take out a little of the wine, boil it, and pour it back. Should this still not be found to have had the desired effect, add another piece of toast and yeast, and let it stand a week. Fill up the cask when the working has stopped, and closely bung it down. In about three months it will be ready to drink, but it may be kept for years. SARAH.

Chicken-Tes.—Cut up a fowl in small pieces, taking off the skin; put it into an earthen vessel, with some salt and three pints of water; let it boil three hours; strain it; set it to cool six or eight hours; then take off the fat. The tea will be like jelly. M.

In giving place to the following letter, we wish it to be understood that we in nowise indorse the *wormwood* as being harmless. Any lady who wishes to try its effects had better consult a physician before doing so:—

MR. GODEY: There are at present so many hurtful receipts for the skin, that since one which is entirely harmless has come to my knowledge, I deem it worth sending you. A lady, whose complexion was *perfect*, always free from every eruption, and glowing with health, told me how she obtained and kept it so clear and blooming. To begin with: Three times a day she drinks a small glass of wormwood, which is prepared as follows: Buy at any drug store one of the small prepared packages of the herb, and take half of it. Put this half into a muslin bag and pour over it one quart of boiling water; then let that remain covered in some cold place until cool enough to drink. Put of this mixture two tablespoonfuls into a tumbler of water, and drink either at meals, before, or after. Any physician will recommend it as harmless. Secondly, Mrs. A.—— tells me she never omits *at night* bathing her face in hot water and the finest soap. If this is done during the day it is injurious to the skin. Thirdly, She rises rather early, and during the morning takes a walk, which she never omits, as regularity is first to be considered. If she has attended any ball the night previous and is fatigued, she rests later in the afternoon sooner than to neglect her morning's walk. I can only add that I have her permission to say she has in addition to her clear and beautiful complexion, *perfect health*, since wormwood, when rightly taken, is an excellent tonic. If your young lady readers will follow this regime they will at once find an improvement. After all, perfect health is the best part of beauty. MRS. E. T. L.

There are some receipts that I see called for in your Book, that I take pleasure in giving:—

Charlotte Russe.—Make a custard of one pint of milk and six eggs; when cold, dissolve half a box of gelatine in a little boiling water and stir in the cus-

tard; sweeten, flavor, and whip one quart of cream and stir in the custard, and you will have splendid Charlotte Russe.

Lady Cake.—Whites of seventeen eggs, half a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of flour, one of sugar, wineglassful of rose-water, and the same of fine brandy.

Transparent Dessert.—Quarter pound of butter, half pound of sugar, twelve eggs, beaten separately.

Now, if any of your subscribers can give me the receipt for making *Long Branch Pudding*, I will be greatly obliged. They will find my receipts good, as they have been tried. KATIE.

Rose Aniline.—One drachm of aniline dissolved in alcohol. Add water enough to cover the goods, put in the ooze a piece of bichromate of potash about the size of a hickory-nut. Wet the goods in soap-suds before putting them in the dye, then simmer until dark enough; dry them before rinsing them after being colored. This receipt will color two pounds of goods, and will not fade. On cotton it makes a beautiful pink. T. G.

To make *Sweet Pickles* from sweet apples, pears, or any other kind of fruit. Eight pounds of fruit, three of sugar, one quart of good vinegar, half a teaspoonful of cloves, three-quarters of a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Mix all together, and stew until done; then stew down the syrup to the proper consistence. MRS. A. L. M.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hardbake, or Everton Toffee.—Into a brass skillet put a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, as soon as it is melted add one pound of brown sugar, keep these stirred very gently over a clear fire, till a little of the mixture, dropped into cold water, breaks between the teeth without sticking to them. When it has boiled to this point, it must be poured out immediately, or it will burn. The grated rind of a lemon added when the toffee is half done improves it; or else a teaspoonful of powdered ginger, moistened with a little of the other ingredients, so soon as the sugar is dissolved, and then stirred to the whole. If dropped upon a buttered dish, the toffee can, when cold, be raised from it easily.

Family Glue.—Crack the glue, and put it in a bottle; add common whiskey; shake up, cork tight, and in three or four days it can be used. It requires no heating, will keep for almost any length of time, and is at all times ready to use, except in the coldest of weather, when it will require warming. It must be kept tight, so that the whiskey will not evaporate. The usual corks or stoppers should not be used. It will become clogged. A tin stopper, covering the bottle, but fitting as closely as possible, must be used.

Infection and Contagion.—Infectious disorders are those which are conveyed in the air; and contagious, those that are caught by touching persons already infected. Where contagious disorders are prevalent, the air generally becomes infected, but there are means of purifying it. Chloride of lime, placed in saucers on the stairs or landings, purifies the air of a house. To purify a room where the air has become very close, dip a cloth into a basin containing a solution of chloride of lime and water, and then waft it backwards and forwards until the air is disinfected. But recollect that the odor of much chloride of lime is injurious to the lungs, and that no vessel containing it should remain close to beds while they are being slept in. A very pleasant and wholesome fumigation of a sick room is effected as follows: Take a shovel that is not perforated, rake into it some coals, on which pour vinegar.

Editors' Table.

MRS. EMMA WILLARD.

Death, thou art infinite;—'tis
Life is little.—BAILEY.

In every State of our Union, and probably in every important town, there must be some women to whom the name of Mrs. Willard was dear, as that of the teacher and friend of their early years. By all these, as well as by many more who knew by report of her invaluable labors on behalf of the education of her sex and in other good works, the announcement of her death has been received with sorrow. The claims which Mrs. Willard had upon the gratitude and veneration of the women of America, and of other countries, were of no common order. For many years first at Middlebury in Vermont, and afterwards at Waterford and at Troy in New York, she was at the head of seminaries for the instruction of young ladies. The seminary at Troy, which the corporation aided with judicious liberality, and which in return brought no small benefit to the city, was raised by her almost to the rank of a national institution.

It was in 1814, while residing in Middlebury, that Mrs. Willard matured a plan for effecting an important change in the education of women, by the institution of schools of a higher class than had been established in the country before, and by introducing the study of branches of knowledge which had not previously been taught, as well as by devising new and improved methods of instruction. She published an "Address to the Public" on this subject, which attracted the notice of the leading minds of the day, and among others of Governor De Witt Clinton, who recommended her plan in a message to the New York Legislature. This was the first of a long series of publications on education, history, and science, which gained for Mrs. Willard a distinguished reputation both in this country and in Europe. Among these should be mentioned a volume descriptive of a foreign tour which she made in 1831, and which she published under the title of a "Journal and Letters." The proceeds of this work, amounting to \$1100, were devoted by her to aid a cause which she had greatly at heart—that of promoting the education of women in Greece. That country was then newly liberated from the Turkish yoke, and was awakening the sympathies of generous minds throughout the Christian world. Mrs. Willard, with her usual practical talent, devised a plan for the education of native teachers, and, with many efforts and sacrifices, carried it out to a successful result. Some years later M. d'Eichtal, in his valuable work, *Les Deux Mondes*, spoke of this institution as "established by some American ladies with the most elevated views," seeking in the education of teachers "to improve civilization at its source." At that time twenty boarders were receiving a special education for this object; twelve of them at the expense of the government, and the rest supported by funds from America, raised chiefly through the exertions of Mrs. Willard.

Mrs. Willard was the authoress of a History of the United States, a school atlas, and several other educational works. In 1846 she published a scientific essay, which attracted much attention both at home and abroad. It was entitled "A Treatise on the

Motive Powers which produce the Circulation of the Blood," and had for its object to show that respiration, operating through the lungs, was the primary origin of the force which produces this circulation, while the action of the heart is only secondary. The work was reviewed with respect in England, and was declared to be "eminently entitled to the serious attention and examination of all who take an interest in physiological science."

But the subject to which Mrs. Willard's thoughts were chiefly devoted was education. She wrote several treatises on this subject, delivered addresses relating to it before literary institutions, and made educational tours, instructing teachers and addressing public meetings, at many of which resolutions in favor of her views were unanimously passed. Among other objects she desired to establish the principle that the internal supervision of common schools should be mainly committed to women. She believed that, while the financial management should remain under the control of men, the mothers of the children would be the best qualified to decide upon the arrangements of the school-rooms as regards comfort and health, and upon the studies and discipline. That the teachers should be mostly women is now universally agreed; and Mrs. Willard urged that, while the young women should instruct, the matrons of the district, acting under the general authority of the school committee, should superintend the affairs of the school. The plan is one which promises many benefits. Should it be carried into effect, there is reason to hope that most of the evils which mar our common-school system, such as overcrowded, ill-arranged, and ill-ventilated school-houses, unqualified teachers, excessive punishments, and others well known to all who take an interest in the subject, will gradually disappear under the influence of watchful intelligence, sharpened by motherly affection. Whenever this reform is effected, the debt which will be due to Mrs. Willard's suggestions and efforts should be borne in grateful remembrance.

A few words of biography may be added. Emma Hart was born in Berlin, Connecticut, in 1787. She traced her descent, through both her parents, from families well known in the early history of that State. In 1812, while residing at Middlebury, Vermont, she married Doctor John Willard, then a prominent public man, and holding the office of Marshal of Vermont. On her marriage she retired from the school which she had been conducting with great success; but two years afterwards, when a reverse of fortune fell upon them, she resumed what she deemed her profession in conjunction with her husband. And under their joint control the seminary, first at Waterford, N. Y., and afterwards at Troy, was carried on until Doctor Willard's death in 1826. Thirteen years later Mrs. Willard was able to resign that now flourishing institution into the hands of her son and daughter-in-law, with the assurance that its usefulness and standing would not suffer in their charge. Thus easy in her circumstances, and happy in her domestic relations, she was enabled to devote her later years to those literary labors and scientific studies in which she was so much interested.

In addition to her other gifts, Mrs. Willard possessed a poetical talent not often combined with so much practical energy. As an evidence of this talent, we may cite a beautiful composition which has been often quoted, and which, in its expression of mingled faith and resignation, may form a fitting close to this brief memento of a well-spent and useful life. It is entitled:—

THE OCEAN HYMN.

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord! hast power to save;
I know Thou wouldst not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
And though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death,
In ocean's cave, still safe with Thee,
The germ of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

A MEMORIAL FOR MRS. WILLARD.

IN view of the life and labors of Mrs. Willard, briefly described in the preceding article, we think our readers will agree with us that the cause of feminine education owes her some public acknowledgment of her illustrious services. What better memorial could there be of her long years spent for the good of her sex than the name of that Institution in which, under her own eye, her pupils were gathered together?

Many years ago, when Mrs. Willard was at the head of this flourishing Seminary, she told us that she had chosen its name, not in accordance with her own views or feelings, but to suit the nomenclature of the times. A "Young Ladies' Seminary," seemed to her too large and pompous a name for her infant enterprise—*woman* was then but little used; and she thought, by taking the humblest name of her sex, to divert her attempts of all inordinate pretension and avert the severity of criticism. She did not herself think that *female* was a term which fully expressed the character and destiny of womankind. Since then, the times have changed; woman, and its appropriate adjectives, womanly and feminine, have driven the odious designation from the lips of men. What better testimony at once to this improvement and to the abilities and excellences which helped to bring it to pass, than that the *Troy Female Seminary*, dropping the animal name as *Vassar College* has done, should become the

EMMA WILLARD SEMINARY.

CHARLES READE'S NOVELS.*

WE have now lying before us "Put Yourself in His Place," the last of those bright, changeable novels, full of incident and character, which no one but Mr. Reade could have written, and which even among his stories may be counted a masterpiece. Like most of the others, it has a purpose and moral. The author has taken the Report made by a Committee of Investigation into the atrocities of the Sheffield Trades-Unions, and painted with all his accustomed power those monstrous organizations, whose object is to crush alike master and workman who will not yield to their demands. The hero of the book is a skilled workman who comes from London to Hillsborough (Sheffield) upon the invitation of a master, and whom the local unions determine

to drive away, and, failing to do so, attempt to kill. This is, indeed, but one of the various threads of narrative that run through the book. There is a love story, the breaking of a dam, and all the variety of adventure with which Mr. Reade's books sparkle; but the purpose (next to that of making a good novel) is evidently to rouse public opinion, and to move the government against the dangerous coalitions which have so perverted their power. We don't know a more effective engine of social reform than the sympathy, the indignation, and pity excited by a well-written novel. The dry bones of Parliamentary reports and blue-books are stirred into life; and facts, which otherwise would be confined to the knowledge of a few, are brought home in the most powerful and impressive way to a hundred thousand readers. The influence of Dickens's attacks upon social abuses is widely acknowledged. The recent reforms in schools and workhouses owe more to *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Oliver Twist* than to the statesmen who frame the remedial measures. So the enormities of private madhouses, of prisons, and now of trades-unions have been thoroughly exposed by Mr. Reade; and, as he is careful not to outrun his facts, and backs up each story with an appendix, his readers feel that they may indulge in their natural indignation and sympathy without fear of wasting them upon a chimaera. Outside of all this Mr. Reade is a clever novelist; but, when his lively fancy, powerful description, and skill in painting flesh and blood are united towards the overthrow of a social abuse, the result is the best story of the season.

FRENCH AND MUSIC.

THE education given in schools for girls in England has come under the notice of a commission appointed a few years ago by the British Government to inquire into the state of the public schools in that country. Much evidence was obtained, and a valuable report was rendered. This report, so far as relates to girls' schools, has been republished by Miss Beale, the principal of the Ladies' College, Cheltenham, with a preface, giving her own views on the various topics introduced. We can only refer to two of the subjects, the mode of teaching French, and the excessive practice of music.

The opinion is expressed that, on many accounts, French and German should be preferred, in schools for girls, to the classical languages. But the system which prevails, in some schools, of requiring the girls to converse entirely in French, is strongly objected to. The result of it is, according to the evidence reported, that the girls get a bad pronunciation, and a habit of chattering ungrammatical "British French," which make it difficult for them to learn to speak the language correctly afterwards. There are other ill effects. One of the experienced observers, whose evidence is given, remarks that when this rule is observed, it "puts a check upon free and rational conversation." In schools in which the system prevailed, he had been struck with the manner in which the girls "seemed to jabber rather than converse with one another." All these are such natural results, that one can only wonder that such a method of instruction should be kept up.

As to music, there are many complaints of the waste of time in learning it. One of the witnesses remarks that "girls who have neither ear nor taste are compelled to spend often one hour out of every four devoted to education in torturing pianos, and acquiring a mechanical facility which, in the most favorable cases, enables them to rival a barrel

* Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

organ." Miss Beale makes some very sensible suggestions on this subject. She observes that the habit of giving so much time to the practice of music tends to defeat the very object in view. It is as though a person who desired to become a good walker did nothing but exercise the legs, letting the rest of the system take care of itself. A pupil who wishes to become a really good musician, playing with intelligence and spirit, must cultivate other faculties at the same time. Miss Beale's experience has taught her that those pupils whose mind and character are kept in a healthy state by the discipline of a well-balanced course of study makes far more progress, even in playing, than those who have not the benefit of this general cultivation.

These suggestions may be of use on this side of the Atlantic. French and music are desirable branches of education in young ladies' seminaries, but they may be made to engross too much attention; and it is certainly a satisfaction to know, through the testimony of competent witnesses, that in some cases both these accomplishments would be better acquired by giving less time to them.

A WIFE'S NEEDS.

BY MRS. MARY GRAM.

My youngest one, my darling—
Oh, must thou leave my care?
Lured from my locks of silver
By Ida's golden hair!
Come to the dear old sofa,
Where by thy side, my son,
I listened to thy gladness
The night that she was won.

I, who have been thy shelter,
Would teach thee how to shield
And how to guard the treasure
That will its sweet self yield
Unto thy keeping, dearest,
For I a woman know
How little things neglected
Can make a wife's tears flow.

'Tis not enough to love her;
Until love has grown old,
The beautiful old story
Must oftentimes be told.
Oh, tell it to her often,
For, darling, even now
I love to hear repeated
Each day thy father's vow.

Be tender to her failings,
For though she sweetly sings,
And though her face is lovely
She has no angel wings;
And treading on earth's dust, love,
Must sometimes leave a stain,
There are no spotless garments
But those the angels gain.

We labor in the daytime
Till God puts out the light,
And leaves His tired children
Unto the soothing night.
And in life's toils and strivings
When He knows it is best,
God sends a time of sorrow—
A time to think and rest.

From such a time no fondness
Can shield thy wife or thee;
But if ye grieve together
Ye will not hopeless be.
Oh, heed the sacred promise—
"For better or for worse,"
Often a promise broken
Is followed by a curse.

Ye both will be my children,
Oh, hear a mother's prayer,
While I as to a father
Confide ye to God's care.
Thou canst not serve two masters
With one frail human life;
If self must be remembered,
Thou wilt forget thy wife,

Forget self, oh, my darling!
Inter it 'neath the sod,
And let thy wife's place ever
Be next unto thy God.
And I will be thy sunlight
That, lit by love Divine,
Will ask no greater blessing
Than on both lives to shine.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

GOTHE'S OPINION OF MADAME DE STAEL:—

"Whatever we may say or think of her, her visit was certainly followed by very important results. Her work upon German, which owed its rise to social conversations, is to be regarded as a mighty engine, which at once made a wide breach in that Chinese wall of antiquated prejudices which divided us from France; so that the people across the Rhine, and afterwards those across the channel, at length came to a nearer knowledge of us, whence we may look to obtain a living influence over the distant west. Let us, therefore, bless that conflict of national peculiarities which annoyed us at the time, and seemed by no means profitable."

To that woman who had sufficient strength of mind to break through a "Chinese wall of antiquated prejudices," surely something may be forgiven.

SOME hitherto unpublished papers of Miss Mitford have been found to yield a rich crop of literary history and anecdote, and are to be published during the year—Mr. H. F. Chorley to be the editor.

MRS. SOMERVILLE, now nearly eighty-eight years old (she was born in 1782, and married in 1812 to her cousin, Doctor William Somerville), is residing at Naples, in Italy, enjoying good bodily and mental health.

As Mr. Tennyson has expressed the desire that his "Idylls" should be read in the following order: The Coming of Arthur, Geraint and Enid, Merlin and Vivien, Lancelot and Elaine, The Holy Grail, Pelleas and Ettarre, Guinevere, and the Passing of Arthur, an edition with the poems in this order has been brought out.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—The ladies of Peoria, Ill., are opposed to woman suffrage. They have resolved, "that woman's sphere of duty is distinct from man's, and is well defined; and that as going to the polls forms no part of it, we will strenuously oppose this movement as an invasion of our right not to do man's work."

DIAPASON OF VOICES.—Male voices are divided into *bass*, *baritone*, or singing *bass* and *tenor*. The voices of women are the *contralto*, which corresponds to the baritone, *mezzo-soprano*, and *soprano*. The extreme limits of these voices are for the *bass*, the G below the C C; for the *soprano*, the F in alt, or the F of the last octave but one of the piano. Mozart heard a singer at Parma who gave the C above. Ordinary voices do not go beyond two octaves, but celebrated artistes have compassed three, and even three and a half octaves.

Lefranc and Carlotta Patti have the highest voices, we believe, yet heard in this country, but this great compass is rather surprising than pleasing.—On sale by Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "In Memoriam"—"Self Examination"—"To W. H. A."—"Ma Belle"—"A Tribute of Love"—"Rough Paths"—"Jocelyn's Trials"—"An Autumn Leaf"—"Memory's Treasures"—"Semper Fidelis"—"Time's Measures"—"The Talkers"—and "Woman's Laugh."

These are declined: "Lines to L. A. S."—"Greetings"—"Lines in Expectation of Death"—"Væ"—and "Fleekleness."

Mrs. K. S. Crandell. We addressed a letter to you at Scranton, Pa. It has been returned to us marked, "Can't be found."

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

BY DR. CHARLES P. UNKE.

HYSTERIA.

HYSTERIA is a tedious and tiresome disease, and as troublesome as it is tedious. We hardly know how to arrange what we have to say upon the subject. It appears under so many different forms and simulates so many different diseases, that it is no easy task to give a description of it. In order to get a satisfactory idea of the affection, one wants to witness a *real lively* attack of it. If a single illustration does not give him such a thorough conception of its nature as to satisfy him for the remainder of his natural existence, we shall be very much mistaken. But, in all seriousness, a hysterical woman is a pitiful and unfortunate object—full of aches and pains, and imaginary ills, capricious in character, whimsical in conduct, excitable, impatient, obstinate, and frivolous—a regular Gordian knot for friends and physicians to unravel. She possesses a most variable and imaginative disposition, which, in spite of all that can be done, keeps her in a continued whirl of excitement from morning until night. A word will make her laugh or cry, and the merest trifles will make her transcendently happy, or cast her into the most gloomy despair. If her health be poor, she incessantly dwells upon her unfortunate position—magnifies the slightest sensations into matters of the greatest importance—imagines that she cannot live; complains of this and of that, and torments herself and all around her with her unceasing lamentations, and the obstinacy with which she refuses all kinds of consolation. Nothing affronts her more than to make light of her afflictions. Sometimes she thrusts pins or needles into her flesh, cuts and scratches herself, holds her breath, or obstinately refuses to eat for days at a time in order to elicit sympathy or to procure compliance with her wishes or caprice. Again, she longs for the most extraordinary and disgusting articles of diet, and, unless she be furnished them, she is very much hurt and offended. Again, she conceives an idea that poison has been mixed with her food—that it is not properly prepared—or, as we once witnessed, that she must abstain from eating for a period of forty days, in imitation of the Saviour, in obedience to a command received from above. Again, she will sit for hours determinedly silent, and a moment later be so loquacious and full of bolster as to render herself almost insufferable; and so she continues, whimsical, discontented, and ill-humored, worrying over the merest trifle, and magnifying the ordinary occurrences of everyday life into the worst of ills, until, really, it seems that death would be a blessing.

Instances are on record where ladies in this condition have taken their life in their own hands and put an end to their existence as a relief from their miserable condition. These extreme cases, however, are not very frequent; the patients dreading death and shrinking from it, yet wishing momentarily for it to come.

Now, this is the everyday life of an hysterical patient. There are yet another set of symptoms that show themselves upon extra occasions. In case of an accident, a fire, a sudden surprise or fright, or even a disappointment, a denial, or a cross word, away she goes into convulsions or fits, and if ever a raging mania could exhibit more violent ebullitions of nature than some of these poor creatures do in these paroxysms, we never wish to see them. She shrieks, and screams, and tears her hair; she bites herself and others; she throws her limbs con-

vulsively about; twists her body in all kinds of violent contortions; trembles, sweats, and gasps for breath; beats her breast with her clenched fists; groans, weeps, and not unfrequently requires the assistance of others to keep her from doing herself irreparable injury.

Women sometimes make remarkable displays of strength and endurance under these circumstances. We visited a patient, a few days since, who, though but a frail and delicate woman, took the united strength of three powerful men to master her; and then, in spite of their efforts, succeeded in considerably bruising herself by contact with the wall and floor, against which she seemed determined to dash her brains out. And this is the way with the usual exacerbations of better and worse that our hysterical subjects present themselves. There is another form of the disease in which the patient falls down as if dead, and remains insensible for a variable length of time; but this is not so common as the former, and we will give it no special notice. As to the cause of hysteria, it is but poorly understood. Probably some of the most frequent predisposing causes are, weak constitution, scrofula, indolence, a city life, bad physical and moral education, nervous or sanguine temperaments; the over excitement of certain feelings, and religious and other enthusiasm. Some authors suppose there is an hereditary disposition to hysteria, and others that there is a peculiar temperament which disposes to it. It is certain that *imitation* has much to do with it; or, in common parlance, it is *catching*, for very often when one lady is taken in an assembly, many others will also be attacked from seeing her. Marteau mentions a case where a young lady was attacked with hysteria in a school, and so many of her companions followed in the same way, that it was found necessary to close the school for a time to get rid of it. The same thing has been often seen in churches and other public assemblages, and particularly at camp-meeting and love-feasts.

Many other strange and apparently slight causes may also directly produce hysteria. Orfila mentions a case of a young lady who went into hysterics when she saw flaxseed-tea made. Rostan says he has seen hysteria, with loss of voice and strangulation, produced even by the *color* of a certain flower. And many such cases have followed from smelling orange-flowers and violets. Particular pieces of music, or the reading of certain passages from books will affect some, and the sight of certain animals will affect others.

A case is mentioned of a lady who always had an hysteriform attack if she heard the clock strike *five*, her father having died at that hour; and another who suffered in the same way whenever she saw a *ladder*, her husband having been killed by falling from one. In fact, there is no end to such cases—they only serve to puzzle us, and render the disease a greater mystery than ever.

As to the treatment of the affection, there is hardly anything satisfactory that can be accomplished. It is as intractable of treatment as it is confusing and obscure. About all that can be done is to prevent the patient from injuring herself during the paroxysms—and that can be done by friends as well as by a physician—and judiciously indulge her in her whims and caprices, respect her feelings, and sympathize with her in her *troubles*, for it should be recollected that her fanciful notions are *realities* to her, and that it is not by harshness, but solely by kindness and obvious interest, that we can gain her confidence and make her believe that she is not so unfortunate as she imagines. If anything is done in the way of medication, the tonic plan of treatment

seems to be the best. And in the choice of tonics, those should be selected which have a special tendency to the nervous system. Quinine, sulphate of copper, valerianate of zinc, etc., are those from which the most good may be expected. These may often be advantageously combined with laxative and other medicines when they seem to be indicated. Other means calculated to meet the same ends should be enjoined. As the daily use of the cold bath, exercise in the open air, wholesome and nutritious food, early rising, and attention to the condition of the depurative organs. Snuff, coffee, strong tea, and alcoholic drinks should be prohibited as a general rule. Hot and crowded rooms, the dissipation of society, and all causes of excitement, including the reading of novels, should be shunned.

Mattresses to be used instead of feather beds, unless in the coldest weather, and the skin protected against changes of temperature, and especially against the cold of winter, by flannel next to the skin, etc. etc. A change of residence from town to country, a sea voyage, a long journey, a residence abroad, or anything of the sort to bring a new set of influences to bear upon the nervous system is sometimes attended with very fair results—indeed, these are among the most efficient measures that can be employed. The disease usually declines with advancing age, and on or about the fortieth year disappears entirely.

Literary Notices.

From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

AN HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE NARRATIVE OF THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF KENTUCKY. By W. Stump Forwood, M. D., Member of the American Medical Association, of the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty of Maryland, etc. Besides the descriptive narrative, this book gives explanations of the causes concerned in the formation of the cave, its chemistry, geology, zoology, etc., with full scientific details of the eyeless fishes. There are a number of excellent lithographic illustrations.

ROUGEORGE; and Other Short Stories. By Harriet Prescott Spofford, Alice Cary, Jane G. Austin, and others. Forming the third series of "Short Stories for Spare Moments," reprinted from *Lippincott's Magazine*.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE STORY OF ELIZABETH. A Novel. By Miss Thackeray, daughter of Wm. M. Thackeray, Esq. A pretty, simple story, which the public have already had the pleasure of reading, as the present edition is a reprint.

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT. A Sequel to "Consuelo." By George Sand. Translated from the French by Fayette Robinson.

JEALOUSY; or, Teverino. A Novel. By George Sand. With a biography of George Sand. Translated from the French by Oliver S. Leland. The Messrs. Peterson are publishing a very neat edition of the works of George Sand. Those who wish to become acquainted with the works of one of the most talented of French authors have now an opportunity to do so.

THE LECTURES OF LOLA MONTEZ: with an *Autobiography of Her Life.* Lola Montez's lectures on "Beautiful Women," "Gallantry," "Comic Aspect of Love," etc., which were delivered in this country a number of years ago, and were afterwards published in book form, are here presented in one volume, with her autobiography added.

MRS. HALE'S NEW COOK BOOK. By Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. Illustrated with numerous engravings. This book will be found to present a practical system of cooking for private families in town and country, with directions for carving and arranging the table for parties, etc., also preparations of food for invalids and children. Mrs. Hale has long been a standard authority in domestic matters, and her cook book should be found in every kitchen.

THE LAW AND PRACTICE OF THE GAME OF EUCHRE. By a Professor.

THE LADIES' COMPLETE GUIDE TO NEEDLEWORK AND EMBROIDERY. By Miss Lambert. This work contains full and practical instructions in all kinds of fancy needlework, knitting, netting, crocheting, bead-work, braiding, etc., and is the most useful companion for a lady's work-table we have ever seen.

From H. PETERSON & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE MODERN JOB. By Henry Peterson. This is a poem of more than ordinary excellence. It is carefully written, and its sentiments are of the best, while its religious truths are plainly put.

From REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD, Philadelphia:—

HARBAUGH'S HARFE. Gedichte von Pennsylvaniaisch-Deutscher Mundart. Von H. Harbaugh, D. D. Herausgegeben von B. Bausman. A collection of poems printed in Pennsylvania-Dutch, illustrated by several engravings.

From HENRY CAREY BAIRD, Philadelphia:—

PROTECTION TO NATIVE INDUSTRY. By Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart., author of "Ten Chapters of Social Reform." An English book referring to industrial and political matters in that country, but which the advocates of protection believe to apply in its general argument to this country as well. It will be sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of the price, \$1 50.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., and PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

FREE RUSSIA. By William Hepworth Dixon, author of "Free America," "Her Majesty's Tower," etc. The vast Empire of Russia has been almost unknown ground to the civilized world. Foreigners have penetrated along its borders and to a few of its cities; but of the people in the inland towns and countries, their modes of living and thinking, we have known literally nothing. Mr. Dixon has travelled "from the Polar Sea to the Ural Mountains, from the mouth of the Vistula to the Straits of Yenikale," and has given us his impressions and experiences in his journeyings. That a traveller will see many things in a distorted manner, and receive many incorrect impressions, must be taken as a matter of course. But the book is an interesting one, and we thank its author for the many glimpses he has given us of Russian life.

SERMONS PREACHED AT BRIGHTON. By the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, the Incumbent of Trinity Chapel. New edition. These are simply recollections of sermons preached from 1847 to 1853, sometimes dictated by the preacher, and sometimes written out by himself, and are now published without corrections or additions.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. A Novel. By Charles Reade, author of "Hard Cash," etc. Charles Reade's novel is finished. It is, we think, the most sensational of all sensational novels we ever read. Though interesting and exciting in the extreme, wa

cannot think it in all respects equal to some of his former efforts. But the book has been written with a purpose. His descriptions of the workings and the abuses of the trades' unions are exceedingly graphic, and should lead to a reform in these matters. The Harpers issue no less than three editions of this novel. Two large octavos—one bound in cloth, and the other in paper—and one uniform with Fields & Osgood's cheap edition of Reade's works. They are all handsomely illustrated.

THE WRITINGS OF ANNE ISABELLA THACKERAY. With illustrations. This volume contains the complete works of Miss Thackeray, among which are "The Village on the Cliff," "The Story of Elizabeth," and a number of shorter stories, including "Five Old Friends," in a new dress, "Cinderella," "Jack the Giant Killer," etc. Miss Thackeray writes with singular delicacy and purity, and promises in time to add new lustre to an already brilliant name.

THE HISTORY OF HORTENSE, Daughter of Josephine, Queen of Holland, Mother of Napoleon III. By John S. C. Abbott. A life of Hortense sufficiently complete for ordinary readers, giving the main events in a career singularly full of interest and romance.

GWENDOLINE'S HARVEST. A Novel. By the author of "Carlyon's Year," etc.

STERN NECESSITY. A Novel. By F. W. Robinson, author of "Poor Humanity," etc.

KILMERY. By William Black, author of "In Silk Attire," etc.

Three novels of ordinary excellence belonging to Harper's "Library of Select Novels."

WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP; A Story of Domestic Life. By Grace Aguilar. Appleton & Co. are still issuing their elegant edition of Grace Aguilar's works, which we feel sure the public will appreciate. Miss Aguilar was a writer of a past generation which the present generation will do well to become acquainted with.

THE LADY OF THE IOE. A Novel. By James de Mille, author of "Cord and Crease," etc. With illustrations by C. G. Bush. A capital semi-military novel, written in a lively, rattling style, in which we imagine we can trace the influence of Lever. Mr. De Mille's humor, however, has nothing coarse or indelicate about it, while he displays a much more intimate acquaintance with the deeper sentiments of the human heart than is evidenced in the novels of the author to whom we have referred.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE. A Love Story. By the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli.

VENETIA. A Novel. By the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli.

CONTARINI FLEMING. An Autobiography. By the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli.

VIVIAN GREY. A Novel. By the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli.

The sensation which "Lothair" has created seems to have called for a reproduction of Disraeli's earlier works. Every one who has not already read them will now, of course, be eager to do so.

BREEZIE LANGTON. A Story of Fifty-Two to Fifty-Five. By Hawley Smart, author of "A Race for a Wife." An English novel of average merit, which, like the rest of its class, makes one wonder if the young men and women of England are as stupid, indolent, and unprincipled as its pages represent them.

From CARLETON & Co., New York, through TURNER & Co., Philadelphia:—

RAMBLES IN CUBA. A delightful sketch of life in Cuba, written in form of a diary. Its pictures,

people, and scenery are novel and pleasing, and its descriptions lively.

From SHELDON & Co., New York, through OLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAPPELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

SANCTUM SANCTORUM; or, Proof-Sheets from an Editor's Table. By Theodore Tilton, Editor of the *Independent*. This book gives about forty articles from the pen of Mr. Tilton, which have appeared from time to time during the last seven years in the columns of the *Independent*. These articles are usually on subjects of a personal rather than a political interest, and are lively, entertaining, and in every way well worth reading. We thank Mr. Tilton for putting these sketches and essays in a convenient shape for reading and preservation.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. Author's Edition. By Charles Reade. Having published this novel by instalments in the *Galaxy*, Messrs. Sheldon & Co. now issue it in book form. They publish a letter from the author as follows: "The publishers of *The Galaxy* pay me a liberal price for 'Put Yourself in His Place.' If I were a mechanical inventor, instead of a literary inventor, this payment would secure them the sole legal right. In the present iniquitous, partial, barbarous, and brainless state of law, it only secures them a clear moral right. But I hope all respectable publishers will respect that moral right, will put themselves in their place, and will forbear to reap where they have not sown. CHARLES READE."

From ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston:—

POEMS. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. We noticed Mr. Rossetti's poetry in the Editor's Table last month as giving its author high rank in the hierarchy of verse. "To the public in general," says the London *Athenaeum*, "this volume will announce a new poet. To a small but influential circle of thinkers its publication will be only the formal evidence of powers and accomplishments long since recognized." Our space forbids us to say more of the book; but we must notice the thoroughly neat and tasteful manner of publication. It is simple, solid, and handsome, without ostentation or frippery. We are glad to see that the work is already in a second edition.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL. By Louisa M. Alcott. The wide popularity of Miss Alcott's "Little Women" excited high expectations of her new book; and she has not disappointed her readers. In several points, indeed, we prefer the "Old-Fashioned Girl" to her predecessors. She talks less slang than they, while she has the same sweetness and purity of motive. We shall give a more particular notice next month in our Table.

ANTONIA. By George Sand. Translated by Virginia Vaughan. "Antonia" is the second of that series of translations promised by the publishers from the works of the great French novelist. "Mauprat," the first translated, was enough to convince the public both of her transcendent ability and of the purity of her writings. Madame Dudevant has been known to English readers chiefly by certain of her earlier works, written in a mood of indignation with social restraints; but the morality of her later writings is high and ennobling. The book is well bound and printed. We expect with interest the third in order—"Monsieur Sylvestre."

GOETHE'S HERMANN AND DOROTHEA. Translated by Ellen Frothingham. This is a sumptuous edition of Goethe's celebrated poem, translated in the hexameter metre of the original. Nothing could be added to the beauty of the volume; while the translator has been fairly successful in over-

coming the prosaic tendency of the English hexameter.

From LORING, Boston, through PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia:—

A WEEK IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE, *Medusa, and Other Tales.* By Mrs. Adelaide (Kemble) Sartoris. A delightful book for summer reading, which it is just possible some of our readers may have met before, but which will bear to be looked at again.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

SEPTEMBER, 1870.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—In this number we present our subscribers with a Scriptural design, representing the bringing of Joseph's coat to Jacob by his brethren. On page 266 will be found a short poem by Rev. H. H. Weld, suggested by the plate.

"The Sixteenth Amendment."—Our wood-cut engraving. The idea of this design was taken from the arguments of those who contend that when woman is given the political rights that at present belong solely to man, her household duties will be neglected, and her husband be compelled to take her place, or starve.

The fashion-plate is well designed and colored.

The work-department contains many useful designs.

In the October number Marion Harland will contribute a story upon the woman question. Her last story, "Wall-Flowers," we have reason to know has met with a warm reception everywhere. The incidents and history of the principal characters were readily recognized in the locality where the scene was laid.

GLEN MOUNTAIN HOUSE, *Watkins Glen, Watkins, New York.*—This delightfully situated house is open for the season. A more romantic spot is not to be found in this country. The glen was never in so safe and good a condition to visit as at the present time. Its staircases, pathways, and bridges have been greatly improved, and a person is employed to keep everything in perfect order. The new Glen Mountain House is pronounced by tourists to be one of the most beautiful connected with any scenic summer resort in America. It is commodious and airy, and is a home of rest, refreshment, and recreation.

POSTAL MONEY ORDERS.—Apply to your postmaster for a postal money order. No more losses by mail.

"The postal money order system established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than \$1 nor more than \$50. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz: For an order for \$1 or for any larger sum but not exceeding \$20, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of \$20 and up to \$30, the charge shall be 15 cents; more than \$30 and up to \$40, the charge shall be 20 cents; over \$40 and up to \$50, the charge shall be 25 cents."

THE *Philadelphia Bulletin* says, "GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for July should be taken into the confidence of every lady who is making up her wardrobe for the summer's rustication. Its hints on dress are as sensible and reasonable as they are tasteful."

PICNICS.—The glad eagerness with which everybody joins a picnic party seems to indicate something more than a universal "proclivity" towards jovial idleness and an aboriginal condition. Is not the variety introduced into life by such excursions a great part of their charm? They break into the steady-going monotony of our ordinary existence. Change is welcome to all who have not become, from unnatural habits, morbidly averse to it. It is medicine, food, life to spirits stagnating amidst the dull proprieties of polite society, or the wearisome routine of shops and offices. Happily, change can be had more easily now than was possible in former days. Cheap railways and steamboat excursions convey us in a few hours from smoky to still, sylvan retreats or wild sea-coasts. And thus the wearied workman and the harassed clerk have a chance of breathing something purer than the carbonic acid from other people's lungs, and of seeing trees and rocks instead of factory chimneys. Wholesome change, not restless fancy, should regulate the diet of both body and mind, our social habits, and the spirit of our public institutions. There is a refreshing absence of restraint, a return to natural simplicity of manners, about picnics, which, to our mind, is not their least pleasing feature. People do and say very much as they like, without being haunted by the suspicion that it may not be in perfect accordance with the rules of that hydra-headed tyrant—Society. How artificial and constrained is the talk of most persons, except in their own homes, or with their most familiar friends! How unnatural and uncomfortable are the attitudes and deportment which we are expected to assume in company! What wretched mockeries of social intercourse are our formal morning calls, our oppressive evening assemblies! At a picnic there is a piquancy which arises from every individual feeling at perfect liberty to be natural and rejoicing in the brief freedom. And the happiness of thus indulging our personal tastes should induce us, not indeed to vulgarly parade our peculiarities, but to infuse into our intercourse with others more of the genial freshness of hearty, natural conduct.

LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE. With Papers, Recollections, Anecdotes, and Letters, by "Boz," never before collected. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, have in press, for immediate publication, *The Life of Charles Dickens*. It will contain, beside a full history of his Life, his *Uncollected Pieces*, in Prose and Verse: *Recollections and Anecdotes*, as well as Letters never before published; and will trace the entire career of the great Novelist from the time of his birth and first connection with journalism as a reporter, to its unexpected and lamented termination on the 9th of June, 1870. By Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie. It will also contain a new engraved likeness of Charles Dickens, taken from a photograph for which he sat a few days prior to his death. The whole will be issued in a large duodecimo volume, bound in cloth, uniform with "Peterson's" various editions of "The Complete Works of Charles Dickens." Price \$1.50. Agents wanted everywhere to engage in its sale. Advance copies will be sent to any one, post-paid, on receipt of price.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS' SAPOLIO.—This article is the best that has ever been brought before the public for polishing steel, iron, brass, tin, and copper. It removes instantly all stains, rust, dirt, or tarnish of any kind. Indispensable in the kitchen. No family should be without it.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for September is now ready, with the usual diversified table of contents, including songs, polkas, transcriptions, etc. All lovers of music should send for a copy of this, the best of all the musical monthlies. Price 40 cents, or the last three numbers for \$1, and three stamps for postage. Address J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

New Sheet Music.—Charles W. Harris, New York, publishes *Angels Calling*, pretty song and chorus, 30 cents; *Give*, song by Dempster, 40; *Like Yon Bright Bird*, concert song for good florid voice, 50; *In Heaven I Wait for Thee*, song and chorus, 30; *My Love Annie*, pretty song by Dempster, 40; *Year After Year*, Dempster, 40; song by Bassford; and two sacred songs by Muller, *Come Unto Me*, 40, and *O Jerusalem*, 35. Also two pretty songs for the guitar, *Jenny Who Lives in the Dell*, and *Let the Angels In*, each 30. Orders for any music published promptly attended to. Address orders, as above, to J. Starr Holloway.

PRACTICAL JOKES.—The point at which practical joking becomes a serious offence is where it passes from the category of boyish fun to that of intentional personal annoyance. It is because practical joking among grown-up people seldom can be anything else but this latter that it ought to be, and as a rule is, discountenanced among them. The rule, however, is not inflexible, and there are degrees of latitude which may be recognized in its application. A practical joke is occasionally the only way of exposing ignorance, or vanity, or vulgarity. When this is the case, it amounts to a *jeu d'esprit* at the expense of some social pretender who can only be punished in some such way, and nobody would feel inclined to judge it very harshly. Many amusing literary productions have been practical jokes of this pardonable kind.

THE PRINTER'S CIRCULAR.—R. S. Menamin, editor and publisher, 515 Minor Street, Philadelphia. We have received from the publisher a neatly-bound volume of this useful and attractive monthly. From a perusal of its pages we incline to the opinion that there is no other work in the country that contains such an amount of interest beneficial to members of the craft. It is recognized as the official organ of the International Typographical Union.

A TRUE MAN:—

Such was our friend. Formed on the good old plan, A true, and brave, and downright honest man! He blew no trumpet in the market place, Nor in the church, with hypocritical face, Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace; Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will What others talked of while their hands were still! And while "Lord, Lord!" the pious tyrants cried, Who, in the poor, their Master crucified, His daily prayer, far better understood In acts than words, was simply doing good. So calm, so constant, was his rectitude, That by his loss alone we know his worth, And feel how true a man has walked with us on earth!

PENCIL WRITING may be fixed almost as indelibly as ink by passing the moistened tongue over it. Even breathing slowly over the lines, after writing, renders them much less liable to erasure than when not subjected to that process.

A DANDY:—

A dandy is a thing who would
Be a woman if he could;
But, as he can't, does all he can
To make folks think he's not a man.

CHEAP LUXURIES FOR THE PEOPLE.—Opportunately, at the time when the cost of living is enormous, a new article appears in the market, affording an unprecedented amount of delicious and wholesome aliment, almost for a song. We refer to the patent *SEA MOSS FARINE*, which is now, by virtue of its extraordinary cheapness, taking the place of all the gelatinous articles of food manufactured from maize and grain. The raw material of this nutritious and fattening agent is the free gift of nature—a marine moss growing in prodigious quantities on the Irish coast, and known as Carrageen. Cleansed, desiccated, concentrated, and reduced to powder by a patent process, this wonderful plant yields a larger quantity of pure, palatable aliment in proportion to its weight than any substance produced from the great agricultural staples. Artistic cooks pronounce it the finest article for Custards, Puddings, Creams, Soups, Sauces, etc., that has yet been discovered, and the *SEA MOSS FARINE CO.*, of New York, who own the patent, find it all they can do to keep pace with the demands for the new staff of life.

We copy the following from the *Philadelphia Inquirer*:—

"**GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.**—The promises of additional attractions to enhance the value of this old favorite have been more than fulfilled, and GODEY'S may now be pronounced the leading lady's magazine of the day. The fashion pictures are so profuse as to be almost bewildering, comprising an illuminated plate; an extension-sheet, with twenty-nine pictures; patterns, plain and in colors; and a large number of wood engravings, representing the latest styles of coiffures, basques, mantillas, and children's dresses. The literary department is well cared for. Marion Harland presents another new story, and there are contributions, prose and poetical, from nearly all the favorite old contributors. The "Editor's Table" is heaped high with entertaining and instructive articles. "Godey's Arm-Chair" is, as always, well filled. The venerable and genial editor has just returned with his estimable lady from Europe, where the benefit of relaxation and travel has had the effect of rejuvenating him; so that, from present appearances, Godey will be able to be heard from in the year 1909, and the magazine will be in its eightieth year."

DRINKING AT MEALS.—When fat meats, or sauces composed partly of butter, are taken, and cold drink directly after, the butter and fat are rendered concrete, and separated from the rest of the aliment. This congealed oily matter being then specifically lighter than the remaining contents of the stomach, swims on the top of the food, often causing heavy, uneasy, painful sensations about the cardia and breast, and sometimes a feeling of scalding and anxiety; at other times, when the stomach regains its heat, the fatty matter is rejected, by little and little, from weak stomachs, in oily regurgitations, which are very disagreeable. In such cases a little compound spirits of hartshorn, with a glass of warm water and sugar, will convert the fat into soap, and give instant relief.

THE LIFE OF FLOWERS.—Why does not everybody have a geranium, a rose, a fuchsia, or some other flower in the window? It is very cheap, if you take it from slip or seed, and it is a beauty and companion. It sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with Nature and innocence, and is something to love. If it cannot love you in return, it cannot hate you; it cannot utter an ungrateful thing even for neglecting it; for, though it is all beauty, it has no vanity; and living as it does, purely to do you good and afford you pleasure, how can you neglect it!

Who can speak all languages? Echo.

We published an article upon the subject of answering letters, acknowledging receipt of money or anything that represents it, and of gifts. Here is something more on the subject from the *Mercury* of this city:—

"That the receipt of a communication imposes upon the recipient the obligation of an early answer is not generally understood in this polite world of ours. Most certainly our forefathers were most punctilious in this respect. They acknowledged—and that too without unnecessary delay—the receipt of the most trivial mission from high or low, rich or poor; and even now-a-days, among ladies and gentlemen of the old school, any breach of this act of common courtesy would insure well-merited censure. Have we, then, so retrograded in respect for one another that it is considered no longer necessary to answer queries because they happen to be *written* instead of verbal communications? What would be thought—even in this degenerate age of chivalry—of the man or woman who would turn a deaf ear to our inquiries, or otherwise treat us with indifference? Such conduct would be considered boorish; but not one whit more so than for one of either sex to receive a communication requiring an answer, and then to deliberately pigeon-hole it, cast it aside, or consign it to the tender mercies of the flames. We have been led to these remarks by the too common and *decidedly ill-bred* practice of not answering letters, or, at least, acknowledging their receipt within a reasonable space of time."

"CASHMERE BOUQUET" is the charming name of a delicious new soap lately issued by the celebrated manufacturers, COLGATE & CO. It is softening and beautifying to the skin, and in its pretty receptacle is a very beautiful as well as a most welcome addition to summer toilet preparations.

READING IN BED.—Reading in bed is not a custom to be commended. The brain should not be exercised when the rest of the body is giving itself up to repose. This rule applies especially, of course, at night, after the labors of the day, and when the brain is in a state of weariness. We apprehend that this is the point of the injunction not to read in bed. The mere recumbency of posture while reading is not calculated to injure the brain. There is one qualification of the rule against reading in bed. In some persons, and in certain states of the brain, of mingled exhaustion and excitement, a little easy reading in bed has a soothing effect, and favors the coming on of sleep; but this condition of the brain at bed-time is not a normal one.

KENTUCKY.

MR. GODEY, SIR: May I be allowed to trouble you with a few lines? We have to thank you very much for some of the contents of your number for the month of June; for instance, "A Gossip with the Girls," by an Old Maid, a piece *beyond price*, and which ought to be written in letters of gold, and hung up beside every young girl's toilet-table. Also we were charmed with the "Valedictory Address," by Ann Preston (or rather by the extracts from it). Mr. Godey, you are a *benefactor to society*. Your LADY'S BOOK I have been in the habit of reading for twenty-three years. E.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES:—

I can inform any one interested of *hundreds* of WHEELER & WILSON's Machines of twelve years' wear that to-day are in *better working condition* than *one entirely new*. I have often driven one of them at a speed of eleven hundred stitches a minute. I have repaired fifteen different kinds of Sewing Machines, and I have found yours to wear better than any others. With ten years' experience in Sewing Machines of different kinds, yours has stood the most and the severest test for durability and simplicity.

GEORGE L. CLARK. Lyndeville, N. Y.

In a law case in this city appeared as plaintiff "Bonaparte Shoe." Now who is responsible for this? The sponsors in baptism. We have seen some queer combinations. One is "Cæsar Augustus Gustavus Adolphus Mark Antony Timothy Keating;" by occupation a dancing-master; and "Terence McNoggin McFloggin McDooly O'Slack," by profession an Irishman; but we think "Bonaparte Shoe" equal to these.

"I SAY, did you see it done?" "No, I was not an eye-witness, but an ear-witness." "A *near* witness, and not a *nigh* witness! That's what I call a distinction without a difference."

A NEW COTILLON.—In these times, when a *cotillon* is the usual complement to a ball, it is curious to read the description in a French magazine of one danced at a Berlin ball, and which leaves all Parisian artifices in utter darkness. The ball was given by a Mme. Hoffman in honor of the pupils of her husband, an eminent chemist, and the *fête* was organized in most brilliant style by the students of the laboratories of the Berlin University. The *cotillon* was, in the first place, original from beginning to end. When figure after figure, as new as they were complicated and graceful, had been danced, a table heaped up with bouquets of white flowers and piles of spotlessly white favors was placed at one end of the great room, while at the other was a fountain spouting jets of perfumed water, which fell sparkling into a crystal basin adorned with flowers. The waltz was now resumed, and as each couple approached the table the lady took a bouquet, and the cavalier a knot of ribbons; on went the waltzers towards the fountain, where the *dansseuses* held their flowers, and the *dansseurs* their ribbons, beneath the sweet-scented spray; and instantaneously the bouquets became of every brilliant hue—red, violet, blue, gold, and some uniting several colors in their variegated petals; while the favors became of every color of the rainbow. The bouquets and ribbons of the same shades now sought each other, and "the new couples formed by the influence of the magic colors whirled in merry surprise through the room." A word for the uninitiated: the aniline coloring matters, reduced to the finest powder, had been sprinkled over the flowers and ribbons, in no way impairing their whiteness, and the contact of the alcoholic liquid, prepared and perfumed, instantly produced the richest aniline dyes.

PERSONAL.—A clergyman in a town in Maine had just finished the preaching of an eminently practical discourse, in which he stated that persons afflicted with the dyspepsia were guilty of the violation of the laws of God and nature, and deserved to be punished in this life and that which is to come. A lank, dyspeptic-looking specimen of humanity arose in one of the aisles, his face flushed with anger, and said that he had no doubt the speaker referred to him, "as he happened to be the only person present who was troubled with the dyspepsia!" He thought the preacher had no right to make such personal allusions, and the next time he undertook to preach, would thank him to select some other individual for the foundation of his remarks.

A WITNESS in a late divorce suit kept saying that the wife had a very *retaliating* disposition—that she "retaliated for every little thing." "Did you ever see her husband kiss her?" asked the wife's counsel. "Yes, sir, often." "Well, what did she do on such occasions?" "She always retaliated, sir."

THE Paris Journal *Figaro*, commenting upon the great "execution" of the unfortunate Derby betters who backed Macgregor, tells its readers that there was something wonderfully appropriate in the name of the winner, "because Kingcraft in English means Jack Ketch!" The *Figaro* mistakes "Kingcraft" for "Calcraft!" Another mistake was also made in announcing the co-respondent in a divorce case as the correspondent, also stating that they thought it hard that every correspondent should be made a defendant.

LET THE CHILDREN ALONE.—Let your children alone when they gather around the family table. It is cruel to hamper them with manifold rules and regulations about this and that and the other. As long as their conduct is harmless as to others, encourage them in their cheeriness. If they *do* smack their lips, and if their sappings of milk and other drinks can be heard across the street, it does not hurt the street; let them alone. What if they *do* take their soup with the wrong end of their fork? It is all the same to the fork; let them alone.

Suppose a child does not sit as straight as a ramrod at the table; suppose a cup or tumbler slips through its little fingers and deluges the plate of food below, and the goblet is smashed, and the tablecloth is ruined; do not look a thousand scowls and thunders, and scare the poor thing to the balance of its death, for it was scared half to death before; it "didn't go to do it." Did you never let a glass slip through your fingers since you were grown? Instead of sending the child away from the table in anger, if not even with a threat, for this or any other little nothing, be as generous as you would be to an equal or a superior guest, to whom you would say, with a more or less obsequious smile, "It's of no possible consequence." That would be the form of expression even to a stranger guest; and yet to your own child you remorselessly and revengefully and angrily mete out a swift punishment, which for a time almost breaks its little heart and belittles you amazingly. The proper and more efficient and more Christian method of meeting the mishaps and delinquencies and improprieties of your children at the table is either to take no notice of them at the time, or to go further, and divert attention from them at the very instant, if possible, or make a kind of apology for them; but afterwards, in an hour or two, or, better still, next day, draw the child's attention to the fault, if fault it was, in a friendly and loving manner; point out the impropriety in some kindly way; show where it was decidedly wrong or rude, and appeal to the child's self-respect or manliness. This is the best way to correct all family errors. Sometimes it may not succeed—sometimes harsh measures may be required; but try the deprecating or kindly method with perfect equanimity of mind, and failure will be of rare occurrence.

MISSIONARIES WANTED.—The receipts of the United States Government from the manufacture of whiskey, for the year ending June 30, 1869 amounted to \$45,000,000, and from tobacco, to \$23,600,000. The Emperor of China, when advised to cease his efforts to prevent the English from forcing opium upon his country, and to impose a heavy duty upon it, and thus replenish his empty treasury, replied that he would see his empire perish before he would derive a revenue from the vices and miseries of his people. But the Emperor of China is a heathen! We send missionaries there to teach them Christianity. "Would it not be well," asks an exchange, "for them to send missionaries to us to teach us political integrity?"

THE GREASE TREE.—In China there is a tree known as the grease tree. It is said that large forests of this vegetable lubricant are to be found there, and they form the source of a considerable local traffic. This tree, not long ago, was imported into India, and it is said that the experiment of cultivating it there has proved quite successful. The grease thus obtained forms an excellent tallow, burning with a clear, brilliant, and white light, and at the same time emitting no unpleasant odor or smoke.

HONESTY AND INDUSTRY.—Let honesty and industry be thy constant companions, and spend one penny less than thy clear gains. Then shall thy hide-bound pocket soon begin to thrive, and will never again cry with the empty belly-ache; neither will creditors insult thee, nor want oppress, nor hunger bite, nor nakedness freeze thee. The whole hemisphere will shine brighter, and pleasure spring up in every corner of thy heart. Now, therefore, embrace these rules, and be happy. Banish the bleak winds of sorrow from thy mind, and live independent. Then shalt thou be a man, and not hide thy face at the approach of the rich, nor suffer the pain of feeling little when the sons of fortune walk at thy right hand; for independence, whether with little or much, is good fortune, and places thee on even ground with the proudest of the golden fleece. Oh! then be wise, and let industry walk with thee in the morning, and attend thee until thou reachest the evening hour for rest. Let honesty be as the breath of thy soul, and never forget to have a penny when all thy expenses are enumerated and paid; then shalt thou reach the point of happiness, and independence shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet and crown; then shall thy soul walk upright, nor stoop to the silken wretch because he hath riches, nor pocket an abuse because the hand which offers it wears a ring set with diamonds.—*Franklin.*

THE number of visitors to the *Public Ledger* building since its opening amounts to 100,000. The names of the visitors are recorded in a book.

TWO CHARMING PICTURES.—Hundreds of our subscribers have already availed themselves of our special arrangement, by which we can send them, at \$1 each, copies of "*The Angel of Peace*" and "*Bed-Time*," two large and choice steel engravings that cannot be purchased from any print seller at double this price. In every case they have given the highest satisfaction; and all are delighted with their excellence and beauty. For one dollar each we will mail them to any address.

"*The Angel of Peace*," writes a lady, "exceeds my highest expectations." Another says: "It is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen, and I am so enamored with it, that I inclose one dollar for another copy." And another writes: "It is so charming, I am entranced with it; and it seems as if I could never be satisfied looking at it."

"*Bed-Time*," the companion of "*The Angel of Peace*," is also a great favorite. A lady writes: "I have received '*Bed-Time*,' and find it perfectly charming. My little ones are especially delighted. Many thanks for the pleasant scene; which will help to make the real bed-time a happy season, full of love and kisses and sweet good-nights."

PRINCE OF VICO VARO.—Does anybody know of this person. He was recently married to the daughter of a New York millionaire. How delightful to have a daughter whose title is princess; but it is very expensive to papa. Vico Varo—isn't it a pretty name?

PLANTING.—If people planting orchards would give orders to mark the north side of trees with red chalk before they are taken up, and when set out to have the trees put in the ground with their north side to the north in their natural position, a larger proportion would live. Ignoring this law of nature is the cause of so many transplanted trees dying. If the north side is exposed to the south, the heat of the sun is too great for that side of the tree to bear, and, therefore, it dries up and decays.

EXHIBITION OF FANS.—At the South Kensington Museum, London, there has been opened to the public an exhibition of fans. From the interesting introduction to the catalogue, compiled by Mr. Samuel Redgrave, is gathered that the dress fan of a high character is now exclusively made in Paris. In no other city does a modern fan command a price of \$500, and the makers may well claim to have made all Europe tributary to them, admitting, however, that they cannot rival the cheap and remarkable quality of the Chinese fan. This pre-eminence, which we readily grant, is evident in the present collection. It depends upon a combination of skill. The fan-maker (*eventailiste*) calls himself the inventor or designer, and he well merits the title. He employs able artists to paint the principal decoration for the mount, and to carve and decorate the stick. These parts, which are produced under his direction, he combines and fits up, exercising a controlling taste, which gives a name and individuality to the works of the chief Parisian makers. Thus the fan, like the pin, is a work of many hands—the painter, the carver, the gilder, and the jeweller, with several inferior artisans. In some instances the complete fan is the design of an eminent artist, who thus gives to it a uniform, harmonious character.

Some interesting facts relating to the Paris manufacture of fans appear in the report of the *Délégations Ouvrières*, Paris Universal Exhibition, 1867. It is stated that the fan stick is specially made in the Department of the Oise, and that mother-of-pearl, ivory, bone, sandal wood, and other domestic and foreign woods are used, the manufacture in mother-of-pearl being carried on at Andeville, and in other materials at St. Genéviève. The work is chiefly domestic, the artisan, his wife, and children taking a share in it, and frequently attaining great skill by their own untought industry and talent. The finely-painted mount is exclusively Paris work, the most esteemed artists being frequently employed. The fans thus produced are made under the direction of the principal dealers in Paris, and are of the highest quality, usually representing some speciality which belongs to their producer. In England the trade has not found such a development, and its future extension would seem to depend upon the uprising here of men of taste and capital, who, as producers and sellers, shall occupy the place of the Paris *eventailiste*.

Among the more curious of the fans exhibited is one dated 1650, the mount of which is a landscape and figures embroidered in silk. Some of the carving of the mounts is exceedingly delicate. A fan, one of the wedding presents of the Empress of the French, is especially noticeable for its display of fine open cutting in so brittle a material as mother-of-pearl. Some of the fans possess historic interest, two or three being associated with the unfortunate Marie Antoinette.

Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, contributes sixteen examples; Her Imperial Majesty the Empress of the French, thirty-five; and Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian, Her Royal Highness Mme. la Comtesse de Paris, are among the exhibitors.

A great feature in connection with the exhibition, and, considering the objects for which it is held, perhaps the most important feature, is the immense range of material that seems suitable for fan making and decoration, and the way in which the simplest and homeliest materials may be used with advantage. One fan mount is entirely of cut paper; but paper cut with such delicacy and careful design as to produce a very high artistic effect. Putting on one side the sticks and guards, it affords hope for the success of the attempt to provide a further and profitable employment for women. Those implements and materials which come most handy to their use are capable of producing good results—the needle and thread, the penell and palette. Paper, silk, feathers, spangles, cloth, beetle's wings, photographs, all may be made use of, but need artistic skill and taste in their application and arrangement. In proof of this, it is only necessary to point to the tambour-work, and the mounts of lace and embroidery, and the charming paintings, exhibited by Mlle. Alida Stolk, of Paris. It is a matter of satisfaction that most of the exhibits will be open for the use of those who desire to study or copy them.

A SUBSCRIBER wishes a receipt to make good English show chow.

FANCY FASHIONS.—"There is no knowing, in these days of restless luxury," says an English writer, "what fashion may not revive. Powder is already much used this season in Paris, probably it will not be long before it blows over here; and as for paint, it has been looking up for a considerable time. In the abstract, nothing, it must be confessed, seems more absurd than to conceal the golden sheen or silky blackness of women's hair under a snow shower of scented flour. But in practice the result is far from unpleasant. Go into a flour-mill and see a robust young miller at work; you will then at once observe what a value the rose-color and healthy carnations of his complexion gain from the whiteness of his hair. Certainly his eyes look richer and darker from the contrast, and the result is an æsthetic gain. At all events, powder is better than the gold-dust used to spangle the hair of French ladies some seasons ago. That fashion savored too much of the days of the Roman empresses, when careless slaves were sometimes thrown into the tanks to feed the lampreys. Gold-dust! Why, the glistening of a tress of golden hair, untampered by any such sophistries, excels metallic glitter as much as a sunbeam transcends a streak of yellow paint.

"There is no knowing what may not be revived. Perhaps the peacock doublets of Raleigh's time, the sleeves hung with gilt bells of Richard the Second's period, the tight-fitting cote hardies and broad jewelled belts of Edward the Third's barons, or the cocked hats and three-tier wigs of the Georgian era. The Greeks had other views about these matters. They never changed their style of dress. The plain robe and tunic of Phidias resembled the robe and tunic of Demosthenes; the pepum of Heien hung in similar folds to that of the pepum of Aspasia. The Greeks never grew tired of the simple folds and the statuesque curves of the simple dress their first sculptors had immortalized. What would they have said to the 'Grecian bend,' that last distortion of folly and affectation? The purest ideal of the way a woman should walk is the manner in which a milk girl carries her pail—erect, buoyant, elastic, the bosom thrown forward, the head up. Put such a child of nature, Irish or Welsh, beside a young lady walking in the absurd way now fashionable. It matters little whether the modern belle tries to walk so, or whether high-heeled shoes produce in her that Chinese helplessness. One would think she was trying to play a sort of feminine pantaloons, as she minces forward with pretty helplessness, some form of spinal disease being induced by every step. Farewell to what French cynics call 'the grenadier stride' of Englishwomen. Women totter forward now, they do not walk. The French shuffle and the Spanish glide are divine compared with such a style of walking as the Grecian bend produces. The 'bend' is ungraceful, unnatural, and unhealthy. But it is useless to remonstrate or revile. What did Punch do against crinolines? No folly in dress was ever laughed down. What did Hogarth do against the absurdities of his day? Nothing. It is supposed that women's fickleness in dress arises from a desire to please man. If it does, how is it that a folly in dress never alters one hour the sooner for all man's ridicule or dislike?"

Men may ridicule as much as they please; if it is the fashion, women will adopt it no matter whether it suits their figures or not. We saw a lady a day or two since who, if she had been asked to carry that load on her back, would have scorned the proposition. A curious object, in one of the street cars, was a lady with a very long neck, red hair, spectacles on her very large nose, and a brigand hat. If she could have seen herself as others saw her, she would have reformed her dress.

JEAN, the official fool of King Charles, of France, came to the palace one morning, exclaiming: "O sire, such news! Forty thousand men have risen in the city!" "What?" cried the startled king. "Why have they risen?" "Well," said Jean, "they have risen probably with the intention of lying down again at bedtime."

A GENTLEMAN received an unpaid letter, commencing: "Sir, your letter of yesterday bears upon its face the stamp of falsehood." His answer was brief and to the purpose: "Sir, I only wish your letter of yesterday bore upon its face a stamp of any kind."

FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE other day a wealthy French countryman, whose son was studying law in Paris, paid a visit to his hopeful scion at the capital. After dinner, father and son took a stroll through the streets, looking at the various fine buildings. Finally, they stood in front of a very remarkable and characteristic building. "What building is this, my son?" inquired the father. "I don't know, papa," replied the son; "but I will ask the Sergeant de Ville, who is standing behind us." The Sergeant de Ville informed them that it was the law school, where the young man was believed to have attended lectures for a year past.

He was almost as good a boy as the one who wrote his father from New Orleans that he had put his money in a religious bank—the faro.

PRINCESS METTERNICH lately appeared at a ball in black tulle, with the very fashionable scarf sash of black *gros grain* thrown over the skirt much below the waist. In her hair a diadem of diamond leaves, with a toque of black velvet; a white and black plume down the back of her hair.

ALEXANDER DUMAS, SR., says, in one of his latest *feuilleton* articles, that, when he was at St. Petersburg, many years ago, an *attaché* of the French legation introduced him at a court ball at the Winter Palace, to the Emperor Nicholas. "Ah!" said the czar to the French romanticist, "I have heard a great deal about your book, 'The Wandering Jew'; as soon as I have sufficient leisure I must read it." Dumas says he was so much taken aback by the words of the grim Nicholas that he did not venture to tell him that not he, but Eugene Sue, was the author of "The Wandering Jew."

THE Empress of Austria the other day was promenading in the suburbs of Vienna, when she met a poor woman with a child in her arms. The empress stood still and looked at the little babe, which was a remarkably handsome one. "When was your little daughter born?" she said to the poor woman. The reply was that the child was born on the same day as the youngest daughter of the empress, and that at the baptismal font she received the same names as the little princess. The empress was delighted when she heard this, and, taking the child in her arms and kissing it, she said to the poor mother that she would amply provide for her and her daughter, and when the latter was old enough she would have a good education given her.

THE French Prince Imperial is said to manifest every day more and more aversion to military pursuits. His character is that of his mother rather than that of his father. Like the Empress Eugénie he is impulsive, headstrong, vindictive, yet easily pacified, and likes to be familiar much beneath his station in life. He is very lavish with all he has, and he often gives to his servants presents which have been sent to him by foreign potentates. Some time since the Austrian Crown Prince presented the son of Napoleon with an immense box of toy soldiers. When the empress, a few days after her son had received the box, inquired in his rooms what had become of it, he said he had given it to his laquay, who had told him that his little boy was sick. It cost the emperor one thousand francs to get the box back.

WHEN that little marvel, the portrait of a *condottiere* by Antonello de Messina, which is now in the *salon carré* of the Louvre, was put up at the Fourtales sale, the combatants were France and England. People were not much astonished when offer after offer was made, and 7000 guineas were proffered for a panel not more than twelve inches in its largest measurement, and representing a man's head and shoulders. The interest grew painful, even to picture-buyers, when the limit of the wildest ideas was passed, and France got the work at a prodigious price. Englishmen grumble, and still grumble, that their country hesitated to give 10,000 guineas for the Antonello. It is now understood that France would not have yielded at less than that sum. Such was the case in this great struggle—the most momentous of recent picture-buying feats.

AT the second sale of the San Donato collection, in Paris, on the 26th February, so enormous a sum as 5000 guineas was bid by the Marquis of Hertford for "Broken Eggs," by Greuze, which is known by Moltke's engraving, and measures seventy-three

centimètres in height by ninety-four centimètres in length. This fact passed all expectations. In this picture a young woman is seated on the floor in a cottage, with her hands locked, finger in finger; near is her pannier of broken eggs. A lad endeavors with indifferent success to assuage the wrath of an old woman who complained bitterly of the mishap. The composition is unusually complete and elaborate for Greuze, and the whole may be described as one of his best, if not his best work.

ANOTHER picture at the same sale demonstrated the modern rage for Greuze. "The Damsel with the Dog," which sold for 3500 guineas, is an oval, showing the head and one shoulder of a young woman who caresses a little querulous lap-dog, only the face of which is seen from the draperies which envelop her arms. Her face is charming, and exquisitely characteristic of Greuze. "Le Matin," sold at the same time, is likewise characteristic. It shows the head and shoulder of a young woman who sits in a chair and looks at us, the face three-quarters to our left, with a very open and innocent expression—at least, as we should rather say, she looks innocent in the Greuzean sense of the term. At the same sale was disposed of "The First Cradle" (Eve with her children), by Debay, well known from the plaster casts; and Fradier's group, "Satyr and Bacchante," sold to the Marquis of Hertford.

A CURIOUS scene was seen lately in one of the fashionable quarters of Paris. A great *nouveauté* house held a grand exhibition of spring materials—of course, of all novelty, beauty, and cheapness—and, moreover, every lady received a small bouquet of Parma violets, 25,000 of which had been sent from Nice for the purpose. Large bouquets of roses, camellias, and violets bloomed at the entrance, and over the whole establishment, outside beneath its portico, on the pavement, down the street, poured and pushed a number of customers such as few shops have dreamed of in their most golden dreams; while the now plaintive and now shrill and imperative demands of the ladies to be served, the excitement of the assistants, and the frequent downfalls of pyramids of stuffs, produced a glorious scene of confusion, the description of which is fairly embodied in the assertion of an assistant, who averred that his and all his colleagues' coats bore ruinous testimony to the supplicating grasps of the lady customers.

A WEDDING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—A wedding of a novel description took place lately at St. Nicholas Church, Newbury, England. The bridegroom, whose name is James Farr, living in Back Street, had seen sixty-two summers, and was in such an infirm state of health that he had to be conveyed to church in a Bath chair, drawn by his intended wife, a buxom woman about forty years of age, named Bailey. The Bath chair was drawn into the church as far as the font, when the bridegroom was assisted out of the chair, and with the help of the bride and sexton he managed to reach the chancel. The Rev. Charles Boyd performed the ceremony. At the conclusion of the service the bridegroom was again placed in the Bath chair, and drawn home by his wife, another woman pushing behind. Neither of the pair were able to sign the parish register.

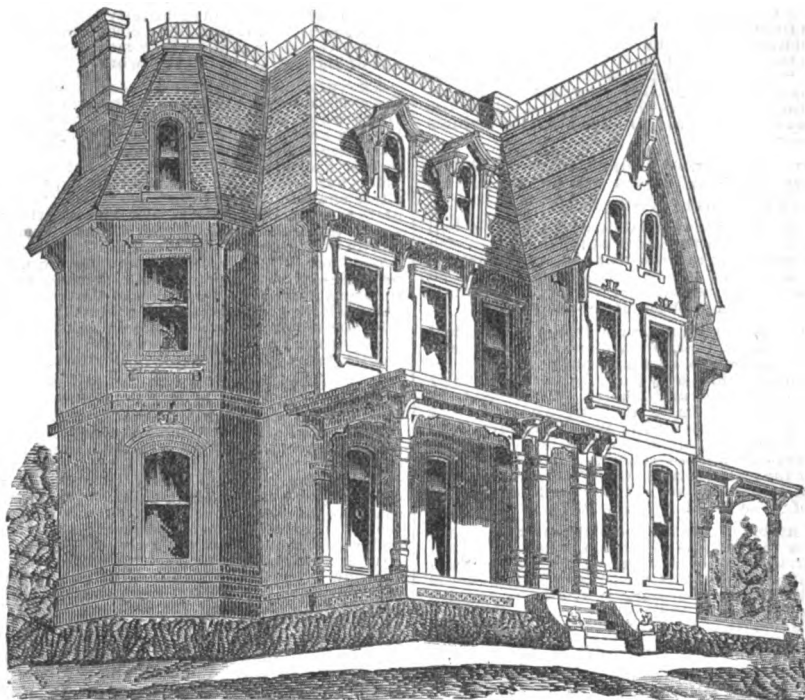
"Mlle. DEJAZET has given her farewell performance in the theatre bearing her name, in which she has played for the last eleven years, and which soon will exist no longer. But Virginie Dejazet will not be able to leave the stage entirely; it is her second nature. And through how long a lifetime! I know that in ordinary life she is very near seventy, but on the stage she is young and graceful, and it is there that Dejazet is a great deal more herself than when the curtain has fallen. She has been before the public for more than sixty years. At five years old she made her *début* in Paris, at the little Théâtre des Capucines, long ago consigned to dust and oblivion; at nine played the *jeunes amoureuses*. Mme. Perronnet had written some graceful farewell verses for the occasion, but Mlle. Dejazet was afraid to speak them, feeling very uncertain that she would not break down before the end."

Mlle. D. is now over seventy, and is celebrated for her performance of boyish characters.

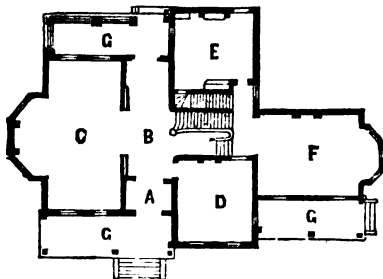
AN experienced old gentleman says that all that is required for the enjoyment of love or sausages is confidence.

A MODEL RESIDENCE.

Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, formerly 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.



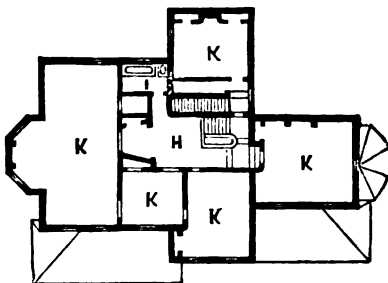
THE above design was drawn for Mr. S. G. Coffin, Alleghany City, and was built, last year, at Edgewater, on the Alleghany Valley Railroad. The building was designed to suit a sloping situation upon the side of a high hill. It has given great satisfaction, and those who have seen it think it the finest in the vicinity; it cost, complete, \$9000. The inner accommodations can be seen by the plans; being convenient, commodious, and admirably adapted to



FIRST STORY.

the position. We will state here that we are constantly designing new and improved buildings for almost every part of the United States, and have always on hand many new designs, that will suit in price as well as style any who may wish to build. We have been uniformly very successful in suiting our customers with a design; we have pleased many, who have been unsuccessful with others in procuring what they desired, with the first sketch made for them, and we know of no instance, where the parties have any knowledge at all of what they want, that we have made the second drawing, except it was to bring the cost down to meet their desire of expenditure.

First Story.—A vestibule, 5 by 8 feet; B hall, 8 feet wide; C parlor, 12 by 24 feet; D sitting-room, 14 by 14 feet; E kitchen, 12 by 14 feet; F dining-room, 14 by 18 feet; G porches.



SECOND STORY.

Second Story.—H stair hall; I bath-room; K chambers.

Our printed blank bills of quantities and specifications, which we send upon the receipt of \$2, are in considerable demand, as they afford a very great facility to mechanics and others who wish to fill them up to suit their ideas, and prevent any of the various details, necessary in the construction of a building, from being omitted, which is often the cause of disputes, extra charges, and law-suits.

SHEWEDNESS AND POLITENESS.—"Here, Alfred, is an apple; divide it politely with your little sister." "How shall I divide it politely, mamma?" "Give the larger part to the other person, my child." Alfred handed the apple to his little sister, saying: "Here, *sis*, you divide it yourself."

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

We are reminded of the season for planting by the appearance of DREER'S *New Illustrated Catalogue of Bulbous Flower Roots* for planting in the autumn; also list of plants suitable for the house or conservatory for winter blooming—roses, choice hardy flowering shrubs, small fruits, grape vines, etc. Nothing can be more beautiful than a fine bed of Hyacinths, Tulips, and other bulbs in bloom during the early spring months. One of the most attractive features of our beautiful Fairmount Park, during the past spring, was the magnificent display of Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, etc., which were furnished to the Park last autumn by Mr. Dreer. There is no class of plants which will give such satisfactory results, for the small outlay of money, as the bulbous-rooted section, as they are easily cultivated, and bloom at a season when flowers are appreciated. They are the first harbingers of spring. Some of the varieties, like the Crocus and Snowdrop, opening their blossoms with the first warm days of spring, often before the disappearance of snow.

For house culture and blooming during the winter and early spring months the Hyacinth has become a general favorite, from the facility with which it may be forced into bloom, either in pots or in glasses filled with water. Nothing can be more delightful, either for beauty or fragrance, than a stand of these lovely flowers in the parlor or drawing-room window during the winter months. Mr. Dreer's catalogue, not only gives a list with prices of all the different varieties, but also directions how to plant, the kind of soils required, and their proper management.

The following assortment will be found desirable, and includes the choicest varieties for indoor and garden. This assortment will be sent to any address (post-paid) upon the receipt of Ten Dollars, or one-half the assortment for Five Dollars and a Half.

- 12 Choice named Hyacinths, for forcing.
- 6 Mixed double Hyacinths, for garden.
- 6 " single Hyacinths, for garden.
- 6 " Tulips.
- 6 " double Tulips.
- 6 " parrot Tulips.
- 12 Early Duc Van Thol Tulips.
- 50 Crocus, assorted colors.
- 12 Iris, " "
- 6 Jonquilla.
- 6 Polyanthus Narcissus.
- 12 Narcissus.
- 12 Snowdrops.
- 6 Ranunculus.
- 6 Anemones.
- 6 Lily of the Valley.
- 2 Japan Lilies, spotted.
- 2 Golden Japan Lilies.
- 2 Crown Imperials.
- 2 Fritillaria.

All who are interested in flowers should send for DREER'S *Bulb Catalogue*, which will be mailed to all who inclose a postage stamp. Address

HENRY A. DREER, *Seedsman and Florist*,
714 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

A MATCH for the Boston dressmaker:—

"A few days ago the papers were giving the account of an action brought against her *fateusee* by the Comtesse Rapp. It is true that the countess and her daughter dress in a style which is extremely rich and elegant; but the bill having risen to 200,000 francs, \$40,000, the countess, after paying three-quarters, had at last shown resistance. One item in the bill was a dress, the material of which had cost \$14, and the making up \$120."

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

ADDRESS "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

VOL. LXXXI.—19

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Miss J. L. T.—Sent article July 9th.

Miss P. S.—Sent lead comb 2d.

B. H.—Sent lead comb 2d.

Mrs. H. L. R.—Sent lead comb 2d.

Mrs. J. H. L.—Sent pattern 2d.

Miss E. A. M.—Sent stationery 2d.

Mrs. S. S. W.—Sent article 2d.

Mrs. J. A. A.—Sent article 2d.

Mrs. E. B. M.—Sent article by express 16th.

Mrs. J. V. W.—Sent pattern 16th.

Mollie.—1. Never heard of the article, nor cannot find any person here that has; shall have to ask an explanation of you. 2. Don't think it is practised here, never have met with an enamelled lady. 3. It is a sort of church of his own—an outsider; people go to it to be amused.

Country School Girl.—We cannot answer your question, and from this time out shall cease to answer all such.

A Subscriber and a Former Subscriber.—One person under two signatures. We cannot supply you with understanding. Your education has been sadly neglected. Mention the unfinished stories.

We cannot make out the name of the inquirer to which this is an answer. The left hand glove is removed to put the ring on the finger, and left off; the other is kept on.

L. T.—"Drifting on the Tide." Cannot find any article bearing that title.

L. F. Mower, author of "Silver Wedding." We addressed a letter to you at Cincinnati, and it has been returned to us, "No such person to be found."

Gertrude.—It is considered that there is more attention paid to the education of Japanese women than in any other Eastern country. Even for the lower classes there are schools where boys and girls are taught together. When they are old enough the boys are taken to separate schools, where they go through a proper course of study to fit them for their several vocations. The girls are instructed in domestic matters. The higher classes of women are taught the accomplishments of painting, and music, and poetry. There are also dramatic, historic, and poetic works written by women, which command as much attention as those produced by men. This will show that the Japanese women are not neglected in their mental culture, but that they are, if not quite, nearly equal to the other sex. The power of the literary composition of the Japanese women is of very ancient date, for we find poems written by them amongst some popular collections which go back to very ancient times.

D. W. E.—Archangel Tar is not mentioned in the books. A Russian province of the name may produce some tar, so giving the name, but it possesses no peculiar properties, or it would be described in the books of reference.

Fernery.—In order to convert an aquarium into a fern-case, lay pieces of cork and moss (to serve as drainage) at the bottom of the case, and build up a little rock-work in the centre, which can be formed of cork and pumice-stone. The prepared mould for ferns can be bought at any florist's. A piece of glass should be placed on the top, but it is not necessary for the case to be air-tight. A little water (not cold) should be squirted over the ferns occasionally. If after a time slugs are found in the case, a piece of potato with a little dripping on it should be kept in it to catch them.

Alice.—Put your rose-leaves in a card-board box, sprinkle a little salt over them, and keep in a dry place. By this means they will retain their freshness and fragrance.

A. O.—You are mistaken. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us fat.

Juliet.—Poetry requires not only thought, true poetic feeling, and a desire to achieve something noble, which you have; but also great culture, true poetic education, and much practice, which you have not.

A. S. T.—As you were a perfect stranger, she no doubt considered it would not be right to take any notice of your letter.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Suit of very light brown silk, made with one skirt, trimmed with a ruffle headed by a ruche, and fan-shaped ornaments made of silk of the same color and green, with row of green bows up the front. Casaque forming upper skirt and waist, faced in front, and trimmed with green silk, puffed in back. Hair arranged in puffs and plaits, with green satin bow in front.

Fig. 2.—Dress of violet silk, made with two skirts, the lower one trimmed with a deep ruffle, headed by a narrow one. Upper skirt trimmed with one ruffle, headed by a band of silk. White cloth sacque, cut with revers in the back, faced with violet silk, and trimmed with black velvet and lace. Open sleeves, faced with violet. White straw bonnet, trimmed with violet, and white feathers, and black lace.

Fig. 3.—Dress of *écru*-colored serge, made with one skirt, edged with a narrow ruffle of brown silk, and looped up in front over an underskirt of brown and white striped serge, trimmed with brown ruffles. Plain corsage, trimmed with brown silk, basque in back of same. White straw hat, trimmed with brown velvet, white feather, and pink roses.

Fig. 4.—Dress of green silk, made with one skirt, trimmed with two ruffles of white muslin. Jacket basque open in front, trimmed with a ruche of silk. Undervest of white silk, buttoned with malachite buttons. Hair arranged in plaits and curls, with velvet band studded with pearls.

Fig. 5.—Black silk suit, made with two skirts, the lower one trimmed with one ruffle, headed by a band of embroidery in gay colors. Upper skirt trimmed with the same, edged with gay-colored fringe. Loose sacque, with flowing sleeves trimmed to correspond. Black straw hat, trimmed with feather and gay colors.

Fig. 6.—Dress for a girl of six years, of pink silk, trimmed with three ruffles. Overskirt and bretelles of black silk, faced with pink. White chip hat, trimmed with pink ribbon.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Morning-robe of white cashmere, made with apron front and train back. It is trimmed with ruffles, bound with rose-colored satin. Small basque in back, trimmed to correspond. Cape on waist,

and open sleeves. Small lace cap, trimmed with rose-colored ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Suit of steel-colored silk poplin, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a deep side plaiting of the same, the upper one with a bias band of velvet. Plain corsage; coat sleeves, trimmed with velvet. Gray straw hat, trimmed with blue feathers.

Fig. 3.—Dress of green silk, made with one skirt, trimmed to simulate two, with ruffle and two rows of black lace. The waist is trimmed with feather band, to simulate square neck; the sleeves with lace and feathers. Black Neapolitan hat, trimmed with green velvet and feathers.

Fig. 4.—Black silk dress; the lower skirt is trimmed with a deep plaited ruffle, headed by a narrow plaiting. The upper skirt and bretelles on waist are together, and are trimmed with a plaited ruche of silk. Plain corsage and coat sleeves.

Fig. 5.—Dress of brown silk, made with one skirt, and a casaque forming the waist and tunic. The lower skirt is trimmed with three plaited ruffles, headed by narrow satin folds; the upper skirt is simply corded with satin. Black lace bonnet, trimmed with scarlet flowers.

Fig. 6.—Hat of blue and white straw, trimmed with blue flowers, feather, and lace scarf.

Fig. 7.—Bonnet of white crape, trimmed with black velvet and field flowers.

Fig. 8.—Hat of green crape, trimmed with black lace, green flowers, and feather.

Fig. 9.—Hat composed of rows of quilled black lace, and trimmed with large bunch of pink roses on top, and black ribbon bow and ends in back.

Fig. 10.—Hat of blue China crape, trimmed with black lace scarf, blue feathers, white flowers, and fancy jet ornament.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Bride's toilet. Dress of white poult de soie, with basques, revers, and trimmings of satin. New fashioned revers to the bodice, with cross strips and buttons of satin. Sleeves open to the elbow, with revers. Collar and cuffs of English point-lace. Veil of tulle illusion. Garland of orange-flowers forming puff, diadem, and long spray falling back on the chignon. Bouquet of flowers at the collar and left revers.

Fig. 2.—Ladies chemise, made with a narrow band. A piece the shape of the shoulder is set in, to which the narrow sleeves are joined.

Fig. 3.—Reversible cloth jacket, made of white cloth, lined with blue, the trimming on one side is white silk braid, on the other blue; the edges are so finished that either side can be worn turned out.

Fig. 4.—Sash of white tariatane and rose-colored silk. This sash is composed of three lappets, plaited at the top and pointed off at the bottom; the two lower lappets are twenty-three inches long, fifteen inches wide. The upper lappet is of the same width, but only ten inches long. The trimming consists of tariatane fluting, three and two-fifth inches wide, which are box-plaited and pinked out at the sides, and of silk flutings, two and four-fifth inches wide, laid in treble box-plaits; these flutings must be fringed out at the sides. This ruche can be made of tariatane if preferred. A bow of rose-colored ribbon two and two-fifth inches wide, covers the sewing-on of the upper lappet. The waistband is made of pink silk.

Figs. 5 and 6.—New mode of looping up a skirt. To loop up a skirt in the manner seen in illustration sew a number of small rings down each side on the wrong side, and draw through these rings a silk cord on either side, by means of which the skirt is

taken up. The rings must be sewn on at intervals of about four inches. One end of the cord is fastened below the lowest circle; the other end is drawn through a slit made in the skirt in front at the waistband on the right-hand side of the skirt; sew on tassels or buttons at the ends of the cord, so as to prevent its sliding back through the slit. This manner of taking up dresses is very suitable for such as have short trains only. If the train of the dress be very long, two other cords must be drawn through two other rows of brass rings in the middle of the back, taking the cords double. All these cords are drawn at the same time through the slit at the side of the skirt, fastening likewise tassels or buttons at the ends.

Fig. 7.—Basque for a girl of ten years old, made of black silk bound with satin.

Fig. 8.—Fashionable comb, made of jet, the coronet stands up so as to be seen from the front of the head.

Fig. 9.—Mantle made of black silk, trimmed with fringe, and headed by a border of embroidery in gay colored silks.

Fig. 10.—Dressing sacque of cambric muslin, made with pockets, and trimmed with patent ruffling.

Fig. 11.—Sash of crimson velvet and satin, an ornament of jet and black tassels is fastened across the back.

Fig. 12.—Sash bow, made of two shades of claret velvet, the ends finished with fringe. A band of velvet goes around the waist.

Figs. 13 and 14.—Brown Holland costume for boy of ten years, made with a blouse, and bound with a worsted braid.

Figs. 15 and 16.—Front and back view of a fashionable shaped crinoline. The front is entirely without anything except at top; the top of back is of hoops, the bottom flounces of hair-cloth; a hair-cloth piece can also be put on the fronts, as seen in Fig. 16.

Fig. 17.—Black silk apron, trimmed with satin quillings, they extend up the front, around the apron, and in the corners.

Fig. 18.—Waist of white French muslin, cut with short basques and square neck in front. Trimmed with pink ribbon, with Valenciennes lace on each side.

COIFFURES, ETC.

(See Engravings, Page 220.)

Fig. 1.—Coiffure arranged in rolls, all the hair being rolled off the face. Small fancy piece on head of Valenciennes lace and green satin ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Fancy cape, made of lace insertion and tucks; the edge is finished with Valenciennes lace.

Fig. 3.—Coiffure arranged in puffs from the front of the head all back.

Fig. 4.—Overskirt and cape combined. This is particularly pretty to wear over a colored silk. It is made of thin muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, headed by a puff and satin ribbon.

Fig. 5.—The hair is arranged in puffs and curls; small headress on the front of head of lace, satin ribbon, and flowers.

Fig. 6.—White muslin waist, cut heart-shaped, and trimmed with muslin insertion, edging, and tucks; the sleeves have puffs at top; the wrists are trimmed to correspond with the waist.

Fig. 7.—Morning-cap of muslin, trimmed with lace and cherry-colored ribbon.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

BUT little new is seen in the style of goods this month, as it is too early for the fall goods to be dis-

played to retail purchasers, and for the styles to be positively decided upon. We will give our readers the benefit of the little we have seen. Solid-colored corded silks are most fashionable for suits; maroon, dark green, black, brown, and navy blue are the most fashionable colors. Fringe and velvet will be greatly in vogue for trimming; and upper skirts are to be made plain, and looped and festooned in a bewildering and utterly indescribable manner. Basques are not out of fashion, but will be worn with suits to a great extent. Some prefer the short loose sacque. Dresses for the house are to be flounced nearly to the waist with straight, narrow flounces; the overskirt made very short at the sides, deep in the back, and looped up carelessly. Waists round; sleeves are to be ruffled from the elbow; and large bows and loops will be worn at the back of all costumes, as at present. Promenade dresses will be made, as heretofore, in suits, and most of the conspicuous features of the present styles will be retained, with one exception—the new length of the underskirt for ordinary occasions is to lie slightly on the ground. This is a fashion which, we fear, will not meet with universal favor, as a dress that length will be soiled and defaced by once or twice wearing for a promenade.

Tight-fitting and somewhat masculine coats, a fashion adopted in Paris by some ladies of the court, are fashionable. They are made long, fit the figure closely, are pointed in front, rounded short behind, and usually worn over a tunic, that hangs at the back only, intended to fill up the space where the coat is sloped. They are jaunty, and to some figures very becoming.

Black silk suits, always elegant and stylish, will, of course, continue as popular, and are trimmed in various styles to suit the taste of the wearer. Velvet and lace are the most admired trimmings for an elegant costume of black silk.

Three very elegant imported costumes deserve special attention. The first consisted of a maroon silk underskirt, with flounces, separated by bands of velvet; the tunic, of a lighter shade of silk, was trimmed with a very deep guipure lace, headed by three rows of maroon velvet; the front was ornamented with a row of maroon velvet bows, and at the back it was slashed open and then looped up to the waist; large velvet bows on the hips. The bodice was of the darker silk, with small cascade over it of the lighter, trimmed with guipure to match, and velvet bows; the sleeves were Louis XV. in style, with ruffles at the elbow, the darker sleeves underneath being tight fitting. The second *toilette* was plum-colored *faille*; the skirt bordered with three flounces, with a row of deep Valenciennes lace between each flounce; the tunic was bordered with similar lace, and the small Louis XV. mantelet was elaborately decorated with it. The third *toilette*, and decidedly the prettiest, was black *faille*, with narrow flounces of the same alternating with plaitings of white satin, covered with black lace; the tunic was black Chambray gauze, and was trimmed with deep Valenciennes, covered with black lace. Black *faille* bodice and a pretty little *Cellimène* scarf, made of *faille*, and trimmed with two rows of Valenciennes lace, each veiled with a row of black lace; it crossed in front like a Marie Antoinette fishu, and the ends were fastened and fell as sash ends in the back.

Many persons are having plain black grenadine suits made to wear this month, made entirely over silk; they are as warm as a silk suit, and less expensive. The lowest priced grenadine is the all wool in square meshes; then there is the silk and wool canvas grenadine, a more expensive goods, and

cooler than the all wool. These suits are generally made with two skirts, trimmed with ruffles of the same; the upper skirt being cut short in front, long in the back, and looped up. The corsage may be a plain basque, or the front may be round with a belt, or else pointed, and the back a short square basque; the trimming, which is usually plaiting, extends around the entire basque, passing up both fronts around the neck. In order to have the plaiting meet on the lower part of the front without lapping, the dress is fastened with two rows of silk buttons, placed beneath the plaits, and drawn together by loops of silk piping; the sleeves are Sabot-shaped, or the flowing Maria Theresa, and are always lined throughout with silk, as is also the waist.

Bonnets as yet do not exhibit much change, except that the "brides" or strings now fasten under the chin, not tight, but somewhat loose, and with a small bow, without ends, which falls a little under the chin, an admirable arrangement for ladies with short necks. With colored suits the bonnet must match the darkest color in the suit; a black bonnet with flowers of the color of suit can be worn. Black lace bonnets are very popular this month; they can be worn with gay-colored flowers or feathers, and form a heavy enough bonnet for this early season. As regards shape, the latter is multitudinous; every shape but low. The ribbon, falling over the back of the head, necessitates putting the hair, waved and folded smoothly, under an invisible net. This fashion is not likely to last long; for, where oil or pomades are used, the ribbon, now of the corded kind, is somewhat costly.

Aprons, or simulated aprons, are the folly of the day. They are likely to have as popular a reign as in the time of Queen Charlotte, when Beau Brummell deposed them from their high estate by his deliberately, before all the people assembled, taking off the apron of a duchess, and flinging it behind one of the settees at a ball given at the Assembly Rooms at Bath. Aprons were made then, as now, of the costliest lace, and enormous were the sums spent upon this article of dress. The latest novelty is a depth of silk, not more than twelve inches, to which is added a founce of lace equally wide, but narrowed at the sides. Of course, this style will in time give way to large aprons. However, it will hold its own this year, a presumptuous statement when fashion is as fickle as the wind. What is useful generally becomes popular, and lasts for a considerable time.

Hats are changed altogether in shape; the crown is not so high, and the brim is flat and round, though a little curved at the sides. They are trimmed principally with flowers and feathers, some have only a twisting or torsade of velvet around.

In mourning there is nothing very different; suits of Tamise cloth, delaine, and light French bombazine, are made after the same designs as colored suits, and with draped Metternich mantles. The trimmings are folds or plaittings of the same material. Lengthwise folds, alternately of crape and the dress goods, are used for deep mourning; lustreless silk and crape for later mourning. Crape trimming so soon becomes defaced, that it is very little used; for the deepest mourning folds of the same material as the dress are substituted. Mourning is fast losing its principal feature to recommendation, namely, simplicity. It certainly is not in accordance with our ideas of grief to have bows, and flowers, and all the trimmings now worn. Mourning cannot be too plain to look well, a few folds as trimming, and, of course, made in the prevailing style, otherwise you attract as much attention one way as another.

For indoors the costume has not undergone much

change, and tabliers are not discarded, but considerable novelties have appeared in fine linen collars and cuffs—blue edged with cambric of various colors, red, lilac, etc. Collars of all descriptions are calli-ened with this little novelty. Even the muslim cravat knot has an edging. Sometimes this colored edging has an additional edging of narrow Valenciennes lace. We foresee that this fashion will spread, and that the colored edging will be adopted for underclothing.

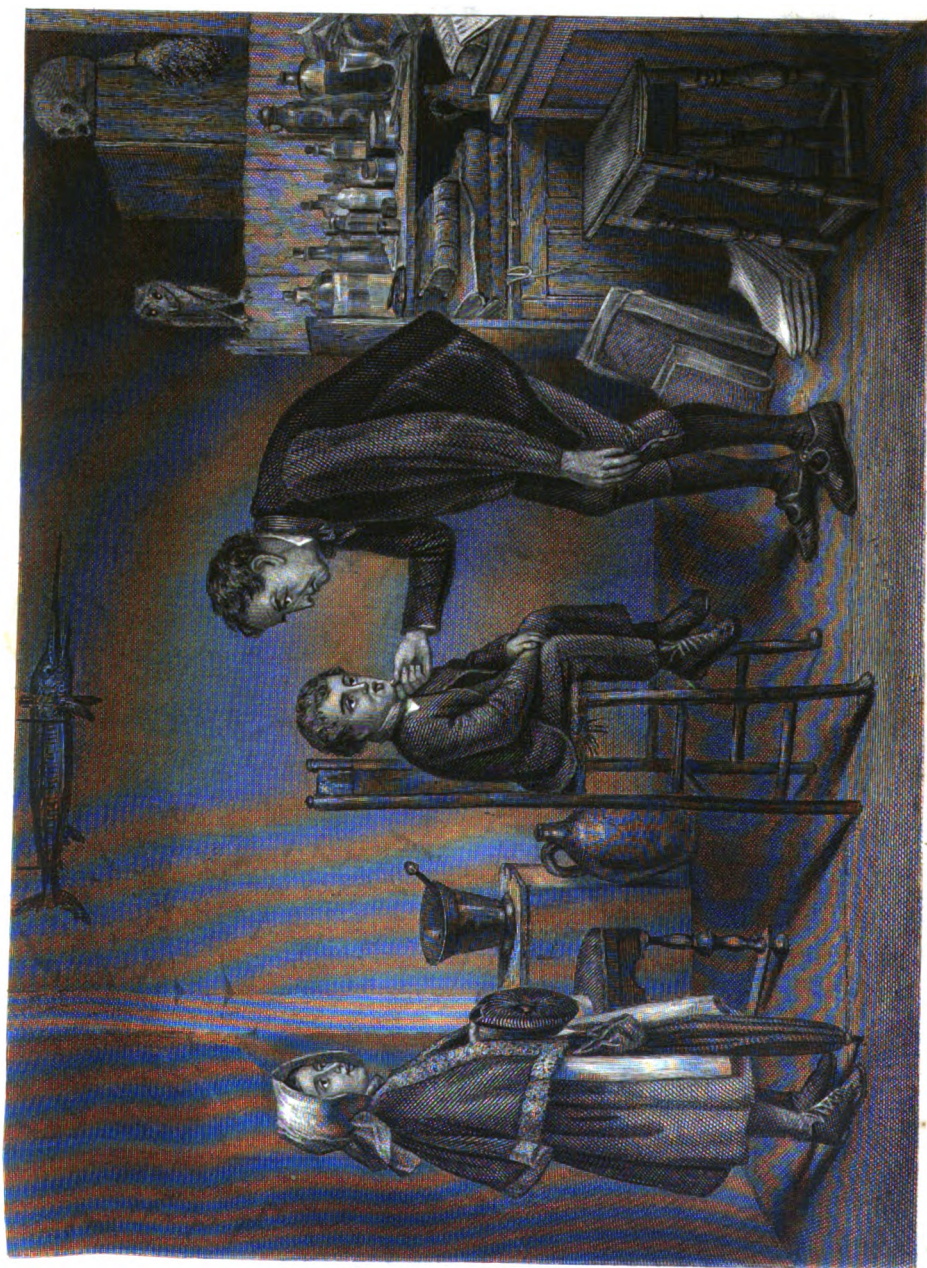
In the mode of dressing the hair we perceive a tendency to greater simplicity. The hair carried back from the forehead, and arranged in rich plaits behind is far more favorable to beauty than piles of *crêpe*, curls, flowers, velvet, and beads. There is a charm in fashion which almost reconciles us to anything, but in the abstract this style is top-heavy and unsymmetrical. For little girls it is ridiculous. The following is a becoming style for them. Raise the hair from the forehead, and keep it back by means of two braids of hair taken from behind each ear. Carry these braids under the hair and round the forehead. Let the ends be neatly fastened and tied together with blue sarsenet ribbon, so as to form a pretty bow near the left temple. If the remaining hair ripples, or curls naturally, comb it down so as to make it flow on the shoulders, if not, let curl papers be used, hot irons never.

Evening dresses are out very low in front, not square but with rounded off corners. This renders chemisettes necessary, and a pretty chemisette of lace or embroidered muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes, is a great improvement to any *toilette*.

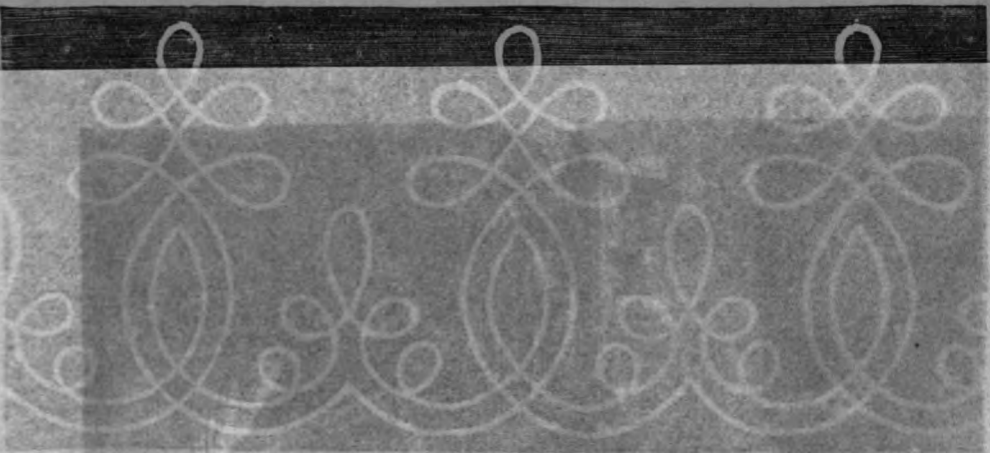
At the Imperial reception recently held to receive the result of the plebescite, the Empress wore a very becoming *toilette* of rich *faille*, the color *cheveux de la reine*. The skirt was trimmed in front with a quantity of narrow flounces pinked out in Vandykes and covered with Valenciennes lace. The tunic, which fell almost to the knees, was trimmed with a beautiful fringe of the same peculiar *blonde* shade as the dress; it was looped up on the hip and then fell at the back exactly as a *manteau de cour*. Bodice with square basque, bordered with a frill, a bow without ends at the waist. A narrow *fichu* of China *crêpe*, trimmed with deep Valenciennes and fastened at the back. White straw bonnet of the Du Barry form, with a coronet turned up in front of maroon velvet; a bow of *gros grain* the same color as the dress (a sort of chamois shade), and some maroon feathers decorated the side of the bonnet. Ribbon strings. Princess Mathilde wore a very beautiful white *faille toilette*, with long tunic of white China *crêpe* and bodice to match. White China *crêpe* bonnet ornamented with flowers. Princess Clotilde, in a light green silk dress ornamented with velvet cross bands of a darker green, and with flounces that appeared a mixture of black and white lace. Mantelet to match. White tulle bonnet with white feathers. The Duchess de Mouchy wore an exquisite white silk *toilette*, elaborately trimmed with lace flounces and silk ruches. Rice straw bonnet, with a bunch of acacia. The Princess Murat was in mauve silk, covered with white muslin. All the dresses, without a single exception, were most elaborately trimmed.

Never can we remember a time when so many yards were required for a single costume. When you order a dress without *paletole*, simply a tunic, bodice, and all round skirt, dressmakers decline to undertake it, unless they have twenty-two or three yards of wide silk. This quantity really appears enormous, yet such are the requirements of fashion.

FASHION.



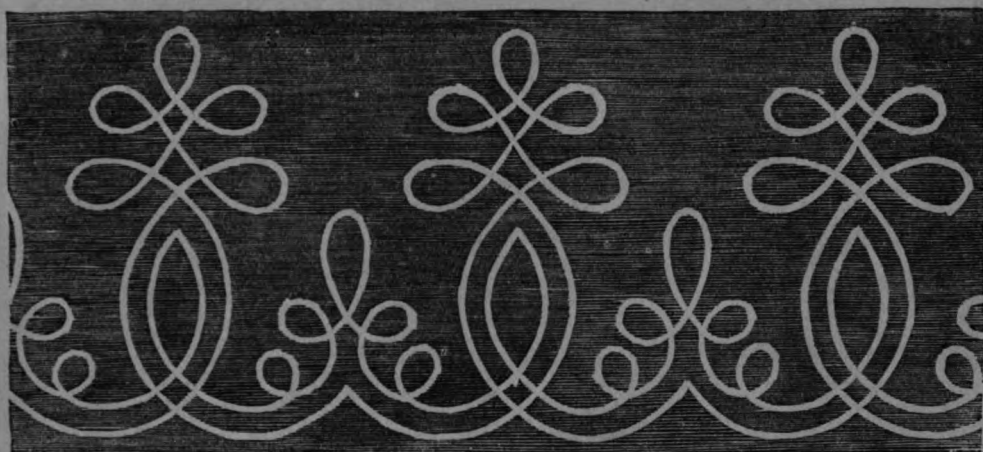
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Pattern for Crochet, Head-Work, Etc.

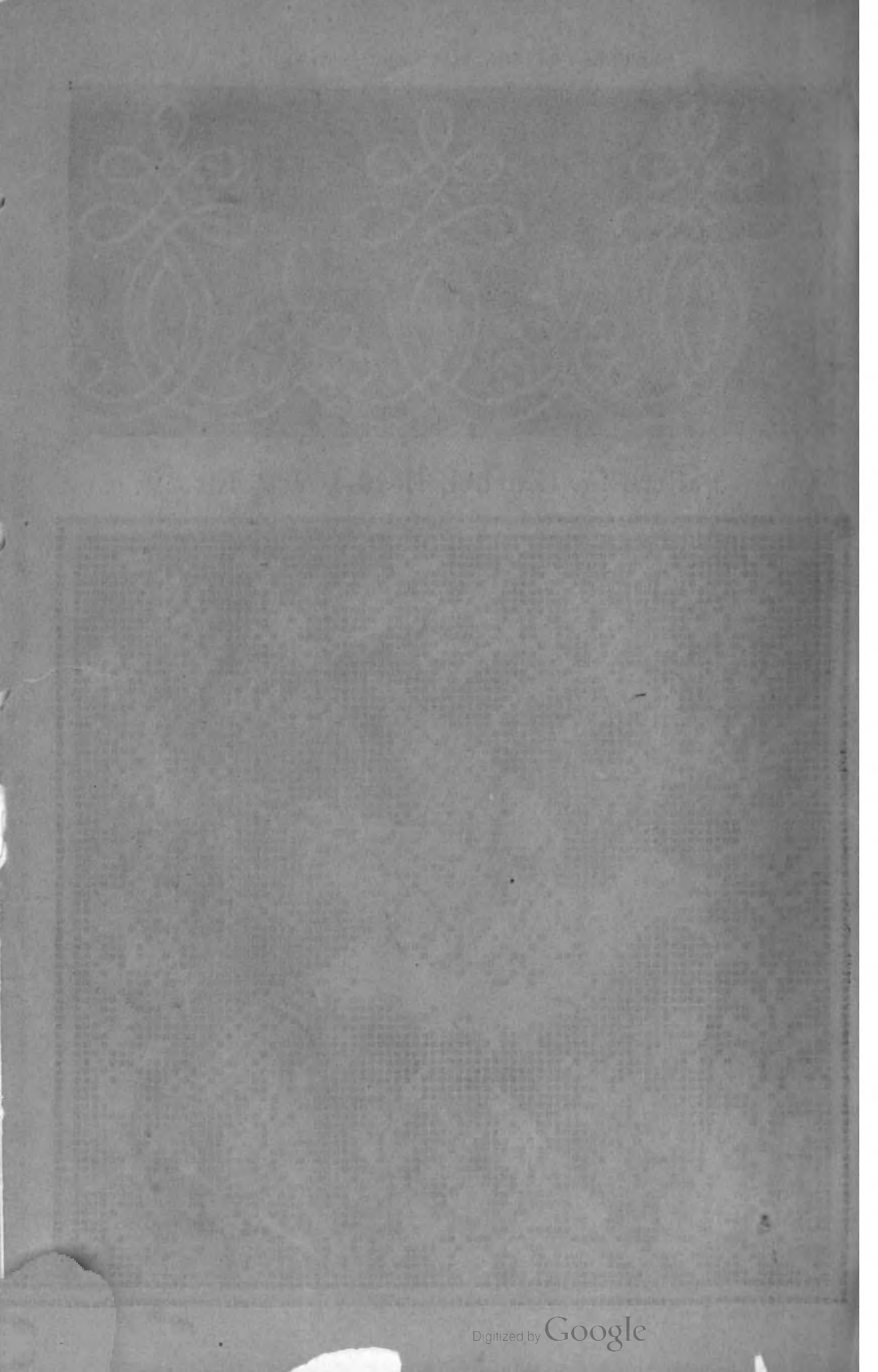


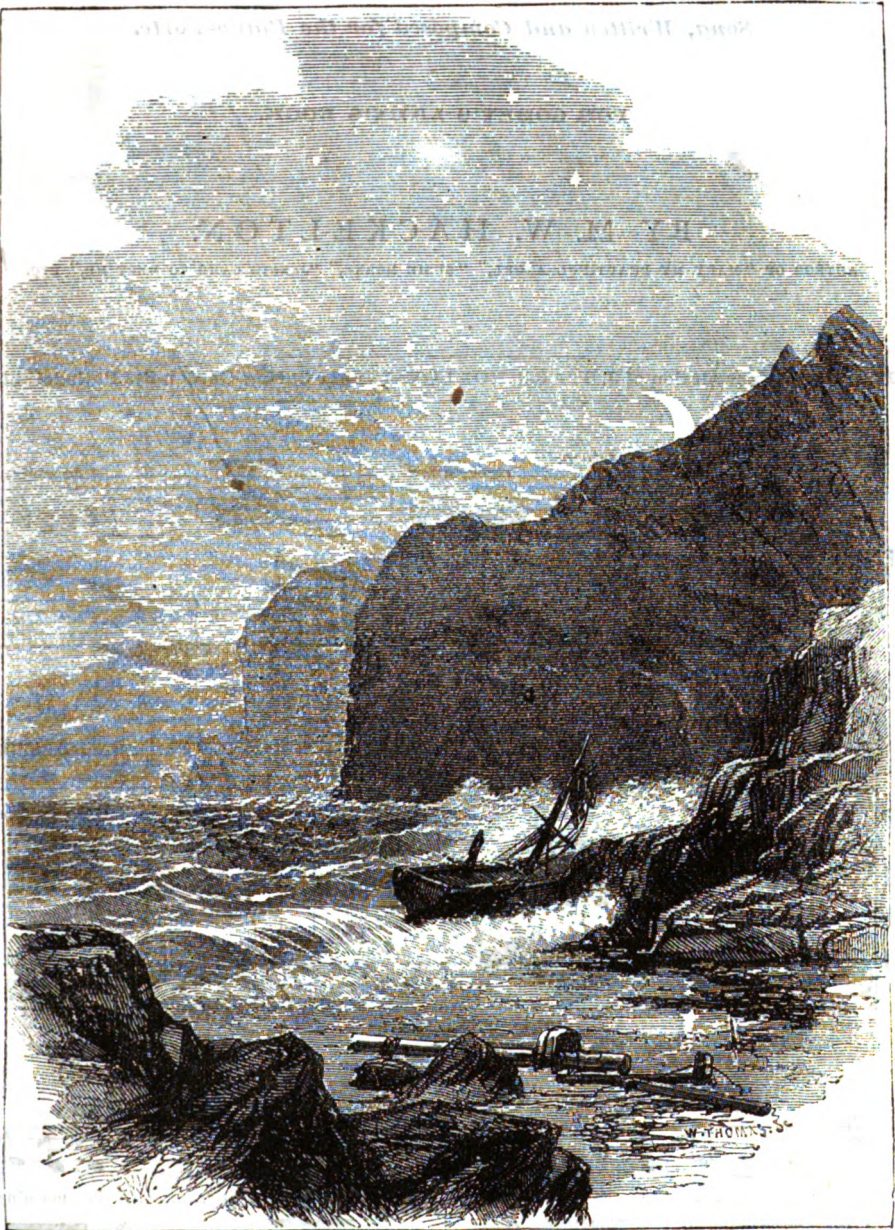
BRAIDING PATTERN FOR PIQUE, LINEN, ETC.



Pattern for Crochet, Bead-Work, Etc.







AFTER THE STORM!

A LITTLE WHITE.

Song, Written and Composed for the Piano-Forte.

FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

BY M. W. HACKELTON.

AUTHOR OF "MARY MY BEAUTIFUL ANGEL," "SUSIE MORNE," "JENNIE CAME TO MEET ME," ETC.

Published by permission of J. STARR HOLLOWAY, 811 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

Andante maestoso.

PIANO.



1. A lit - tle



while..... to gath - er flowers,..... That blossom fair..... in morn'g

A LITTLE WHILE.

hours;..... A lit - tle while..... to dream a - way..... The glo-ries

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

of..... the bright spring day :..... A lit - tle while,..... a lit - tle

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system.

while.....

This system contains the final three staves of the musical score for this section, ending with a long note in the vocal line.

2 A little while to toil and strive,
Where 'mid the wheat the tares must thrive ;
A little while to pray and mourn,
Where gems from love's strong grasp are torn :
A little while.

3 A little while and thou and I
Beneath the summer grass shall lie ;
A little while, and we shall meet
Where angels tread the shining street ;
A little while.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—Dress for a girl of seven years, of pale blue serge, with a spot of a darker shade in it. The skirt is trimmed with a plaiting of silk, with bands above it. The upper part of corsage and sleeves are of blue silk. White felt hat, trimmed with blue velvet and feather.

Fig. 2.—Suit for a girl of eight years, of plain gray poplin, trimmed with a ruffle of scarlet and gray striped poplin. The waist is trimmed with the same. Gray felt hat, trimmed with scarlet.



Fig. 3.—Dress for a little girl, of green silk, trimmed with quillings of the same. Low square corsage, trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 4.—Suit for a boy of eight years, of black and white striped cassimere, made with a blouse trimmed with bias bands of the same, corded with black silk.

Fig. 5.—Dress for a girl of four years, of white cashmere spotted with crimson, and trimmed with quillings of crimson velvet.

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1870.

TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.

BY MARION HARLAND.

"ONE point is settled beyond peradventure in the wisdom of my maidenly counsels," said Miss Salome Garvay, energetically, distracting her brother's attention from his morning paper, and his wife's from her coffee-urn. "When I marry—as I am not in the least inclined to do, let me remark, *en passant*—I mean to have a marriage contract and a private purse."

"Convenient things, both of them, when one has a scoundrelly fortune-hunter for a husband," observed Mr. Garvay, dryly. "Also, when the wife is resolved to rule the roast. Where the law of love and mutual dependence is recognized as superior to that of self-interest, the need of your protective policy is not so obvious."

"Mutual dependence! How I hate the cant! Why can't you be honest, and talk of despotism and licensed beggary? That is the shape the contract assumes to me."

"Because I try to talk common sense and am not addicted to higher law ranting," responded the gentleman, unmoved by his sister's warmth. "Because I honor my manhood and my wife too sincerely to accept the terms you suggest. What has stirred up your righteous indignation anew upon the subject of woman's wrongs?"

The two never quarrelled. They were truly fond of one another, and each understood the other's peculiarities of temper and speech. Salome laughed at the question.

"Thank you for the distinction you draw between an honest desire to right the wronged and the unseemly greed for rights we would not know what to do with if we had them. This discrimination in one of the opposite sex is doubly delightful because it is rare. As to my provocation—I passed yesterday, as you know, with Annette Perry. Early in the forenoon a bill was brought in from her dressmaker.

It was not exorbitant, and more than one-half of the amount was for making the little girls' dresses, but Annette looked troubled and alarmed at sight of it.

"I have been dreading this for three weeks," she said. "I undergo such agonies, spring and fall, in the anticipation of showing my bills to James, and in the shame and pain of the act itself, that it makes me sick all over. I am certain I shall die the earlier on this account."

"I was disposed to laugh at her, but she shed real tears at my bantering tone.

"Wait until you are married," she insisted, threateningly. "We shall see whether you like to ask your husband for money, any better than do the rest of us poor wives."

"I did not say 'You shock' or 'You surprise me!' I had heard the same story from too many other married women. Some of them—mercy help them!—had wedded to escape a life of dependence! But I did argue the case somewhat at length, for I saw she needed encouragement.

"What belongs to your husband is yours also—legally and morally," I asserted. "Your right to have and to use his earnings is equal to his. And if the law did not give you this proprietary claim upon his property, you *earn* your living. The salary he would be obliged to give another woman as housekeeper, seamstress, governess, and helper-in-general, would more than defray your personal expenses. The children, for whom you spend more than for yourself, are his as well as yours. So far from finding fault with you for the purchase and manufacture of clothing for them, I doubt not (a tremendous fib!) 'he is grateful to you for the pains you have taken. He thinks you a capital manager, I know, for I have heard him say so twenty times.'

"I might as well have harangued a stone. She had no thought for anything but the bill and the necessity of laying it before her lord and master for payment. I broke out at her at

last, when I perceived she was not to be cheated of her misery.

"You are aware, in your heart, Annette, that James loves you truly, and desires your happiness; that whatever he may say for habit's sake, or for the pleasure of hearing himself discourse upon economy, he grudges you nothing; that he likes to see you and the little ones well dressed. Why regard his empty vamping about the stringency of the money-market, and the difference between bread-eaters and bread-makers? I have heard other men carry on in this strain, times without number. It is the cant of their profession. But since James' harmless indulgence in this masculine prerogative invariably ends in his footing the bills, he is conscious, all the time, are needful and reasonable, why not case-harden yourself—take it all for what it is worth, and forget it as soon as possible?"

"At that, she cried again more heartily.

"I have been married fifteen years," she confessed, from the abundance of her heavy heart, 'and there has never been a time since my honey-moon, when I required money for any object, that I have not stood before my husband like a humbled beggar. It is all one whether I want it for household or personal expenses. There is no difference in his manner of granting the request. He is generous, and you say truly that he loves me, but he does not understand—I never saw a man who did—how disagreeable it is to be compelled to sue for the means with which to clothe one's self and meet the numberless calls upon the purse of the mistress of a family. They all fancy that women are born with a bias toward prodigality, and that the best way to keep this down is to make money-getting excessively unpleasant to the would-be spendthrifts. "We who earn it understand how slowly and through what labor it comes into our hands," he has told me again and again.

"The surprised, "What! already?" when I inform him that my exchequer is exhausted; the sigh with which he pulls out his pocket-book; the ominous compression of his lips as he counts the bank-notes; perhaps, worst of all, the cold, curt tone in which he asks, "Will that do for the present?" in handing me the roll of bills, are so many lashes upon my shivering self-respect. If he wouldn't make an immediate memorandum before my eyes, of the sum he has given me, in the hateful black book he carries in his breast-pocket, I should not feel quite so mean. I brought him no dowry—a fact I remember whenever these scenes occur, whether he does or not. I declare to you, Salome, that I have often shrunk away, after the submissive "Thank you!" I force myself to utter; gone up to my room, dashed the money upon the floor, and raved like a mad woman—I felt myself to be so base and degraded a thing."

"I was shocked now, and I said so in plain language.

"You dishonor your husband's gentlemanhood by speaking and feeling as you do," I told her. 'You should let him know how you regard the whole matter. He would be grieved and amazed, but you would never be subjected to this trial again.'

"She shook her head, sorrowfully.

"Once—in my younger and more impetuous days—I refused to touch the vile stuff I gained at such cost; told him I would starve in rags rather than ever ask him for another penny. He was astonished, and as angry as he ever gets with me; made me pick the money up, and bade me never be so unkind and irrational again."

"Sound advice!" commented I.

"You think I ought not to tell these things," she said, quickly. 'You are right. But you have been like a sister to me for so long, and James is your own cousin—and sometimes I fret over these disagreeables until it seems as if brain and heart will burst unless I seek counsel and sympathy from some true friend. I am not unjust or ungrateful to James. My lot is far preferable to that of most women. I am acquainted with several—harum-scarum, insensitive, and not over-loving wives—who declare that they don't mind the ordeal of asking for money. They have a right to their share, they say, and they mean to have it. If the men choose to worry, who cares? But the vast majority feel just as I do—unless they have private resources, or a regular allowance for household expenses, clothing included, and—as the advertisements say—"No questions asked." A lady told me once, that, knowing her husband to be very careless about keeping an account of such loose money as he carried in his pockets, she had often abstracted small sums while he slept.'

"And did he never miss them?" inquired I, horrified at the act less than at Annette's careless manner of mentioning it.

"Sometimes. His wife said it amused her greatly to hear him say, in adding up his week's cash account, "Eight or ten dollars short again. I must be more particular in noting every purchase before it slips my memory. I'll put it down on the side of profit and loss!" Since he took the deficit so philosophically, and grumbled so dolefully when she solicited the like sum, she was encouraged to repeat the experiment. I could not do that, although the lady I speak of saw no harm in it so long as suspicion fell upon no one else. She said it was only helping herself to what the law adjudged to be hers, and she was saved many uncomfortable scenes. But I tell you what I do, Salome. I never tell James of any money that falls into my possession by other means than petitioning him. I will not give account of these. My brother Roger sends me twenty dollars in gold every

Christmas. For three years I showed my treasure to James, and perhaps three or four months afterward he asked me what I had done with it. Now, I appropriate the gift in secret, and let him believe that poor old Roger has neglected me. And once Uncle Ferdinand, for whose wife I was named, gave me a check for a hundred dollars on my birthday. It was unspeakably delicious—the feeling that I might buy a book, or a ribbon, or a toy without hastening the day of reckoning. We had sunshine in the house for a month—the housekeeping money held out so well.’

“But did not this circumstance arouse his suspicions? He must know how long a certain sum ought to last.”

“My blessed child! it is the belief of nine out of ten business men, that the right conduct of a household would require no money at all. Unfortunately for their domestic peace, there never lived but one woman who understood the *modus operandi* of making things last. That was the widow of Sarepta. I wish for Elijah every time I scrape the bottom of the flour barrel, and discover that the butter is out. Money—or the want of it, is the root of four-fifths of the trouble in the world. You recollect Rosalie Yarmouth, and her sad story? Her sister told me that Mr. Yarmouth was so exceedingly penurious, that there was a “scene” whenever Rosalie asked for money. She was a petted child at home, and she rebelled at this treatment. After a few years of unhappy wrangling, she applied for smaller sums and at longer intervals. Her husband believed she was learning his pet lesson of thrift, i. e., meanness, and even condescended to commend her for the improvement in her management. She dressed more handsomely than formerly; the table was well supplied, and yet he gave her only one-half the amount she used to assert was necessary. Finally, it all came out. I needn’t rehearse the tale; how she had been living on another man’s money. Of course everybody blamed her. She had a good home and a rich husband. There was no excuse for her conduct. It was very wicked, very horrible, but his skirts were not clear. I can imagine how she was goaded into the evil way. Poor Rosalie! Such a pretty, bright, affectionate girl as she was!”

Mr. Garvay was lofty contemptuous of Mrs. Perry’s grievances, incredulous as to the cause of the tragedy Salome related upon her friend’s authority. “I thought Annette had more sense, more respect for herself and her husband, than to peddle complaints of him through the community,” he said. “James is not stingy or churlish. Having known him from boyhood, I may be excused for declining to believe that his behavior to his wife is positively brutal. It seems more probable, if you will allow me the alternative, that she has an erroneous idea of his ability to gratify her whims, and is dis-

posed to be more lavish in her expenditures than his means will justify. Women are apt to forget that, while their horizon is the outer wall of their home, a man has to labor and provide in a wider, more complicated sphere. Her draught upon his pocket is but one of a thousand, and there must be times when the fount is so nearly exhausted that the latest demand creates a feeling of chagrin and irritation the wife mistakes for displeasure at her demand. You and Annette speak of the humiliation she and others experience in asking for money. What think you of a man’s sensations when he is obliged to say ‘No’ in these circumstances?”

“Candor on both sides would extract the sting from the predicament, returned Salome. “Any true-hearted woman would sympathize with his embarrassment, bow cheerfully to what she was assured was a necessity. But James Perry and others of his stamp are prosperous men in business, and not illiberal at heart. What I find fault with is, not occasional asperity when cash chances to run low, but this habitual snarl whenever the wifely petition is broached. It always reminds me of the suddenness with which a bull-dog shows his teeth, and erects his ears at sight of a suspicious stranger or known enemy. I witnessed the like so often in my own home that the hearing of Annette’s experience made me sore and bitter of heart. Our father was a good man and an affectionate husband; our mother the most prudent of managers. Yet, from the time I was six years old, I dreaded to be in the room when she asked him for money. And she—poor soul!—went through the task as a weekly penance, mortification of spirit and of flesh, until she died. As I grew older, I used to say to myself: ‘If he really loved her, he would remember sometimes that she must be out of funds, and spare her this ignominy.’ I learned to despise the artifices by which she paved the way to the unwelcome announcement that her pocket-book was empty, while I pitied her for the suffering the business cost her. She would watch for days together for an opportunity to introduce the subject, denying herself the cheapest luxuries, meanwhile, to make the scanty residue of her last supply hold out until she could replenish the lean wallet; would regale him with his favorite dishes, wear the dresses he liked, be entertaining, sportive, loving—but I cannot talk about it now. She did what she thought was right. Since the disagreeable operation must be performed, she braced up the patient’s system to sustain it.”

“If I thought,” began Mr. Garvay, slowly, thrusting his right hand into the pocket of his pantaloons, and stretching out his legs, a gesture significant with him as was Mr. Caxton’s of burying his hand in his waistcoat, “if I thought that the false and pernicious prejudices you and Mrs. Perry encourage one another in

cherishing against men in general, and husbands in particular, prevailed among your sex to the extent you assert, I would allow my wife a separate maintenance forthwith; bid her go her way, and leave me to mine. There is no question of sovereignty or dependence in the case. There must be a banker, a cashier in every firm. My wife should feel no more hesitation in drawing upon me for what she needs, or would like to have, than I have in writing a check when I know I have a heavy balance in my favor in bank, or in saying to my cash-keeper: 'Hand me such and such an amount.' If she has a right appreciation of our mutual relations, she will not torment herself with such fancies as make Mrs. Perry 'rave like a mad-woman.' I am the right hand, she the left. Both have the same right to handle what the man earns, albeit one may manipulate it more skillfully than the other. That is the result of usage. Women are indifferent financiers, but that does not alter the question of their rights."

"We are not speaking of you and your wife," said Salome, to whom the profound silence of her sister-in-law seemed full of meaning. "Of course, you cannot be suspected of a practice you consider brutal! I am glad to find such a notable exception to my rule of the unreasonable ungraciousness I contend does prevail among the class I have alluded to. I hope your example will prove beneficial, because contagious. And I am delighted that you recognize woman as your equal and legal partner in all monetary concerns."

"Whoever gets you will have more than his match," answered her brother, nipping her ear. "All this incendiary fanfaronade has kept me half an hour behind my time. Any commands for down town, Lou?"

"None." The reply was not very prompt, and, although Mrs. Garvay smiled in lifting her eyes to her husband, they wavered uneasily. "The butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker have all had their orders, I believe."

"Good!" The pocket was buttoned up with a slap of satisfaction. "I have an engagement at five which will detain me until nearly six. Please order dinner half an hour later than usual, will you?"

"That snits us well enough," said Salome, when he had gone. "It will give us a longer time for our shopping, and sight-seeing, and our visit up the river. And the day is a gem—so cool, yet bright. When can you be ready? I told Julia we would call for her a little after ten."

"I am very sorry—I wish"—faltered Mrs. Garvay. "You and Julia must go without me to-day. I find that I cannot accompany you conveniently."

"What? Why, we planned the whole expedition, you and I. Julia won't be in town again for an age, and it will be charmingly like old times for us three to run about stores and

picture-galleries together. Mrs. Lartow will be inconsolable. You are the chief of her favorites, and the dear soul is getting old and infirm."

Mrs. Garvay busied herself in collecting the silver on the breakfast-table; her face was flushed, her eyes downcast. "I am very, very sorry," she repeated, "but I cannot leave home to-day very well."

Salome caught her about the waist, peeped around roughly to get a fair view of her countenance. "Come, my dear, 'fess' after the manner of 'Little Women!' What is the lion in the way? He is so newly-born I cannot think him very dangerous."

"I do not make a mystery of it," rejoined the other, with a poor pretence of a light laugh. "I am in a state of utter impecuniosity, and, when such is their plight, honest people don't go shopping."

"Why didn't you tell Tom this? I'll put on my hat, and run down to him now. There is time enough."

"No, no! He wouldn't like it if I commissioned you to prefer my request. It would seem as if I resented his forgetfulness. I asked him three days ago to let me have a hundred dollars, explaining that we three had planned a shopping frolic for to-day, and that I wished to procure a fall outfit for the children and myself. I reminded him of it again last night. Yet you saw"—She stopped abruptly, and Salome gave her time to recover herself.

"I heard him ask what were your commands. And you fibbed in saying you had none. Why didn't you come out with the truth? If he is forgetful, you must prompt his memory the oftener."

"It is easy to say that. Sometimes I am so pressed on every side for the lack of a few dollars that I 'prompt his memory,' as you call it, five or six times in as many days. It cannot but irritate him to be importuned for what appears to him a trifling sum. He does not know how much I need it. I don't blame him for getting out of patience once in a while. He cannot charge his mind with so many petty cares, he says, and can't I wait a day or two? He never carries more than a couple of dollars in small change in his pocket-book. I am always willing to wait as long as possible. I want his home to be a restful place. Twice I called at his store, but he forbade a repetition of the visit, saying it was not pleasant for ladies to visit that part of the town. I own I am disappointed to-day. Tom doesn't dream how I had set my heart upon carrying out our programme. But I couldn't mention the money again. It annoys men to be teased."

"Good gracious! And it doesn't annoy you to go penniless, I suppose? Or to dig at his pocket forty times before you get a symptom of cash? What did he say when you asked for funds to meet the present distress?"

"That he hadn't the money with him, but he would try and bear it in mind, and get it for me very soon."

"Why didn't you tell him that his check would answer your purpose? You heard him explain how the thing should be done. I believe in taking people at their word. See here! Write a note from my dictation, and send Katy down town with it."

"Salome, you are not in earnest?"

"Why shouldn't I be in the dearest sort of earnest? It is the way in which you ought to have begun your married life. Let us be business-like. Since he has said: 'This is the way,' let us walk in it."

"But since I did not begin in that way"—demurred the wife.

"It is never too late to mend bad habits. Are you ready? Write:—

DEAR TOM: You forgot to hand me the money of which I spoke last evening. You will oblige me by sending it by Katy, or, should you consider this unsafe, your check will do as well. I can have it cashed.

Affectionately, LOUISE GARVAY.

"It is awfully impertinent," shuddered the writer. "I dare not send it. He will be very angry. I never wrote to him before in that cool, independent tone."

"It is sensible," retorted the courageous spinster. "You are obeying him literally, carrying out his own idea. Is he not your cashier, your banker, your business partner? And this is a perfectly legitimate operation. I'll take the responsibility." And away she flew with the note.

In an hour the messenger returned with an answer.

"Which is altogether to the point," said Salome, noting the scared look that crossed her sister's face, as a check dropped from the envelope which remained empty in Mrs. Garvay's fingers.

"Not a word besides!" she ejaculated, blankly. O Salome! We have gone too far with our jest. He is hurt and offended. I wish I had been content to stay at home and let the hateful money alone! I am half inclined to take this back and beg his pardon."

"You will do no such thing! If I could only lend you my eyes and brains long enough to work out a problem or two!" cried the Indomitable. "Here!" reopening the writing-desk. "Let us devote fifteen minutes to a little calculation in figures, which don't lie, you know. First, put that check into your pocket-book. You brought Tom a neat little portion at your marriage, didn't you?"

"Ten thousand dollars," rejoined Mrs. Garvay, absently, fingering the pen her companion gave her.

"Which he invested in his business. Am I right?"

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"You are. That is, I suppose he has it somewhere. I don't know anything about it."

"Unbusiness-like!" interjected the catechist, "on Tom's part as on yours. Write that down in fair numbers. Marriage portion \$10,000. At seven per cent. interest that would yield \$700 annually. Salary as housekeeper \$600. It is a low figure for such services as you have rendered, but we will speak within bounds. Nurse and nursery governess \$300 more. They are always ill-paid, poor wretches. As seamstress \$150 more. Now add it up. These workwomen always have their board and lodging when engaged by the year, or the wages would be much larger. Seventeen hundred and fifty dollars, did you say? Of course! And your clothing—not Tom's children's frocks and petticoats, mind you!—hasn't cost a thousand any year since you honored him by taking his name?"

"Never more than seven hundred at most," replied Mrs. Garvay, with growing animation. "I have kept an expense-book from the first. You can't mean that I have, all this while, been earning my living—paying my way, instead of being utterly dependent—a clog upon my husband's hands! Oh! if I could tell you how miserable I am at times; what an expensive encumbrance I feel myself to be when Tom looks sober over my bills! how I have longed to help in some way!"

At sight of the happy tears in the simple creature's eyes, the instructress, who hoped likewise to be the emancipator, felt her own moisten. "Don't interrupt my calculations!" she commanded, oratorically. "Seven hundred—and your dressmaker's bills haven't averaged over three hundred—economical, ingenious puss that you are! That is, at least, seven hundred a year added to the principal, and you have been married ten years. Bless me! This becomes exciting! That is seventeen thousand, and the interest on that—don't stop to compute it! It is in the neighborhood of twelve hundred dollars. My dear, what shall we order for luncheon to-day in celebration of the fact that you are a rich woman? It is lucky I am at your elbow. You look wild enough to rush into all manner of extravagances."

"She moves and behaves like a different creature," meditated the audacious young revolutionist, as, their tasteful toilets completed, they sallied forth upon their expedition. "It is a shame for Tom to be so mannishly unjust. Can't men see how much nobler beings—what companions, co-workers and co-advisers their wives would become if they were trained to exercise the judgment the Lord has bestowed upon them? to manage money rationally, instead of having it tossed to them spasmodically, as sweetmeats are given to teasing children? Heigh-ho! the times are all out of joint! Yet they tell us—the preachers and goody-books—

that the glory of woman is her shrinking dependence. This gentle little thing who worships that great six-footer of a brother of mine, and would shed her blood for him to the last drop, if need were, was overjoyed when I proved that she was not a mendicant—a pensioner upon his royal bounty. Earning her living! What hard-working wife does not pay her way? What husband is willing she should know it?"

The important shopping was done; the visit paid, and in good plight, the two confederates returned home.

"In excellent season, too!" Louise congratulated herself. Her evening dress was donned hastily, and she tripped down stairs at a quarter of six—perhaps a trifle less gay than she appeared. She had a nervous desire to meet her spouse and learn how her demand had affected him.

"One glance at his face will tell me all," she said inwardly. "If our prank annoyed him—and it was in somewhat bad taste—I must make up for it by very dutiful behavior for the future." In the hall the servant met her with a note.

"Dear Louise" (it said). Do not expect me home to dinner. Affectionately, T. L. Garvey."

"O Salome! what have I done?" cried the poor little rich woman, dropping the slip of paper, with its one cruelly brief sentence, into Salome's lap. "I don't believe he will ever forgive me! It is so cold—so formal!"

"I am not naturally belligerent, but I should dearly enjoy boxing Tom Garvey's ears!" pronounced the irate reformer. "That any reasonable mortal—even a man—should make such a donkeyistical display of temper tries my patience beyond verbal expression."

Louise sobbed uninterruptedly for a few moments, then the pitying confidante came to her aid.

"Lou, darling! don't be sorry for what you have done. It was neither wrong nor foolish, only a courteous request for a small portion of that which is rightfully yours. Tom must understand this. His parody of your note is only a playful Rowland for your Oliver. He is not a rank booby, or peevish baby. Nobody else could take exception at your conduct."

"It was unbecoming, unwifelike!" sighed the penitent.

"I grant you the latter proposition," thought Salome, in disgust, but she held her peace.

Mr. Garvey came in at ten o'clock—very dignified, very polite—making no reference to their day's proceedings; offering no information as to where and with whom he had passed his evening.

"But for the reflex action upon that terrified woman who is watching him as a cowed spaniel does his master, I would tell him exactly what I think of him and his fellow-tyrants," mused Salome, wrought to violent indignation by his

high and cool demeanor. "What a thing a man is, at best! Tom is a good fellow in the main, but he is misbehaving shamefully just now. If I but dared shake him it would be some relief to my mind. If ever I am caught slipping my fingers between the bark and the tree after this, I shall deserve to be classed with him." Judging that the affair would be settled the more readily in her absence, she said "Good-night," at ten o'clock, and took her chafing spirit off to her chamber. The door was hardly closed after her, when the wife crept forward, and put a trembling hand upon her master's shoulder.

"Tom, dearest! are you angry with me?"

"Not at all!" he removed his cigar from his lips to say it, without turning his head. "Why should I be?"

"Don't speak so coldly. It breaks my heart. I know I was wrong to send that foolish note to you, but I really wanted the money, and was half in fun—and—and!"

"And incited to rebellion against your domestic despot, by Salome's random talk," he subjoined. "I do not care for her vagaries. She is eccentric and indiscreet—full of all kinds of crude speculations she will be ashamed of one day. But it is a practical question with you whether you or I shall be the ruler of my business and household. I am willing—perfectly willing—to resign the reins to your grasp, if you desire that I should. There cannot be two heads—two drivers."

"I am sure I never thought of such a thing!" exclaimed Louise, in abject distress. "But you had said that when I wanted money I ought to call upon you, as I would upon a banker, and the whim seized me to try it—just once!"

How Salome would have groaned over her pupil's pusillanimity, and the implied pledge.

"Is that an intimation that you had found me niggardly—slow of response to your former applications?" interrogated Tom, still unappeased. "The spirit you have manifested in this affair is a serious sorrow to me, Louise. I had hoped and believed that we understood one another—that our views and our interests were identical. I have worked hard since our marriage, but worked with a will and purpose. I have never lost sight of your welfare and happiness; have striven, to the best of my knowledge and ability, to be an indulgent husband; to deny you nothing I could procure that would conduce to your pleasure. When I have given you a dollar, my only regret at parting with it was that it was not ten. I leave it to you to say if I have deserved to be treated like a mere money-holder, and what I have ever done to deserve the indignity put upon me by your demand of this morning."

Clinging to his knees the wife implored forgiveness; acknowledged her impatience, her unreasonableness, her ingratitude; promised fealty and submission for time to come; was

disconsolate until her relenting sovereign vouchsafed to set the seal of reconciliation upon her lips with :—

"There! there! child, we will say no more about it. Only, my dear Louise, I must warn you that—painful as it would be to exile my sister from the only home left to her—I cannot allow her influence over you to produce such results as those this day has witnessed. You may find your husband the safest counsellor after all. Better trust him more, and strong-minded women less. Now, go into the dining-room, and take a drink of ice-water. It will relieve that hysterical choking."

He recollected, while she was absent, that he had a letter to write, and, too lazy to go to the library for his own writing-materials, put out his arm, without rising, for the pretty inlaid *papeterie* on the centre-table. A half-sheet of paper lay uppermost, when he raised the lid, and revealed the contents. There were figures upon it in Louise's handwriting :—

Marriage portion in 1838, \$10,000.

Interest on same,	\$700	per annum.
Salary as housekeeper,	600	" "
Salary as nursery governess,	300	" "
Salary as seamstress,	150	" "

Clear income, \$1750 " "

Maximum of personal expenses per annum, \$1000.

I submit it to any right-minded husband whether the above was a pleasant document for Mr. Thomas Garvay to peruse, especially after the scene just described? Salome's attempt to reassure Mrs. Perry by proving that she was self-supporting, instead of the helpless beneficiary of her husband's generosity, had not sounded like such hideous heterodoxy, when set forth by his lively sister, as he now knew it to be when confronted by the practical working of her doctrine. He thought of the traitorous kiss with which Joab preluded the ugly thrust under Amasa's fifth rib, of murdered Cæsar's whispered "*Et tu Brute!*" of the peasant and frozen viper, of the most aggravated and revolting cases of treachery done by the nearest of kin and dearest of heart, while he stood in the middle of the floor; his hand in his trousers' pocket, his eyes set gloomily upon the sheet that told him he owed seventeen thousand dollars to her who had just wept at his feet with meek protestations of grateful dependence. The annals of effrontery offered no parallel to this atrocious computation. Admit it as a precedent, and what an upheaving of the honored foundations of society, a subversion of heaven's first and greatest law! Had his wife held a loaded revolver to his ear, demanding money or life, the shock would have been no greater.

"After this whom can I trust?" he groaned, aloud, and Louise, entering, took in the full meaning of the tableau.

"O Tom!" rushing forward to snatch the

paper from him, "I did not mean you should see that!"

He waved her back tragically. "I shall keep it. Since you have stated the extent of my liabilities to you, I will discharge the debt, though I ruin myself to do it."

"It isn't the money! It was just the feeling that I was not a beggar, a drag and a hindrance to you!" she protested, wildly. "Yet I felt I was doing wrong. I intended to tear the paper up. Forgive me, Tom! I will never think of it again."

"No woman who really loved her husband could have made out this account," said Mr. Garvay, with tremendous emphasis, stalking from the apartment.

The week that followed was like a night of years to Louise Garvay. Loving, tender-hearted, and timid, the thought of her husband's displeasure was at all times sufficient to deprive her of self-command and courage. But of such a fell certainty as this alienation, and through her fault, she had never dreamed. Trebly loyal by reason of the lesson she had received touching the perils of confidantes, she told Salome nothing of what she suffered and dreaded. She could not conceal the traces of her pain, but she could and would hide from all about her the cause of the change. And Salome, grown wiser and tenderer in these sad days, asked no questions, offered no advice. Tom was seriously displeased, she saw, and Louise very wretched, and she longed to assume her lawful share of the wrath she supposed was excited by the affair of the check. But she durst not seem to offer herself as mediator. She had had enough of interference. Of the discovery of Louise's computations in interest and addition she knew nothing, or she must have spoken, and defied the consequences.

On the evening of the eighth day the climax came. Tom strode into his wife's room, and presented her with a folded paper. "Please give me a receipt for the amount in full," he said, haughtily.

Louise had been suffering with a sick headache all day. Her nerves were unstrung, her frame weakened by sleepless nights and days of weeping. A deadly pallor overspread her countenance, and she hesitated to open the paper.

"You will find it quite correct, I believe," pursued Tom. "But my books are, of course, subject to your inspection."

The folded slip was a check for upwards of eighteen thousand dollars, payable to Louise Garvay or order.

To the wife—punished, humbled, taught by experience what were the baleful fruits of presumption in the honorable estate to which she had been called—it was equivalent to a deed of separation. During all these days and nights Tom's words had not been absent from her mind: "I would allow my wife a separate

maintenance forthwith, bid her go her way, and leave me to mine." She cried out once, shrilly, like a child under the lash, and fainted.

The victory was complete—the triumph of masculine will and right. Tom felt it, but did not say so, when, on her recovery from the swoon which had really alarmed him for some minutes, he magnanimously took the shivering, half-dead creature again in his cherishing arms, and engaged, at her earnest prayer, to tear up the check, and restore things to their normal basis.

"Don't talk of my having any means separate from yours," she said, both arms about his neck, and nestling in his manly bosom. "I don't want to be independent of you!"

Salome, upon the threshold, heard the appeal; bent upon the pair, unconscious of the intrusion, one look of blended pity, indignation, and contempt; and retreated. "Voting won't make women free and equal," she said, subsequently, to a friend of woman's suffrage. "Before you liberate any enslaved race, you should first gain the consent of the governed."

ODE TO STONE MOUNTAIN, GA.

BY JOHN BARTON GILBERT.

How sad the moans at dead of night,
That o'er thy lone majestic height,
The sighing breezes bear!
Æolus, does the stormy band,
Escaped from thy severe command,
Hold plaintive concert there!
Or do unjoyous spirits sigh?
Do hollow shades and demons cry,
Dejected and forlorn?
In hopeless grief anticipate
The day that seals their awful fate,
The great Eternal Morn!
Reign on! In lonely grandeur reign!
Sublime o'er all the widening plain,
Commotion ne'er shall shake
Thy long dominion, firm and sure,
Till sun and time no more endure,
And slumbering dead awake.
Though soldier brave and peaceful maid
Below the sod be early laid,
Or in the billowy sea;
Stupendous thou shalt still abide,
Till countless ages onward glide,
And nature cease to be.

THE way to wealth is as plain as the way to market; it depends chiefly on two words—industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them everything.—*Franklin*.

WHEN you are disposed to be vain of your mental acquirements, look up to those who are more accomplished than yourself, that you may be fired with emulation; but when you feel dissatisfied with your circumstances, look down on those beneath you, that you may learn contentment.—*Dr. Moore*.

ABYSSINIAN COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

IN Abyssinia the young people begin to think of marriage at a very early age. Mr. Mansfield Parkyns relates that he has seen brides of eight or nine years old; and boys at a proportionately youthful age are considered marriageable. When a lad wishes to marry, says the gentleman above-mentioned—and who, by-the-by, has written more, and to the purpose, concerning the habits and customs of the Abyssinians than any other traveller—he only inquires for a girl who possesses or can muster twice his own number of oxen, or their value. His proposals are made to the girl's father, and, unless, there is some strong motive for rejecting him, he is accepted, and everything arranged without consulting the lady's taste or asking her consent. They are usually betrothed three or four months before marriage, during which time the bridegroom frequently visits his father-in-law elect, and occasionally propitiates him with gifts of honey, butter, a sheep or goat; but he is never allowed to see his intended wife even for a moment, unless by urgent entreaty or a handsome bribe, he induces some female friend of hers to arrange the matter by procuring him a glance at his cruel fair one.

For this purpose he conceals himself behind a door or other convenient hiding-place, while the lady on some pretext or other is led past it. Should she, however, suspect a trick and discover him, she would make a great uproar, cover her face, and screaming, run away and hide herself, as though her sense of propriety were greatly offended by the intrusion; although previously to his making the offer she would have thought it no harm to romp with him or any other male acquaintance in the most free and easy manner. For after she has been betrothed, she is at home to every one except to him who most sighs for the light of her countenance. In Tigre, especially in Ghirre, a superstitious belief is entertained that if a girl leave her father's house during the interval between her betrothal and marriage, she will be bitten by a snake.

When the wedding-day approaches the girl is well washed, her hair combed and tressed, and she is rendered in every way as agreeable as possible. A day or two before that appointed for the marriage a "dass," or bower, is erected. It is made of a framework of stakes: the uprights are driven into the ground, and the horizontal stakes fastened to them by ligaments of bark or of supple shoots of trees, and covered with green branches to protect the interior from the sun. Of wet there is no fear, except in the season of the periodical rains. These bowers are made large or small, according to the number of visitors likely to assemble.

"During my stay at Adoua I was invited to

several weddings. Among others I was invited to assist at the marriage of an Abyssinian woman to a man of the country. When the wedding takes place in a town, as was the case on this occasion, the crowd is excessive. Invited or uninvited, everybody comes who has nothing better to do or who is anxious to fill his stomach. A crowd of these hungry idlers crowd round the doors, and often endeavor to force an entrance where artifice or good words fail to procure it for them, and thus give a great deal of annoyance to the servants appointed to keep the entrances.

"These, however, are assisted by a number of young men from among the neighbors and friends of the house, who on such occasions volunteer their services as peace-keepers and waiters, or to make themselves generally useful. Several of these, armed like the doorkeepers with long wands, remain in the 'dass' to keep order, to show people to their places, or to make way for new-comers by dismissing old ones.

"About two o'clock on the day preceding the wedding, 'Seedy Petras,' the father of the bride, sent a servant to conduct me to the scene of festivity; but on our arrival at the front entrance we found the street completely blocked up by the crowd, principally soldiers, who were endeavoring to force their way in, which, however, was prevented by barricading the gates and strongly guarding them. It was not till after a quarter of an hour's hard squeezing and fighting that we gained an entrance. During the struggle I was amused at the contrivances which the mob had recourse to in the hope of passing in with me and my people. One fierce-looking soldier assisted me very much; for, by striking some, and swearing at and threatening others, he succeeded in clearing a passage to the door. My people, however, were too well known for him to pass as one of them, and he was refused admittance till I, in consideration of his zeal, protested that for that day he was in my service. Another, who had an umbrella, walked close behind me, holding it over my head as if it belonged to me. At length we entered.

"The Abyssinian guests were squatted round the tables in long rows, feeding as if their lives depended on the quantity they could devour, and washing it down with floods of drink. I never could have believed that any people could take so much food; and certainly if the reader wishes to see a curious exhibition in the feeding line, he has only to run over to Abyssinia and be present at a wedding-feast. Imagine two or three hundred half-naked men and women in one room. All decorum is lost sight of; you see waiters, each with a huge piece of raw beef in his hands, rushing frantically to and fro in his eager desire to satisfy the voracious appetites of the guests, who, as he comes within their reach, grasp the meat, and with their long crooked swords hack off a lump or

strip, as the case may be, in their eagerness not to lose their share.

"After the feast, the 'dass' being cleared of all but a select party of the invited guests of the house and their attendants, in all about a hundred persons, it was announced that the bride was to be presented to us. She was accordingly brought in—carried like a sack of flour—on the back of a male relative, who trotted in with her, preceded by a number of persons, each bearing a lighted taper, and followed by a number of women, who filled the air with their shrill cries of exultation. The bearer dropped his pack on a stool in front of the place where we Franks and the elders were sitting, and she received the benedictions of the party. Placing our hands on her head, one after the other, we each expressed some words for her future welfare and happiness, and got our hands well greased for our pains. Music and dancing then began."

SLANDER.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

AN! there is a fiend that walks the earth
Of loathsome mien and the vilest birth;
Whose viperous tongue and venom'd breath
Brand man with infamy worse than death.

In the dens of earth she holds her court,
Where Guilt, and Malice, and Ill-report—
Deceit, and Discord dwell side by side,
And fiends of similar ilk abide.

They wait her beck, they come at her call,
'Tis she that directs and sways them all;
Her favor they only dare to win
By works of darkness, and deeds of sin.

She lays her schemes through the lengthsome night,
And when morning comes with soft delight,
She heeds not sunshine, nor wind, nor storm,
But throwing around her loathsome form
A mantle of justice; o'er her face
She places a mask of pensive grace.
But her eyes flash forth a direful sheen—
On her lips no smile is ever seen.

She meets a maiden with golden hair,
Eyes of heaven's azure, and forehead fair;
With a life as bright as a summer's day
And heart as pure as the moon's pale ray.

She casts on that maiden's brow, so pure,
A semblance of guilt that must endure
Throughout her embittered life; and woe
And shame shall follow where she may go.

But Slander still wends her wary way,
Weaving her spells through the lengthsome day,
Till at last she meets a man of care,
Furrowed his brow and silvered his hair.

Of fortune, and home, and friends bereft,
With naught but his stainless honor left;
And shall he escape her wiles? ah, no!
There is no limit to human woe!

She breathes o'er his honor—tried by fire,
Her natural breath, Suspicion dire;
And straightway its undimmed sheen appears
Covered with rust of a thousand years.

The beautiful, brave, the pure in heart,
All fear, and all feel her venom'd dart;
Her arrow is dipped in poisoned dew,
The shield of goodness it pierces through.

HAUNTING MEMORIES.

BY INO CHURCHILL.

It was long ago, and many more are the days that make up the green slope that slants toward my youth, than stretch 'twixt me now and the banks of the shining river; but I mind me, as it were but yesterday, of the hazy dawn of that autumn morning, that hung like a floating crown just over the brow of day, and I waited to see, with a maiden's faith, how the day would outdazzle its crown, as the pure life of a great and mighty monarch must be more lustrous than his jewelled coronet. I smiled to myself, then I laughed, then I blushed; what if I were the mist and Jamie the sun? Could I be merged into light and never be shadow again? And would he wish it to be any more than the sun could desire to stand out like a great golden orb, as bold as a glitter of brass in its gleam, without any twinkling and dancing of rays, as it toyed with the haze and grew soft and half tender, ere it let its full flood on the earth?

I was brave in my thoughts, but shy as a hare when Jamie leapt over the hedge and came up with his face so aglow that he seemed like the sun, and I felt like the mist, just ready to vanish away. But after that hour life seemed more real, for I promised him then I would be his wife. I had been well taught, and I knew that the betrothed bride must no longer be the fanciful maid any more than the ship's ballast must be like the flaunting flag that swings itself out on the breeze.

We were not great folk, father and mother and I, nor was Jamie, for the matter of that; neither were we like those who delve in the mine, and wear out their lives in trying to live. Though I sometimes think that if each day that hard labor grinds off could fall like fine wheat toward the garner-house, and the rub and toil of the body but polish the inner soul, it were not so ill to be poor, after all; yet I know the gold and the quartz put together in the mill, comes out but glittering dust; the tiny specks of precious ore, valueless from the base mixture, and the dust, alas! no better for its presence, because evil will so much sooner contaminate the good, than good can brighten and beautify the bad.

Though we were not poor, I was always glad that I must labor a little beyond the daily task of setting the house and dairy in proper order, and going through the multitudinous things that almost claim the use of the moments before they reach us, often doing the work doubly, in our fear lest time shall fail us, as in imaginings of grief we suffer often time what we scarce have strength to meet if the sorrow ever cometh. But time lent me wings that day, and I flew over the house and through my work, till mother said:—

'My bird has a happy heart to-day!'

"Yes, mother," I said, "it is easy to work. I'm sure the old, round world is singing in its course to-day, because there is a throb and an echo of joy in every vibration, and I if I were to put my ear to the earth, as they tell me the natives do way over the ocean, I should hear something more than the sound of the footstep; something more than a dull plod through a forced routine. Ah, mother! dost thou think the world ever grows weary of rolling her beauty beneath the eye of the sun, the wealth of the autumn harvest as with us now, and the spring and summer of other climes? Yes, listen! I hear it now, mother. The summer is the clear, smooth soprano; the spring the inspiring tenor; the autumn the deep, rich contralto; the winter the underwelling, sonorous bass. I am sure, to-day, I catch notes of the perfect harmony."

Mother laughed half sadly at my fancies, but she chid me not, because I toiled cheerfully the while, and had father's dinner prepared ere he came in from the field. I hastened me through the after duties; ran out to the spring to lave my flushed cheek, and dampen my hair, and give a new twist to its curl, twining in, I think, some autumn flower with its golden brown. Then I went for my work, and sat many hours on the mossy rock under the wave of the old tree branches, that, sweeping westward, overshadowed our roof, and eastward, hung like a drooping veil 'twixt me and the outer world. I laid down my work and sat dreaming, as oft I did, looking through the willow twigs as they moved slowly to and fro, wondering how long they would overshadow me, and if the turrets of yonder great house, whose magnificence and mystery were enhanced by the slow, solemn motion of the tree, did not rise a little higher, and whether they would not finally reach the clouds and penetrate the sky, as now at eventide they seemed to do, till each tower and minaret supported a star, and grew to be the luminous point of contact between earth and heaven. I had invested this house with interest ever since my baby eyes had first discerned it, and deemed it to be the wonderful "house that Jack built;" then, in imaginative, superstitious childhood I peopled it with fairies, then it grew like the dim visionary castle that ever to the eye of youth seems so very near, yet is so far away, like the rainbow we vain with extended hand would touch, growing farthest away when we counted it most near. But now I had a more vital and tangible interest than ever before in its grandeur. The family who had spent most of their time in the great, busy city, only coming to the castle for a few short summer months, had announced their gracious purpose of remaining through the winter and succeeding summer, throwing all the villagers into somewhat of a flutter as to who best and most acceptably should serve them, and no one felt more pardonable pride than did Jamie,

when, by reason of a superior scholarship to any in our station, he was engaged as my lord's private secretary. He had been there a month that morning, he said, and had gained his lordship's gracious approbation.

Sir Herbert Wolverton was a grand-looking gentleman, having early in manhood received the honor of a baronetcy, and, by noble acts, continually heaped upon himself marks of the royal favor, till we insignificant country folk exalted him almost above the reigning sovereign. The gentle lady, his wife, had died, and her place for many a year had been desolate, but the daughter, whom the tenantry called Lady Bessie, was said to be all a child could be to a father. She was counted so lovely that even the flowers hung their heads when she passed by, and the stars veiled their eyes if she but glanced upward, and Jamie said it was every whit true that they thought of her.

But I had not seen her since she, a little girl, had passed our humble cot, and then the glitter of the equipage prevented my taking a comfortable look at her; and oh! how I was longing to see her whom every one thought so beautiful, even Jamie, who called me "his rose and his star."

I remember, one day, I had my nearly-completed embroidery spread out as a carpet at my feet, thinking, the while I dreamed of great folk, I would not be surrounded merely by the soft wild grass, though I doubt if anything of mortal conjuring could be more velvety than it lay now besprinkled with autumn leaves, bright with the warm gush of Nature's heart blood. I never knew exactly how it was; whether the beauty of my work caught the eye of the lady as she passed, or whether notice had come to her of my deft fingers, but while I was dreaming of her and her home, the Lady Bessie sat waiting me in her carriage outside the gate, while her page bid me not delay my coming. I sprang hastily to my feet, gathered up my gay carpet, and hung it across my arm, and, hastening forward, dropped a courtesy to the lady as I blushing waited her commands.

I did not dare to look at her, until her voice, musical as a silver bell, asked for a look at my work. I unfolded it for her inspection, and she praised it till I began to feel a pride in my skill, that took away my timidity, and I looked upon her. I think, if we have the power to evoke or create beautiful or artistic forms, we are in some way akin to the gentle, whose lives and thoughts are made up of such glorious experiences as form a continual picture.

Once having looked at the beautiful being, I could scarcely take my rapt eyes from her face. I cannot describe her any more than you could describe a vision that seemed to take your breath away and held you entranced by its mystic power, but I felt somehow that her soul was of loftier make and broader compass than my own, and I gave her involuntary homage,

bowing again before her. She smiled, and desired to know the extent of my skill in needlework. I ran in half wild with delight at her notice, and brought forth much work that I had completed for a gentlewoman, and, after examining it, she besought me that I would come to the castle for a while, saying that I should have latitude for every artistic design that I wished to execute, and soon, with mother's consent, it was arranged that I should accept her gracious proposal.

She smiled again as she bade us "good-day," and said something I did not hear, to the gentleman of graceful presence who bore her company. He lifted his hat, as he laughed, and I doubt me now whether the respect was at all to mother, but only out of desire to obey the lady's behest. It were needless to tell of all the wild thoughts that rushed into and flooded my mind for the next day, and the next, and how at evening Jamie and I talked together of being near to each other in body as well as in spirit; of how the calm everyday life grew less and less pleasant, and the groundwork of my embroidery grew prosy and dull, instead of being as heretofore the quiet plainness that increased the brightness of the flowers, as important figures of a picture are rendered startlingly life-like, or softly luminous by the blending of the neutral tints of the background. My feelings would have prompted that every color be equally bright, forgetful that without the shading there would be no beauty, and many's the time since I have been glad to bethink me that it were better that now and then a dark shadow should fall athwart us, than dwell forever in a bright calm, unsusceptible of a deeper or more vivid shade.

I mind me now of that morning, as I stood with one foot on the threshold of my home, with the other swinging carelessly over, half laughing at mother, whose brow seemed to cloud that I longed to dance out from under her roof; not that I was unhappy there, but I was impatient that the great door of the new life I was to enter should swing widely ajar, unmindful that the vistas into which we look with boldness are interminable; that the stream set world-ward should float me speedily along, forgetful that the waters we rush in our mad haste to measure are oftentimes fathomless; to try my power on the hearts of others than they who each day surrounded me, and see if skill, and taste, and harmony should by condition be inaccessible; untaught, alas! that the echoes we may waken will go fainting and whispering into eternity. But where is youth without ambition? And I went temporarily out of my home with a heart as untried and a judgment as inexperienced as any girl whose life has been so hedged in that only blessings like birds could find lodgment in the protecting branches? The liveried page came for me, and, before I forgot mother's tears, and father's "Keep a pure

heart, Nannie," I was basking in the smiles of the sweet Lady Bessie.

I don't think I at first noticed the grandeur of the place. I was agitated and blinded; and the many faces I saw were strange and half unfriendly. But my lady led me herself to the beautiful room where I was to sew, and, with a delicate perception of my feelings, instructed me at once in what was to be my occupation, and then left me alone to do what I pleased till called to dinner. I remember to have felt a strange shiver pass over me as I followed the page through the great ghastly hall to the long dining-room, half expecting to see strange unearthly eyes wink at me from behind the statues, and wierd fingers point at me from the deep shadowy niches. Of course I did not eat with the family, neither with the servants, but there were others than Jamie at the table, and I kept silent, unless my eyes spoke their admiration as I looked around, falling now on the oriel window hung with the richest tapestry, now on the walls, where was pictured the chase in such reality that I could almost feel the excitement depicted on the eager face of the huntsman, and in the delicate, startled ear of the hound; and when dinner seemed to be over I sighed with relief, not because I had eaten overmuch, but from a relaxation of my strained nerves.

Jamie laughed at me, as in the half-hour of recreation after dinner he took me through the house, up the stairs, and along the corridors, till we reached the turrets, and looked down on the mosaic pavement below; then into the picture-gallery, where the noble faces of the race looked haughtily at so insignificant a visitor, though I'm sure I looked worshipful enough to have claimed more benignant welcome. Then we went to the lower hall and along the marquet flooring, and thence to the subterranean passage that seemed to lose itself in darkness; and Jamie said, as I suddenly turned away, that dungeons stretched themselves along there like slimy serpents, hideous with memories of noble lives wasted and mouldered there, because the spirits held by those mortal bodies outstripped the spirit of the times they dwelt in. Incarcerated! As if the spirit of freedom could be trammelled, and there were not ever and anon cropping out through the ages emanations of some underlying, deeply-buried strata of true uncircumscribed nobility that are caught up and recognized by the masses with an answering thrill.

I went back to my room, and commenced the work that had been laid out for me; and, if an invisible thread shot in and out with my needle, it did not hinder the rapidity with which the flowers grew under my touch, and no thorns seemed to lurk where all was so promising and bright.

After a week or so I had a sewing companion, a woman or a girl—I could scarce tell

which—whom I had seen at the table. She seemed to be the regular seamstress and general supervisor of the drapery of the rooms; and, though I could hardly determine her position, I felt that she held some sort of a power over the mental machinery of the household, though whether it was acknowledged or even recognized I could not tell. She took very little notice of me, and, no doubt, thought me of as little worth as though I only fashioned the rose leaves that she bound into the firm, strong calyx. I did not know her nationality any more than her position, and in her name, "Belinda," she had been christened "uncertain." But, however uncertain she was to others, I felt sure Belinda Howth was indisputably above failure or doubt to herself.

It was the Lady Bessie's bridal trousseau that called for unwonted labor in this line, I learned from Jamie; and, as the days grew on, and I came to know the gentle spirit that breathed under that beautiful form, I felt that no outward decorations could be too exquisite for her, though they fell far short of the loveliness they sought to adorn. The fortunate possessor of the lady's heart I found to my regret was the gentleman who accompanied her to our house. He was the son of an untitled gentleman, bearing, I think, some distinction in his own person; but there were some passages in his life that Sir Herbert could hardly, even for his beloved daughter's sake, consent to overlook. But Philip Moncray had certainly won the love of the fair lady, and her father at last withdrew his scruples.

The Lady Bessie often sat with us in the bower of beauty that became the retreat of industry too. She appeared to like to assist, and suggest, and lay a caressing hand on the soft laces and shadowy cambrics as well as the more magnificent robes of cashmere and velvet. Often, while in the pretty semblance of engrossing occupation, her lover would seek admittance to the room; and, throwing his graceful person on the cushions at her feet, would read to her from some old author words that would enkindle in her poet soul something of the feeling he himself must have experienced when evolving the glorious conception. Then he would lay down his book, and look into her face to enjoy the play of feeling there, then smile half-covertly as he glanced under his dark eyelashes to our corner of the room.

I had distrusted him from the moment I intercepted that supercilious glance he cast at mother, and the more I saw of him the more I felt there was something hidden under the pleasing exterior. I could not help blushing when he looked toward the work-table. I was sure he was regarding me, because Miss Howth never seemed to look up, but kept her eyes bent on her work, though her light blue eyes were hard and steely enough in their cold glitter to have penetrated the thin shading, almost

lashless eyelid. She was not devoid of a certain kind of beauty. Her complexion was as clear and white as the waxen leaf of the camilla, and as unimpressible it seemed to any outside influence; her hair, almost burnished, so vivid was its auburn hue, coiled round and round her peculiarly shaped head. There was a repose of manner about her that any queen might have envied, and a control of feature and muscle that any Jesuit might have sought to imitate. But her movements were not in keeping with her physique. You would have looked for bold, decided, though thoroughly tranquilized motions, like the firm stroke of the hammer that meant to weld; but you found rather the crafty, cat-like, modulated gesture that had resolved to warp.

Without knowing why, I gradually perceived there was some by-play going on; there was something in the guardedly-phrased sentence or in the significantly-rendered metaphor that caught my attention, while the dear lady, to whose ear they were ostensibly spoken, revelled in the sweet bewilderment they produced. My perceptions were naturally acute; but they were keenly sharpened by my love for the lady and my distrust of Mr. Moncray, and once I dared to look reprovingly at him, when he wrested the meaning of a sentence he had read to an illegitimate use. But the flash of anger and the threatening look he gave me drove the color from my cheek, and put my mind in suppliant attitude to his superior wisdom.

At eve, for exercise, I walked the corridors, or, if Jamie were free to escort me, we took a turn down the lawn and through the shaded avenue to the park. That night I felt flushed and pained, and I threw on my kirtle, and stepped out into the cool air. A step approached me as I walked on; but I did not heed it much, for I thought it was Jamie, and it is a maiden's policy to sometimes be coy with her lover; but I started when I found the words addressed me were in the insinuating tones of Mr. Moncray, not the frank accents of my own laddie.

I cannot tell what he said; but he impressed me with the thought that, were he free to love elsewhere than his allegiance bound him, or he were brave enough to break or overstep the bar of conventionalities, the simple maid would take the place of the high-born beauty, because the heather flower holds sweeter odors than the wind-shaded plant of the conservatory.

I was a foolish, inexperienced maiden, and unused to courtly speech and flattering elegance of manner directed toward myself; and if, as he threw his arm lightly about me, I lent myself leastwise to his embrace, it was not that I was untrue to Jamie, only the little wavering of the magnet ere it attains true fixedness toward the pole. I drew myself from the arms that closed quickly around me, and rushed into the castle. But I think his object was gained, for he did not seek to detain me, and new of

the quiet mornings I never dared to look at him or seek to comprehend his actions.

Of course, many amusements were interspersed through the weeks for my lady and her lover. There were merry rides in the park, when my Lady Bessie sat her palfrey with aristocratic ease, the long plume of her hat shading the cheek that caught a glow from near contact with her lover's as he rode beside her. And the near and sometimes the more distant gentlefolk oft made the old castle merry with their lively presence, and Mr. Moncray and his lady-love would sometimes be gone for days together. Then, too, many an hour was spent in the library or the music-room, and the organ would roll its wave-like music through the house. I never entered these grand rooms, or saw the fingering of the noble instrument, but I knew when the Lady Bessie played by the soft diapason that ran through the melody like the tender, tremulous heart-tone that was vibrating through her life.

Yet, above all, I think she enjoyed the mornings spent in the sewing-room. There was a charm in the restraint thrown about them that the soul, recognizing, forced expression through the eyes more eloquent and witching than any the tongue might articulate, and a fascination strange and undefined hovered in the atmosphere, and became a part of our being, because it entered in with our breath.

One morning I had sat for many hours alone, when Lady Bessie and Mr. Moncray entered. Miss Howth had desired to be excused from duty because suffering from severe headache, and I had felt more clear-minded than for many a day with only my unmesmeric self to deal with; and yet a peculiar, sickening languor, infrequent in our climate at that season, seemed to pervade the air, and I almost began to gasp for breath as the sun neared the meridian. I think the others felt it; for the lady reclined dreamily in her chair, and Mr. Moncray's half-whispered sentences seemed freighted with amorous burden. I shaded the window from the glare; and, as I turned to sit down, a knock called me to the door, and the page begged permission from the lady to admit one who closely followed him.

One of the gypsy race she seemed, a travelling fortune-teller. After some hesitation and persuasion by Mr. Moncray, the lady bid her enter. She sat down, when desired, in quaint fashion on the floor, and stealthily looked from one to the other, as if studying our faces, and reading our fate. She had a most singular look, long, straight black hair falling to her waist, a tawny and somewhat rough skin, and such heavy overhanging brows of jetty black that she looked masculine in the extreme; but the beautifully-moulded arm, bare to the shoulder, that was revealed as she threw back her soiled scarlet mantle, gave evidence of her sex in its perfect shape, though its brown hue

spoke of hardship and exposure. A coarse straw hat was tied down, gypsy fashion, with a broad ribbon that concealed the point of her chin, and a huge black patch across her nose gave almost a hideous appearance to her face.

She weaved back and forth, conning some strange words to herself, seeming for the time to centre in her own person the spell that had settled upon us. At length, when I was ready to cry out with nervous excitement, she asked in a harsh, cracked voice to tell our fortunes. Lady Bessie desired I should first hear mine. I hesitated with a timid fear, but I dared not demur, and, having no silver myself, the lady crossed the woman's hand. She looked around, and, seeing a door open to an adjoining room, asked permission to speak with me alone.

I trembled in every limb as she closed the door, and took my hand, rolling up her eyes till they were lost in the scraggy brows, then whispered incantations over me. But she was through with me soon, and I went back to the sewing-room with a smile and a blush, for she had spread me a fair future, and one that I could not doubt would be realized.

The lady laughed at me a little, and said she should take courage from my face, inasmuch as she knew the star of her birth was a hopeful one. But I thought the star must be beclouded, for a long time passed, in which my heart throbbed audibly, and so shook my frame that my hand would not obey my bidding; for Mr. Moncray had approached me, and stood, with a sinister smile, scanning my features.

The lady came out at last, with a face so pallid with emotion or affright that we both started forward to assist her to a seat; but she waved us both away, and sank into her chair, shaking like an aspen. Mr. Moncray knelt and kissed her hand with an appearance of devotion that somewhat soothed her, for she smiled sadly, though she did not speak. I could not help wondering what the sorceress had said to her, and I was glad when Mr. Moncray went to the inner room to learn his fate. It was something connected with him she had heard; for, as he turned, she clasped her hands prayerfully, and reached herself toward him, as if appealing to his love; then her hands dropped listlessly, and short choking sobs caught her breath.

I dared not offer sympathy in word; but I went to her, and passed my hand over her hair with a gentle touch, trying to subdue her agitation. After a while the inner door flew open, and Mr. Moncray strode across the room and to the hall door without looking toward us. His face was livid with rage, and his hands tightly clenched. Then the gypsy came out, raised her bare arm with warning gesture, muttered strange words that held for me no meaning, though they awed me with their mystery, then she was gone. The lady desired me to call her maid, and she was led to her room, and

I did not see her again that day. But, looking from the window, I saw Mr. Moncray walking excitedly up and down the avenue, and the gypsy dart through the path with hasty steps, as if she wished to elude pursuit, and soon she was lost to view.

What was this strange power that she possessed? She had dealt fairly enough by me, and I felt glad that I was simple and born to common destiny. It is only the *great* who stand on mountain peaks, exposed as well to fate's poisoned arrows as to the vertical sunshine of prosperity; while they who fill in the ravines, and stand abreast in the mountain passes, but feel the spring of the dart as it leaves the bow, or catch the oversheen of the abundant glory. Ah! well, if one lives on a plain, there are no heights to fall from, if there are no golden ladders to ascend.

Our Sundays were quiet days, most of the time being spent in our own rooms, though we were called twice to prayers instead of once, as on weekdays. There was a chapel on the grounds where worship had formerly been held, but the custom had fallen into disuse, and the chapel into dilapidation. It was a low English structure, browned by time, and ivy-grown, so that little of the building save the windows could be seen. Bats and rooks had taken up their abode in its towers, and the night-owl oft screamed dismally where once the song of praise had ascended. The servants said it was haunted, and spoke mysteriously of strange sounds, and flashes of light, and the appearance of a woman's form clad in white occasionally at the window. At first I paid not much heed to this; but the more superstitious members of the household crossed themselves if they but looked that way, and shrank with unfeigned terror if obliged to pass that way after nightfall. The fear seemed to increase of late, as the manifestations were more frequent, and I scarce dared myself to venture out at evening, though the weather was too chill now to tempt me from the warm fire. I think the family had no knowledge of the spiritual occupancy attributed to the place, or they would have had the matter investigated.

Since the fortune-teller's visit little of importance had occurred. Lady Bessie and her lover were less frequently in our room, and Miss Howth and myself spent the days almost silently together. Mr. Moncray had recovered his usual spirits and cheerful countenance, but there was a melancholy about the lady which seemed to have become a part of her beautiful being. She held herself in a sad, tender, self-pitying state, as if silently but surely approaching a calamity that nothing could avert. Nothing could awaken her interest, or draw a smile to her countenance, and she received Mr. Moncray's acts of devotion as we receive the caresses of some loved one whom we know ere long will be beyond the touch of our lips, and the

clasp of our hands. In vain company was brought to the house, and every day enlivened with constantly varying amusements, no impression was made on the sweet heart that had been so susceptible to every breath of kindness. The dew, evaporated by the chill that had fallen suddenly on the sunny day, was gathering in minute particles on the lily leaf to trickle at length, I feared, into one poignant drop.

A great party was to come off in a distant township, and many were the preparations for its enjoyment. The lady made no objections to her father's desire that she should accompany himself and Mr. Moncray. They were to be gone three days from home. At the evening before their departure the father of Mr. Moncray arrived at the castle on his way to the metropolis. He had with him large moneys received from his country estates that he wished to deposit in the bank of the realm. It was desired that he should be of the party, and the next morning they all went, leaving Jamie in trust of the box containing the large sum of money.

It was a lovely day and evening to me. Jamie, of course, could not seek me with so much in his care, and Miss Howth was strangely morose and less companionable than usual, and early I sought my sleeping-room, and laid me down for a good night's rest. But I woke every now and then with a presentiment of evil so vivid that at last I lighted my taper the better to disperse the fancies that crowded like phantoms about my brain, and coiled serpent-like in my hair.

There seemed to be stealthy movements about the house, and smothered sounds as of muffled footsteps. My senses were painfully alert, and the great hall clock, as it sounded the ghostly hour of two, startled me, as would the knell of my dearest hopes. I rose with a dread fascination that I could not explain, and looked out of my window that, now that the trees had lost their foliage, commanded a view of the chapel. I was transfixed with horror at the flash of pale blue light flitting, like an illusive spirit, past and re-past the diamond window panes. Were the witches holding high carnival there, that their seductive influence spread itself over the castle, and enveloped in mysterious folds the unoffending inmates? I lay down again, but not to sleep. I did not believe in the supernatural; but the light in my room grew spectral, and demons laughed jeeringly at me from shadowy corners, and I was glad when clear daylight came and swept away the delusion. Jamie was brave; we would go together at the broad noontide hour of some bright day, and see if spirits really held riot there, and mixed blood in their nightly wine.

But the next day Jamie was not at the table, only Miss Howth, the page, and myself; but they could not have beheld what my eyes were even now distended with the sight of, for they

ate with a relish, while my appetite vanished at the sight of food. I did not inquire for Jamie, for I bethought me he could not prove too faithful to the confidence placed in him; and not until the next day, when the family returned at eventide, and Mr. Moncray, the elder, sought to relieve him of his responsibility, did I learn the dreadful thing that had happened.

Jamie had gone, no one knew whither, and the box containing the money could not be found! I wrung my hands in agony, but was sure there was some mistake; and, forgetting my girlish delicacy, I rushed to his sleeping-room, assured I should find him there. But he, alas! was not; nor had he slept there, for the bed was undisturbed, and many of his garments had been removed. I sat down on the bed, faint and sick. There was no fire in the room, yet the air was thick and heavy, and I felt suffocated with the indefinable languor I had felt once before on the day that brought such a blight to my lady. I dragged myself to the window, and opened it, gasping for breath. What was the subtle presence there? Perhaps the place was filled with goblins, and it was the spirit-breath made visible by darkness that lurked at night in the haunted chapel?

A general consternation prevailed. Sir Herbert sent couriers in every direction to overtake the culprit, and set every means on foot for the detection of his guilt. He felt somehow that dishonor reflected on himself, that his personal attendants could not be trusted. And the elder Moncray held himself a little loftily, as though his confidence had been outraged, and he had been defrauded by his friends. But he haughtily waved aside Sir Herbert's offer to make good the loss, and left, aggrieved, but uncompromising, that no trace of his possessions could be found.

I think none of the family knew of my interest in Jamie, for we both were young, and I was shy; yet we were a little drawn together by this general calamity, and for a time the distinctions of caste lost sight of. The effect on Lady Bessie was good, rather than otherwise, for it aroused her somewhat from her self-absorption; but Philip Moncray seemed annoyed and doubtful whenever the subject was mentioned. Miss Howth was the only one of the large household undisturbed, and I was glad at times to look on her calm face, thereby the better to steady my own fluctuating and almost overwhelming feelings. I knew not what to think, or what supposition to credit. That Jamie was honest I could not doubt, but, then, where was he, and where was the money?

Oh! if I need not have every day worked vivid, promising hues on the rich fabrics that held in them suggestions of affluence and comfort, so sadly in contrast with all my feelings! If I might have woven a sombre web of gray, as a few months ago I had desired to work

but the bright, and set them together as type of this checkered life, I think I should have felt more at ease; for the dull ache, brought to the surface, and transmitted to insensible things, relieves the heart through mute expression, and reflects a kind of tenuous sympathy most grateful to the racked and tortured spirit.

I had been at the castle over a month, now, and had not once seen father or mother. At first, I was too busy to go to them, and after the disgrace fell on Jamie's name, I did not wish to go where sympathy would unstop the fountain of my grief. I could bear my trouble better among strangers, and I would fain have stayed, though the lady thought she did me service, when she said I might go home for a month, and then return again to her. Indeed, there was little need I should stay, for I had finished the work assigned to me, and the more important part of the trousseau had yet to be ordered from London, and the fashionable mantuamakers from the great city were to prepare for my fingers what yet remained to be done.

Philip Moncray was about returning to his distant home, not to come back till the week preceding his marriage. I think it was his first intent to remain until united to his chosen one, and then take her with him to his father's estates; but I think he had some doubts of his father's satisfaction, and feared that he felt embarrassed by the loss he had sustained, but I was a simple country maiden to thus gauge a gentleman's purse, and, no doubt, he was far beyond any pressure of this kind.

The morning that he left, he graciously took my hand at parting, and whispered something I was too agitated to understand; then he went half hesitatingly toward Miss Howth, and extended his hand as if doubtful whether she would notice it, but she did, and I thought that a slip of paper was left in his hand as she withdrew hers, though I might have been mistaken, as there was nothing in her face but the calmest indifference.

The Lady Bessie had not met with us as usual, and I saw her not that day, except momentarily, when she was too dejected to notice me; her beautiful eyes were swollen with weeping, and the melancholy languor of her manner was sad to look upon. I had the day to myself, for Miss Howth was invisible after having stood at our window a moment as Mr. Moncray accompanied by a servant rode off. I had nothing particular to do, and I wandered about the house, venturing alone into the picture gallery with a little less timidity than I had done with Jamie. All these grand people had a heart and a history; two, whose faces were pictured there, Sir Herbert and his daughter, at least partook of human nature, and great souls in their mortification or their pain seemed no more truly noble than did the less lofty; but, perhaps, it is because sorrow is refining and elevating in its tendency that the lowly are

lifted to assimilating grade with the high by its influence.

In my former visit to the gallery one picture had interested me more than the others, because it was richly hung like the rest, but with its face towards the wall. Its position was next to Sir Herbert's, and my mind was filled with conjectures concerning it; but Jamie said truly, when I asked him to lift the massive frame a little, that I might see if it were the picture of a woman, young and fair, "that he had no right, any more than he had to lift the curtain of one's secret chamber," and I grew abashed, that my woman's curiosity should have exceeded my woman's delicacy. But now the picture was turned to my view; its position had been hastily changed, I thought, for it hung awry, and the dust that had been brushed from the painting lay in little rolls on the elaborate frame. It was a woman, as I thought, young and, oh! so beautiful! The eyes held in them such a tender love-light, and the abundant hair seemed like braided sunbeams, throwing off a lustre that looked like the halo about the head of some pictured saint. The broad brow was full of power, and the mouth had in it a suggestion of self-will, the secret perhaps of the real or supposed disgrace that had cast itself as a veil between the heart and the love of its nearest kin. She could not have been Sir Herbert's wife, for only the Wolvertons were there in line, and I took the sweet Madonna-like face opposite to be hers, and, indeed, Lady Bessie resembled it most closely. What then was the history of this fair girl? And what was it in her look that enchained me? Where had I seen any shadow of likeness to it? But my conjectures were fruitless, and, after all, my speculations concerning it did not cheat my heart of its own bitterness, and I went out and closed the door, as I did so catching a glimpse of the clear-cut profile of Belinda Howth, concealed, as she no doubt thought, behind a bronze statue. She had been there before me, then, and had hidden herself at my approaching footsteps. She doubtless had turned the picture, and like me had studied it, and feared that she was about to be surprised by some of the family. I almost trembled for myself and her at the thought.

In my excitement I dropped my handkerchief, and it fluttered over the railing of the corridor, and fell into the lower hall, and I ran after it, creating a current of air as I rushed towards it that blew it along to the extreme part of the hall. As I stooped to raise it, I was almost sure I heard a call and a groan of weariness or distress, muffled, to be sure, yet distinct to my startled senses, in the direction that Jamie said the dungeon lay. How strange, and weird, and frightful it seemed, as if the spirits of those once immured there were yet mourning over and lamenting the outrage. And though I argued to myself that spirits do

not make audible or visible signs among us, I yet hastened above stairs as though I really believed they did. But the wind calleth itself strange names sometimes, and whispereth in vague unreal tones which our spirits hearkening to half recognize as their own vernacular.

I packed my few belongings before retiring that night, but I could not sleep with the burden of my woe upon me, and after a while rose and, lifting the curtain, let the pale moonbeams stream in; but they seemed cold and pitiless, and I sought in my fickle mood again to exclude them; and as I went to the window, I'm sure I saw Belinda Howth close under the wing of the castle in conversation with some one, from her rapid gesticulation and excited air; her manner was so different from her usual self-poise, that I should not have known her, but that her hood had fallen off in her earnestness. I could see the motion of a man's hand, though otherwise his form was concealed from my view; but his gestures were now deprecating, now palliating; and after a while they separated, Miss Howth evidently entering the castle, and her companion going in the direction of the park, where, I could see, a horse awaited him. He was disguised, I saw, but the close Scotch cap and ample plaid could not deceive me; the high-bred air, and aristocratic carriage of Philip Moncray betrayed itself as he walked firmly but rapidly away. Sweet Lady Bessie! Was there nothing in love's clairvoyance that could reveal to thee his near presence, as the fringes of dreamland lap themselves on to prosaic actual life?

The page took me home the next morning, and mother grew sad that the bloom on my cheek had departed, and father said "it was a sorry thought to him, that so young in life I had learned the hard lesson." But I told him it was not one of distrust, for Jamie would never play any one false; and father said "it was so, and none of the country-folks believed ill of the laddie, except maybe some thought he was dazzled by the sight of so much gold."

Though I was glad to see father and mother, home did not seem as it used. I think the brightness was gone out of its sunshine, and the warmth from its glow; or all the rays of kindness refracted as they fell, as do sunbeams falling on ice. The sympathy of my kinsfolk and youthful friends annoyed me, because somehow I felt it reflected wrong intent on Jamie, and I was glad when an earnest message came to me through the gentleman for whom I had worked that I would lighten the labor of some overtaken hands, a long distance from my home. Mother demurred at first, as I had been home but three days, but I told her that, after this month and the next, I would stay with her till Jamie came for me, or failing this, forever.

And so, the next day, I went with the messenger in the chaise that had been sent for me.

I felt a little sorry, as we rode on, that I was leaving my home so far behind me, and sorer yet, I fear, that the castle was growing further away, though I had been in my home nigh eighteen years, and in the castle less than two months. But the rivulet we were just passing I knew had followed the self-same course for years, while the bank followed on with its velvety tread in the wake of the stream day by day; but some slight cause had turned the waters aside, and they had quickly followed the bent, and were rushing onward, as surely toward the ocean, as though the old bed with its water-polished stones and shining sands lay not 'twixt the deserted mossy banks, dry and forsaken. My course was toward an ocean too, vast and fathomless! Had it not been wiser to have flowed smoothly along in the familiar track, than to have attempted a dash over mountains, that, after all, I must first surround?

My destination was two days' journey from my home, and we stopped at night at a relative of my father's, who lived in a convenient quarter, and the early morning found us refreshed, and again on our way. The high winds were invigorating, and my physical being revelled in the pleasant consciousness of life as we advanced toward the north; and, as we caught sight of the far-off Cheviot Hills, the little Scottish blood in my veins began to glow, as I recalled to my thoughts the struggles of that noble race, scarce wondering at their bravery and hardihood, with this free fresh air waking their souls to vigor; for I hold that the elemental and topographical condition as much makes the bold champion of freedom, or the indolent lover of voluptuous and enervating pleasure, as any principle implanted in the nature.

But I was growing weary, and was glad when my companion said we had but a few more miles to ride. Evening had come on, but the moon had not risen; but here and there on the hills and in the valleys were huge fires kindled of the dried autumn leaves, that threw their fitful, fantastic gleams at intervals across our path, and lit up the clouds, as did once the signal fires on these self-same hills. I experienced all the awe, and witchery, and patriotism, if there had been call for it, that they must have felt who once watched and waited there.

I was too fatigued that night to speculate about this family, with whom I was for a time to abide; so I partook of the supper that had awaited me, and was soon shown to my room by the only member of the household present, a young girl of twenty or thereabout. She sat down the candle, bid me "Good-night!" and bade me lock my door that I should not be disturbed. The next morning I rose at so early an hour that I was obliged to light my candle to see to dress, and, before breakfast was prepared, daylight had come, and I had time for a run outside the house.

The building had an air of comfort about it, being built in the old manse style—low ceiling, roomy, and substantial, though the storms of many a winter had evidently beaten upon it. There were no suggestions of mystery or romance about it, and I experienced a feeling of ease that I had not enjoyed while at the castle. I was called to breakfast by the young girl, who this morning frankly presented for my greeting as lovely and spirited a face as does one good to look upon. She introduced me to a middle-aged man who was already seated at the head of the table, explaining that he held the benefice in place of her father, some time deceased. I made him reverence, and looked askance at the strange looking woman whom Miss McGregor mentioned as her mother, and patted the head of the little boy who pulled at my dress for a share of my notice. Kathleen, for that was the young maiden's name, kept up a lively conversation during breakfast, evidently endeavoring to attract my eyes toward herself, instead of giving them freedom to wander where they were so strangely drawn—toward her mother. She seemed to be old before her time, wrinkled prematurely, with broad streaks of gray in her hair, that hardly seemed to belong in the stately puffs in which it was elaborately arranged. Her figure, too, was slightly bent, but it seemed aristocratically formed, and her hand was small and symmetrically shaped, and there was a high-born air about her that her daughter had not inherited, lovely, as she was. She had scarcely spoken, but there was something uncanny about her, and I was startled when she arose suddenly and approached me, peering into my face, and asking if I had seen Margie. I shook my head sadly, for I saw it was some lost one she thought of. Then she wrung her hands, and said no one would find her. Her voice, I noticed, was sweet and clear, and her enunciation free from the slightly broad Scottish accent that lingered in her daughter's speech.

As the days passed by, though my fingers were kept very busy, I found I was becoming as deeply interested in this quiet family as I had been in the more noble one I had so lately left; and I cultivated these feelings of interest or curiosity, as they, perhaps, might be called, as an antidote to the morbid ones I at times inclined to.

I had grown to the belief that Mrs. McGregor was somewhat daft, because her daughter watched her constantly, and each night bade me lock my door. The room I occupied at night I think had once been a part of the long sitting-room, as the partition was merely of painted board without plastering, and there was no window in the apartment save the large opening near the ceiling designed to admit light and air, but a thick curtain was now drawn across it. I could hear every motion in the adjoining room, and oft at night I caught

the sound of footsteps, and once saw a strange face with wildly glaring eyes gazing through the aperture. A lighted candle had been thrust through the opening first, as if search were being made for something; then there was a call, "Margie! Margie!" and I knew it was the poor mistress of the house, with an unsatisfied longing at her heart, such as even I, in my strong youth, was growing weary of bearing. But of day times she kept her room mostly, though when she was present I could not keep my eyes from her face. There was a haunting remembrance of having seen it before; but where the likeness lay to any one I had seen I could not tell, though it constantly presented itself, as the soft strains of some low dreamy tune will cling to you, whose word connection you cannot recall. I was singularly attracted, too, toward the boy Willie, "three years old about," they said, who called the elder lady "Grandame," and her daughter "Auntie." Their manner toward him was of a deprecatory sort, as if they were giving at times too freely what they must withhold, and at other times that they were repressing what should flow abundantly. No allusion was made to his parents, and there was something in his look that puzzled me. His face was familiar, though I had never seen one really like it, and he bore no resemblance to these, his near relatives. There was a noble bearing about the child, young as he was, and a ruling spirit often manifested that scorned control.

(Conclusion next month.)

THE RUINED CHIMNEY.

BY L. S. C.

ALONE it stands on the grassy lawn,
Whence every vestige of home is gone;
As firm, 'twould seem, as strong and high,
As in the careless days gone by.
But the clinging ivy speaks decay
Feeding on atoms of crumbling clay.
Round that chimney in years now sped,
The hymns were sung, and vespers said.
The blazing fire on the old brick hearth,
Illumed the faces and caught the mirth
Of many youthful, laughing bands,
That told their fates in glowing brands.
The aged sire, with his scant gray hair,
Has dozed away in the corner there.
His trusty staff for rest did lean,
Close to those time-worn stones, I ween.
The cheery embers their warm light threw
Over the face of a mother true.
It kissed the baby's nestling head,
Laid to rest on its loving bed.
O'er the tiny outstretched feet it played;
'Mong the snowy folds of garments strayed:
And many travellers, worn and drear,
Were cheered, and fed, and strengthened here.
Now, rabbits tread where the arm-chair stood,
The green vines cling to the half charred wood;
The Christmas carol and New Year's rhyme
Are sung by birds to the dry boughs' chime.
Oh, fair life without! Oh, frail heart within!
Ye cease, and but ruin tells ye have been.

ACTING CHARADE.

CHANGEABLE.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

Characters.

CARLOS SMYTHE, a young man from the country, who has made the tour of Europe.
 ABEL SMITH, his brother, a young farmer.
 MAGGIE LEE, a young country girl.
 MRS. MARSTON MONTGOMERY, a leader of fashion.
 SUSY, MAGGIE'S servant.
 THOMAS, MRS. MONTGOMERY'S footman

SCENE I.—CHANGE-

SCENE.—A room in a farm-house. Centre of stage a table, upon which stand a plate of apples, a plate of doughnuts, and a pitcher of cider. Curtain rises, discovering MAGGIE dressed in a dark chintz dress, with a white apron, linen collar and cuffs on, and her hair in curls. She is seated near the table, sewing. SUSY stands near the table arranging the dishes.

Maggie. I am so nervous, Susy, I can scarcely sew at all.

Susy. I'm sure, mum, 'taint to be wondered at. Here's your beau what's been across the seas for three years, a galivanting round in furrin parts, come home agin. I'm sure, I'm as tickled as you be.

Maggie. To think, Susy, of the change since he went away. My poor old uncle was alive then, and I didn't have any worry nor care, and now (*Sobs*)—

Susy. There, mum, don't cry. Here's your own true love coming home; and it will all come right again, take my word for it.

Maggie. I hope so, Susy. (*Knocking behind the scenes.*) There, Susy, run to the door. (*Wipes her eyes.*)

Susy. There's your beau now, mum.

[Exit SUSY.]

Maggie. It must be Charles.

Enter SUSY, with a card.

Susy. There's a something at the door, mum. I aint mainsure whether it's a man or a monkey. He's got hair all over his face, and his pants are skin tight, and such a coat! likewise, mum; gloves on his fingers, a tall shiny hat, and a cane about as thick as timothy grass; and oh my! apothecary shops ain't nowhere by the smell of him! beats hair ile all to pieces.

Maggie. (*Reading the card.*) Mr. Carlos Smythe. Who can he be, Susy? Did you ask him to walk in?

Susy. He said, mum, I was to announce his presence to my mistress.

Maggie. Ask him to walk in, Susy. Dear me, who can he be? Some friend of Charles', perhaps.

Susy. He's certainly from furrin parts, mum.

[Exit SUSY.]

Maggie. I'm all in a flutter. Perhaps something has happened to Charles.

Enter CARLOS.

Carlos. (*With a low bow.*) Good-afternoon, Miss Lee! I hope, I have the pleasure of seeing you quite well?

Maggie. Quite well, I thank you. Take a chair. I (*looking at card*)—I—think—

Carlos. Why do you fail to recognize me, Miss Lee? I arrived at home yesterday, and hearing from my brother that you were still in this neighborhood, I ventured to call.

Maggie. Can it be possible you are Charles Smith?

Carlos. Ah! when I was in Paris, I adopted my present cognomen. You have never been in Paris, Miss Lee?

Maggie. Miss Lee! O Charles, it used to be Maggie darling before you went away. When we went nutting and berrying together, when we sat side by side in school, when you bade me be true and faithful during your long absence you did not call me Miss Lee.

Carlos. Ah, yes! There was a childish flirtation, I believe?

Maggie. Childish flirtation!

Carlos. Ah, I was forcibly reminded of those youthful days when I was in Florence. You should really visit Florence, Miss Lee.

Maggie. Yes, I should visit Florence. A girl who is just about to lose every dollar in the world, is quite likely to take the trip to Europe.

Carlos. Ah, yes! when I was in Dublin, my brother wrote me there was some trouble about the farm.

Maggie. Which probably accounts for the change in you. My uncle's reputed fortune having proved an error, and the farm being now offered for sale to pay his debts, I am probably no longer the Maggie whose heart you won three years ago.

Carlos. Ah, really, you do me an injustice. When a man has travelled and enlarged his ideas—

Maggie. His heart it appears contracts.

Carlos. Now, really, you are too severe! When I was in Madrid I was said to be a man of great feeling, because I fainted—I did, indeed—at a bull fight. You were never in Madrid, Miss Lee?

Maggie. (*Bitterly.*) Never in Madrid!

Carlos. Beautiful city! Lovely ladies! There is nothing so becoming as a mantilla. You really should wear a mantilla, Miss Lee!

Maggie. Mr. Smith—or Smythe, if you prefer—

Carlos. I do prefer it, thank you. Smith is—well—really—you know Smith is rather plebeian. I have tried to remedy it, as far as I can—when I was in Naples, they called me Signor Smitteo.

Maggie. (*Aside.*) He shall not see how he wounds me. Come pride to my aid. (*Aloud.*) I was about to offer you some refreshment, Mr. Smythe! It is but homely fare, but there was a time (*her voice falters*)—

Carlos. Ah! thank you. When I was in Egypt, I learned to live with but two meals a day. I never take refreshment at this hour. You were never in Egypt, Miss Lee?

Maggie. You have probably forgotten the old apple-tree under whose spreading branches we learned to read, together. I gathered this fruit myself from that old tree this morning. Taste it, for "Auld lang syne."

Carlos. Ah! excuse me, apples *au naturel*, are really too gross food for my fastidious taste. When I was in Scotland, by the way, I heard "Auld lang syne," exquisitely rendered by a lovely girl in Edinburgh. You were never in Edinburgh, Miss Lee?

Maggie. If you cannot eat apples, perhaps you will try a doughnut, my own making, and a glass of cider?

Carlos. Cider! Nothing but the most delicate Rhine wine, Miss Lee, nothing else, I assure you, passes my lips to moisten my mouth. You were never on the Rhine, Miss Lee?

Maggie. (*Bitterly.*) Never, Mr. Smythe.

Carlos. Beautiful river! The Rhine by moonlight is really a sight worth seeing. You ought to visit the Rhine, Miss Lee.

Maggie. Indeed!

Carlos. Nothing gives a lady such an air of distinction as foreign travel. When I was in Genoa, I met several American ladies, and really the change in them was astonishing.

Maggie. Scarcely greater, I imagine, than the change I find in you.

Carlos. Ah, yes! I flatter myself there is some improvement.

Maggie. I said *change*!

Carlos. H-m, yes. Well, I really have made a most interminable call. You will pardon me; but really, you know, old associations, and youthful recollections—I really did not heed the lapse of time. (*Rising.*) Good-afternoon!

Maggie. (*Rising.*) I—

Carlos. Do not rise! I can open the door—unless (*looking at his gloves*)—your domestic—

Maggie. (*Calling.*) Susy! Susy!

Enter SUSY.

Susy. Yes, mum.

Maggie. Open the doors for Mr. Smythe.

Carlos. Thank you. Good-day! *Au revoir*, as they said, when I was in Paris—*au revoir*, Miss Lee! [*Exit CARLOS and SUSY.*]

Maggie. Can that be Charles, my Charles, as I have called him for three long weary years? Can that be the ardent lover who so feared a change in me during his long absence? (*Weeping.*)

Enter SUSY.

Susy. O Miss Maggie, don't cry? Did the furrin gentleman bring you bad news, mum?

Maggie. He is no foreigner, Susy. That is Charles Smith.

Susy. Never!

Maggie. It is him, Susy.

Susy. Well, I never saw such a change in my life. What's he here for? Does he expect any sensible woman is going to marry such a strong smelling collection of tailor's goods as he is. I hope you gave him the mitten, Miss Maggie! Charles Smith! and he's had to change his name with his clothes. Well, I never!

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.—ABEL.

SCENE.—*Same as SCENE I. Curtain rises, discovering MAGGIE with an open letter in her hand.*

Maggie. Noble heart! How sweet it is to feel that in all my poverty and sorrow I have one true, good friend!

Enter ABEL.

Abel. Maggie, I called to see if I could be of any service to you in the city. I must run up for a few days.

Maggie. Service to me! Oh, my kind friend, how can I ever thank you for the inestimable service you have already done me, Abel?

Abel. Pshaw! Don't speak of it.

Maggie. I must speak of it. But—forgive me!—are you really able to purchase the farm from my uncle's creditors, and allow me to repay you on such favorable terms as are here stated?

Abel. Both able and willing, Maggie. Are we not old playmates, old school-fellows, friends of long standing?

Maggie. Yes, but other friends have forgotten me since my poor uncle died. Even your brother—

Abel. Do not speak of that, Maggie. My brother is so altered in every way since his friend, Mr. Ames, took him for a companion in his European trip that even I, his brother, scarcely recognize him.

Maggie. I see now that it was an ideal I had made in my own heart that I fancied I loved.

Abel. (*Aside.*) Oh! if there should be a chance for me still in that heart!

Maggie. Shall you be long in the city, Abel?

Abel. Only a few days. And now for a word about yourself, Maggie. Do you propose to remain on the farm?

Maggie. Oh, yes! for the present, at least. I shall open a school here for little girls, I think. You know it is so far to the district school that many of the neighbors cannot send their little girls in winter.

Abel. Yes, that sounds like a good plan.

Maggie. It will help me towards paying my debt to you, Abel, as well as in other things.

Abel. Pshaw! Let that stand over till next year's crops are gathered. By the way, Maggie, were you not proposing to tear down the

rooms on the west side, and rebuild them before your uncle died?

Maggie. Yes, but now—the expense—I must give that up.

Abel. Not at all. It will add to the value of the property to have that shaky wall torn down. I will see to it before the cold weather sets in.

Maggie. No, no! I cannot think of burdening you so.

Abel. It is no burden, and you shall repay me all the cost when you are able.

Maggie. I shall never be able to repay the debt of gratitude I owe to you.

Enter SUSY.

Susy. The hairy man that used to be Charles Smith is coming in at the gate, mum.

Abel. We are going to town together, Maggie, but if it is disagreeable to you to have him come in—

Maggie. Not at all. Ask him to walk in, Susy. *[Exit SUSY.]*

Abel. I think Charles will remain in the city. He is quite disgusted with the prospect of returning to country life.

Enter CARLOS.

Carlos. Good-morning, Miss Lee! Are you ready, brother Abelaird?

Abel. I have already requested you, Charles, not to call me again by that absurd name. The name my parents gave me is the one I wish to bear through life.

Maggie. (Aside.) That is rather a hard hit for Don Carlos Smythe.

Carlos. Abel! Now, Miss Lee, I leave it to you—is not Abelaird an improvement upon my brother's old-fashioned cognomen? Abelaird Smythe is so much more elegant than Abel Smith.

Maggie. I cannot agree with you, sir. The one name has an honest, manly ring in it that sounds noble and true to the ear; the other has a false affectation that will never please any but a distorted fancy.

Abel. Thank you, Maggie. I shall love my old-fashioned name better than ever after your defence of it. My brother may be Carlos or Charles, as he pleases; but I will ever remember your words, and cling to the good old name of Abel.

Maggie. (Aside to ABEL.) And I, in my grateful prayers, will never forget, dear friend, to put the same name as that of one who aided me in the hour of my sorest need, and pray our Heavenly Father to bless Abel Smith.

Carlos. I am sorry to hurry you, brother, but if we are to take the noon train we have barely time to reach the depot.

Abel. Yes, yes! Good-by, for a few days, Maggie!

Carlos. Good-morning, Miss Lee!

Maggie. Good-morning, Mr. Smythe! Good-by, kind friend! *[Exit ABEL and CARLOS.]*

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Maggie. Is it possible I ever loved that conceited puppy? How mean and pitiful his affectations appear beside the noble generosity of his brother! Well may I respect a name that has saved me from being a homeless beggar!

[Curtain falls.]

SCENE III.—CHANGEABLE.

SCENE.—*A very richly furnished parlor. Curtain rises, discovering MRS. MONTGOMERY and CARLOS seated, conversing.*

Mrs. Montgomery. It was really quite a romantic story, I assure you, Mr. Smythe.

Carlos. She is quite an heiress, is she not?

Mrs. Montgomery. Very wealthy, and so pretty. She was a little rustic, you know, when she came into possession of her fortune, but now she is as accomplished as three years of foreign travel and the best of masters can make her.

Carlos. But you promised to tell me the story.

Mrs. Montgomery. True. When she was only ten years old she was left an orphan, and adopted by her uncle, an eccentric man, reputed to be very wealthy. He died while she was still a young girl, and no property or papers could be found, so the conclusion was that the wealth did not exist. He left his farm heavily mortgaged; but there was some arrangement made by which his niece was to retain possession, and pay off the debt by installments. And now comes the romantic part. In tearing down a portion of the house that needed repair a closet was found hidden in the wall, and in that closet bonds and deeds for a large fortune, and a will leaving it all to his niece.

Carlos. It was, indeed, romantic.

Mrs. Montgomery. As she was a distant relative of mine, on hearing of her fortune I considered it my duty to take her from her rustic home and associations, travel with her through Europe, and superintend her education and dress. Now, I shall introduce her to society.

Carlos. And to me I hope.

Mrs. Montgomery. Oh, certainly! I have sent her word that I have a friend here, and she will soon come in. She was with her German teacher when you first came. She is really almost too devoted to her books. Ah! I hear her coming now.

Enter MAGGIE, dressed in the height of the fashion.

Maggie. (Aside.) Don Carlos! Will wonders never cease? *(Takes a chair.)*

Mrs. Montgomery. Margaret, my love, allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Smythe. Mr. Smythe, Miss Lee.

Carlos. (Aside.) Maggie Lee by all that is marvellous! *(Aloud.)* Miss Lee, I think we have met before?

Maggie. (Coldly.) Indeed! Was it in Paris? We met so many Americans in Paris. You have been in Paris, Mr. Smythe?

Carlos. I have, but I date the time when I was honored by your favor still further back. I think there was a time, Maggie—

Maggie. (Haughtily.) Sir!

Carlos. A time when I was permitted to call you by your given name—a time when we walked, rode, skated together. Have you forgotten?

Maggie. (Carelessly.) Some childish flirtation, I presume, forgotten long ago.

Mrs. Montgomery. Since you are old friends, you will excuse me if I leave you for a few moments. Do not forget, Maggie, we are engaged to dine. *[Exit MRS. MONTGOMERY.]*

Carlos. Have you, indeed, forgotten those old days on the farm?

Maggie. Speaking of farms, you should really visit the south of France, Mr. Smythe, and see the vineyards and hop-gardens. When I was in France I was quite interested in wine making. You have never visited the south of France, Mr. Smythe?

Carlos. I passed through there some five years ago. But what foreign fruit can vie with our New England orchards? Do you not remember the old apple-tree where we used to sit together?

Maggie. Apples! It seems to me I have eaten apples when a child, but now I shudder at the thought of an apple *au naturel*.

Carlos. I shall never forget the apples and cider at the old farm.

Maggie. Don't mention cider, or I shall expire with horror. Rhine wine is the only beverage a refined taste can endure.

Carlos. You are cruelly sarcastic.

Maggie. I! Oh! you do me an injustice. When a lady travels, and enlarges and expands her ideas, she—well—really—you know—she cannot be expected to remember every trifling incident of her childhood.

Carlos. Trifling! Was it a trifle to win my heart, and give me yours; to vow eternal love and constancy, though the seas rolled between us? O Maggie! Maggie! are you, indeed, so changeable?

Maggie. Well, really it is refreshing to hear you call me changeable.

Carlos. I was blind, foolish, Maggie! Cannot you forgive and forget?

Maggie. (Carelessly.) I have done both long ago. There was nothing of such magnitude in our childish friendship that I should cherish revenge, or even charge my memory with it during all these years.

Enter THOMAS, with a card.

Thomas. (Handing MAGGIE the card.) A gentleman, Miss Margaret, to see you.

Maggie. Ask him to walk up, Thomas.

[Exit THOMAS.]

Enter MRS. MONTGOMERY.

Mrs. Montgomery. Margaret, my dear, there is a gentleman who looks like a farmer inquiring for you.

Maggie. A valued friend, Mrs. Montgomery.

Carlos. Mrs. Montgomery, my friend, will not you plead for me, and beg Maggie to overlook the past, forgive my changeable disposition, and renew the engagement between us?

Mrs. Montgomery. Engagement! Why, Margaret, Carlos, I never heard of any engagement between you!

Maggie. Because, my dear friend, no such engagement exists, excepting in the imagination of your friend, Mr. Smythe.

Carlos. Mr. Smythe! It was once Charles.

Maggie. True. You changed both the name and the relationship. I am engaged, Mrs. Montgomery, but not to your friend.

Mrs. Montgomery. To whom, then?

Enter ABEL.

Maggie. (Advancing to meet him.) To this gentleman, my friend when I was in poverty and distress, my counsellor when I became an heiress, and now my—

Abel. Your devoted lover, Maggie, who was silent whilst he believed another had a prior claim, but who loved you from his boyhood with an unchangeable affection.

Maggie. And who will never give you reason to call her changeable.

[Curtain falls.]

WHY?

BY L. M. R.

WHY is it, bright birdie, can you tell me why
The fairest, the sweetest of earth soonest die?
The pure, and the good, and the ones we love best,
Are torn from our hearts, and laid gently to rest
In the cold, quiet grave?

Methought you might tell, for you fly so high,
Why is it the brightest of earth soonest die?
Are they needed above to swell the fair throng,
To join in the chorus, and sing the sweet song
Of redemption?

Ah, no! poor, weak mortal, I cannot know why
The earth's dearest treasures are soonest to die.
The Book gives one reason; so, mortal, be still,
And submit thy proud heart to God's holy will;
He ruleth the storm.

"Whom he loveth he chastens." Then, man, to his will
Be submissive, be patient, and trusting, until
He calleth you, too, far above the blue sky,
Where I with my wings dare not ever to fly,
To claim a bright crown.

NOTHING is so contagious as enthusiasm; it is the real allegory of the tale of Orpheus; it moves stones, it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

MY WIFE AND THE MARKET STREET PHANTOM.

BY A RETIRED MERCHANT.

SOME of us remember the old credit times, when to be in business was—begging Dante's pardon—to be in purgatory. In our bones we still feel the rack on which we were stretched in those awful days. To provide for his notes seemed to be the whole employment of a merchant's life. He could sell goods easily enough, but to obtain payment was another part of the story. The mails used to be looked for then with fearful interest. Every day brought a plea from some country debtor for an extension. As his note had been "done," and as more notes would require to be, the unlucky city holder must guard against a protest. It was almost as bad for your customers' paper to be dishonored as your own. You were obliged to keep up their stock of goods, and to keep up their credit, too. Whew! I shudder now when I think of it, and only wonder how I possibly survived, and why I did not, commercially, go under, like many a better man. I would not go through the same process again if there were ninety-nine chances in a hundred that I should come out as rich as John Jacob Astor or Stephen Girard.

I was new, then—young in years, in business, and in matrimony. I had a wife who thought I was the only man in the world. I have the wife still; but she has discovered, fortunately for me, that I am not the last man, that nobody envies her right in me, or aims to steal away my affections from her. If she is jealous at all now, it is of her daughters, who certainly are fine girls, and can sing, play, and sketch better than their mother can or ever could. I would not for a large apple have her know that I said this. Though the flame may have burnt out, who knows but

"Still in their ashes live their wonted fires?"

I have heard of a woman jealous at fourscore.

In those days of harassment and worry we did not think it necessary to tell our dear wives of all our business troubles. It would have given them vexation for nothing, and doubled our own by the reflex of their anxiety. So we had to carry the burthen alone, and do the best we could with it. Many is the time that I have been compelled to talk nonsense at an evening party when my head was aching, and my thoughts were pre-occupied with to-morrow's bills payable, and possible defection of debtors, and of my bank-account besides. For, in those terrible times, we actually were obliged to borrow money to deposit in order to maintain our place in the discount line. No deposits, no favors, and precious few favors at any rate. With all our efforts the banks could not, or would not, yield us the facilities we stood in need of. We had to borrow on the street, and to get our paper shaved. Fearfully thick were

the shavings sometimes! All sorts of expedients were necessarily resorted to, little better, sometimes, than a more respectable sort of Jeremy Diddlerism.

Completely cornered at one time, and almost distracted, I made the business acquaintance of a certain lady capitalist who followed the fashion, and shaved paper, and who insisted, too, on managing her own business. She gave no broker a share of her profits; and this ought to have been rather a favorable circumstance, since one person is easier satisfied than two. She had almost ruined several strong men in Market Street, and quite ruined several weak ones before I had anything to do with her.

Nor was this deadly influence her fault, poor woman! It grew out of her weakness of faith, and her peculiar style of doing business. The difficulty was this: that she recognized all her debtors when she met them, that she spoke of them as her friends, and that she asked, at the worst times, and in the worst places, as many questions relative to their financial standing and ability as all the agents of seven commercial agencies could have propounded. It required no small reputation on 'change to endure such a fearful inquisition as this, or to live down the suspicious circumstance that your paper had found its way into the possession of the Phantom. For that was what some of the boys called her. Misery loves company, which is reasonable enough. Misery loves fun, which is a paradox. When the Phantom glided down Market Street, she could certainly not be greeted with the exclamation:—

"Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with."

Yet many who had fallen into her hands were ready to aver that in business matters "her bones were marrowless, her blood was cold." She made as much commotion as an elephant on his travels. As she walked, clerks and principals came to the doors, and looked after her to see whose precincts she would haunt. The clerks all seemed diverted; the principals not quite so well pleased. For more than one of them feared that she might on some day head for their premises. And then—why a notary's visit would not be worse.

Nobody was safe; for many had kites flying, and everybody had notes out, and the Phantom might have bought a man's paper without any agency of his in the matter. Without the unfortunate drawer's approval, and, indeed, to his infinite horror and disgust, he might, by the proxy of his signature, be deposited in her strong box. Said strong box was commonly reported to be a band-box, kept at night under her bed.

Upon the first presentation of a note to her attention, she held the proposition for advisement, while she occupied herself in the preliminary "spying out of the land." She would look with the keenness of a merchandise-broker

at a stock of goods, count the boxes on the pavement before a store, inquire into the bank account of the drawer or city indorser, ascertain whether he were married or single, find it out if he kept a fast horse, and get a look at him to see if he himself seemed to be a fast man. All this time the object of surveillance might be entirely unconscious of it, or he might have an unpleasant suspicion of what was in progress. The note bought—for the lady usually bought, putting her rate of discount at the severest rate she could obtain by magnifying objections—the next operation was to let the responsible city party know into whose hands the paper had fallen. It was quite a shock to those who knew or had heard of her. If they were sure of their own standing, they let the thing run, and defied the fates. If they were not sure, and could possibly do so, they discounted their own notes at once to get them out of the lady's hands. And if, though they would have been glad to do so, they could not, nothing was left to them but to groan (not grin) and bear their misfortune.

And now came the terrible ordeal. All the commercial world at once understood when the victim was under the spell of the Phantom. She would recognize him wherever she met him with the most annoying cordiality. She would call at his place of business on all kinds of pretences, asking all sorts of questions about anything and everything. The real motive in these presentations of herself was to keep the victim in mind that she was his avenging fate, and had her shears all ready to clip the thread of his commercial life, if, on a certain day of grace, the stroke of three should prove his business doom.

As the day of maturity grew nearer her apparition became more and more frequent. To all the creditors of the victim these visits were warnings. To his enemies they were signals to rush in and secure themselves. To the thoughtless and inconsiderate as the day approached the fun grew fast and furious. As we have already said, many strong men shook under such a trial, and many weak ones fell. The lady broker was the witch of evil omen; and, when you saw her busiest, you might predict that a crash was coming. Always, however, out of the crash she managed to save whatever she had adventured.

As I said, in those days I was cornered. Taking care of other people's notes had destroyed my ability to take care of my own. I called on one of my creditors, and stated my dilemma frankly. It did not surprise him at all, for mine was not an unusual case, though my credit was rather better than the average. No paper with my indorsement had suffered protest; and I was quoted, if not A No. 1, A No. 2 at the very lowest. My friend and creditor, for he was both, pondered.

"If you will draw me a note at ninety days,"

he said, "I will get it done, and hand you the proceeds to take up the other. You must leave a large margin, for, in all probability, you will be cut into deeply."

"How will you get it done?"

"Not at my bank. I wish I could. I cannot say exactly where. It is not you that go into the street to pay your own debt, but I that go to borrow for your accommodation. And as such is the case, you should not be too curious or difficult."

I followed his direction, was put in funds, paid my note, and went home, as I believed a happy man. My wife was so delighted with my cheerfulness, that she projected a little excursion for the very next day, and said she would call at the store for me. I consented to the arrangement, for, to my intense relief, there was nothing falling due for three days, in which I was implicated. By the way, I should have mentioned that the Phantom, whom at that time I did not know, even by sight, had appeared at the store, and asked to look at the directory. The young men laughed and chaffed after she went out; but I paid no particular attention to her. I was not one of her clients, I told them, and never would be. She was nothing to me, but a woman certainly out of her sphere.

Nettie came down the next day, as she had proposed. It was a delightful morning, and I was never in more prime spirits for a holiday. I had no "shinning" to do over the hot pavements, no race to run against time. I had not, to be sure, "anything over" to lend; but then neither had I to ask that disagreeable question on my own behalf. Wife was sitting in my snug office waiting, while I read and answered a business letter or two. She was the picture of pleased and calm content, and was simply though tastefully dressed, for extravagance was neither her fault nor mine. I could not help looking aside at her, every now and then, with gratified and fond regards; and the mutual sympathy between us was more eloquent than words.

"A lady in the store wishes to see you," said one of the clerks.

"A lady," said I, smiling, "that is something new in a wholesale house in Market Street. She must have seen you come in, Nettie, and followed to call on you here."

But when I went out my smile disappeared. It was the Phantom, the messenger of doom!

All sorts of apprehensions flitted through my mind, as she glided forward and accosted me, announcing herself, and addressing me by name.

"To what am I indebted for the honor of this call?" I asked with forced politeness.

"I have your note—at ninety days. I do no business through the banks, and have called to apprise you, in case you should wish to discount it before maturity. Good-morning, sir!"

Nobody had overheard a word, but I was sure that everybody knew. Her hateful air of confidence and secrecy was worse than proclamation by the bell-man. No, not everybody! My wife did not know, and should not. I observed that, naturally enough, Nettie had been looking at us with amused curiosity, through the glass partition. I tried, too, to look amused as I returned to her; but no smile but a horribly ghastly smile, will set on a pallid countenance. And I must confess that I felt as if I was taken in and done for. I was sure that all my well laid schemes would "gang a-gley," as Burns hath it, with such a shocking Marplot as the lady broker mixed up in my business.

"Good gracious, George! What is the matter? And *who* was that? And what was she doing here?" Nettie asked all three questions in one breath.

Of course I did not tell her. It would have involved, I thought, an explanation as long as the representations made by a merchant in difficulties to a primary meeting of creditors. I don't know, now, what I did say. If I told any part of the truth, I am sure I did not tell the whole of it. I fibbed and prevaricated out of the scrape, somehow, but only partially, for a dash of bitter was infused into our honey, which lasted—ninety days. But all the days after that note was paid were days of grace. In the ninety days I learned wisdom. If I had only possessed it at the start, I should have said, "I gave a note yesterday. That woman discounted it for the holder, and she has been here to tell me, as if I cared who has a note which, whoever holds it, will be paid at maturity." That is what I ought to have done, and made an end of all suspicion and speculation on the part of my better half. But I did not.

Our day of pleasure was a doleful day enough! I could not get my wife back into the pleasant and unconstrained mood which the Phantom had interrupted; for the very good reason that I was not at ease myself. I was, indeed, annoyed beyond measure, both at the occurrence, and at my wife's evident dissatisfaction. "If the thing is nothing, and means nothing, why make a mystery out of nothing?" she had asked me.

"There must be some things which a wife need not know."

"One of the things that I certainly do not know, is how that can be. But," she added, with the air of offended dignity, which the beautiful sex know so well how to put on, "but, of course, women, and wives especially, are to be treated like babies."

The day was nearly over. Diligent attention had somewhat mollified my wife's vexation, or reconciled her to her cruel fate. It is dreadful, how much wives have to suffer; I wonder, for my part, that women ever do get married.

The day was nearly over. The natural sun was just going down, and the sun in my wife's

features was just rising. We had reached a condition of comparative content; and were almost *in statu quo ante bellum*—the small war of the morning. Returning from over Schuyl-kill, we turned from Market into Arch Street, and were walking down, when we met Smith and his wife. They, too, were newly-married people, and of course we were all in accord. After the "How d'y'e do's!" Mr. Smith's wife and my wife went into the all important servant girl question, comparing experiences. Smith and I discussed in an under tone the less important question: How the—dickens!—merchants were to meet their notes, and provide for their families under existing circumstances. While we were talking—O horrors!—

"Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble!"

Deliberately sailing up the street, with the ghostly satisfaction of a shadow who had scared her daily quota of victims into fits, approached the Phantom. On she came, and I felt my knees grow weak. I looked up-town, determined not to see her; but she was not thus to be put aside. With her blandest smile, and with most distinct recognition, she singled me out, and bade me a "Good-evening!"

Good-evening! As if any evening could be good in which she appeared. My wife looked twenty daggers, Smith regarded me with forlorn pity, Mrs. Smith gazed round in blank astonishment. There was nothing more to be said, but to pay parting compliments and separate.

Such a night as I passed! Not a shade of Smith's countenance, not a shadow of my perturbation had escaped my wife's keen glance. And so it went on for—ninety days. I need not dwell on all the apparitions of the Market Street ghost. At all sorts of awkward times that ominous Phantom appeared, clouding my moments of forced cheerfulness, deepening my blue days into a deeper azure:—

"Darkly, deeply, desperately blue."

I was a haunted man. I was worn to a skeleton. My wife was one day a weeping martyr, and on the next a beautiful virago. The limit of endurance was reached, and so—thank goodness! was the end of ninety days!

The agony was over. I had taken up *that* note; I had torn it into ten thousand pieces. Though to-morrow was before me, with its arduous course of scheming, borrowing, begging, hypothecating, I breathed freer and deeper. *That* note was destroyed.

My wife's brother Charley came into my counting-room. I met him with a cheerful, ready smile; which reception seemed to please him very much, though I could not at once see why. He drew a chair close to me, and asked, in a pleasanter tone, perhaps, than he had come prepared to do:—

"Tell me, what is the matter between you and Nettie?"

I began at the beginning, and told him the whole story, every particular, and closed by pointing to the fragments of the note, with which the floor was covered.

His loud and boisterous "Ha! Ha!" caused the book-keeper to make such a blot in the ledger, as never was made there before; and an atmosphere of sunshine spread over the whole place, when I joined in the laugh. For everybody in the store who had suspected my difficulties, as they could not but do, felt that "all the clouds that lowered upon our house" were lifted.

I took my wife's brother home with me to dinner. The first person we met as we emerged from the store was—the Phantom! I cut her—dead!

It was a pleasant dinner. Charley described the whole thing to my wife, with rollicking fun, and her face actually seemed to flash up, and look plumper that very evening.

I did not have to "shin" any more. Charley—he was a broker, too—took me by the hand and saw me safely through. For brokers in those days—as perhaps they have now—had some mercy on their own flesh and blood, when they were sure they would not lose by it. And my assets were more than ample, with Christian treatment.

And now the story is done of "My Wife and the Market Street Phantom."

TIME'S MEASURES.

BY M. A. Y.

SWIFTLY and noiselessly

Time flies away,

When pleasure stays with us

Every day.

Hearts will beat lightly,

Eyes will beam brightly,

When time flies away.

Swiftly and pleasantly

Time passes by,

When the heart's beatings

Give no time to sigh.

Lips will sing merrily,

Hearts will beat cheerily,

As time passes by.

Slowly and wearily

Time drags along,

Leaving no hope nor wish

Ever for song.

Time will pass slowly

O'er the bowed heart and lowly,

Uncheered by a song.

Wishing that time was past,

Longing that life should last

Under the sun;

Whether time drag sad and slow,

Or if it lightly go,

We shall reap as we sow,

When life is done!

THE ROMANCE OF A DAY.

BY A. H. P.

THE Ariel lay rocking at the pier. Already the coquettish little widow, Mrs. Dudley, had ensconced herself in the stern, and was daintily adjusting her drapery in graceful folds about her pretty shoulders; but Maud and Belle Gresham lingered, and the gentlemen were busy stowing away the lunch baskets and fishing tackle, and making cushions of the heavy shawls and cloaks.

"Come, come, my dears!" cried Mrs. Dudley, with a slight assumption of matronly dignity, though her fluffy golden hair and pink complexion almost ignored the fact of her twenty-five years. "We are late already."

"Why, Mr. Thorne and Florence are not here yet, Annie," returned one of the girls.

Just at this moment two figures came sauntering down the hill—a gentleman and lady. The latter tall and slender, but full of willowy grace, and most delicately rounded, with a small Grecian head that seemed unable to support the weight of thick dark hair coiled in great heavy lustrous braids, and yet, as if in very wilfulness, escaping in a thousand little silky rings about the temples and low forehead, only enhancing the purity of the face—colorless and like marble, save the full lips redder than the deepest dyed coral ever brought up from old ocean's depths—while eyes of darkest blue, shaded by fringes that made them almost black, gleamed with pride, and fire, and sweet coquetry. At times, when flushed with excitement, in her wondrous grace and loveliness, she seemed like some delicate though brilliant flower—like a white fuschia, with its scarlet heart swayed to and fro in the passing breeze.

Men were ready to die for her, and, strange anomaly, women adored her; so even the vain, selfish little widow made way at once as Robert Thorne escorted Miss Le Roy on board the Ariel, and assiduously wrapped an India shawl about her; for, though a summer morning, the wind was blowing freshly, and the white caps in the distance reared their tiny crests.

"A magnificent day for a sail, ladies," said Jack Galbraith, a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, with a bronzed face and sea-faring air, "but I doubt if our sails will stiffen on the return. I will venture the lake will be like glass, and then to the rowlocks, my boys!"

"All the better, sir," laughed saucy Maud Gresham. "'Tis lovely on the lake after sunset, when the wind is down, and you can take to your oars, and we will sing: 'Row, boatman, row!'"

"The lake after sunset is heavenly," murmured Miss Le Roy, in a low, dreamy voice, 'when the red light is falling, and we can drift along under the shadows of the trees, and

hear the water rippling as our boat cuts through its clear surface."

Robert Thorne looked down at her; the words seemed to bring a glimpse of Paradise before his eyes, but the next moment he had seized the helm. The Ariel put about; the fresh, willing breeze puffed out her snowy canvas; and, with a gentle bound, she darted forward like a bird upon the wing.

Half an hour later they ran into a little cove of Mallet's Bay, almost hidden by the dense evergreens, a mild, secluded, lovely spot—one of many dotting the shore for miles up and down the loveliest sheet of water in the world. The party disembarked in high spirits.

"Well, well, Mrs. Dudley," said the gallant Jack Galbraith, "if you do not seem a veritable Undine, with that blonde head of yours emerging from all your green drapery; in this dark shadowy place one might imagine so any way," and he tucked the little widow softly under his arm, and conveyed her up the steep into the dim recesses of the wood, where only the hum of insects and the wavering of the oaken boughs broke the summer stillness.

The others came slowly after, Robert Thorne and Miss Le Roy bringing up the rear. They had met for the first time that day, and in some mysterious way the gentleman had fallen to her lot as escort.

In winter Florence Le Roy danced and flirted in New York, broke her adorers' hearts by the score, and made them her fast friends afterwards; for two seasons had been a reigning belle, the cynosure of all eyes at *roués*, operas, and balls. Devoted to costuming herself with the skill inherited with her French blood, artistic in her tastes, well educated, and the niece of a scheming aunt, what wonder that her only object in life seemed to be the securing of an eligible *parti*? During the summer months she recuperated her exhausted energies in the secluded country home of some distant relatives, where she revelled in *demi-toilettes*, lived on plain, nourishing food, stained her fingers with luscious fruits and berries, rowed in the water, rambled in the fields, and indulged generally in rural employments and diversions, gaining the health, and strength, and added beauty requisite for the next winter's campaign. Two or three neighboring families, who received from time to time additions to their limited society in the way of uncles, aunts, and cousins from town, prevented the time from hanging too heavily on her hands, and this chance meeting with Mr. Robert Thorne was by no means distasteful to the fair Florence.

The gentleman was young, without fortune, but already making a name for himself in the world; well educated, honorable, and high minded; and carrying beneath a smooth, polished exterior a power few dreamed of—a stern, inflexible will that bent and swayed all with whom he came in contact. Standing by

the side of Florence Le Roy, one might have sworn they were destined for each other. As a model of manly beauty, Robert Thorne had few equals—so tall and shapely, with clear-cut features and fair, waving hair, that caused him to look even younger than his years.

Keenly and sensitively alive to the beautiful, it was not strange that he should be powerfully moved by the magnetic presence of Miss Le Roy. Holding her soft hand for a moment, as they climbed over the rugged boulders, he seemed to realize that in that little palm lay his destiny; and Florence just raised her dark eyes to his, and a color came to her cheeks akin to that living always upon her lips. She had done the same thing dozens of times before, and, if she could remember rightly, always with the desired effect.

There was plenty of romping and merry laughter among them all; those sylvan glades re-echoed the glad sounds, and now and then a squirrel from his high and secure abode would peep with wondering eyes upon the fitting farm below.

Music was not wanting, for out of a mysterious green baize bag came Mrs. Dudley's guitar, and archly and enchantingly the little widow sang as she thrummed its strings with her white fingers. "Flute and viol's notes" also provoked the dance, and twinkling feet tripped over the leaf strewn earth until, wearied, they threw themselves down beneath the wide spreading oaks, though laugh and jest still went gaily round, and quick retort and flashing repartee. Flushed and brilliant Miss Le Roy looked as she sat on the trunk of a fallen tree, and Mr. Thorne, reclining at her feet, talked as fluently, as was his wont when bound to shine.

"And so you do not believe in presentiments?" he asked, looking up into the face above him.

Florence smiled and shook her head.

"But I do," said Mrs. Dudley, solemnly.

Jack Galbraith laughed a hearty ringing laugh. "Be so kind, then, Mrs. Dudley," he returned, "as to have one now, for I am going down to the water to see if I can hook a few bass; the lake is still, and I feel, if not a presentiment, piscatorially inclined at least. Come on, Thorne, Bob, Charlie, and the rest of you; the ladies perhaps can spare us an hour."

"Oh, you vain thing!" said Mrs. Dudley, putting up her pretty lips; "indeed we can, you especially, horrid cruel creature that you are to pull those poor beautiful fishes out of the water and let them expire in agony."

"At your feet," retorted Jack.

The widow looked rather pleased and conscious as the gentlemen left.

"Now lets have a little comfort," spoke up Bella Gresham, a romping school-girl of twelve. "Cousin Floy, ain't you hungry? say, now,

there's a darling, and I'll pilfer you a sandwich out of the lunch basket."

"A sandwich!" broke in Maud, scornfully. "I know what she likes better, a cream cake; Floy, don't you?"

To which Floy languidly assented, and was treated thereto by the devoted Maud.

The old tree on which she sat became a chair of state, and her subjects gathered round. Mrs. Dudley went into extasies over the trimmings of her dress, bracelets, gloves, and even the high-heeled little French boots, buckled round the most enchanting instep in the world.

"You are looking so well to day, Miss Le Roy," she finally said.

Florence seemed abstracted and listless, though no doubt she believed Mrs. Dudley's words, for her mirror had that morning told her the same, saying nothing of Mr. Thorne's eyes.

"I think a certain gentleman is mightily taken with somebody," continued the widow.

"I judge," replied Miss Le Roy, "that must be Mr. Galbraith with Mrs. Dudley."

"Oh!" she answered, trying to look innocent, "Jack and I played together when we were children."

"Yes," put in Maud, "and afterward you jilted him for that rich old Mr. Dudley; mamma said so."

The widow seemed inclined to cry, and actually shook out her little hem-stitched piece of cambric; but, upon further consideration she realized it would spoil her eyes, and the gentlemen might not be long away, so she consoled herself by saying Maud was too heartless and inconsiderate for anything, and that she felt sure Mrs. Gresham never uttered such a word.

Meanwhile, Belle had made an excursion into the wood and returned laden with wild columbines, forthwith proceeding to decorate Miss Le Roy. When a little later Mr. Thorne sauntered back, saying that his luck was not encouraging, he found a wood nymph of surpassing loveliness, the scarlet bells trailing through the heavy masses of her hair, a woven chain of them about her neck, and even from each ear-ring of etruscan gold hung a fragrant blossom.

When upon he complimented both adorning and adorned.

"In chains, Miss Le Roy, but of such light and graceful workmanship they cannot be galling."

"No, they are so delicate and beautiful I would wear them forever, but soon they will be shrunken and faded, and then I shall fling them away." She held a bunch of the same flowers in her hand and from time to time laid them caressingly against her cheek.

Mr. Thorne watched her every motion; he noted the whiteness of those slender fingers with their rosy tips, the rounded arm half revealed

by the sleeve of lace, and the graceful pose of the head bending like a lily upon its stem.

She bore the scrutiny unmoved. What mattered it if another offering was laid upon her shrine, so long as her own heart throbbed calmly beneath the silken bodice?

Basking thus in the radiance of her beauty, swayed insensibly by the enchantment of her vivid, sparkling nature, a sudden impulse seemed to possess him. "Give me those flowers, Miss Le Roy?" He spoke half playfully, yet impetuously.

"Oh, they are torn and faded, Mr. Thorne. Belle will bring you some fresher ones."

He gazed at her curiously for a moment, and then accepted with infinite grace the honey-suckles graciously heaped upon him.

Mrs. Dudley was yawning—this by play did not interest her.

Shortly after the gentlemen made their appearance, each with a string of shining captives, and Jack Galbraith proceeded in the most gallant manner to deposit his before the widow, who shut her eyes and vowed he was the cruellest man in the world, and that she would not even look at the poor gasping things.

"Let me see them, Mr. Galbraith," said Miss Le Roy, and she watched the struggling fish with animation, commenting upon the beauty of their varied hue.

A sudden thought seemed to break in upon the mind of Mr. Thorne. "Can it be?" he said, inwardly; "she is so cool and collected, would she not witness with as much composure a fettered struggling heart, and let it throb, and gasp, and beat, and die, without one pitying glance from those beautiful eyes?" He started from his reverie. "They are hardly as brilliant in their death Miss Le Roy as the dolphin; I do not think 'each pang imbues with a new color.'"

"But the beauty of the dolphin is not confined to its dying state," she answered. "I remember once on shipboard from Marseilles to Alexandria how they played about the vessel, displaying all their magnificent tints of golden green and blue with every sportive movement."

"Then you have travelled, Miss Le Roy?"

"A little. I spent one winter with my aunt in the south of France, in the old ancestral home of my grandfather."

"I thought French blood ran in your veins."

"J'aime, J'adore, J'idolatre ma belle France."

"And is that the extent of your idolatry?"

"At present, monsieur," she answered, rather coquettishly, he thought.

The sun was now half way down the western sky, and long shadows began to fall across the lake. A white cloth was spread and soon covered with a variety of tempting things, pleasant to the eye, and gratifying to the

palate. Miss Le Roy crumbled a roll in a glass of suave cream.

"True to your French lineage," said Mr. Thorne, with an amused air, as he leisurely helped himself to biscuits and cold chicken.

"Cousin Florence just lives upon cream," Belle demurely remarked, with a huge slice of fruit cake in hand. "Ugh! I don't see how she can endure it." And then followed a gastronomic conversation of some length.

Mrs. Dudley and Jack Galbraith were coeey over one plate that seemed to hold enough for their mutual delectation. No dainty appetites were making havoc among the contents of the large wicker baskets; and, when at last they were repacked, Bob and Charlie declared them considerably lightened. By the time the gentlemen had finished their cigars, the sun was well nigh down. Some time was consumed in getting ready for departure.

The little Ariel was not so buoyant as with the morning's tide. Her sails flapped loosely against the mast; for, as Jack Galbraith had predicted, the lake seemed like glass; not a ripple broke the stillness, save as some member of the finny tribe, darting to the surface, provoked a momentary agitation of the water. Florence and Mr. Thorne occupied the stern, the other gentlemen bent to the oars, and once more the little craft, with its rich freight of youth, and loveliness, and manly vigor, pushed from shore.

"Row, boatman, row!" rung out the clear alto of Maud Gresham; Mrs. Dudley's high, sweet soprano soared in; and Jack Galbraith's tenor joined with such exquisite effect that the occupants of the stern looked into each others' faces with surprised delight. On and on they glided, keeping along shore under the banks, half-hidden with rich foliage and clinging vines, the red berries of the sumach now and then gleaming from amid the vivid green. The air seemed heavy with sweetness; already the crescent moon hung in the evening sky, though the west was still one sheet of fire; great banks of fleecy clouds caught their crimson edge from the glow; and the day was dying in all its regnant sunset beauty.

The enthusiastic yet dreamy nature of Florence Le Roy seemed completely aroused. "Oh! this enchanting world!" she half-unconsciously whispered; and, leaning over the Ariel's side, laved her hand in the rippling waters, upturning her bright face to catch the showers of spray dashed over them by the falling oars. The sparkling drops glistened in her dark hair like diamonds.

"If I could imprison one of those crystals," said Mr. Thorne, "I would guard it in some jewelled casket, itself a gem of untold worth."

"Ah! but they vanish, Mr. Thorne, vanish like hopes, like dreams," and a sadness came over her face that made him long to gather up

the slender form to his heart, and hold her there forever.

The shadows fell deeper and deeper. With a respectful tenderness, that no woman could have gainsaid, he drew her shawl still closer. She smiled her thanks.

"You are not over strong," he said, "and this night air is sometimes chilling."

"It is very pleasant to be so cared for," she answered.

He turned suddenly, as if to ask: "Is this all acting?" But her face was serene, and she looked ineffably sweet and winning, full of gentle womanly grace.

The rowers rested from their labors, and let the boat drift at will. As the evening shades deepened, the stars one by one seemed to slowly take their places in the wide vault of heaven. Along the shore the faint twittering of birds proclaimed their search for leafy boughs that swayed them gently through the night, and far down the bay the lonely whippoorwill poured forth its ceaseless song.

Miss Le Roy played with the fringes of her shawl. She felt the silence dangerous; she dared not lift her eyes.

A low voice whispered in her ear: "An eternity of bliss can be compressed into one short hour."

She raised her head timidly to meet a face passionate with intense emotion, dim and indistinct in the twilight.

"Could you not drift on forever?"

"Forever!" she repeated, as if under some enchantment.

A hand of iron strength crushed her slender one until the great jewelled rings she wore bruised the delicate flesh, and she could have cried out for very pain.

"Home again!" called fresh young voices, and the Ariel's keel grated upon the pebbly shore.

She turned and clung to him. "Home! home!" she said. "My home is here," with something like a sob in her voice, but the next moment he had lifted her from the boat.

The spell was broken. Her cousins came crowding round their favorite; she had been a long time engrossed with somebody else.

"How still you have been, Cousin Floy!" said Belle.

And Maud, in a side whisper, added: "Isn't that Mr. Thorne stupid; he scarcely spoke all the way home?"

Mrs. Dudley was in high spirits, completely monopolizing Jack Galbraith, as she managed to do the remainder of their lives.

Florence Le Roy found a foreign letter awaiting her arrival inclosed in one from her aunt. It was a formal proposal of marriage from the only representative of an old and wealthy family of Normandy. Riches unbounded and a title were laid at her feet. Her aunt was in ecstasies; her most sanguine expectations had

been more than realized. She desired, as it was then late in August, Florence to return at once to New York that preparations might be immediately commenced for the important event, which she had ordained to take place upon the arrival of Count De Vaux early in October.

Midnight came, and Miss Le Roy still sat with the letters crushed in her hand. The words were ringing in her ears. "An eternity of bliss may be compressed in one short hour." "Or rather woe," she cried. Ambition and pride were about to be fully gratified, but at what cost? Perhaps she was awakening to the consciousness of some other priceless treasure that she was casting blindly from her.

Morning found a pallid girl with dark circles round her heavy eyes—the brilliant creature of yesterday was no more. The sparkle, the foam, the effervescence had vanished like the glittering spray that dashed upon her head from the falling oars, had faded even as the flower chains that held so sweet a captive.

At breakfast a second note awaited her, it was but an added drop to her cup of splendid misery:—

MISS LE ROY: May I come to you? I have staked all my hopes of future happiness upon your decision. Fate, either mocking or propitious, has bid me cross your path. You did not turn from me last night; oh! do not now.

ROBERT THORNE.

In reply to this she inclosed the letters the night before received, and wrote:—

The night has passed, and I have not closed my eyes. All the hollowness and selfish vanity of my existence the last few hours have revealed. Shall I refuse what my life long I have been taught to covet? Shall I blast the hopes of her who has been more than a mother to me? Shall I trust to you as my heart dictates? I know how you would answer, and that knowledge causes me to thrust aside as worthless what one day earlier would have been my proudest ambition. Thank God for the awakening, and come to me for I love you.

FLORENCE LE ROY.

ESTEEM a habit of benignity greatly preferable to munificence: the former is peculiar to great and distinguished persons; the latter belongs to flatterers of the people who court the applause of the inconstant vulgar.—*Aldoninus*.

THE willow which bends to the tempest often escapes better than the oak which resists it; and so, in great calamities, it sometimes happens that light and frivolous spirits recover their elasticity and presence of mind sooner than those of a loftier character.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

THE fruits of the earth do not more obviously require labor and cultivation to prepare them for our use and subsistence than our faculties demand instruction and regulation, in order to qualify us to become upright and valuable members of society, useful to others, or happy to ourselves.—*Barrow*.

A SUMMER'S AMUSEMENT; OR, DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

BY MARY ATHERTON.

HOME, May 14th.

MY DEAR KATHIE: Your welcome letter was received last night, and I have bestowed much thought upon it already. What a pleasant thing it would be if we could manage our plans so that we could spend the summer travelling together! It would really be the most charming thing we could do. Fancy the delightful times that would be vouchsafed to us! The rowing in the lakes and rivers, the scrambling up the mountains, the sea-bathing, and horseback riding. The delights of sketching and flirting are really very tempting. How can I resist such temptations? I can't. I shall write to my brother, and tell him sister Nelly needs a change of air. I will persuade their physician to declare that the only thing for Nell is to travel all the summer long from place to place; and then I will convince Harry that she cannot possibly go unless I go, too, to take care of those young Philistines, Hal and Ellie.

Of course, he will be convinced of the last-named fact; for he knows—who better?—what surprising little torments those two chicks are, and that Nell would not have a chance of getting any benefit from the trip if she had the responsibility of seeing to the nurse and babies always on her mind; and, like a dear, good brother, he will appreciate my devotion in martyrizing myself on the shrine of the Philistines.

That being arranged, let us decide upon the trip we will take, for Harry will leave it to me to decide. He is such a dear, good brother! He seems to think he never can do enough for me to recompense me for his loss. He firmly believes that I never have quite forgiven him for getting married; for leaving me, to whom he had always belonged, for another woman. It is as well to keep the nice old fellow in that pleasant little idea; it leads to many advantageous results. He knows, also, that I am devoted to Nell and the small fry; so all that is straight, and I only wish his pretty little wife was in better health.

But—not to change the subject too rapidly—what shall our plans be? The White Mountains, the Adirondack, Lakes George and Champlain, Cape May, Saratoga, Newport, taking in—by way of making a short cut—the Virginia Springs, the Mammoth Cave, and Niagara? Won't it be jolly? Won't we have experiences to think over during the next six months? What shall we have for travelling dresses that will go through fire and water (both salt and fresh), and come out as good as new from every experience we put it through? Think it over, and let me know.

Yours truly, HESTER LEWIS.

May 25th.

ALAS! my dear Kathie, "Twas ever thus from childhood's hour," "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley," "What can't be cured must be endured," and many more of those pleasing little adages that are used as comforts in disappointment. Isn't it perfectly heart-rending? We shall have to give up our charming travelling party.

What do you suppose the Philistines have done? What is the worst thing their wickedly ingenious infant minds could conceive and execute? Knowing that your wildest guesses cannot come anywhere near the truth, I will at once tell you. Having consulted together to see what was the worst thing they could do, the one caught whooping-cough, and the other the measles. Now, is not that an aggravation? Of course, they did it of malice aforethought. They knew what effect it would have upon me, and did it purely for nagging purposes; for it cannot give Hal any gratification to cough till he is black in the face, neither can it give that little witch, Ellie, any particular pleasure to look as she probably does. It was merely their natural depravity—original sin cropping out. You see, they even took different maladies, that they might increase the pleasure by each taking the other's as soon as they were done with their own. Of course, they won't think of condensing matters by having both at once. Oh, no! for that *might* permit us to get off some time in the summer.

Harry broke it to me very gently, but could such a blow be softened? It was probably to save the life of the infants, to keep me from exterminating them, that he sent word that I must on no account come on, as I had had neither whooping-cough nor measles. What am I to do for amusement? All my castles in Spain suddenly collapsed, gone into the thinnest kind of thin air. To quote that touching poem of our youth:—

"My bird is dead," said Nancy Ray,
"My bird is dead, I cannot play,"

which, after all, is not, I believe, quoted correctly. But no matter; it expresses the same beautiful sentiment.

Again recurs the question, what *am I* to do for amusement? Here are these long summer months coming, and nobody to be devoted to, or to be devoted to me. I have gone over the whole list of my acquaintances, and not one furnishes me any food for driving away melancholy, except Mr. Harris—you know—the one I told you of—I may have mentioned him to you. He is smart, and both gentlemanly and remunerative; he may furnish me with entertainment. It is to be hoped that he will. I am tired of the rest of the men that I know; he is comparatively new. I have known him only a few months, not long enough to get tired of him yet. May he prove conducive, for what is summer without a flirtation? The

days when we can lie on the bed all day and read are well enough; but the evenings are dimly, dolefully dull, unless there is some attraction on hand. What will you do, as our plans are broken? Write and tell me. It is a most mournful circumstance that those delightful tramps we were going to have are broken up. But we can't help it.

"And after all the best thing one can do
When it is raining is—to let it rain."

With which noble, though not original, sentiment I will close this mournful epistolam, remaining, yours, most dolefully,

HESTER LEWIS.

May 30th.

So you think I have mentioned Mr. Harris to you, my dear Kathie? Well, I said I thought I had, and really he seems, in the absence of any more lively subject of conversation, quite worth mentioning again, so I will proceed to do it.

He improves vastly on acquaintance, and is quite entertaining. We have progressed very rapidly in our friendship. I see him almost every evening, either at our house or at some friend's. The individual is either a very good flirter, or ——— understood. I don't pretend to say which is the case on either side at this stage of the game; but, as far as I can be considered a good judge, one or the other is—sublimely non-committal, isn't it? Unlike Daniel in the lion's den, the flirts in this world do not let themselves be known by carrying green cotton umbrellas under their arms, so we have to be on guard.

The other day we were standing around the table in Fanny Morris's parlor—Mr. Harris, Fanny, Mr. Eltin, and myself. We had been playing euchre, and had stopped and risen from the table. Mr. Harris, taking from his pocket some papers, said to Fanny: "I have some very funny wedding-cards to show you."

"Yours?" asked Fanny, laughing.

"No," he answered. "Mine are not out yet. When they are, I will send you some." Then, suddenly turning to me, he said: "Mine will come out very soon if you will let me put your name on them."

"Mine?" I asked, in surprise.

"Yes, yours," he answered, calmly, looking down at them.

"Oh! I could not decide upon such short notice," I answered, with a laugh, as I turned away to put on my shawl, preparatory to going home.

That was cool, wasn't it? If I should ever desire to sue him for breach of promise, how well that would come in. I have been on the bed, resting after dinner, preparatory to taking my hair out of papers, and getting myself up regardlessly for the farther capture of the enemy. So good-by for a while!

Midnight.

O Kathie! what do you suppose is the matter that, instead of seeking that repose which awaits the young and innocent, I should be employing the midnight hours in still holding forth to you? I'll tell you, as you can never guess. The enemy himself was not here to-night; but, alas! an enemy of his was, and what do you suppose he told me? Why—wretched news!—that Mr. Harris was only nineteen. Fancy it! Did the malevolent man know how thoroughly I abominated "youths," that he gave me that superfluous information? I could have gotten on without it very well. Why did he tell me? Listen to my disconsolate wail, for my feelings are too much for me:—

ONLY NINETEEN!

Only nineteen! Why, I thought to be sure He was twenty-five or, at least, twenty-four. It's very distressing, but plain to be seen One can't even flirt with a man of nineteen.

Oh! why did I ne'er try to find out his age Ere my heart's young affections were so much engaged?

The fates want to try me, and bother me, I ween, To make me just twenty, and he only nineteen.

To be sure, he'll grow old, but so will I, too, And here is a fact to keep always in view:— The older we grow the more plain will be seen The difference that now is 'twixt twenty and nineteen.

A boy! Why, he looks like a man, I declare, With all that abundance of raven black hair On his face. And he's handsome—that is, I mean, He's a very good-looking for only nineteen.

Now, what do you think I should do in this case? There's naught that I see but to keep a grave face; And, next time he vexes me, with dignified mien I'll tell him I've found out he's only nineteen.

That will have a subduing effect upon him, I know, for he is very well acquainted with my objection to the American youth under the age of twenty-five. And, really, he does look over nineteen. But this gentleman ought to know, and he spoke as one having authority.

Well, having comforted my mind by telling you the painful little circumstance that disquieted it, I will "bid farewell to every fear, and wipe my weeping eyes," at the same time bidding you good-night!

Yours, sleepily, HESTER LEWIS.

MY DEAR KATHIE: So you think it becomes interesting, now, do you, because, if I can be amused and entertained with such a youth, he must be a very nice fellow? Well, he is, or I would have had nothing to do with him at first. You ask me, by way of amusing you too, to give you full particulars of the case going on at present—Harris *versus* Lewis. As a preliminary step I must tell you of the party we were at last night at Fanny Morris's, before I forget any of the little items. My treat-

ment of the enemy was "a big mix," as I once heard a German woman describe chaos. I rather tried myself, the enemy too, perhaps. I meant to try him; I treated him to several new styles. Hitherto I have always practised the pleasant, agreeable, sometimes slightly particular, and altogether highly conducive style of behavior towards him. Last night I commenced by exclaiming to a friend standing by at his ignorance and conceit displayed by some remark he had just made. He turned around and looked at me, and appeared startled; but, when I went on in the same strain, he roused up to the emergency of the situation, and paid me back in my own coin most charmingly, for which, I assure you, I eminently respected him. So we had quite a delightful warfare of words.

There was some singing going on, and he offered me a seat by him which I refused, and went over to the other end of the room and sat down. He stood looking over alone for some time, then quietly left the chair, and came and took one by me. I laughed a little, but said nothing. Presently, during a pause in the singing, I showed him a picture I had drawn in my pocket-book. He looked at it a moment, and then said:—

"You did not get the likeness."

"Yes, I did, perfectly," I answered; "you don't know the individual."

Whereupon he gave me to understand that he knew I had been drawing his picture. The singing commenced again, so I did not answer him at once. Presently he took the pocket-book out of my hand, and, covering the lower part of the face with his hand, said: "There!" as if that carried conviction.

It was strikingly like him, for there were two eyes, a forehead, and hair. Then, covering the upper part of the face, he showed a heavy moustache and English whiskers (you know my conventional handsome man), and said: "You ought to know my chin is small."

"Give me my book," I answered, looking very much disgusted, and I turned away and spoke to some one else. After a while he wrote something on a card, laid it in my lap and went over on the sofa, where sat a young lady who is unutterably stupid. I read what he wrote, and wrote back: "You are a goose! an inveterate one. What do you think of that? What would I draw your picture for?" and, presently catching his eye, I held out the card.

He came for it, read it, and, laughing, wrote back: "You tried to do it, and did not succeed."

With great indignation I wrote back: "When I try to do anything I always succeed." I was standing before him then; and, as he read the card, and smiled a cool, provoking smile, I said, with a very intense air, laying my hand on my heart: "Why should I want a picture of what is engraved here?"

"Is it?" he asked, quickly, looking up at me. "I feel complimented, but more flattered than complimented. I shall test that some day."

"Oh, no! you needn't," I answered, changing at once to a tone of most cool indifference; "you will find it an entire mistake."

"I have a way of believing what is said to me," he answered.

"You need not believe me; I don't say things to be believed." The young thing on the sofa laughed, innocent little corkscrew; she hadn't an idea of what was going on under her blind eyes. I tore up the card, and, opening the stove door, threw it in, saying to him: "There is the end of that conversation," and I went over to the piano. Dictionary definition, "Flatter, *v. a.*, to raise false hopes."

Some time after I was sitting at the piano, playing some reels, preparatory to playing "Money Musk." The couples were a long time preparing for the dance. Mr. Harris came to the piano, and stood close to my right hand. I played with the keys, folded my hands in my lap, or spoke to the people forming for the dance, but was completely unconscious of the quiet figure standing so close to me. I *would* have given much to have seen his face, but wouldn't show any knowledge of his being there.

Finally the dancers started off, and I had to play in downright earnest; meanwhile there stood Mr. Harris, not saying a word, and I not saying a word. I wish I could have seen his face, but I never shall have that means of judging how he took that part of the evening's amusement. Anyway, after he had stood there about fifteen minutes, he started in the most determined manner, stalked around me, and marched all the way around the dancers over to the other end of the room, and sat down with his back to the piano, and commenced talking to Jane Green.

Some time after, I was standing by the piano, and he came up and said: "Won't you dance with me, Miss Hester?"

"No, I thank you."

"Then," he said, with an injured-innocence air, as he flung himself on the sofa, "I will not ask another lady to dance with me. Why won't you dance with me?" he asked, presently.

"Oh! principally because I do not want to, I suppose."

"Please do."

"No."

He kept on insisting, till, finally, I gave up, and danced, it being only a freak that made me refuse. When the party was breaking up (he had come with the Greens, which *might* have been the cause of my varied behavior to him), I was standing alone in the bay window, absent in mind. He came up to me, and, contrary to my custom, I held out my hand to say "Good-night!" He did not take it, but stood looking

down at me—he with his height can do that to advantage—and said:—

"When am I going to see you again?"

"I really don't know," I answered, in a tone suggestive of icicles and Greenland's icy mountains, and was about to add, "and don't care," when I thought it was no use to tell any superfluous stories, so added, "I usually am to be found at the same place if any one wants to see me."

"I will see you soon, then, if I do not break my neck first." Whereupon he rushed out of the room in a manner suggestive of his great desire at once to shatter the cervical vertebrae of his spinal column.

I wonder, between you and I, how I ever remember all this nonsense; it surprises me that I do. If I had anything more important on my mind, I am certain I could not.

There is no home news to tell you, we are in a state of quiet. Nell's babies are thriving and growing fat on whooping-cough and measles, so I am not quite as sorry for them as I might be.

Truly yours,

HESTER LEWIS.

O KATHIE! Kathie! What do you suppose has happened to this unfortunate sister? I have been indulging in an epistolary battle with the enemy, and, with unequalled brilliancy, I put his letter and a copy of my answer in my pocket, and went out in the street and lost them. Just think of it! Full names and directions on each. Isn't that a miserable state of affairs? And I cannot do a thing about it.

I can't be on very good terms with him until I recover from the effects of that letter, it made me so very mad. The last time I met him he took every means (as did I) of showing that he was offended, and yet, perhaps, I ought not to say he is offended; for the first evening after he came home he came right to see me, spent the evening and was very pleasant, and yet I must fight him. Don't you see? I got rather scared by his being so much in earnest (apparently) when I am not, and I have to shy off. I cannot help it. I do not like him well enough to stand any demonstrations. I met him at a party the other night; I was vexed because he came with a whole troop of Greens (I detest them all), so I was not as conducive as usual, and we got to quarrelling. I informed him he was disagreeable, and I did not particularly like him; and he kept in a good humor, and tried to put me in one, but I would not be put. I said:—

"You are horrid, and have been doing all sort of disagreeable things."

"No, I haven't. What have I been doing disagreeable?"

"Everything," I answered, shortly, quarrelling for very love of it.

"I can only think of one thing, and I got very well paid for that."

"What was that?"

"Writing you that letter. I got as good as I gave."

"You should have gotten more than you gave, for it was really dreadful in you to write it."

"No, I did the best thing I could have done. I thought it was better than cutting you directly the next time I saw you," he answered, quite gravely.

"Cutting me directly," I said, indignantly. "Is that your style? Thank you for letting me know. I never let a gentleman cut me, and I shall take good care that you have not the opportunity," and I turned away without another word. I was at white heat, I assure you.

The next lancers that was danced, I happened to be in the side couple at his left hand, rather awkward, but a good opportunity for letting him alone. When the first tune came, he was talking to his partner, and did not see me; the second I did not see him. The rest we turned with the grace and affection with which two pokers might have accomplished it. Throughout the whole dance we took no notice of each other; and, in the grand chain, when we met, it was just barely touching our fingers together, instead of the jolly shake with which he usually met my hand.

My love, you delight me by wishing I would be sentimental. I am so charmed that you think I am not, for I feared that I occasionally leaned that way. There is one thing for which I must commend us both; when we are alone, we never fight or flirt, and our conversation, being merely "a feast of reason" (ha! ha!), is not worth writing to you, as you can do the same yourself. It is only when ever so many people are around, and we are liable to be interrupted or overheard any moment, that I thoroughly enjoy flirting.

On the whole, he is a nice fellow; and, if I sometimes get tired of him, or mad with him, or don't quite like all his doings, why, it is no more than I ought to expect, for I don't like everything about anybody. With which noble sentiment I will bid you good-night!

Yours, as ever, HESTER LEWIS.

P. S. He declares that he is twenty-six years old, and I am bound to believe him. I knew he was more than nineteen. H. L.

THIS chapter of your continued novel, as you call it, will be decidedly confused, my dear Kathie. Look on all that comes, as I look on it, as the development of a disease I have very often. It has never yet proved fatal. I watch it as a surgeon would who was trying experiments on himself, rather more interested than if it was another person, but quite as cool in the pursuit of knowledge as to what certain symptoms mean, what is good for them, and so on. I am fully convinced that I shall recover from this; I always do. If I

thought it was in earnest, you can imagine you would not hear of it. But, really, things are taking a turn which they had better stop taking.

He was here the other evening with a friend of his, a Mr. Boyce, a very jolly Boston man, who says, "I waant tu know," in a manner that is entirely irresistible, and won my heart at once. There were the usual crowd of people here, just enough to make it pleasant and easy; and, after the natural course of events, the enemy and I gradually drifted off alone on the step of the balcony, just out of ear shot of the rest. We were talking of a picnic that was being gotten up by the others.

"One thing is always necessary to make me enjoy a picnic," he said.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Some one to make love to. May I make love to you?"

"Certainly not," I answered, a little embarrassed. "You know that I will not stand sentiment, and prefer a calm friendship; it is so much less trouble. That is what I feel for all my friends."

"I don't," he answered, hurriedly. "I don't believe in it at all, and won't have it."

The conversation led on to Jenny Daniels and Mr. Dodge; you know they are such sworn friends. The enemy thinks that Mr. Dodge is very much afflicted with softening of the heart towards that pretty little damsel. I think it is merely softening of the brain. We mutually "did the personal" in a manner truly alarming. He insisted that, if Jenny did not mean to accept Mr. Dodge, she ought not to accept his decided attentions.

"His attentions were not decided, any more than any gentleman might offer any lady," I said.

"What could be more decided," he asked, "than a gentleman visiting a lady every night in the week?"

"He was not there every night," I answered, laughing, "for he is here at least once a week."

"Well, then, six nights in the week. It looks as if he meant something."

Item. Out of the ten days before, the enemy had been at our house every night but two. One I had been away all day and night—he knew I was going—and the other was Sunday.

"Yes, he means, most likely, that he finds the young lady's company pleasant, nothing more," I said.

"Well," he answered me, gravely, "if I was to do such a thing, it would mean something more; and, if a young lady was to accept the attentions from me that Miss Daniels does from Mr. Dodge, and then reject me, I should feel as if she had treated me very badly."

"Pray, what would you have her do? The gentleman calls Monday evening, and she sees him. He calls Tuesday evening; what must she do?"

"See him."

"He calls Wednesday evening; what must she do?"

"Refuse herself."

"Then he will say, as all men would: 'That is a gay joke; she rejects me before I offer myself.'"

"No, Miss Hester, a gentleman would not say that."

"But, Mr. Harris, it looks very much like it. No, your idea leaves us ladies but one course; to be as cold as ice to gentlemen, for fear of giving them a chance to say we encourage them. We cannot have a pleasant friend, lest people should talk about us. In fact, we must freeze whenever we get within seeing, speaking, or hearing distance of a man. That is a pleasant prospect."

Presently he said: "I never would ask a woman to marry me till I knew whether she loved me."

"Ah! ah!" I laughed. "'Faint heart never won fair lady.'"

"It is not faint heart; but I have no desire to be rejected, and do not want to give any one a chance to do it."

"Well," I answered, "I pity the woman who would let any man know she loved him till he had given unmistakable proof of loving her. After he finds out that she loves him off he goes; and she, weak creature! has a broken heart, and is ruined for life. No, indeed, Mr. Harris, Nora Nixon advocated the true woman's idea when she said to Thorpe: 'I never bestow a thought on a man till he says, unequivocally: 'I like or love you.' That is my idea, and, I believe, is the idea of most women of any sense.'"

Outwardly, Kathie, I meant, but I did not tell him so; it is bad policy, letting a man know everything.

"Then, after a man has paid all this marked attention to a woman, he proposes to her, and she says: 'She didn't know, she had no idea, never thought of such a thing, never imagined he was in love with her.'"

"Well, I don't suppose she did," I answered, "unless she was a regular flirt."

"Do you mean to say," he asked, in his own peculiar, indignant style, "that a woman is ever taken by surprise when a man proposes to her?"

"Yes, of course. A woman has a pleasant acquaintance that goes on easily and smoothly; she enjoys it as a friendship. Presently the man startles her out of her good behavior by telling her that he is in love with her; perhaps she discovers she is in love with him, perhaps she isn't. Anyway, don't you suppose she is surprised?"

"No, I don't believe a woman is ever unconscious of the fact of a man being in love with her."

"Well, I do not mean to know it till he tells

me so, and then I shall be extremely surprised, for

'I do not seek a lover, thou Christian knight so gay, Because an article like that has never come my way.'"

Kathie, that is one of the poetical licenses we women have to take, forced into it by society.

"I suppose, if a woman rejects you once, you take it, give up, and leave her?"

"I probably should," he answered.

"Then, you would recover. If you took one rebuff, you wouldn't be much hurt. I don't believe a man is in earnest till he comes back the second or third time; and I should be tempted to reject him the first time to see if he really meant it, or only thought he did."

"Mighty few men would come back after being once refused."

"Then, very few men would be in earnest, and women might consider themselves fortunate in having tested them in that way."

Last evening I met him in church with a whole tribe of Greens. I would not see him or hear him as we were coming down the aisle, side by side. He made several remarks to me; but, it being a warm evening, I thought I would treat him to a little ice. As we got to the outer door, he stooped down, and said, low, verbally (his looks saying, "I think I understand it now") :-

"I have got to go home with the Greens, but I will try hard to see you again to-night."

"Yes?" I said, in a tone you can imagine. I can do the indifferent very well in a spotty manner, but I can't keep it up when I am with him long at a time. I went home, and went right up to my room.

Friend, let us moralize. So many mock attachments have a bad effect on us; they dull one's ideas so that, when the real one comes, we will not know it. A good many people cannot tell calves' head turtle soup from the *bona fide* article. Do you think this is a calves' head attachment? Now, don't say: "Of course, it is calves' head," because the enemy and I are concerned; and don't make any allusion to our being calves, for we are not. At any rate, I am not "in love" (pshaw!) now, whatever I may be going to be. I only enjoy his company very much, better than any other humanity I know at present.

"Worms have died, and men have eaten them, but not for love."

Echoing which sentiment, I remain, as yet, only yours,
HESTER LEWIS.

KATHIE, MY DEAR: Bring your wisdom to bear upon this matter, and tell me what it means. I certainly must have frightened the enemy. Would you believe it? He actually has not been here for ten days! Oh, dear! what a bore! What shall I do?

I know what I will do. Wait, and see what this new feature means. Ten days! Why, I

don't remember the time since I have known him when I have not seen him three or four times a week, at least. Now Harriet has come home it will rather spoil the fun. She will be the one too many, for she quarrels with Mr. Harris. That is my own prerogative, and she keeps her eye on me, which won't do at all.

Day before yesterday I was quite sick and worthless, and that was the extent of my capability. I recovered about half-past nine, when Mr. Harris came in. A little excitement is always good for indisposition. We were sitting in the hall—Fanny Green, Sarah Elliot, Hatty, and myself. The front door being open, he came up the steps, and spoke. I rose and went to the door to ask him to walk in.

He said he was passing, and it looked so tempting that he could not resist the temptation of walking in. He was right. It does look tempting in our hall at night. You know the winding stairs in the centre are pretty in themselves; then the pictures hung on the walls; and the graceful statues, whose pure whiteness is thrown out in strong relief against the dark walls; all go to make it attractive; and, then, when we four are there, what more can be asked? I always feel obliged to father for building this house so quaintly and pretty.

After which long digression I will give you an idea that struck me several times during those ten days in which he did not come near our house. You may take it for what it is worth; I just give it as it seemed to me it might be. When he had been here almost every day for two weeks, he did not *accidentally* stay away for ten days; he did it for some reason. Was that reason, that, after the conversation I reported to you—you got but a quarter of it—he tried to get away from whatever feeling he had, by keeping away from the cause of it? I would go nowhere all that time where I was likely to meet him; for I thought I would wait, and see how he would settle it alone. If this was a novel, really, instead of facts, that would undoubtedly, from the looks of things, be assigned as the cause of his peculiar conduct; and a little of the woman will peep out when I think that he could not accomplish it, and stepped back into his old traces with the best grace imaginable. Which, Kathie, even if I had not rather liked him, would have been amusing, now, wouldn't it?

We were all talking about that great picnic that is to come off; and I told him that he had better go, and I would furnish him with an excellent opportunity for his picnic amusement, making love; that she was a pretty little thing, and I would want no better fun than making love to her.

"Why, you promised that I should make love to you," he answered. "I do not want any one else, and have no idea of letting you off."

"But I did not promise that at all; I said, particularly, that I preferred the other style."

"No," he answered, "you promised me I should."

"Perhaps, Mr. Harris, you do not remember the conversation it led to?"

"What is it?" asked Hatty, who caught the last sentence. "You shall not talk mysterica."

There was a visible smile on the faces of the enemy and *enemess*.

There is one thing which, if it is intentional in him, shows a great deal of sense. I am always afraid of giving people credit for what they do not deserve. He only makes that style of remarks when there are people around, when we are alone in a crowd; you know that the jolliest kind of alone is when people may possibly hear. When we are all talking together, or when we are quite alone, he does not make any such remarks.

I have about come to the conclusion that the enemy is a consummate flirt, and I must say he does it to perfection, excellently! I sometimes think it cannot be flirting, and hitherto I haven't really flirted. But, just let me find out that he *really* is flirting, "only that and nothing more," then, if I do not join in the same sport, it will merely be because I cannot. I am now, where you were some time ago (are you so still? I never was till the last twenty-four hours), ready to meet the enemy on whatever grounds he may take, and hold my own bravely. That I'll do any way. If he is really flirting, he makes one or two mistakes that I cannot quite understand.

Next time the enemy and I meet there probably will be a quarrel. I rather need a thunder storm to cool off the atmosphere; it is too warm and affectionate. My icebergs and fanning do not have much effect; perhaps he sees through it. As you say, "He has not been to St. Petersburg and South America to come back as simple as a theological student;" and, if I may quote the great Orpheus (not the one of musical memory, but the historian of our late war, whose writings come nearest truth), "I believe you, my boy."

By the way, I have given you as much of my ideas of the subject as I knew myself, but there is no counting on those ideas for fifteen minutes. In the last forty-eight hours I have been in five distinct frames of mind as regards his lordship. I rest now, determined to meet him on his own grounds, *con amore*, no matter what they may be.

As they say in "Edwin Brothertoft," "We pondered and propounded, and finally concluded to let the enemy make the next move himself." I having made the same conclusion, it rests there; and I, putting the subject out of my mind, will rest elsewhere, bidding you good-night!

Yours, HESTER.

MY DEAR KATHIE: I have not written to you for some days, for so much has been occurring that I really have been unable to manage

it. I shall have to pick out for your edification some of the scraps of the past time, that you may know how your novel progresses.

The other night, it being wretchedly warm, I was sitting in the hall, *solus*. Mr. Harris, according to a little habit of his, came in and found me there. After talking some time, I tried a little strategy to this effect. Hatty, who had gone to pay a visit, would, I knew, soon be back, which would spoil sport; so I remarked that I was anxious to see Fanny Morris, so we would walk up there, and we started off. When we got there, we found Fanny and Mr. Eltin on the pavement, just going in search of some cool air. We, desiring some of the same article, joined the party. Our search carried us to the park—it was a glorious moonlight night—where we met a good many friends on the same errand that we were on.

While we were in the park, we were sitting on the fountain (not on top of it, as my remark would suggest, though that would have been a seat eminently suited to the "mean" tempera-
ture, but on the marble rim outside), and he spoke of two of the verses in a senseless poem I wrote him a few days before in answer to a still more senseless letter he wrote me.

"It was not fair or true, Miss Hester. You ought not to have said I was fickle and inconstant," he said, in an injured voice.

"Why, you told me yourself that you were as changeable as could be, and not constant to any one thing."

"Oh, no, Miss Hester, I did not say that. I said I was changeable about some things, but not about *that*. I am as constant as possible."

He spoke as if I had accused him of being inconstant to me, whereas nothing was farther from my thoughts than such an accusation, for he has been remarkably constant, wonderfully so. He seemed quite distressed at my having that opinion of him. Hypocrite or not a hypocrite, that is the question? I don't pretend to know.

As we were walking home, he was discouraging most glowingly of a very delightful time he had had the night before. I wanted to know the particulars, but he would not tell them. He said I would be shocked, and probably cut his acquaintance. Thereupon I took my hand out of his arm.

"Really, I do not like to be walking with dubious people. Let me know what you are—confessed rowdy or gentleman? Either, but I must know which."

"I think I prefer gentleman," he said, and motioned for me to take his arm again.

I took it, and we walked on.

Then he said: "I wish you had been with us; I think you would have been surprised and amused."

"I do not get surprised," I answered. "Oh, yes! I was surprised a little at an epithet applied to you the other day."

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"What was it? And who said it?"

"I will not tell you."

"Oh, yes! please do!"

"Well, I will tell you what it was, but not who said it; and you needn't try to guess, for you could not do it."

"What was it?"

"They called you a 'confounded flirt,' and I was surprised to think how appropriate the phrase was, how well it suited you."

"O Miss Hester, it is a slander. I don't flirt."

"O Mr. Harris, you do flirt, and you do it very well, indeed. Any one who doesn't know you very well might almost think you were in earnest. But you make two mistakes at which I am rather surprised."

"What are they?"

"Get some lady friend of yours to tell you."

"Are not you a lady friend of mine?"

"Yes, rather, but I will not tell you. I will not give you any more chance of doing mischief to the hearts of us poor, susceptible women." High sarcasm.

"I do not think you are afflicted with a susceptible heart," he answered.

"I should hope I was not," I laughed. "It would be 'neither gentlemanly nor remunerative.'"

"I never flirt with any one unless they meet me half way."

That was meant for a hit at me, but I coolly remarked: "Of course not; it isn't any fun to flirt with a dummy. But I expect you go three-quarters of the way, and the other party goes the other quarter. Certainly the many poor damsels whose hearts you are supposed to have broken did not go half way towards the consummation of that unhappy fate."

"If I do flirt," he broke in, quite indignantly, "you can't speak of the many; for I have flirted with but one person ever since I have been here, one alone."

I could have knocked him, but I didn't. Wasn't it good on me? The wretch! The idea of his telling me so plainly I was the only person he had flirted with! I could not think of anything to say, so I kept a deep silence; perhaps the best thing I could do, though it must have showed that I knew what he meant. But I could not ask who that one person was.

I will take good care to let him know that I do not flirt; that I never entertain anything but a calm friendship for any one, which will make him delightfully enraged—any mention of calm friendship always does.

"Life's a jest, and all things show it;

I thought so once, and now I know it."

Farewell, my dear Kathie!

Yours, HESTER LEWIS.

MY DEAR KATHIE: Don't say anything to me; I won't be spoken too. Things will do themselves, and you cannot help them. With

which lucid remarks as a heading, I'll proceed to tell you "what happened next."

The other night Fanny Morris, Mr. Eltin, and Mr. Harris were here, and for some time, of course, the conversation was general; but, finally, Fanny and Mr. Eltin rose to go, and Hatty went to the door with them. Mr. Harris and I were left alone in the parlor, standing under the gas. I have been wearing for some time an exquisite pearl ring, set in chased gold, a rich, antique-looking thing. As we were standing there under the gas, the glisten of the stone caught his eye.

"May I look at it?" he asked, and tried to take it off my finger.

I took it off, and handed it to him.

He looked at it, and said: "May I ask whose it is?" He was looking down at me with a questioning look.

"Isn't it pretty?" I asked, ignoring his question.

"Yes, very pretty. Whose is it?"

"I think the setting is so handsome!"

"Am I right in thinking it belongs to Doctor Leonard?" he asked, still looking down into my face.

"No, you are not," I answered, at last.

"Will you change with me?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Will you?" he repeated, very earnestly.

I was too much engaged in behaving myself to notice how intent he was, and answered, quite carelessly: "Yes, I would just as lieve as not."

"Will you, really?" he still more earnestly asked, as he took his ring off.

I answered by seeing which of my fingers it would fit.

Kathie, was I blind, deaf, dumb, and idiotic, not to see what I was doing? My only excuse is, that I had to behave myself, and it absorbed my mind. I did not care to refuse point blank, but I am afraid he takes it for "a tacit consent." He had better not. And, yet, at this present speaking, I have not the strength of mind to nip it in the bud, as I suppose I might do, so will follow my old plan.

"And after all the best thing one can do
When it is raining is—to let it rain."

That is, let things take their own course, and work out their own ends.

The next time I saw the enemy, after the ring affair, was at the Morris's, a little party they gave. I was an invalid, comparatively speaking, and sat in a corner out of the way of the dancers. I had Doctor Leonard, one of my distractions, very much in tow, so much so that, on entering the room, immediately after speaking to the family, he rushed up, and took the only available seat by me, where he sat the whole evening till he took me home.

There we sat in the corner; I, lying back in the chair, looking very pale and interesting, as
interested; Doctor Leonard leaning his

arms on the back of my big chair, and laughing and talking. Mr. Harris stood and watched us from the door. He would not come in, for the dancers occupied the floor. Of course, his being there only made me more interested in the conversation.

Presently he beckoned to me. I beckoned to him, then again devoted myself to Doctor Leonard, and, every now and then looking up, I would catch the enemy's eye, and give him a nod.

When the dance was over, he came in; and, passing by my chair, leaned over, and said: "Why didn't you come out there? We could have had such a nice talk."

Cool, wasn't it? The next time he passed me, I said, in a perfectly nonchalant manner: "When any one wants to talk to me, they can come and talk to me."

"Did it take you all this time to think of that?" he asked, provokingly.

"No, but I couldn't say it before."

Every now and then he would come up and speak to me, and out of the corner of my eye I caught his eyes over in our corner very often. Doctor Leonard was just the weapon I wanted—a smart, handsome, pleasant fellow to flirt with—for the enemy's benefit, to set off against *la belle Green*. I introduced the two gentlemen when the enemy first came up to speak to me. But last night, as I was speaking to him of how very charming Doctor Leonard was, how smart and agreeable, etc., he said, in a very impatient tone:—

"Who is Doctor Leonard?"

"He is a gentleman," I coolly answered. And, soon after, the doctor coming in, Mr. Harris spoke to him at once by name.

Pretty Adelaide Green (she is so pretty, with those light, floating curls, and those soft gray eyes!) was there. We were standing side by side, talking (I like to talk to her, she is so pretty), when I saw the soft gray eyes take an expression that made me follow them, and they rested, of course, on the first finger of my left hand, in which I happened to be holding my fan and gloves. I really had forgotten the ring for the time, or I would have put on my glove, or turned the setting in. But, when I saw she recognized it, it was too late to show consciousness, and, on the whole, I did not mind—in fact, I was glad she did know the ring, and I thought: "There is no danger of your telling any one that Hester Lewis is wearing Mr. Harris's ring," so I went on talking, and presently the gray eyes looked at me again—an amusing little episode.

The evening was ended by the enemy coming up, and asking: "Won't you let me take you home?"

"Thank you, I am engaged."

But, Kathie, I am not engaged, yet, but am,
as ever,
HESTER LEWIS.

August.

MY DEAR KATHIE: Isn't it a gay joke? Nobody suspects the state of affairs? Think of Fanny Morris telling me the other day that she was certain Mr. Harris was engaged to Adelaide Green, because the night before he was talking to her very seriously about going into business. He spoke of a mutual friend of theirs who had just gone into business, and said: "Now, he is engaged to be married, and it is so nice for him. It gives him something to work for and to look forward to, and it is so pleasant altogether," etc. From such remarks our dear Frances thinks he is engaged, or going to be, to Addie Green. "Her mother may not know it, but I am certain there is a tacit understanding between them," she says.

And there I sat, with his ring on my finger, quietly laughing to myself; for I am more certain than she is that, at this time, he is *not* engaged to Addie Green, although Friday night, at a little party there, things to an uninitiated eye did look otherwise.

I should have prepared myself for storms, and put on a waterproof, and worn a lightning rod; but I imagined it would be fair weather, and, by way of securing the same, I gave the enemy at the beginning a scene of flirting with Doctor Leonard. Once, while I was at the piano, playing for them to dance, Mr. Harris, who had, so far, been very moderate on the Green question, stood by, talking to me. He said something, on a question that I did not want to discuss, that rather annoyed me; and I put on the high dignity, and played all the more intently, giving directions to the dancers. Presently I said to him:—

"I want my ring."

He picked up his, which I had placed on the piano, so that I could play better, and handed it to me.

"No," I said to him, "I want my own."

"What do you mean?" he asked, stooping so that he brought his face on a level with mine.

"I simply mean that I want my own ring."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Yes, I am."

He looked at me a few moments; then, taking off my ring, he placed it on the piano, leaving his still there. As I finished playing, I took my ring and put it on, and rose to leave the piano.

"There is the other," he said, pointing to his, which was lying there.

"I do not want that."

"Don't you?"

"No."

"Very well," and he snatched it up, and, putting it on his finger, rushed to the other end of the room in his usual emphatic manner. He did not come near me again for some time, and I took good care to keep out of his way.

Once he was dancing the lancers with Jane

Green, which I knew was only a duty dodge; Doctor Leonard and I were standing close by in that most interesting of all places, the doorway—one leaning against one door post, one against the other, and laughing and talking in the most thrilling manner. Mr. Harris could see all, but couldn't hear any, and, of course, that did not make me more moderate. I caught several black looks. I felt comforted, for I knew that he was only doing duty, while I really was enjoying myself very much, for the doctor is charming.

After we had steered clear of each other for some time, I saw him coming towards me as a dance was forming. I was so afraid that a stupid man, with whom I was talking, would ask me to dance first, that I said something about feeling tired and not like dancing when he spoke of it. The enemy must have heard, and thought I meant it for him; for he was quite near, and suddenly turned right around in the most decided manner, and went back, and it was the last I saw of him that evening as far as acquaintance goes.

I hope he thought I meant it for him. We stood close together several times; but, for all the notice we took of each other, we might respectively have been seated comfortably on the North and South Poles, or the apex of nonentity, which I always imagine in the region of the South Pole. He incongruously flirted with the Green all the rest of the evening, as I did with Doctor Leonard.

And here's the joke that amused me in spite of myself. I was actually *mad*, and never thought, till I came home, that it is a bad rule that doesn't work both ways; and that he would have been a great stupid, if, seeing me flirt to the worst of my ability, he had stood and taken it, and not gone and done likewise. Why, I would have lost all respect for his *savoir vivre*, that I told him in one of our quarrels he didn't have, and knew he did.

I have only seen him once since—in church with Fanny Morris. We bowed. By the way, do you appreciate the fun of having an unsuspecting spy, Fanny Morris, in the camp? It is gay. For, do what I will, she will talk of the enemy; and, of course, I don't violently object, so long as I do not have to start the subject. What falsehoods society makes us live!

If I may again quote the illustrious Orpheus, I would say: "The end approaches, my boy, but which end I cannot say." I don't think anybody could safely say, for, whatever they said, they would be likely to be mistaken.

I wish you were here; it is such a bore to write all this, and, yet, I want you to know it. When will I see you again? It does seem such an age since we met. I am becoming sentimental, in my dotage; so, I think, it is time for me to stop, as sentimental people are always stupid.

I don't think this is the real turtle soup; it is the calves' head imitation.

Yours, dubiously, HESTER LEWIS.

September 4th.

MY DEAR KATHIE: I stop in the middle of packing my trunk, which, you know, is necessarily confusion worse confounded, to write you a hurried note, knowing you will be anxious to hear.

The end has come, and—his lordship, the enemy, to the contrary notwithstanding—I really was intensely surprised. When I last wrote to you, I suggested that the affairs of state must come to an end soon, for we were both behaving in such an idiotic state that I knew it could not last.

Minnie Lewis has been with us for so long that she knew about the state of affairs, and kept her eyes on both of us. I thought, after the last evening we spent together, that it would be some time before he came near me again. What, therefore, was my surprise to see him evening before last walk into the parlor with the most agreeable air? I rose to receive him, making some utterly commonplace remark. He bowed to the rest of the people, the usual crowd.

"Won't you come over where the rest are?" I asked.

"No, I don't care to," he answered, and took a seat on the sofa.

I was quite used to his tricks and his manners, so I sat down on the sofa, and we talked for some time about matters and things in general. Whenever a stop threatened to come, I hurried to make some remark before it could become a fully developed pause. But it was no use. He was in such a jovial frame of mind that he was bound to be "spoony." He finished up some remark he was making with:—

"Don't you think so, Hester?"

I won't tolerate that; I never would. Once or twice he has called me by my name, and it enrages me. In this case it was too much like weak-minded novels, where the hero declares his affection for the heroine by, in a thrilling voice, calling her by her first name. So, though I did think so, I answered, dryly: "No, I don't;" and, rising from the sofa, went over to where the rest were sitting around the table, and took my seat with them, leaving him to take care of himself, which he did by coming over and taking a seat by me at the table.

Then things went on quietly for some time. We were all in a high gale, laughing, and talking, and enjoying ourselves generally. Presently under the table he handed me a letter. I, being used to his scribbling propensities, quietly put it in my pocket, and laughed a little. Presently he wrote on a slip of paper, and handed it to me:—

"That is for your benefit alone, no one else."

Had told me some weeks before that he

was going to refute my accusation of fickleness, so I supposed this was the refutation. I had occasion to go to my room for a moment. While there I took the letter out of my pocket, opened it, and read the first line and the last. I did not dare to read any more; for I knew, if I was away long, that he would think I had read it, so I hurried back to the parlor. Minnie said that she noticed several times during the evening that he seemed embarrassed and ill at ease, and that his gayety seemed a little forced.

At last he went. Then I rushed up stairs, and read the thing. I don't know whether I was most mad, most amused, or what. I went down in the parlor again; and, when we came up to bed, I asked Hatty to sleep up stairs, as Minnie and I had some business to transact. When we had finally made all our arrangements for the night, except the last one, retiring, I, of course, showed Minnie the letter. Then we discussed it largely.

"Minnie, I am perfectly indignant. If the man means that for a joke, it is a very unsuitable one. If he is in earnest, it is an unsuitable manner of telling it. Anyway you can fix it, I am mad. He should have had more sense than to write me such a thing. What did possess him?"

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," which is the only reason I can see," suggested Minnie, consolingly. "But perhaps he is in earnest."

"Perhaps he isn't. Perhaps he has written the same thing to twenty-five women before, and will write it to twenty-five more, if he ever gets a chance, the same in substance if not in form."

"Well, my dear, you should consider it an honor to be one of them."

"I do not; I am furious!"

"Calm your excited spirits. Children should not meddle with sharp-edged tools. Though, really now, Hester, I believe he is in earnest. He behaved so queerly this evening that I continually wondered what was on the carpet, and was not much surprised when you showed me that letter."

"Then, if he was in earnest, his method of showing it was, to say the least of it, undignified, and unsuitable to the subject in hand."

"Perhaps, then, he was in joke," kindly suggested my dear Cousin Minnie.

"Then," answered I, "he should have known that I did not like such jokes, and would not appreciate them. I thought that he had better sense. I shall take no notice of this whatever; it is the only way to treat it." After which decision we went to bed.

I was taken yesterday with a violent desire to see my dear sister Nellie and brother Harry, also the young Philistines, Hal and Ellie. I placed it in a strong light before mother and father that it really was too bad that Nell, delicate as she was, should have the worry of

those children, now that they are convalescent, and, as Hatty could not be spared, it really was my duty to go to help her.

Fortunately they were easily convinced, and I leave this evening. I gave orders to the servants that I was very much occupied, and could see no one, so I did not see the enemy last night when he called. What a goose he was to spoil sport in that manner! That is all I have to say for or against him. If I was carving his tombstone, I am quite certain that, like the carver, I would not have room for the whole, "Let him rest in peace."

Summer is over; its amusements are gone. Autumn has come; there is no knowing what it will bring to me. Following my usual habits, I will wait and see.

I am meditating two advertisements for the newspapers. The first: Lost—a flirtation. The finder may have it, it being worthless to the owner. The second: Wanted—another. None but those highly recommended by their former owner need apply. The best references given and required.

My trunk is calling loudly for me, so I must bid you, for the present, a loving farewell!

Still yours, HESTER LEWIS.

P. S. No one knows these circumstances but you, Minnie, and Mr. Harris. You and Minnie won't mention it, I know.

May.

MANY strange things happen in this wicked world, my dear Kathie, so my renewing the subject, long forgotten, of the enemy will hardly surprise you.

I went the other evening with Fanny Morris to see Belle Taylor. While we were sitting talking, the bell rang, and Mr. Harris walked in and took a seat among us. Fanny was talking to Belle, so it fell to my share to talk to the enemy. After some spotty conversation, he said:—

"I was rummaging among some papers to-day, and I found this," and he opened his pocket-book, and handed me a paper.

I unfolded and looked at it. You will hardly believe it, but it was a rough copy of that letter he handed me last autumn. I really was surprised, too surprised to be as indignant as I was afterwards. I looked at it, and saw some of it crossed out, and a different version put above. As cool as the centre seed of a cucumber, I pointed to the original writing, and said:—

"I think that is better than the second; you should have left it as it was." Then, handing it back to him, I added: "There! take it. You can make your fortune selling it for waste paper, the only thing it is fit for. How many have you copied it for since, and how many before? Do tell me!"

He declined to answer, and, from his manner, I rather fancy that I had the best of that.

What possessed him to show it to me? I really cannot conceive. Was it mischief, or pure iniquity (if one can use such a phrase), or perhaps a desire to prove to me that he had quite recovered from any little weakness incidental to the writing of it? I do not know, I am sure.

As he was walking home with me, after leaving Fanny at her house, I congratulated him, in most thrilling terms, on his engagement to Belle Taylor; told him that it was the best thing that could happen to him, etc. etc.

He was very much provoked that I knew it, for he thought it was a profound secret. But I consoled him by telling him that my knowing it made no difference, and that I had only heard sixteen other people speak of it.

People are so much like ostriches. Why can't they appreciate the fact that, though their head is hid, the rest of them isn't, necessarily? Oh! there is Doctor Leonard's carriage at the door. I must stop at once. To answer your question, I assure you I am not flirting with him. I wouldn't do such a thing, really.

Don't you believe it? Wait, then, and I will prove it shortly, for the happy day is close at hand when I shall subscribe myself no longer, yours, Hester Lewis, but

MRS. DR. LEONARD.

STELLA.

BY WORTHINGTON FOSTER.

PRETTY, laughing little Stella,
Art thou not some witching fay,
Stolen from the sighing forest,
While with sportive elves at play?

When the elfin sprites at sunset
Crowned with changing rays their queen,
She, with garlands bathed in brightness,
Wreathed thy hair in golden sheen.

Wandering fays found snow-flakes straying
'Mid Aurora's silver light;
These they brought in alabaster
For thy forehead's perfect white.

Others caught two starry brilliants
In the skies of Paradise,
Hastened home, and bade their captives
Twinkle ever in thine eyes.

Once a loving evening zephyr
Kissed a rose-bud, and the flush,
Which o'erspread her maiden petals,
Now is thy soft, conscious blush.

Silly dewdrops, bearing honey,
Strayed too near the thistle tips;
Fairies caught their blood ambrosial
For the nectar of thy lips.

All thy little fairy lovers
Brought from forest, sea, and air
Beauties brightest, gems the rarest,
Crowned thee, "Fairest of the fair."

Stella! they my heart have stolen,
And with thee have left the prize;
Keep it, love, but bid thy star-eyes
Twinkle in our paradise.

CUI BONO?

BY ONE-THIRD.

"I'm going to Italy next week."

"Raly?"

"I want to know!"

"Well, I never!"

"Who do you think you are?"

Over which confused babel of voices suddenly towered a child's cry, bitterly lamenting, "Molly's ant go and leave Sody; Sody 'll bawl."

And Sody *did* bawl forthwith, in a most heart-rending manner. Sody, aged three, ruled the household with a rod of iron, and his wail of distress immediately silenced the astonished group. Grandma devoted herself to the dropped stitches in her stocking; Aunt Nan started for the box of maple sugar with intent to pacify, and Molly, taking the young tyrant on her lap, rocked vigorously back and forth, consoling him with unlimited promises and kisses.

"Now that unmitigated is quiet, tell a fellow what you mean by coming in and announcing that you are going to the ends of the earth. If you'd only take Euclid and the rest of these superannuated old boobies with you, you might go to Jerusalem and welcome."

Loquitur Tom, cousin to Molly aforesaid, who having just entered the grammar school, sat with a pile of ponderous volumes before him, getting at his lessons for Monday, and mentally execrating the shades of antiquity.

"Grandma," said Molly, quietly ignoring Tom's irreverent observation, "Judge Selden has been offered the consulate at Venice, and proposes to take me as governess for Louise and Annie, if I can be ready to go next week. You don't object? This last in a half inquiring tone, which yet implied that objection would be of little use.

Grandma's quiet "Do as you think best, child," was entirely lost in Aunt Nan's sharp accents:—

"Molly Smith, it is the height of folly for you to leave New Haven and go tearing off in a wild-goose chase with those stuck-up Seldens. Ten to one they'll treat you like a nursery-maid, and dismiss you before you've been with them six months. I heard last night that you were going with them, but I declare and protest I thought you had more sense."

Want of breath, not words, wound up her harangue. Sody began to wail again: "Molly stay—Will, make Molly stay with Sody."

A new text for the rebuking aunt. "Molly," she said, in the tone of one who has found an unanswerable argument, "what does Will say? Is he willing that you should go off in this style?"

A slight flush on Molly's cheek; brown lashes drooped over her eyes as she answered: "He says that I may go."

"I've nothing more to say. Will you put that child in the crib, and get your summer

dress down from the garret? I suppose if you must go, we'll have to get you ready somehow."

Aunt Nan sighed, as Molly ran lightly up stairs; Grandma wiped her spectacles; and Tom suddenly whistled: "Meet me in the lane, love," his usual panacea in time of low spirits.

Will Scranton sat in his office reading law. Perhaps, but photographs on ivory, lovely though they are, do not materially assist one in perusing the musty pages of Blackstone or Chitty. Biography being a decided nuisance, we will have as little of it as may be; nevertheless this much must be told.

This handsome young lawyer, belonging to one of the "best families" in aristocratic New Haven, had for some years been in search of a wife. His search was conducted after the manner of Cælebs, and it was exceedingly funny that one who sought a pattern of perfection "dressed in every creature best," a model of classic beauty, with the wisdom of Minerva joined to the beauty of Venus, should be led captive at last by plain Molly Smith. Just a rather pretty school-teacher, with no great amount of talent or education, at least not more than dozens of young ladies whom the fastidious gentleman had known. Moreover his parents objected decidedly to his marrying a school-teacher, and planned a match with Ida Brener, whose father had once been a shoemaker, but having made a fortune through the government, built a splendid home on Hill-house Avenue, and set up a coat of arms.

And one night, after a skating frolic on Lake Sattenstall, as they walked home together in the moonlight, Molly told her lover very firmly and quietly that she would never marry him until his parents welcomed her to their home as a daughter, and released him from all obligations to her. Will disapproved of her conclusions, and settled the question by a decided statement that he would wait as long as Jacob waited; but as for giving up because his father had taken a foolish whim into his head, he'd none of it. And so the diamond remained on Molly's finger, and when she met Ida Brener trailing her costly silks through the mud of Chapel Street, she laughed slyly to herself at the supercilious frown with which Mademoiselle, the cobbler's daughter, swept by "that poor school-teacher."

When the plan of going abroad was proposed to Will, he vetoed the whole thing; declared Molly should never see Venice until she was Mrs. Scranton, and threatened to see Judge Selden, and forbid the thing on his own account. Whereat Molly laughed, but remained firm, and after much coaxing won the day.

As I have already remarked, Will Scranton sat in his office. Enter Tom, muddy cap on head, muddy boots under arm, muddy hands grasping a paper of butter-scotch. "Molly's

going in Wednesday's steamer, so she's going down on the boat to-night, and she says will you come up to tea right away? Have some butter-scotch? Its prime."

Breathless with climbing up the stairs, Tom's speech was not remarkably coherent, and Will looked at him a moment in wonder; then, as the meaning of the words forced itself upon his bewildered mind, accepted the invitation, declined the butter-scotch, and sent Tom rejoicing home.

This last evening was miserably forlorn. Aunt Nan, tired and cross, was packing Molly's trunks, and scolding with great energy, up stairs. Grandma was vainly trying to soothe poor Sody to sleep, and his wails sounded faintly from the nursery, forming a sad undertone to Tom's persistent whistling. Molly's long lashes drooped suspiciously over the blue eyes, as she stitched rapidly on a gayly-covered ball, destined to pacify Sody on the morrow; and Will sat by the window, and watched the elm-trees bending in the wind and rain, with a queer choked feeling in his throat.

Evidently oblivious of a grand party at Ida Brenner's, he took Molly to the boat; and, when she thought him far up Chapel Street, suddenly reappeared, booked for New York.

"Pouring rain and sweeping wind" made New York seem dirtier than usual, even, the next day, as Judge Selden's party rode through innumerable streets to the pier where the Queen waited for passengers.

As New Haven clocks struck five, and crowds of students were hastening to recitation, Molly stood on the deck "outward bound," far down the harbor, and looked out wistfully to catch the last glimpse of New York through mist and rain.

And Will, looking mentally and physically exhausted, read "the latest news from the front" as he would have perused a dispatch from Borriaboolah Gah—anything to divert his thoughts from the white face and sad eyes that haunted him as the train sped onward.

Christmas Eve in Venice. Heavy mists hung over the gondolas wearily gliding through the twilight. All sounds—the voices in the Piazza di San Marco, the dip of oars, and the single bell slowly tolling for vespers—were muffled and faint in the murky, heavy air.

In one of the tallest and most gloomy of the decayed palaces overhanging the grand canal Judge Selden's family had been since May domesticated. And Molly, thinner and paler than of old, instead of dressing for dinner, as she should have done at this hour, sat in the arched window, looking down at the dark, sleepy water where it crept under the Rialto Bridge. Her thoughts were with her heart, and that was far away. Instead of the gray overhanging walls and black gondolas, she saw clearly the tall elms shadowing the college

green; not, as they stood in the December air, drooping under the ever-falling snow; but, as she had last seen them in the April twilight, faintly green. A sudden knock at the door startled her from the pretty picture, and, coloring slightly, she rose and began her dressing before opening the door.

In rushed Annie Selden, followed by "Victor Immanuel," her special friend and companion, a big-headed, blundering little puppy. "Miss Smith, will you go to church with us to-night? Mamma has a headache, and papa says he can't be bothered, and Aunt Susy won't go unless *you* will, and Louise and I do want to so much! Won't you, please? We'll have all our lessons *perfect* to-morrow *sure*, and I won't ask to have Victor come in the room *once*. Ah, now, please do say yes!"

Molly hesitated a minute. Tired and lonely, the thought of going out was anything but agreeable; but Annie's appealing face moved her, and she consented to accompany the children.

Half-wild with delight, Annie darted off, closely followed by her familiar, to announce the joyful news.

At the dinner-table Judge Selden remarked that their usual gondolier was ill, and he had engaged another boat for the evening. Accordingly, there appeared at the foot of the stairs a much dingier gondola than usual, with a boatman muffled in an old cloak after the manner of pirates in the old style novel.

"I don't like that man," said Louise to Molly, as they left the boat at the piazza. "Do take another gondola home, Miss Smith!"

Molly shared in the aversion; and, after the long service was over, and they returned to the steps, proposed engaging another boat.

"Aunt Susy," a young lady of uncertain age and most deplorably certain temper, would not consent to this; but, frightened at the idea of hiring a stranger, insisted upon returning as they came.

Too tired to dispute the matter, Molly yielded; and they sat down in the dirty, ill-smelling boat, very glad to reach their own stairs in safety.

As their ragged gondolier received his fee, his cloak fell back, disclosing a face marked and scarred as with recent disorder. Molly shivered at the sight, and all the household joined in her terror. Only Judge Selden stoutly declared that the faint light must have misled her; he didn't see any scars. And after a day or two Molly's fears vanished.

The usual round of lessons and sight-seeing went on for a few days, then the beautiful twin sisters sickened together. The Italian physician shook his head gravely; it was malignant smallpox. And, on learning that, all the servants fled in horror, excepting the faithful old Scotch Maggie, who had nursed Mrs. Selden in her lap, and loved the twins as if

they had been her own. Miss Susy Selden, frightened out of the small amount of sense given her by nature, packed her trunks, and started for Paris, without a farewell to any one.

Mrs. Selden hung in agony over the bed of her darlings, and Molly and Maggie toiled night and day.

"I'll no leave ye, my bairns," wept the faithful nurse. "Please God, ye'll win through more dangers than this safely!"

But Annie, more delicate than her sister, closed her eyes wearily at dusk, and never opened them. Louise, after days of pain, slowly recovered, her fair beauty gone forever. With returning health came an intense longing for home and a dislike to all her surroundings, which daily grew stronger. With her face buried in the pillow, she lay and wept for hours, only stirring to look at Annie's picture, or caress Annie's little dog.

The kind-hearted physician strongly advised them to take *la portina* home as soon as she was able to sit up; and, a council of war being called, Judge Selden requested Molly to undertake the charge with Maggie's aid. Mrs. Selden was not able to move, and dreaded leaving the little grave in a quiet corner of the stranger's ground.

Louise grew strong very fast when she learned that she might soon see New Haven again; and the last week of March saw them at Brest, tired with their rapid journey, but delighted with the prospect of soon reaching New York.

March winds blew, and March rains poured, but the Cumberland steadily kept on her course, until a few more hours would bring her in sight of land. The first days of sea-sick languor over, Louise improved rapidly, and Molly was left free to follow her own devices, while Maggie anticipated every want of her sick darling.

Molly had escaped illness, and was rapidly nearing home, and yet her heart was very sad. Why, she could not tell. Letters from home had been regular and always cheerful, and she knew no cause for the blank depression that would creep over her whenever she sat alone. As she stood looking over the waste of waters, reddened with the sunset light, the captain passed her, saying: "If all goes right, we'll be in by to-morrow night."

She shivered from head to foot.

"Miss, what ails you? White and cold baith you are," said Maggie, coming to her side.

"I don't know; perhaps I am tired," answered Molly, wearily.

"Don't be downhearted, *now*, dear bairn, when you're nearly there. Miss Louise says the surgeon told her he had a file of *Heralds*, and she says will you please procure them for her."

Molly and Maggie went back to her post.

Molly easily obtained the papers, and left

Louise reading eagerly every advertisement in the well-worn paper to go and pace the deck. A sudden disturbance roused her from dreams of home. The stewardess rushing across the deck, with white face and dilated eyes, crying "Fire!" in a feeble, gasping tone.

With one spring the captain caught her, and commanded utter silence. Then he sent Molly, seeing her calmness, to bring the passengers in the ladies' cabin up stairs. Wondering what the captain wanted, they hastily thronged the deck; and, leaving him to enlighten them, Molly sought Louise, still absorbed in *Heralds*.

She looked up with a laugh as Molly approached her. "Miss Smith," she exclaimed, eagerly, "do you know Will Scranton? He was one of papa's students in New Haven, and he's married Ida Brener, that horrid fat girl out on Hillhouse Avenue, you know. Her father used to mend shoes."

Molly grasped the month's old paper. In the list of marriages it stood, unmistakable: "At the Center Church, by the Rev. Dr. Pardee, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Bacon, William C. Scranton to Ida, eldest daughter of Jothan Brener, Esq."

For one instant Molly stood racked with agony; the next, remembering their danger, she gently told Louise, and raising her from the sofa, bore her up to the deck herself.

For long hours the vessel drifted onward, while the shut-in flames burned slowly. As last as the decks grew hot, boats were launched, and one by one the passengers were lowered. There was no shrieking—only now and then a stifled sob as hastily those parted who might never meet. Louise lay senseless in Maggie's arms, and Molly crouched by the railing in stupid agony. Clear and vivid before her longing eyes rose the familiar streets; the white cottage where grandma and Aunt Nan were sitting and thinking of her; the low walls of the grammar school, and Tom's window, whence he daily at recess waved his handkerchief to her; the cemetery where slept her mother and little sister; she saw all their faces distinctly; Sody's soft arms were round her neck, his curls blinding her, his sweet voice begging Molly to "sing 'bout the Moolly cow," then Tom's book was thrown into her lap, while he begged her "to translate just that one line, and tell a fellow what 'Quos Ego' meant, standing all alone by itself."

Aunt Nan calling, "Come, uncle, Will is at the gate." And Will's arms round her, her head resting wearily on his shoulder as they sat together in the arbor.

With a shiver of pain she started from the stupor, and saw again the low gray sky hanging over the ocean. The mute witness to Will's treachery lay at her feet, and as her eye fell on it a wave of recollection swept over her until she was breathless with agony.

The captain called harshly; already the deck

was hot under her feet, and she followed Maggie like one in a dream.

Maggie and Louisa were safe in the boat.

How it happened no one could ever tell, that Molly let go her hold and sank into the water, never to rise. The Arago made her appearance just in time to pick up the exhausted boat loads, and take them safely into the harbor.

"Will," said Ida Scranton, walking into her husband's office: "That old flame of yours, Molly Smith, you know, was drowned when the Cumberland was burned last week; sad, isn't it? Are you almost ready for that concert? I want to be there early."

Will Scranton's face was whiter than marble, and he sat motionless, as if turned to stone. He *had* a heart after all? Perhaps—I do not know. Only a white face, with sad blue eyes, haunted him for months, until he longed to die to be rid of it.

And Ida Scranton, having attained her highest point of desire, shone triumphant.

HEBE'S CUP.

BY JOHN S. REID.

APELLES* set thy easel up,
And bring thy richest tints and hues,
And paint me Hebe's golden cup,
With all thy art, thy soul infuse.
Fill high the bowl with Naxos wine,
From vintage of the days of yore,
The tear-drops of the purple river,
Which blooms upon the Ægean shore;
And we will drink to love and joy,
While rich libations freely flow;
The toast be Paphos' rosy boy,
The archer with the silver bow.
And we will sing the songs to night,
We gayly sang in Cyprus grove;
Ours be the goblet beaming bright,
And ours the sweetest dreams of love.
In dew that drops from Phæbus' wings,
We'll pass the golden hours away,
And drink until the matin sings,
Her song of love at dawn of day.

Oh, no! to-night my soul is sad,
I will not drink love's bacchant cup;
Let those whose hearts with joy are glad,
Drink all the glowing nectar up;
But you must paint me H—'s form,
The maiden whom I lov'd so well,
Whose smile was as the beam of morn,
Whose voice was sweet as silver bell.
But, painter, mark! inscribe no name
Upon this choicest work of art.
From love conceal'd the tender flame
From H—'s eyes and throbbing heart.
Yet she was kind as woodland dove,
And pure as pearl of Ossian's Sea,
And though we never talked of love,
I knew her heart was warm to me.
Then, painter, draw her portrait true,
With all the grace of light and shade,
When hope was bright and life was new,
And she a young and spotless maid.

* Apelles was one of the most celebrated painters of Greece, and flourished about 350 B. C.

Her hair must be the darkling gold,
Rich braided o'er a brow of snow,
And from the rose's earmine fold,
Her cheek must steal the softest glow.
Her eye so sweet, the finest shade
Must veil the light that sparkles there,
And drooping like a vestal maid,
Unconscious of her beauty rare.
And arching must her eyebrows be,
As if the swallow's velvet wing
Lay o'er each lid in crescent free;
Her smile must be the smile of spring;
Her pouting lips the ruby's hue,
As if provoking love's desire;
So rich and soft, as moist with dew,
Yet glowing with the purest fire.
Her chin portray with all thy skill,
So white and round with dimple rare;
And scatter blushes at thy will,
From ruby lip to forehead fair.

Her neck the iv'ry's polish'd bow,
So graceful, swan-like in its mould,
Uprising from her breast of snow,
Too sacred almost to behold.
And if thou canst with all thy art
Portray those flowers of purest bliss,
Which softly shade her guileless heart,
Blushing in all their loveliness;
Then try thy skill, but oh, beware.
The lily's leaf is not so pure,
The dew-drop on the violet fair,
Can ruder winds than it endure.
The fragrance of the blooming thorn,
The snowy wreath on mountain gray,
The fleecy cloud at rosy morn,
Tinged with the purple's glowing ray,
Though each and all in one were pressed,
In purest, richest, softest line,
They would not match her glowing breast,
Love's sweetest, dearest, holiest shrine.

Then hold thy hand, nor dare unvell
This Eden of her spotless heart;
I know thy finest skill will fail,
And poor will be thy pencil's art.
But paint me Hebe's golden cup,
Which held the god's ambrosial wine,
Well known as Jove's Olympian cup,
When Love and Bacchus reigned divine;
And wreath the stem with fruits and flowers
Of ripest hue and vermeil dye,
In memory of those golden hours,
Ere Hebe blushed and lost the sky.
And I will dream of days of old,
When life and love were young and free,
And H—'s locks of brown and gold,
By zephyrs sweet were kissed for me.
For save one braid of silken hair,
Bedewed with memory's silent tears,
Naught now remains of one so fair,
Beloved by me in former years.

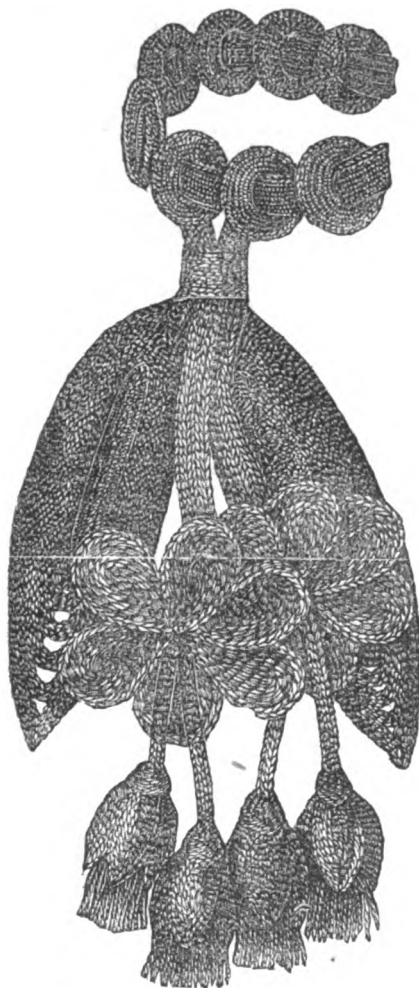
HE who calls in the aid of an equal understanding, doubles his own; and he who profits by a superior understanding, raises his powers to a level with the height of the superior understanding he unites with.—*Burke*.

THE three indispensables of genius are understanding, feeling, and perseverance. The three things that enrich genius are contentment of mind, the cherishing of good thoughts, and exercising the memory.—*Southey*.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

CROCHET CURTAIN-HOLDER.

THIS curtain-holder is worked with crochet cotton. Begin to work that part of the holder which is fastened round the curtain. Make a sufficiently long foundation chain for the string on which the circles are drawn, and work on this chain, over thick soft cotton, 7 rows of double stitch. After the 2d row always insert



the needle into the 2 upper chain. For each circle work as in the 1st round over cotton 42 double stitches, join the stitches into a circle; draw the cotton over which you have worked a little tight, so that the stitches lie close to each other, and that the size of the circle corresponds to the width of the crochet string. On this round work 4 rounds of double stitch, al-

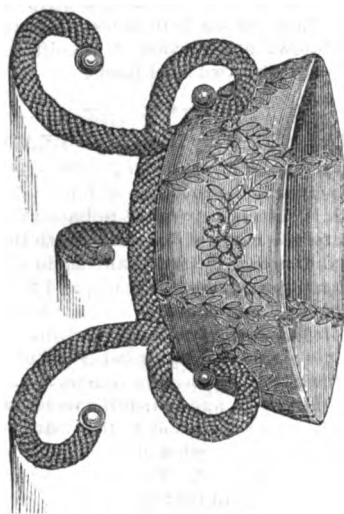
ways inserting the needle into both upper chain. Increase in such a manner that the circles keep perfectly flat. They are then drawn on the crochet strip, and sewn fast. The branch of the curtain-holder consists of crochet flowers and leaves. Begin with one of the long leaves in the centre, make a foundation chain of 20 stitches, miss the last, and work on both sides of the foundation chain—that is, in rounds—2 rounds of double stitch over cotton. Increase sufficiently at both ends of the leaf. When the 2d round of double stitch is completed, cut off the cotton over which you work, turn the work so that the wrong side of the leaf lies uppermost, and work from left to right 4 rounds of slip stitch, always inserting the needle into back chain. At both ends, stem and point of the leaf, work twice 1 chain in the first 3 rounds on each side of the middle stitch after a space of 2 slip stitches between; in the middle stitch work 2 slip stitches divided by 1 chain. For the 4th round of slip stitch work 3 chain at that end of the leaf which is meant for the point, miss the middle stitch, and increase at the upper end, as has just been described. The increases at this end take place in the same manner till the leaf is completed. At the point of the leaf work an extra row, which is worked on the 8 stitches of each side of the middle stitch; then work 1 round all round the leaf, working 5 chain into the point, and missing under the same 2 stitches of the preceding round; then work again an extra row like the preceding one; then another one, which begins and finishes at about 12 stitches from the upper end. At the point of the leaf work 5 chain, missing under them the 3 middle stitches of the preceding round. Work another extra row on the 6 stitches on both sides of the middle stitch of the last extra row. Work 6 chain at the point, missing the 3 middle stitches of the preceding row. The next extra row is worked on the 4th stitch from the beginning of the last longest extra row; then work 1 round all round the leaf, working 2 double divided by 2 chain in the middle stitch at the point of the leaf. Begin the stem in this round at about 3 stitches from the upper end of the leaf. For this make a foundation chain of 16 stitches after the last stitch; work backwards and forwards 7 rows of slip stitches, always fastening one stitch at the end of one row on to the upper end of the leaf, and turning the work. Work one round of stitches all round the leaf and the stem; the leaf is then completed. The wrong side of the leaf is the right side of the work. The 2d leaf is worked in the same manner. For the flowers work each of the petals separately. Begin in the centre of one petal with a foundation chain

of 5 stitches; miss the last, and work all round the foundation chain from right to left 7 rounds of slip stitches; at the lower pointed end of the petal work in the middle stitch of every round 2 slip stitches divided by 1 chain; at the other round end work 2 or 3 times 1 chain, leaving spaces of 1 or 2 stitches between. The middle one of the 3 upper petals, as well as the middle one of the 3 lower ones, is slanted off at the lower side. To obtain this work in the 5th round of slip stitches always 1 chain at the place of the 2 slip stitches, divided by 1 chain stitch worked on both sides of the middle stitch at the lower point. These chain stitches come forward in the next 2 rounds, and are placed, therefore, before the chain stitch of the preceding round, where a slip stitch must be worked. All the petals forming one flower are then sewn together from illustration; the stem of each flower consists of a double foundation chain, on the lower side of which work a row of slip stitches. The stems of the blossoms are worked in the same manner. These blossoms consist of a thick bunch of thread, which is surrounded by 4 leaves, forming a cup. Each leaf begins in the centre with 7 chain; miss the last, and work all round the foundation chain 6 rounds of slip stitches, increasing sufficiently to keep the leaf flat. For the pointed end of the leaf work here also 2 slip stitches divided by 1 chain stitch in 1 stitch; at the lower end, where the leaf is square, work in every round 1 chain stitch before and after the middle stitch. In the following round these chain stitches are worked before and after those of the preceding round, working 1 slip stitch in the chain stitch of the preceding round. When 4 such leaves are completed, join them together by a row of double stitch worked on the edges of the leaves. Then work 4 rounds on these, closing the cup by decreasing gradually. The different parts and branches are sewn together from illustration, and joined on to the crochet cord and circles.

JEWEL-STAND.

THIS jewel-stand consists of a cup made of card-board, covered with maize-colored silk, which latter is ornamented with point russe embroidery of brown silk. The stand on which the cup is fastened is made of wire, covered with crystal beads; it forms a circle and three feet. For the circle take a piece of wire six and two-fifths inches long joined into a circle; cover it closely with cotton, fastening at the same time the feet, which must be placed at equal distances from each other; each foot consists of a piece of wire six and two-fifths inches long, the ends of which, on which small crystal buttons are fastened, are turned back two-fifths of an inch; then cover the circle and feet with crystal beads, threaded on cotton. The cup consists of six pieces of card-board; each part

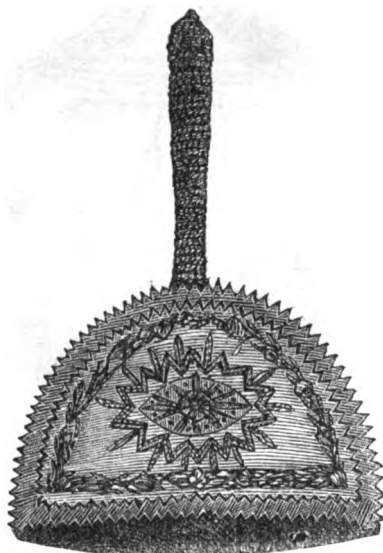
is covered on both sides with maize-colored *glacé* silk; the outer side of each part is previously worked in point russe embroidery with brown silk; the different parts are then sewn



together on the wrong side with overcast stitch; along the seams work an embroidery pattern in point russe, as can be seen in illustration; lastly, fasten the cup on the stand.

EMBROIDERED PEN-WIPER.

THIS pen-wiper consists of a piece of white cloth, of the shape seen in illustration, to be



lined with card-board. The cloth is ornamented with embroidery. The card-board must be covered on the other side with black cloth. A pinked-out strip of black cloth is box-plaited

and sewn on the inside of the card-board, as can be seen in illustration. The handle of the pen-wiper is made of wire, covered with crystal beads, threaded on wool or silk. Lastly, edge the white cloth all round with a strip of red cloth, pinked out on both sides; this strip is fastened down at intervals of one-fifth of an inch always with two steel beads.

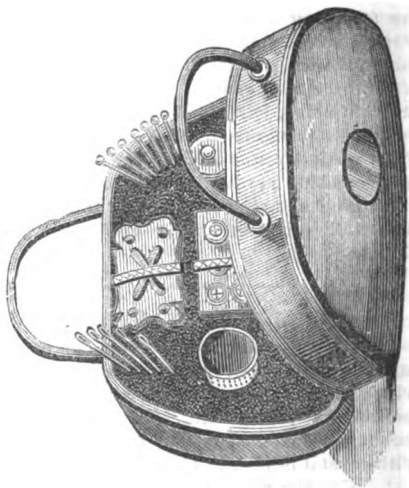
WHAT-NOT OF SILK AND BEADS.

THIS what-not is meant for keeping odd articles lying about the room, or also for a duster, which it is always convenient to have at hand. Our pattern is made of blue silk; both the circles and the bars between are made of perforated card-board, crystal beads, and filoselle. The back part is made of thick card-board; it is ten inches high, ten and two-fifths inches wide; it is slanted off towards the bottom, and pointed at the top, as seen in illustration. The bottom part is six and four-fifths inches wide; its length must correspond to the width of the back part. It is rounded off according to the shape of the what-not. For the front part cut a piece of card-board four inches high, fourteen and two-fifths inches wide; it must be slanted off towards the lower edge, so as to be only twelve and four-fifths inches wide. All these pieces are first covered with gauze; the back and bottom part are covered on the outside with blue glazed calico, and on the inside with

back part. Then cut the different parts for ornamenting the front in perforated card-board. The Vandykes at the upper and lower edge are cut in one piece with the circles and bars. In our pattern each circle is one inch and one-fifth wide, each bar one inch and three-fifths high, and three-fifths of an inch wide. The bars are edged at the sides with buttonhole stitch of blue filoselle, and then covered in the long way with six rows of crystal beads. The circles are likewise covered with a plaited pattern of crystal beads. The bars between the circle consist of three rows of beads lying close to each other, and crossing each other in the manner seen in illustration. The space between the bars is covered with cross-stitches of blue filoselle. The circles are also edged with buttonhole stitch of blue silk on the inner edge; the remaining Vandykes of the perforated card-board are likewise covered with buttonhole stitch. When the trimming is completed, sew on a bouillon of blue silk, letting the upper and lower Vandykes come beyond it. Sew on loops, by means of which the what-not is hung on the wall.

WORK-CASE.

THIS small work-case is one of those German inventions that demonstrate how natty and neat-fingered the ladies of that country show themselves to be, even in trifling matters. It



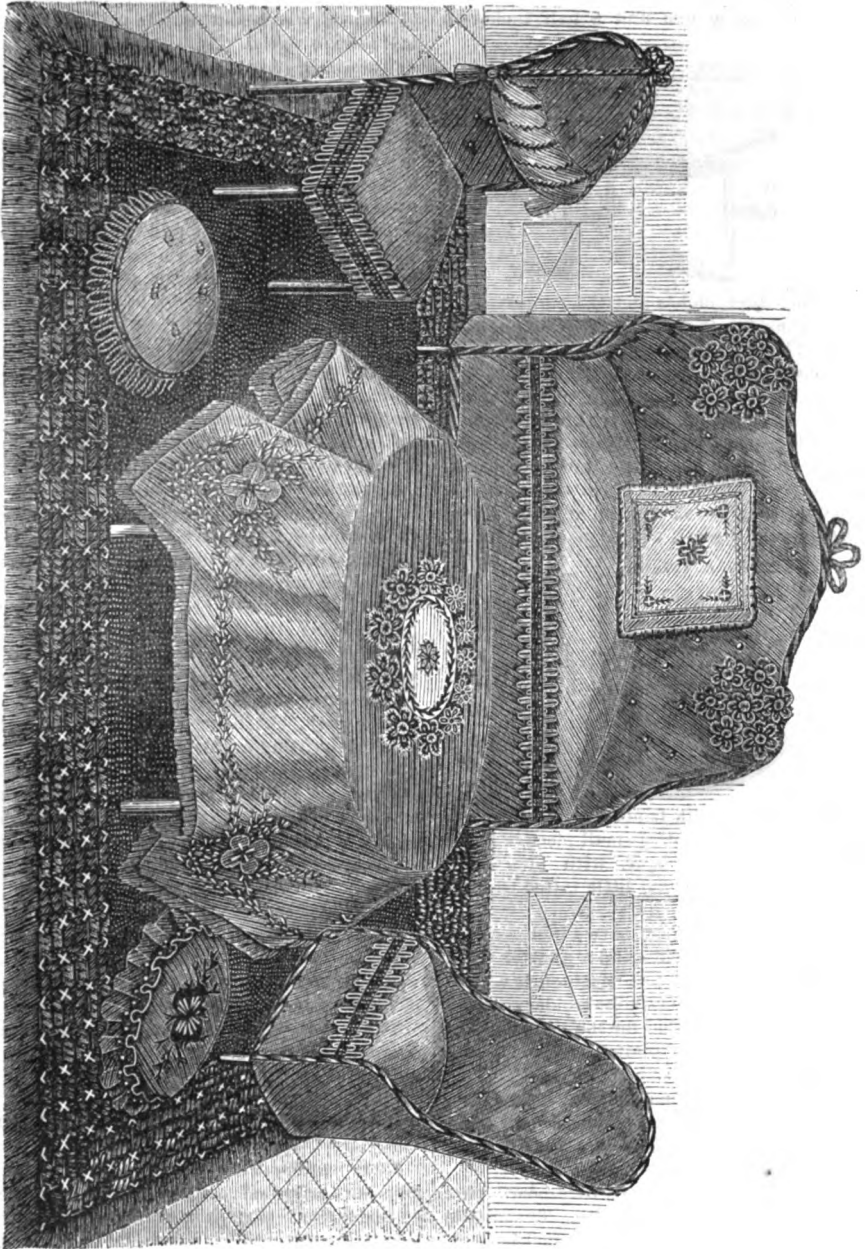
blue silk. The front part is covered on the inside with plain silk; on the upper edge of the same fasten a piece of silk six inches deep, sixteen and four-fifths inches wide, through the top of which an elastic eight inches long is drawn. Then sew the different parts of the what-not together, bind the back part at the upper edge with blue silk braid, and ornament the same with a three-skeined plait of crystal beads, covering the sewing on of the bag on the

is called a ball work-case, as it is home-made, and only intended to carry pins, needles, a little silk, hooks and eyes, and any small matter that will temporarily serve to mend a ball toilet. The case is cut the size required in strong card-board, and the different pieces are covered with brown Holland, and lined with blue silk; the handles are blue silk cord. Small receptacles are then made to contain the necessary implements.

DOLLS' FURNITURE.

Materials.—Card-board, pasteboard, wire, wood, knitting-pins, wadding, woollen reps, colored sewing silk, Berlin wool, gold beads, canvas, gimp, plush or Utrecht velvet, mahogany cloth.

in. The size of the carpet should be made in accordance with the doll's house. The squares, which are eight cross-stitches high, are all worked in lines of one color, and lie in two lines over each other, filling a square of four



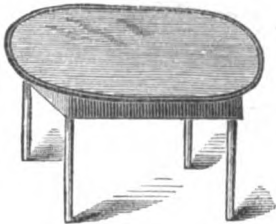
THE middle of the carpet is of plush or Utrecht velvet, the border is in wool work. The work is in long cross-stitch—that is, over two threads of canvas one way, and four the other. For the fringe, fleecy wool is knotted

canvas crosses. In our model there are, alternately, two lines in red and green, violet and gray, so that always gray and red, violet and green meet together. A loose black stitch marks the middle of each square; the corners

are ornamented with little crosses of yellow silk.

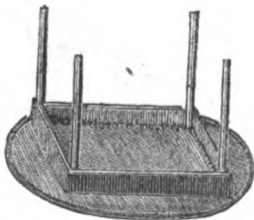
THE TABLE.—The framework of which is shown in Figs. 2 and 3; strong card-board must be used at the outer edge. It is made firm by sewing wire round it. The frame of the top measures five and a half inches in

Fig. 2.



length and three inches and three-quarters in width; the edge is three-quarters of an inch broad. The edge and top are covered with brown cloth, which is gummed on. The legs, made of wood knitting-needles, are glued in; they are four inches high. The oval top is eight inches long and five inches wide. After it is covered with the cloth, and bound with black worsted braid, it is glued to the frame. The cover may be of woollen reps or velvet embroidered. Round the edge of the table-

Fig. 3.



cover a woollen or silk fringe is put. The centre ornament consists of a small piece of white cloth, put on in *appliqué*, with blue coral stitch; round it are some little tatted rosettes of red silk.

THE OVAL FOOTSTOOL is two inches and a half long, and two inches and a quarter wide, and about an inch high; the cushion is stuffed with wadding—any small embroidery or *appliqué* pattern is suitable for the centre. The edge is a small piece of plaited red cloth, with a gold bead at intervals.

The round foot cushion is about an inch across. Any colored velvet will be suitable; it has a fringe of gold beads, and a few beads are sewn on at intervals. (See design.)

FOR THE SOFA, a piece of card-board nine and a half inches long is required. The middle of the back is six and a quarter inches high, sloped off for the arms, so that the front is only three and a quarter inches high. The two and a quarter inches high and nine inches long front part, together with the seat, which is rounded at the back, and three and three-quar-

ters deep in the middle, form the shape of the sofa. A wire is sewn round the back, on which the lines for the placing of the seats are marked, as well as the square divisions of the wadded back. The seat is also thinly wadded, and the material is fastened with separate beads, by which means the wadded squares are a little raised. The covering of the front and wadded seat is all in one piece, and the whole is joined to the back. Lastly, the back, the joining seam of the seat, etc., are covered with the reps; a braid border is placed in front of the seat, which is sewn on with gold beads and cord all round, and completes the whole except the feet. For these a part of a wooden knitting-needle an inch and a quarter high is fastened at the front corners and middle of back; about an inch of the needle is split off, then a hole is bored, and the flat side is laid upon the stuff, and each foot is fastened with very strong thread. The arm-chair is exactly like the sofa; the under part of the back wall is six and a half inches, and five and a half inches high in the middle of the back, waved off to two and a quarter inches at the front straight part. The straight front stripe is one inch and three-quarters broad and three inches long; the seat is two inches and a quarter deep in the middle.

The other chair requires a seat of card-board two inches and a quarter square sewn on. The back is four inches high, rounded at the upper part. When the seat and back are wadded, the reps cover is drawn over all in one piece, and the chair is completed in the same manner as the arm-chair and sofa. The feet are two inches high, cut from the pointed end of a wooden knitting-needle, and fastened on with good glue.

The back cushion is of white alpaca, about three inches square, and has also a middle piece and corners. The cushion is ornamented with fish-bone stitch upon yellow silk braid, and a narrow red ribbon ruche round the outer edge.

THE BOLSTER HANGING over the chair is three inches and a half long, covered with white alpaca, upon which are diagonal stripes of bright-colored herring-bone stitch.

The little circular Antimaccassars are made of small tatted rosettes.

WATCH-POCKET IN PERFORATED CARD-BOARD.

THIS watch-pocket is embroidered with fine silk on perforated card-board. Our pattern consists of two parts, the back and the pocket. The pattern on each is a spray of rosebuds and forget-me-nots, embroidered in natural colors with two shades of pink and two shades of blue for the flowers, two shades of green for the foliage, and two shades of brown for the stems. The embroidery is worked in long stitch. The

border is of brown stamped leather, sewn on with brown silk. The pocket is lined first with wadding, and then with silk; it is edged all

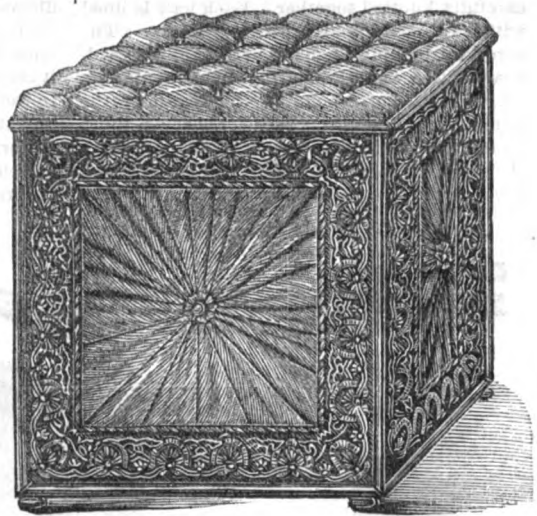
work, etc. It is square, covered on the outside with purple cashmere; the cover is fitted up with a cushion. On each of the four sides of



round with white chenille, which is arranged in loops at the top. The lining of the pocket must be slightly quilted. The hook is gilt.

BOX OTTOMAN WITH EMBROIDERY.

THIS elegant ottoman will be very useful in a sitting-room for holding newspapers, books,



the case a piece of cashmere is plaited and arranged in the manner seen in illustration; it is gathered in the middle, and fastened with a rosette. Round this plaited part work a border of embroidery in *appliqué*. The arabesque patterns of purple *glacé* silk are sewn on in *appliqué* on the purple cashmere ground, and fastened with purple silk cord; the other figures of the pattern are worked in chain stitch with purple silk. The seams are covered with purple worsted braid. Any other color may be chosen for the covering of the ottoman, according to the furniture of the room.

WORK-CASE MADE OF A PUMPKIN.

Materials.—A yellow pumpkin measuring four and four-fifths inches across, some brown *glacé* silk, thick brown silk braid, round brown transparent beads, gold-colored purse silk, fine gold-colored silk cord and ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide, nine round brown glass buttons, some wadding.

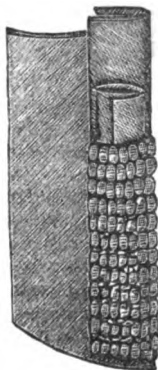
THE pumpkin to be used for this case must be quite dry when gathered. Then hang it up to be dried. After some weeks cut it into halves, empty each half carefully as far as the skin, and bind each half round the edge with a strip of brown silk a quarter of an inch wide. This binding is covered on the outside with gold-colored ribbon, which is folded as seen on Fig. 2, then cover it with brown transparent beads from the same illustration, always drawing the yellow thread through the back of the pumpkin. The half destined for the lower part of the case is ornamented from illustration with eight round buttons, which form the feet, and are placed at intervals of one inch from each other, and at a distance of one inch and two-fifths from the centre. The loops of these but-

tons are drawn through the bark, a cord is drawn through these loops inside the bark so as to fasten them; the two ends of the cord are carefully knotted together. Each half is lined with card-board and brown *glacé* silk. The card-board lining is made of a strip of card-board three and three-fifths inches wide; its length must correspond to the width of the pumpkin; this strip has been gored seven times on one side at regular intervals, so as to have the shape of the pumpkin. The lining is then covered with a similar one of brown silk. The

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



cord. The lining of the upper half is not ornamented. Sew a round flat piece of card-board, covered with brown silk, in the top half at a distance of four-fifths of an inch; a double cross-strip of brown silk three-fifths of an inch wide is sewn on across this piece of card-board; it is stitched down along the edges, ornamented in the middle with coral stitches of yellow silk, and stitched on the bottom in such a manner as to form loops, in which the scissors, thimble, cotton, etc., are to be placed. The seams are covered with silk cord and beads wound round

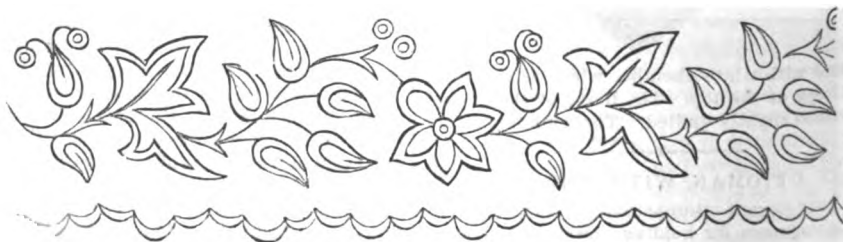
Fig. 3.



silk lining for the lower part of the case is turned back four-fifths of an inch on the card-board, which latter must be about two fifths of an inch higher than the pumpkin bark. On the inside the silk lining is edged along the top with two rows of yellow buttonhole stitches at a distance of three-fifths of an inch from each other; between these two rows work a row of coral stitches. Similar rows of coral stitches cover the seams of the lining. At the bottom of the case fasten a small round silk quilted cushion; the seam is covered with gold-colored silk

it. Both halves of the necessaire are varnished on the outside, and ornamented with bead borders worked from Fig. 1. In the middle of the upper half the ends of the bead borders are joined to a bead circle, in the middle of which a glass button is fastened. Two bead loops are fastened from illustration on the opposite sides of the case, through which two thick brown cords are drawn for the handle. The cords are plaited together in the middle; the lower ends are sewn together, and fastened on a button of the necessaire, as can be seen on illustration.

EMBROIDERY.



Receipts, &c.

SWEET OMELETS.

SWEET omelets are made by beating up eggs and sugar with a very little powdered cinnamon or any flavoring essence, cooking in the usual way, and serving with powdered sugar over them. If one white of egg be beaten up into a froth, and well mixed with the rest, it will improve the omelet, as will also the keeping some of the whites back, mixing say six yolks and four whites, one of them beaten up into a froth. By applying a red-hot poker over the sugar at the moment of serving, so as to form a pattern, both the appearance and the taste of a plain sweet omelet are improved. The Gallic term for a sweet omelet is *omelette sucrée*. The following, which is called *omelette aux confitures*, is accomplished by inserting in the mantle, so to speak, of the omelet any kind of jam or jelly (currant, etc.) at the moment of serving; but in this case no essence or spice should be used, as it would kill or neutralize the flavor of the jam.

What is called in France an *omelette soufflée*, or blown-out omelet, is done in this way: Separate the yolks and whites of three or more eggs, beat up the yolks with sugar and some essence, and beat the whites into a stiff froth; mix the two thoroughly, cook, and serve with sugar over it. In the cooking of these, however, there must be no doubling up, and the top of the omelet must be colored with a salamander whilst it is cooking. Great care is also required in transferring it from the frying-pan to the dish. It is a difficult thing to produce this dish creditably, and I think in the following form it is better to eat and easier to cook:—

Having beaten up your eggs, and mixed and flavored them as above, pour the mixture into a round shape, and put it in a quick oven, serving in the shape itself, with a napkin pinned round it, if the appearance of the shape on the dinner-table be objected to. It takes from ten to twenty minutes to cook. This is what is called a *soufflé*, and here is another sort:—

Scrape some very good chocolate quite fine, mix it with the yolks of eggs till quite dissolved in them, add sugar and the whites beaten up into a stiff froth. Cook as before, and serve swiftly.

All sugar used in these preparations must be loaf-sugar. Moist sugar would lead to utter failures; and another cardinal point is for the cook to time her proceedings, so that her *soufflés* be ready the very minute they are wanted, for any delay in taking them from the oven to the dinner-table is fatal, if not to the taste, to the appearance of them.

In conclusion, I will tell you a very effective, though simple and inexpensive dish, both for dinner or supper. Beat up some white of eggs into a froth with a little sugar. Have some milk previously sweetened in a saucepan on the fire, and when it boils throw in your egg froth, one tablespoonful at a time. A few seconds will cook it on one side, then turn it over, and when cooked on the other side, place it in a glass dish. When all your egg froth is cooked, strain the milk of the bits of eggs that are in it, and make a custard with it and the yolks of the eggs, flavoring it as you like. When cold pour it into the glass dish, but not over the boiled whites, which will float on the top of the custard. Before pouring the custard into the glass dish, any milk that may have drained from the boiled whites may be thrown away. This dish is what they call in France *Oufs à la neige*—snow eggs. C. G.

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MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Poulet au Macaroni.—Line a pork-pie mould or a pie-dish with light paste; cut up some cold fowl into small pieces, with a little ham or bacon; boil some macaroni quite tender, and cut it in lengths of about an inch, make a gravy of veal stock or milk, thicken it with a little flour; season the meat with salt and pepper to taste, and put it all into a saucepan, and simmer it a few minutes. After the paste is placed round the mould or dish, fill it with dry rice, and bake it. When the paste is sufficiently done, turn out the rice, and put in a layer of meat and a layer of macaroni alternately, until the mould is full; on the top of all a layer of grated cheese. Turn it out on a dish and serve.

Oyster Fritters.—Make a stiff batter with one or two eggs, according to the quantity required; season to taste with pepper and salt. Prepare some oysters as if for sauce, dip each into the batter, and fry of a nice brown color, either in very fresh lard or butter. Lay them on a clean sieve before the fire until every particle of grease has drained from them, and serve them on a hot napkin.

Fricatelles.—Mince some cold meat (either mutton or beef) very fine, make a paste, and roll it out thin; lay the mince thickly upon it, and fold the paste over it, taking care to make the edges adhere together. Then take a rolling pin and roll the paste all smooth; cut them out with a tin in the shape of cutlets, and fry them of a light brown color. Serve with a brown gravy.

Scotch Broth.—Three pounds of beef, a three-pound neck of mutton or back rib; cover with cold water, and set on a slow but good fire; one teacupful of barley, half a teacupful of rice, one turnip, and two carrots cut small, two carrots grated, one handful of parsley, and two good sized onions minced, a few leeks finely shred, a cauliflower, or small head of cabbage, may be added. Time three hours.

Tartar Sauce.—Take the yolks of two eggs, half a dessertspoonful of vinegar, two dessertspoonfuls of oil, a pinch of salt, a pinch of parsley, a teaspoonful of mustard, a little Cayenne pepper. Put into a very small saucepan the yolks of two eggs, a dessertspoonful of the best vinegar, and a little salt; whip up this mixture with a whisk as quickly as possible. When the whole forms a sort of cream, add the oil and mustard, which must be well mixed previously, a pinch of parsley minced very fine, and a little Cayenne. The oil should be put in drop by drop, to mix perfectly.

Veal Soup.—Boil the veal with two-thirds of a cup of rice, and add sweet herbs or celery, and the usual seasoning. This makes a plain, wholesome soup.

New Method of Cooking a Leg of Mutton.—Cover it well with water, and bring it gradually to a boil; let it simmer gently for half an hour, then lift it out; roast it an hour and a quarter, or a half, according to its size. Dressed in this way it is particularly juicy and tender; but there must be no delay in roasting it after it is taken out of the water. It may be garnished with roasted tomatoes or potatoes, and served.

Veal Cake.—This is a pretty, tasty dish for supper or breakfast, and uses up any cold veal which you may not care to mince. Take away the brown outside of your cold roast veal, and cut the white meat into thin slices; have also a few thin slices of cold ham and two hard-boiled eggs, which also slice, and two dessertspoonfuls of finely-chopped parsley. Take an earthenware mould, and lay veal, ham, eggs, and parsley in alternate layers, with a little pepper between each, and a sprinkling of lemon on

the veal. When the mould seems full, fill up with strong stock, and bake for half an hour. Turn out when cold. If a proper shape be not at hand, the veal cake looks very pretty made in a plain pie-dish. When turned out, garnish with a few sprigs of fresh parsley.

Fried Potatoes and Bacon.—Although a very homely dish, this is a difficult one to dress satisfactorily. The bacon should be of a moderate thickness, and should be done quickly and thoroughly, without being burnt. The cold boiled potatoes should be well chopped and peppered before they are put in the frying-pan. They should then be turned about without intermission until the steam arises freely from them. The fire should be brisk, but not fierce. When done, put the potatoes in a dish, and arrange upon them the slices of bacon in a circle round the margin. When properly done, this is a very nice breakfast dish.

What to Do with the Cold Meat.—Mince any kind of cold meat, season it well, and mix with it some gravy, thickened almost to a paste with yolk of egg. Make into balls, and dip them two or three times into eggs and bread-crumbs, and fry them brown. There should not be much fat minced, or the balls will not be firm enough. This is a good breakfast relish.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

A Cheap Family Cake.—Two pounds of flour, half a pound of currants, half a pound of butter, or lard, a quarter of a pound of sugar, four scruples of tartaric acid, two drachms of soda, three eggs, and a little lemon-peel and spice. The whole to be moistened with a pint of milk.

Apple Cheese Cake.—Pare, core, and boil twelve apples, with enough water to mash them; beat them up very smooth, then add the yolks of six eggs, the juice of two lemons, and some grated peel, half a pound of fresh butter, beaten into a cream, and sweetened with pounded loaf-sugar; beat all well in with the apples, bake it in a puff paste, and send it up like an open tart.

Oatmeal Cakes.—One only should be made at a time, as the mixture dries quickly. Put two or three handfuls of meal in a bowl, moisten with water merely sufficient to form into a cake; knead it round and round with the hands on the paste board, strewing meal under and over it; it may be made as thin as a wafer, or any thickness (generally about half as thick as a traveller's biscuit). Put it on a griddle; bake it till it is a little brown on the under side, then take it off and toast that side before the fire which was uppermost on the griddle. Oatmeal cake, instead of bread, is capital with cheese.

Dinner Rolls.—One pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, one tablespoonful of good yeast, one egg, a little warm milk. Rub the butter into the flour, then add the yeast, breaking in one egg. Mix it with a little warm milk poured into the middle of the flour; stir all well together, and set it by the fire to rise. Then make it into light dough, and again set it by the fire. Make up the rolls, lay them on a tin, and set them in front of the fire for ten minutes before you put them in the oven, brushing them over with egg.

A Cheap Pudding.—Three-quarters of a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of suet chopped fine, a little chopped lemon-peel, a teaspoonful of treacle; mix to a batter with two eggs well beaten in a little milk. Tie in a cloth and boil three hours. Serve with wine sauce if approved, but it is very nice with a little sifted sugar.

Rice Fritters.—Rice fritters are most generally made with whole rice, but ground rice may be used instead in the following way: Mix a handful of ground rice with milk, set it on the fire and stir it constantly, adding a little cream, sugar, grated lemon-peel, and a few drops of essence of vanilla. When become sufficiently thick and stiff, remove it from the fire, and pour it equally over a slab or flat tin; let it cool, cut out the fritters with cutters, dip them in butter or in egg and bread crumbs, and fry them in a very hot pan. As soon as the fritters are a nice color, drain, sprinkle them with powdered sugar, and serve.

Crumplets.—Take one pound and a half of flour, three pints of milk, two teaspoonfuls of yeast, two fresh eggs; mix the milk just warm with it, beat it in a batter, let it stand till it rises in bubbles to the top; bake them on a polished iron, with tin rims.

Crystal Palace Puddings.—Two large teaspoonfuls of corn flour; mix it with half a teaspoonful of new milk, half a pint of cream, half an ounce of isinglass, loaf-sugar to the taste, and a few drops of essence of vanilla. Let all these ingredients boil together ten minutes over the fire, stirring one way all the time. Take the pan off the fire, and stir in quickly the yolks of two fresh eggs, well beaten, stirring all together till nearly cold. Pour the mixture into small tin moulds, which must have been previously wetted with cold water. Put dried cherries at the bottom and sides of the moulds before filling them.

A Beautiful Charlotte Russe.—Cut the inside from a nice sponge-cake, leaving the sides whole; prepare blanc-mange, and let it remain over steam until wanted; spread on the bottom of the cake a layer of blanc-mange, moving it around until a little thick; spread in a thin layer of any marmalade. then a layer of blanc-mange, and a very thin layer of marmalade, until the cake is full; the marmalade should be much thinner than the blanc-mange, and the last should be blanc-mange, to look well.

MULLING WINES.

In mulling wine care must be taken that the vessel is perfectly clean; if it is greasy, or impregnated with any flavor, it is apt to impart it and spoil the wine. Boil the spices in water for a short time; then add the sugar, and when it is well dissolved add the wine, which on no account let boil. In mulling wine with eggs, pour the boiling liquor on the eggs, previously well beaten, stirring the whole; if you pour the eggs into the liquor, they will curdle.

Mulled Sherry.—Into a clean stewpan put half a pint of water, half an ounce of bruised ginger, cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, the spices most likely to predominate; cover up and boil; then strain clear, and add a quarter of a pound of sugar and one pint of sherry.

Mulled Claret.—The best way of mulling claret is simply to heat it (in a silver pan if you have it) with a sufficient quantity of sugar and a stick of cinnamon; to this a small quantity of brandy may be added if agreeable.

Mulled Port.—To a bottle of port add a wineglassful of sherry, some cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, and a small piece of lemon-peel, bruised. Simmer the spice in a little water, then add the wine; heat, but do not let it boil, and sweeten.

Egg Flip.—Add the whites and yolks of three eggs, beaten together with three ounces of lump-sugar, to half a pint of strong ale; heat the mixture to nearly boiling point, then put in two wineglassfuls of gin or rum with some grated ginger and nutmeg; add

another pint of hot ale, and pour the mixture frequently from one jug to another before serving,

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cleaning Paint.—During the season of house-cleaning, the following directions for cleaning paint may be found serviceable: Provide a plate with some of the best whiting to be had, and have ready some clean warm water and a piece of flannel, which dip in the water, and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply it to the painted surface, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt or grease. After which wash well with clean water, rubbing it dry with soft flannels. Paint thus cleaned looks as well as when first laid on, without any injury to the most delicate colors. It is far better than using soap, and does not require more than half the time and labor.

Stale Beer is a more effectual roach destroyer than any of the powders or mixtures sold for the purpose. The beer should be placed (at night) in a small pie dish, with sticks from the floor to enable the insects to creep up into the vessel. We have found this plan succeed when many others have failed, and dozens of roaches have been drowned in one night by this simple method.

Tender Feet.—Tenderness in the feet may be cured in the following way: Dissolve one pound of common bay salt in one gallon of spring water; soak the feet therein night and morning about five minutes at a time. Wollen or merino socks, or cotton with merino feet, ought always to be worn by persons with tender feet, and the socks should be often changed.

Good made Yeast.—To two gallons of cold water add half a pound of moist sugar, and one ounce of salt. Set it over the fire, and stir in one pound of flour, as it heats. Let it boil for an hour, stand till quite cool, and then bottle it for use. Half a pint of this yeast will be required to raise nine pounds of flour.

To Remove Walnut and Fruit Stains from the Fingers.—Dip them in strong tea, rubbing the nails with it and using a nail-brush; afterwards wash them in water. The stains come out instantly.

To Make Linen Collars and Cuffs Stiff and Bright.—Mix wheaten starch in cold water; dip in the articles, let them remain about ten minutes before ironing; they become glossy and stiff as new.

Preserving Knives from Rust.—Knives well rubbed over with mutton fat will preserve them from rust. They are easily cleaned when required for use, and their appearance will not be in the least injured.

To Preserve Green Ginger.—For two weeks put the ginger every night and morning in fresh boiling water. Take off the outside skin with a sharp knife, boil it in water till it is quite tender, slice it thin, prepare a syrup of one pound of sugar to a half pint of water, clarify it, and then put the ginger into it. Boil it until it is clear.

CONTRIBUTED.

Grape Wine.—Take twenty pounds of grapes, picked clean and perfectly ripe; break them with the hand, and pour upon them six quarts of boiling water, and cover them close for three days. Then strain them as dry as possible, and stir into the juice ten pounds of sugar. Let it remain until next day, then put it into a keg, and it will work itself pure. Lay the bung on loosely until done hissing.

Mrs. F. C. B.

Bretzels.—Take three-quarters of a pound of but-

ter, beat to a cream, add three-quarters of a pound of sugar, one ounce and a half of ground cinnamon, two eggs; after these ingredients have been well mixed one pound of flour. Roll out with your hands, like crullers, and bake in tin pans in a moderately hot oven.

F. H. S.

French Cake.—Three eggs, two cups of sugar, one of sweet milk, half a cup of butter, three cups of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, well mixed with the flour, two teaspoonfuls of extract of lemon.

Mrs. W. H. S.

I HAVE obtained many valuable receipts from your cooking department, and have some of my own, which I send you:—

Sponge Cake.—Three eggs, one cup of sugar, one of flour, three tablespoonfuls of water, one teaspoonful of yeast powder, lemon, and nutmeg. My husband thinks no cake ever equalled this. Here is another favorite of ours:—

Boston Gingerbread.—One cup of sugar, one of molasses, half a cup of butter, half a cup of milk, one cup of raisins or currants, cloves to taste, one teaspoonful of yeast powder, with flour enough to make stiff like cup cake.

Spice Cake.—One cup of sour milk, one egg, half a teaspoonful of soda to sweeten the milk, and flour enough to make it quite stiff, so that it will have to be taken out with a spoon; one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and allspice, and half a nutmeg, or, for a change, one teaspoonful of cloves and also one of mace and allspice.

Mrs. C. W. B.

Cocoanut Pudding.—Break the cocoanut, and save the milk; peel off the brown skin, and grate the cocoanut very fine; take the same weight of sugar and of cocoanut, and half the quantity of butter; rub the butter and sugar to a cream, and add five eggs well beaten, a cup of milk, the milk of the cocoanut, and a little grated lemon. Line the dish with a rich paste, put in the pudding, and bake one hour. Cover the rim with paper if necessary. This receipt will do equally as well for pies as for puddings, and will make three.

Citron.—Soak the rind three days in salt water, one day in fresh water, one day in alum water, and scald in some alum water. Then soak in fresh water until all the alum taste is removed. Then to every pound of rind put one pound and a half of sugar, and proceed to preserve it.

Peach Pickle (Sweet).—To seven pounds of fruit add three pounds of sugar. Boil for half an hour in vinegar to cover them. Season to taste, but cloves are best.

Marble Cake (Dark).—Half a cup of sugar, half a cup of molasses, half a cup of butter, yolks of four eggs, one-third of a cup of milk, with a piece of soda the size of a pea, one cup and three-quarters of flour, half a teaspoonful of mace, allspice, and cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one nutmeg.

White.—The whites of the eggs beaten to a froth, half a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one third of a cup of milk, with same quantity of soda, one cup and three-quarters of flour; flavor with rose or almond. Put first a layer of light, then dark; it makes one large loaf.

Snow Pudding.—Half an ounce of gelatine, one pint of boiling water, three-quarters of a pound of white sugar, the juice of two lemons. After it is thoroughly dissolved, strain it; as soon as it begins to thicken, add the well-beaten whites of two eggs; beat it for half an hour, and set it on ice, after putting in a mould or bowl. Make a rich, soft custard, flavored with the lemon-rinds grated. Send it to table in the middle of the custard.

Editors' Table.

A SUGGESTION FROM ITALY.

AMONG the national and international exhibitions, which form such a feature of our times, there is one of a novel character which is announced as about to be held at Florence. It is styled an "Exhibition of Female Work." The name is not to our taste, but the project is one which seems likely to be useful, and which might be adopted in this country with excellent effect. An exhibition of ladies' work, held in the United States, might not have all the elegance and brilliancy of the Italian collection, but in variety and interest it would, perhaps, be superior. Its subjects would cover a wide range. Products of the farm and garden, household manufactures, works of art and ornament, new inventions, books written by women—in short, whatever feminine minds and hands had devised and wrought would find a place in such an exhibition.

Nor should it be limited to our own country. On the contrary, one chief object should be to attract as many exhibitors from abroad as possible, for their and our common advantage. A view of the many exquisite products of the skill and industry of European women would serve as an excellent school of improvement for us, while new branches of commerce would spring up between our country and theirs with mutual benefit. From other portions of our own continent, also, there would probably be contributions of much interest. The women of Mexico, we are told, make beautiful shawls, life-like statuettes of some material peculiar to their country, and other articles, which would be both novel and attractive. There should be a special department for the works of Indian women; those who have seen the wares displayed in the shops at Niagara Falls will readily believe that this portion of the collection would not be the least interesting. From the East Indies, China, Japan, and other oriental regions, contributions of rare value might be expected, if proper steps were taken to secure them, through the influence of our consuls and merchants residing in those countries. The character and domestic life of the people of those regions would thus, perhaps, become better understood than they have ever yet been in our western world.

There are many manufactures in which women are employed together with men, and which owe much of their excellence to the taste and delicate manipulations thus secured. Among these may be mentioned watches, earthenware, and many textile fabrics. It would not be just to exclude these manufactures from the exhibition, and some method could be easily devised of making known the part in them which belonged to the women workers.

As to the place in which the exhibition should be held, it is evident that it must be in a town which is easy of access, and possesses sufficient accommodation both for the exhibition and for the crowds of visitors it would bring together. There are many cities in the Union which fulfil these conditions. Doubtless among them will be found at least one possessing the further qualification of having a sufficient number of public-spirited men and energetic women to undertake such a project, and carry it out to a successful result. One consideration should be kept in view, that the contributors in general will be poorer than those who have taken part in other

exhibitions. The managers will thus find it necessary, or at least advisable, to defray from the general fund some of the expenses which individual exhibitors have borne in other cases. But, if this circumstance should make at first a heavier draft upon the liberality of the community in which the exhibition is held, there would be ample recompense in the many advantages which would result from it to that city in particular, and to the nation in general. The inspection of such a variety of useful and beautiful objects, and the interchange of information and suggestions among the numbers of people who would be brought together, would do good in many ways. Improvements of various kinds would be introduced and rapidly diffused, talent and skill would be brought to light, new modes of employment would be offered to women, and the value of their artistic powers would be better appreciated. We may predict that whenever the exhibition is opened, it will be not inferior in usefulness to any that has been held in this country, while in attractiveness and popularity it would surpass all others. It would be "the fashion," and the city in which it is held would become, for the time, the Mecca of travellers and sight-seers.

Whether it would be advisable that articles not made by women, but of special use and interest to them—such as household wares, sewing and knitting machines, school apparatus, and the like—should be included in the collection, is a question which might be discussed. Should it be decided in the negative, there would be no reason why a subsidiary exhibition of those articles should not be held at the same time and in the same city. The manufacturers would doubtless be glad to seize the occasion of displaying their wares to such a large and appreciative assemblage of ladies as would then be brought together, and they, in their turn, would find much benefit from the opportunity of inspecting articles which would all be in some degree interesting to them.

Whether this project for an exhibition of women's work shall be carried out in America or not, it is but just to give due credit to the people among whom the plan of such an exhibition originated. As we had occasion to quote, not long ago, from an esteemed American writer on art, some expressions of rather severe criticism upon the Italian people, it is but just to recall to mind that the defects which invited this criticism were ill weeds that had grown up under the cold shade of tyranny, and which are now fast withering in the sunlight of freedom. It has been the singular fortune of Italy to have seen three times within her borders, at widely different periods, popular government spring up on the ruins of despotism. The poet's warning, that "The dead nations never rise again," does not apply to that favored country. The Roman republic, the Italian republics of the middle ages, and constitutional Italy in our own day, are evidences of this phoenix-like renewal of life and vigor. And it is remarkable that, on each occasion, with the growth of liberty has grown the respect for woman. We know from history what were the matrons of ancient Rome—the Cornелиas, Calpurnias, Portias, and Octavias—and how highly and deservedly they were honored. How greatly women were esteemed in the Italian republics of a later day may be known from the single fact that in

Italy alone have women been deemed worthy to hold the office of professor in colleges for the education of young men. In our own time one of the first uses which the Italians make of their recovered freedom is to open in the capital of their new kingdom an exhibition designed to make known the value of feminine contributions to the arts and the needs of civilized life. We cannot but respect the genius and greatness of a people who have three times given to Europe these examples of devotion to liberty combined with honor to woman.

A LESSON IN COURTESY.

"My compliments." How many can tell the precise meaning attached to that common expression in such a message as this: "Bridget, go to Mrs. Housewife, and give her my compliments, and ask if she will be kind enough to send me the receipt she promised to copy for me?" The ladies of Spanish America (at least, if they all resemble the ladies of Quito) would have no difficulty in giving an ample explanation. Professor Orton, in his interesting book, "The Andes and the Amazon," tells us that Quitoians put us to shame by their unequalled courtesy, cordiality, and good nature, and are not far below the grave and decorous Castilian in dignified politeness. As a specimen of the courtesies which pass between the ladies of that city, he cites from a recent work of U. S. Minister Hassaurek the following message, sent by a fair Quitoian to a friend: "Go to the Señora Fulana de Tal, and tell her that she is my heart and the dear little friend of my soul; tell her that I am dying for not having seen her, and ask her why she does not come to see me; tell her that I have been waiting for her more than a week, and that I send her my best respects and considerations; and ask her how she is, and how her husband is, and how her children are, and whether they are all well in the family; and tell her she is my little love, and ask her whether she will be kind enough to send me that pattern which she promised me the other day." This highly diffusive message, we are told, the servant delivers like a parrot, not omitting a single compliment, but rather adding thereto.

The same politeness, as might be expected, marks the intercourse of the men. Mr. Orton observes: "Rudeness, which some Northerners fancy is a proof of equality and independence, we never met with, and duels and street quarrels are almost unknown."

We fear it will be a long time before such gushing messages as the one we have quoted will pass in our less demonstrative society. There is a medium, however, and something to our advantage may be learned from this example, amusing as it is. If the lady who sent the curt reminder to Mrs. Housewife, for instance, had thought of something beside her own need of the receipt, she might have remembered (let us suppose) that her friend had a family to whom she was devoted, that the eldest daughter was absent in a distant city, and that the baby was ailing. Some natural inquiries and expressions of sympathy might then have taken the place of the unmeaning "compliments" with satisfaction and increase of friendly feeling on both sides. While we are giving so many lessons in industry and politics to our Spanish-American neighbors, we need not be above gaining some hints on the social amenities from their practice.

MR. TROLLOPE'S AMERICAN LADIES.

SOME newspaper correspondents have averred that American young ladies abroad are not always as well behaved as they should be. They are accused

sometimes of being bold and hoydenish, and sometimes of angling for titled husbands without regard to the moral or mental qualities of these scions of nobility. Mr. Anthony Trollope, who knows young ladies in general very well, should have a particularly good knowledge of our own; for he has visited this country two or three times, and must have fallen in with many of its daughters in his European travels. His descriptions of society are supposed to be as correct as a photograph picture, and he ought to be an excellent witness in the case. We are glad to see that in one of his latest novels (we never can be sure which is actually the latest), entitled, after the fashion of the day, "He Knew He was Right," he has painted our young countrywomen abroad, or some of them, in much more pleasing colors than those used by the correspondents aforesaid. One of his many heroines (there are some half-dozen in this novel) is the niece of the American Minister at Florence. This young lady, Miss Caroline Spalding, and her sister Olivia, are represented as charming in every respect—pretty, modest, lively, sweet-tempered, and well-mannered. All these virtues, as far as Caroline herself is concerned, have their appropriate (English) reward. She captivates, quite unintentionally, the unexceptionable heir of a rich earldom, and becomes, at last, Lady Peterborough. This is very agreeable and satisfactory; but, lest we should be too much elated, Mr. Trollope introduces, by way of counterpoise, another young lady, Miss Wallachia Petrie, a particular friend of the delightful sisters. She is very literary and very enthusiastic, and is known, it seems, as "the American Browning." She speaks with a nasal twang and in very high-flown language. On one occasion she proclaims (through her nose) to an affrighted English lady that "apathy, and serfdom, and kingdom, and dominion drain the fountain of its living springs, and the soul becomes like a plummet of lead, whose only tendency is to hide itself in subaqueous mud and unsavory slush."

Our readers will exclaim, with one voice, that no American lady ever spoke in this style within their experience. Our own evidence, we must admit, would be to the same effect. But all this would not prove that "the American Browning" does not exist. Who of us ever saw that benevolent "retired physician, whose sands of life are nearly run out," and who advertises a new cure for consumption on such very moderate terms? Yet we cannot doubt his existence, for he himself proclaims it in the newspapers. When he is proved to be the baseless fabric of a fiction, we may believe as much of "the divine Wallachia."

That young lady's enthusiasm, to do her justice, is understood not to be expended wholly in words. Caroline Spalding, defending her friend against some objections of her fastidious betrothed, tells him: "If I were in distress to-morrow, she would give everything she has in the world to put me right." And, when the gentleman, as in duty bound, gallantly replies: "So would I," Miss Caroline adds: "And she would give everything she has in the world to set the world right. Would you do that?" The heir of the many-acred earldom naturally finds this question a poser, and Miss Wallachia's greatness of soul is triumphantly vindicated.

It is proper to observe that the lovely Miss Spalding, instead of fishing for the future earl, is depicted as rather inclined to draw back from the grandeur which is thrust upon her. As Mr. Trollope's powers of observation are unrivalled, we may take it for granted that this is the usual demeanor of American girls under such circumstances. When coronets are laid at their feet, their first impulse is to push the

baubles away. This rebuttal of the charge which is sometimes made against our countrywomen, of being "tuft-hunters," is very handsome in Mr. Trollope, and very neatly made; and, in consideration of this act of justice, we may well overlook some harsher lines in the portrait of "the American Browning." Even the photograph casts some shades on the fairest countenance which are not found there in nature.

Those who have read Mr. Trollope's account of his travels in the United States will remember that he speaks of the young ladies whom he met, or some of them at least, in glowing terms. In this novel he has endeavored to introduce two of his fair American friends to his English readers in an attractive guise, and we think his kindly intentions are carried out with good success. As for the companion portrait, that is evidently one of those artistic exaggerations to which this practised author has recourse for the sake of contrast and amusement. There are other examples in this novel, especially two young ladies in an English cathedral town, who, on matrimonial schemes intent, pursue a young clerical gentleman in a style which, for comic absurdity, throws Miss Wallachia's lectures quite into the shade.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

CHILDREN IN FACTORIES.—The employment of children in factory work is a matter requiring very careful regulation. In enlightened Massachusetts some well-intended laws have been passed for their protection. They limit the time they can be made to work to sixty hours a week (which seems to us too long), allow no children under ten years of age to be employed in a factory, and require that every child under fifteen, so employed, shall have at least three months' schooling in a year. The difficulty, however, has been to have the laws enforced. The legislature appointed a commission, with General Henry K. Oliver, of Salem, at its head, to inquire into the subject; and, from the evidence obtained, it would seem that the laws are generally disregarded. A factory woman states:—

"There are many children under ten years of age employed in my mill and in others, and some not over seven. They work eleven hours, and sometimes till half-past nine at night. Boys have to walk not less than twenty miles a day. I know of no case where the legal schooling has been had. The influence of factory life on children is very bad; they are always of a sickly look, and it disqualifies girls for household duties and for mothers."

An overlooker of twenty years' experience in England and America testifies:—

"To the best of my knowledge there are one hundred and fifty children under fifteen years of age in the room in which I am employed; none of them have attended school during the past year. Six years ago I ran night work from 6 45 P. M. to 6 A. M., with forty-five minutes for meals in the room. The children were drowsy and sleepy; have known them to fall asleep while standing up at their work. Some of these children are now working in the mill, and appear under fifteen years of age. I have had to sprinkle water in their faces to arouse them, after having spoken to them till hoarse."

The evidence was not confined to Massachusetts. An overlooker describes a leather strap, with tacks driven through the striking end, with which the drowsy children were aroused to their work in a Rhode Island mill.

Manufacturers are as humane as other men; but in all branches of business there will be found some individuals who, in the pursuit of wealth, will be as pitiless as sharks. We trust that the legislators of Massachusetts and other States will go on in the good work which they have commenced, and make

the strong arm of the law effective for the protection of these defenceless children.

Here the aid of women's influence might be tested in the way lately arranged in the State of Rhode Island. We give the statement as an example of the progressive wisdom of legislation.

A WISE MEASURE:—

"The Governor of Rhode Island, in pursuance of a recent act of the Legislature of that State, has just appointed a Board, consisting of seven ladies, who have the power to visit the penal and correctional institutions of Rhode Island where women are imprisoned. The members of the Board are to report their proceedings to the Legislature in May. The Board is appointed annually. The following named ladies constitute the Board for the current year: Mrs. Abby M. Stimson, Providence; Mrs. Elizabeth S. Engs, Newport; Mrs. Elizabeth B. Chase, Smithfield; Mrs. Harriet A. Cook, Burrillville; Mrs. Margaret M. Aylsworth, Providence; Mrs. Abby W. Chase, Providence; Mrs. Margaret B. Hazard, South Kingstown."

We hope this plan of giving ladies the superintendence of all institutions where women and children are employed or confined will be adopted in every State. Laws should be framed to secure to the ladies thus appointed to office such protection and privileges as women may require; where the duties they perform would, if done by man, receive a remuneration, the faithful service of the woman should be recompensed.

MASSACHUSETTS MOVING. We are glad to record that the Old Bay State, if not in advance of its little sister State, is yet urging on to overtake it in this race of improvement. In the last Massachusetts Legislature there was "appointed an advisory Board of three competent women—Miss Hannah B. Chickering of Denham, Mrs. Pauline W. Durant of Needham, and Mrs. Clara T. Leonard of Springfield—which advisory Board, or some member of it, shall visit each prison as often as once a month, and make such suggestions and recommendations as they shall deem proper."

WOMEN'S MEDICAL EDUCATION:—

"Miss Mary Putnam, a daughter of the publisher, George P. Putnam, New York, has graduated as a physician at Paris with the certificate of *très satisfait*, the highest ever given, and won this year by no one but her; two gentlemen obtained the verdict *passable*, a very low mark; and the remaining student, an English lady, received that of *bien satisfait*, a high mark, indeed, but inferior to that of Miss Putnam."

The success of Miss Putnam is an honor to American womanhood. Her fine genius and faithful perseverance have won for her a crown of fame which no woman had ever gained. And the glory of this fame is pure, because her office is to do good with her knowledge, to serve humanity, and make the world better by her example of womanly wisdom. May her success draw many of the intelligent young women of our land to follow her example. The *Doctress* is to be the noblest profession of woman-kind.

THE DOCTRESS IN EUROPE.—The following is from one of our popular newspapers:—

"In view of the boasted progress and enlightenment of this country, the fact is somewhat humiliating that our medical fraternity is much behind that of Europe on the question of permitting women to become learned in the healing art. While an old-fogy prejudice against women physicians still obtains among at least a large numerical majority of the doctors in this and apparently all the cities of the United States, in England, France, Switzerland, and Germany the tide of opinion seems to be setting

in favor of admitting lady students to the medical departments of the universities on the same terms and conditions as male students. We learn from the *Medical Press and Circular* that at a recent meeting of the Female Medical Society of London Doctor Charles Drysdale said that, in his opinion, man had never committed a graver error than in keeping women out of the medical profession. Nothing, he was sure, would tend more to human progress, and to the diminution of suffering and the prevention of disease, than their admission to all branches of the healing art. Referring to Mrs. Thorne, and Miss Chaplin, and other Edinburgh students, and to a recent debate in the Senate, Doctor Drysdale said that when such illustrious men as James Simpson, Barnes, Billing, Hughes Bennett, Lionel Beale, Birkett, Carpenter, King Chambers, Andrew Clark, Curling, De Morgan, Matthews, Duncan, Erichsen, Handyside, Hughlings Jackson, Ranald Martin, Macnamara, Murchison, Nunn, Priestley, Russell, Reynolds, Sieveking, Tyler Smith, Spence, Henry Thompson, and Alexander Wood were found among the petitioners for granting medical degrees to women, the advocates of the cause might with equanimity, and even with laughter, listen to the turbulent expressions of a Doctor Laycock or Andrew Wood."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "My Wife"—"The Window"—"A Love of a Man"—"Mother"—"The Rain"—"Geraldine"—"The Robber" and "Misty Sunbeams."

These are declined: "They're only Pearls"—"The Fourth of July" (and other poems)—"Visions"—"An Appeal"—"The Hills for Me"—"At the Glen" and "The Leaky Roof."

The request of "Belle" concerning the poem of Tennyson will be answered next month.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

BY DR. CHARLES F. UHLE.

INFANTILE CONVULSIONS.

CONVULSIONS, under any circumstances, and at any age, are a frightful and appalling spectacle; yet, among children, they are by no means as dangerous or fatal in their nature as many are led to suppose. They are, it is true, often the precursors of alarming affections of the brain, and other nervous centres; and at times, indeed, the immediate cause of death, yet, in comparison to those instances in which they pass quietly and harmlessly away, these untoward circumstances are very rare.

Years ago, when physiology was in its infancy, and the practice of medicine a question often of conjecture—necessarily so from the want of those lights which physiology and pathology have since supplied—convulsions, whether in the adult, the youth, or the infant, were traced directly to the brain, and the unfortunate patients treated accordingly. The lancet, leeches, purgatives, blisters, etc., constituted the only remedies of hope; but how seldom, alas! was hope realized, and how multiple the deaths which resulted from this system of therapeutics.

This theory, thank fortune, has at last exploded, and its place supplied by sound and substantial facts. We know now, indeed, it is proven to us by actual demonstration, that convulsions in early life, instead of being dependent upon some existing or incipient disease of the brain, and its appendages, are caused, in by far the greater number of instances, by some source of irritation, wherever it may be, operating directly upon the spinal system, or some one of its numerous group of auxiliaries.

The nervous system during infancy is peculiarly susceptible to disturbing causes; and this arises from the fact, that in early age the spinal cord largely holds the ascendancy over the cerebral mass.

As age advances, the brain predominates, and controls those reflex actions of the cord, which are so common at this period of life, and explains at once their greater frequency at this time. The brain at birth is extremely insignificant in function, and exercises but the slightest possible influence on the system, yet its growth is extremely rapid.

During the first two years of existence, such is the rapidity of its development, the brain doubles its weight, and just in proportion as this organ grows, and becomes developed in function, does it assume a higher control over the nervous system, and more especially does it preponderate over the spinal cord. This is an interesting physiological fact, and accounts for the decline in the frequency of convulsions as the child grows older.

Though convulsions in early life are, as we have said, usually attended with no immediate danger to life, yet this is not always the case. They often, too often, indeed, are the solemn indications of some grave and incurable lesion of the brain; or the premonitory symptoms of some approaching disease, which may terminate fatally in spite of everything that can be done to avoid it.

Parents should exercise great vigilance over their children, and the moment convulsive movements present themselves, they should take advice of some physician who is qualified to interpret their meaning. A knowledge, however, of their nature and exciting causes would be information, valuable to be possessed by mothers throughout the length and breadth of the land. Many a valuable little life would be saved, and much misery and sorrow spared, if mothers were better informed upon the subject.

The causes of convulsions are very numerous. A predisposition to the disease may be induced by impure air, unwholesome diet, and whatever has a tendency to lower the general standard of health. If they attack a child apparently in perfect health, they probably indicate that the stomach has been overloaded, or that some indigestible article of food has been taken; or, if this certainly be not the case, one of the eruptive fevers is perhaps about to come on; most likely either smallpox or scarlatina. Some children never have an attack of fever of any kind without it commences with convulsions. Strong and sudden emotion, as fear, anger, surprise, etc., is a frequent cause; insolation, excessive artificial heat, exposure to cold, over exertion, and falls or other accidents may induce them. But they are much oftener the result of an irritation transmitted to the brain from some other part of the body.

One of the most frequent causes is the irritation of teething. Perhaps even more so is that proceeding from indigestible or acid substances in the alimentary canal. Whatever occasions spasm of the stomach or intestines, may induce convulsions; for there is nothing which more powerfully discomposes the infantile nervous system than violent pain. A cause, perhaps, not sufficiently appreciated, is the milk of the mother or nurse. This occasionally produces the effect, even when the nurse is apparently healthy. It is said that agitating or exciting emotions may sometimes so affect the milk as to induce convulsion in the suckling. The use of certain articles of food or medicine may have the same effect. I have known convulsions in the infant to be the apparent result of antimonial medicines taken by the mother. Irritating purgatives or other medicines, have sometimes the same effect directly upon the child. Constipation, intestinal worms, the retrocession of cutaneous eruption, and disorders of the liver are other causes—whooping-cough sometimes provokes them. In fact, anything which causes an irritation of the nervous system, is suffi-

cient to bring them on. Sometimes a most trivial circumstance will be followed by convulsions.

Dr. Field, in the *Western Journal of Medicine*, mentions a case, where a boy five years of age was attacked with convulsions which came on every ten or fifteen minutes, and lasted for over two weeks. Every resource was exhausted to relieve him, and three eminent medical professors examined him from head to foot without detecting any appreciable cause. After carefully watching the case for some time, the doctor noticed that the muscles on the left side of the face invariably began to twitch on the recurrence of each paroxysm. He raised the upper lip as high as possible, and, lo! and behold the top of the eye tooth, instead of having caused by its pressure the absorption of the root of the deciduous tooth, had passed behind it, and forced it through the side of the gum into the lip. The gum was slit, and the old tooth removed. In less than an hour the convulsions began to subside, and in a short time they were entirely gone and never appeared again.

As to the treatment of convulsions, we will have nothing to say. It must be evident to all, that but to remove the cause is all that is necessary, and as soon as this can be accomplished the disease will subside, and not before.

There are certain marks of attention that would undoubtedly be of service during the paroxysm; but a physician had better be sent for, and let him determine what is best to be done.

Our object has been not to enter minutely into the pathology and treatment of the disease, but to give such a general idea of its cause and nature as to enable parents to avoid it, and by this they can accomplish as much, perhaps as physicians can accomplish in their efforts to effect a cure.

Literary Notices.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

MARRIED IN HASTE. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. There are few authors who have done so much for American literature as Mrs. Stephens, and she is now in the very zenith of her powers. Her latest story, "Married in Haste," is undoubtedly her best. It is exceedingly interesting, while its moral tone and teachings are of the highest.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC. *Letters from France, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and England.* By Charles H. Hæsseler, M. D. Doctor Hæsseler's book was first published in book form some two years since, at which time it met with such success that its publishers have found it expedient to publish a second edition at the present time. These letters are full of information, description, and incident, and prove excellent reading.

NEAL'S CHARCOAL SKETCHES. By Joseph C. Neal. This is an edition of Joseph C. Neal's writings complete in one volume. These writings embrace "Charcoal Sketches," "Peter Faber's Misfortunes," "Peter Ploddy's Dream," with numerous other papers and sketches. There are a number of illustrations from original designs by Felix O. C. Darley.

THE LIFE OF SCHUYLER COLFAX. By Rev. A. Y. Moore, of South Bend, Indiana. With a portrait. The admirers of our Vice-President, who do not already possess a copy of his life, are recommended to examine this volume.

From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

DALLAS GALBRAITH. By Mrs. R. Harding Davis, author of "Waiting for the Verdict," etc. A

cheap edition of an excellent story by an American author.

THE QUAKER PARTISANS. *A Story of the Revolution.* By the author of "The Scout." With illustrations. This book, published a year since, has received, as it deserved, the appreciation of the American public.

From HENRY O. LEA, Philadelphia:—

THE HALF-YEARLY ABSTRACT OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. *Being a Digest of British and Continental Medicine, and of the Progress of Medicine and the Collateral Sciences.* Edited by William Domett Stone, M. D., F. R. C. S. Vol. I. July, 1870.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D., assisted by I. Minis Hays, M. D. July, 1870.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., and PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

MAN AND WIFE. By Wilkie Collins. With illustrations. Wilkie Collins has for once turned aside from the path of mere fiction, and has written a novel with a purpose. He has woven into the form of romance the inconsistencies and absurdities of the English, Irish, and Scotch laws regulating marriage; and has also shown the injustice of the common law in regard to married women as it concerns their persons and property. At the same time he has entered his protest against physical development at the expense of heart and brain. This book is the best and worthiest Wilkie Collins has ever written, and he has done real service in the field of reform, for such a book must certainly have its effect. We can, moreover, assure the lovers of sensational literature, that they will miss nothing in its pages that they have learned to think they have a right to expect from the author of "The Woman in White" and "The Moonstone."

THE ROB ROY ON THE JORDAN, NILE, RED SEA, AND GENNESARETH, ETC. *A Canoe Cruise in Palestine, and Egypt, and the Waters of Damascus.* By J. Macgregor, M. A. With maps and illustrations. Every lover of travel and adventure will take delight in this book. Its author knows how to write the experiences and incidents of his journeyings in a manner to make them very entertaining reading. He and his little canoe, "Rob Roy," passed up and down rivers, crossed lakes, and penetrated morasses where navigation was seldom or never attempted before, made discoveries, and verified conjectures, adding much to the store of information concerning Eastern countries.

LIFE, LETTERS, LECTURES, AND ADDRESSES OF FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M. A., Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton. Complete in one volume. There are lives of few clergymen which present such points of interest as that of the Rev. Frederick W. Robertson. His character was a beautiful one, and his life and all that relates to him personally is well worthy a careful perusal; while his position in the church, as a representative of the advanced spirits of the age, brings into prominence, and renders especially significant, whatever he wrote or said.

SPEECHES, LETTERS, AND SAYINGS OF CHARLES DICKENS. To which are added a Sketch of the Author, by George Augustus Sala, and Dean Stanley's Sermon. In the loving remembrance of the public for the lately deceased author any book which tells us anything about him is gratefully welcomed.

JOHN. A Love Story. By Mrs. Oliphant, author

of "Agnes," etc. A charming story, the appearance of which needs only to be mentioned for the admirers of Mrs. Oliphant to avail themselves of the opportunity for procuring it.

TRUE TO HERSELF. *A Romance.* By F. W. Robinson, author of "Stern Necessity," etc. A well-written, entertaining novel, belonging to Harper's "Library of Select Novels."

THE UNITED STATES INTERNAL REVENUE AND TARIFF LAW (*passed July 13, 1870*), together with the *Act Imposing Taxes on Distilled Spirits and Tobacco, and such Other Acts or Parts of Acts Relating to Internal Revenue as are now in Effect.* Compiled by Horace E. Dresser.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

CONINGSBY; or, The New Generation. By the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli.

MIRIAM ALROY. *A Romance of the Twelfth Century.* By the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli.

These two volumes belong to the cheap uniform edition of Disraeli's novels. They are too well known to need either comment or recommendation.

THE WOMEN OF ISRAEL. By Grace Aguilar. In two volumes.

THE DAYS OF BRUCE. *A Story from Scottish History.* By Grace Aguilar. In two volumes.

Those who wish to become acquainted with one of the most popular, graceful, and excellent writers of a past generation, will find in Grace Aguilar all that they desire. Persons of middle age remember her as one of the charmers of their youth; but, while we expect the young readers of to-day to be pleased and entertained with her romances, we fancy they will find her style somewhat high-fown.

SILVIA. *A Novel.* By Julia Kavanagh. Appleton & Co. have added to their "Library of Choice Novels" one of the earlier works of Miss Kavanagh. It is one which is well deserving a place in any collection of choice reading.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL.—The last number that we have received contains a large cartoon, affording a view of Central Park, New York; a smaller cartoon, giving a view of Prospect Park, Brooklyn. The stories, essays, sketches, table-talk, and miscellany afford notable variety.

From J. B. FORD & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

MATERNITY. *A Popular Treatise for Young Wives and Mothers.* By Tullio Suzzara Verdi, A. M., M. D., of Washington, D. C. Doctor Verdi is a member of the American Institute of Homœopathy, and the medical treatment in this book is based upon the practice of this school.

From LORING, Boston, through PORTER & COATES, Philadelphia:—

ROBERT FALCONER. By George Macdonald, LL. D., author of "David Elginbrod," etc. Mr. Macdonald has before attempted that difficult thing, a religious novel, with unequivocal success; but "Robert Falconer" is better than anything he has ever before produced. He treats of subjects pertaining to theology and morality with boldness and courage, and will, no doubt, startle many worthy people by the broadness of some of his views. We cannot give anything like an appropriate idea of his work in the limits of a brief magazine notice; but will only say that one of the best and most nobly drawn characters is Mrs. Falconer, a Scotch Presbyterian, and a lady of the sternest, strictest, most uncompromising religious tenets.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

OCTOBER, 1870.

THE illustrations this month are a fine steel plate, "The Village Doctor;" a six-figure fashion-plate; a handsome crochet design on tinted paper; a fine wood engraving, "After the Storm;" an extension sheet, containing numerous fashionable designs; work department designs; and a large sheet of embroideries.

EXTREME SNOBBERY.—The description of the wedding outfit of Miss Butler, married to General Ames, comes under this head. It is the first time that we have ever seen any allusion to the undergarments of a young lady about to be married, and who furnished the list. Imagine the reporter—no doubt, standing by, with pencil and paper in hand—superintending the counting of the stockings, night-gowns, underclothing, corsets, corset covers, combing-jackets, and skirts! There must have been some articles coming under the head of *etceteras*, for we do not see any mention of bifurcated garments. And how particular about the gloves! The anxiety there must have been that he got the proper number of buttons on each glove correct. We approve of the Balbriggan stockings, for we know they are a good article. But don't let us lose sight of the gloves: Two dozen pairs of white kid gloves, six buttons; one dozen pair of light shade kid gloves, three buttons; one dozen pair of dark shade kid gloves, three buttons. Two buttons and one button must be vulgar; so, in future, we shall none of them. One dozen nightgowns trimmed with Valenciennes, and one dozen trimmed with French work, is a pretty fair allowance. One dozen combing-jackets is about right, but two dozen corset covers is, we think, too liberal. We cannot devote more space to this nonsense. We can only regret that a Senator and Representative of Congress would consent to such an exposure. We must not neglect to state that the articles were all made in Paris. There was not talent enough in this country to make a *trousseau* for an American lady.

How different is the description of the marriage of the Earl of Derby. Perfectly modest, inasmuch as no mention is made of a *trousseau*, let alone stockings, combing-jackets, and corset covers; and it may be a piece of information to snobs in general to state that the earl and his groomsmen wore frock coats at the marriage. In republican America such a garment would have been frowned upon.

ILLINOIS.

AWAY out here in the little homes on the Illinois prairie your monthly may be found, giving as much pleasure, and is as eagerly looked for, as in the mansions and cities of the East.

W.

A NEW DAILY PAPER.—We have a great many dailies at present, but still there is an opening for another; and it would be successful, if it would only promise, and keep that promise, not to publish any account of base ball matches.

I HAVE used a WHEELER & WILSON Sewing Machine for years, and it has never been a day out of repairs; have sewed the finest cambric and the heaviest overcoating; have used one needle over three years, and, indeed, never broke but one out of the original dozen that I got with the machine, and that was my fault. WHEELER & WILSON are our politics for the ladies. SARAH E. ENSWILER.

CONSTRUCTION OF CHIGNONS.—This is one of those things which, to borrow Lord Dundreary's words, "no fellow," who is not a hairdresser, "can understand." It is evident, of course, to the meanest masculine understanding that those wondrous constructions which rise like helmets on the heads of the young women of the period, and give the beholders a pain in the back of their necks to think of the weight which must be imposed on the heads of these martyrs to fashion during the hot weather, cannot consist of the unassisted *chevelure* of the young people in question. To use the words of an "artist in hair," "no human head could grow it all."

How then is the natural hair eked out, and how are the scanty locks of Angelina made not only to equal, but even to surpass, those of Margaret and Mary, of Kate and Caroline, combined? The first suggestion is, of course, by borrowed locks. But not only are borrowed locks expensive, and therefore unattainable by all the young women who desire to appear in chignons, but also human hair in its unmitigated plainness cannot be made up into the various puffs, pads, and frisettes which are necessary to produce the monstrous excrescences, with which women deform their naturally pretty heads. The requisite volume and elasticity, combined with the desired cheapness, can only be obtained by the use of a different material; and a trial which took place recently let the outer world into a great many secrets with regard to the artificial increase of the volume of hair worn by most women.

A certain manufacturer of chignons and frisettes, in 1867, took out a patent for an invention and improvement in the manufacture of artificial hair for ladies' headdresses and frisettes, but finding, in this year 1870, that some one else was using the same, or similar, processes and substances to those which he employed, he applied for an injunction to restrain the other persons from interfering with his trade. The other persons showed that the material employed was already well known, and frequently used, and the plaintiff gained nothing by his motion, except a rebuke for patenting materials and processes which were already quite well known.

The point of interest, however, to us, as general observers, consisted in the statements made as to the materials used in constructing cheap frisettes, and the manner of their preparation. The material prepared is Russian wool of coarse fibre; and there are boilings and dyeings, curlings and crimpings, which may result in making something fit to stuff a sofa cushion, or may produce something where-withal a lady's head is to be decked.

The plaintiff said he had made large sums of money by his process, and he wished to prevent any one else from making large sums of money in a similar way. In refutation of his exclusive claim it was shown that the heads of dolls (waxen, not human) had for many years been covered with Russian wool prepared in a similar manner; and it was shown that human hair, horse hair, mohair (which is Angora wool), and Russian wool, had all in turn been used for pads and frisettes—the last-named material being cheapest and best for the purpose, and so becoming most extensively used.

It was mentioned that one firm of manufacturers makes up no less than two tons' weight of chignons and frisettes in each week! Some of the reports of the case state that in the progress of the trial a bundle of pads and frisettes was handed up to the judge for his inspection, amid much laughter. Sometimes, in reports of trials, we read of laughter having been elicited by what appear very inadequate causes. In this instance, we think, the laughter was fully justified, both by the folly of the manu-

facturer, and by that of the wearers of the pads and frisettes in question.

SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS:—

"Is it not written in the history of Rome how the two daughters of Ambustus were married—the elder to Servius Sulpicius, the consular tribune, a patrician; the younger to C. Licinius, a plebeian—and that the latter, while visiting her elder sister, being alarmed by the noise made by the lictors when the tribune returned home, is ridiculed by the tribune's wife for the want of knowledge of the world's pomps and vanities she hereby displays; and, ridicule being one of the most potent weapons wielded by women in their contests with women, this affects the younger sister so greatly that she determines never to rest until her husband is on an equality with her brother-in-law! She carried out her resolution so well that ere long plebeians generally, and her husband in particular, were admitted to the highest honors. I do not know whether any such potent influences are at work in determining the present generation to rise in the social scale, but certainly there is no one phase in our modern society which strikes one so much as the struggle ever going on to get on and get up in the world, or the wonderful way in which this desire is carried out, and the wonderful people who achieve it. Vulgar people, without an H to their name, as the saying is, find their way to the highest places by the magic power of wealth; and in the most exclusive coteries you find people who know as much about their grandfathers as they do about their great-great-grandchildren, whose whole life has been spent in money-making by trade, and who have neither the knowledge of the world nor knowledge of most of those things which are considered necessary in educated people, and likely to make them agreeable. Plebeian and patrician sit side by side in cabinet councils, in Mayfair drawing-rooms, and at royal feasts; and in nine cases out of ten, or rather in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it is to woman's influence and woman's vanity that this rise in the social scale is due. Is it not the wives who set so great a store on knight-hoods and baronetries, to say nothing of coronets and strawberry leaves? Our American cousins have a great deal to answer for in the matter of the setting aside of social distinctions. By the by, how many of our literary lions have been across the Atlantic lately—Goldwin Smith, Charles Reade, Hans Andersen, Max Muller, Anthony Trollope, etc. I was reading a letter from one of these absent ones the other day, in which it was asserted that our heroes are greatly given to early marriages. This is certainly not so much the fashion in every-day life now as of yore, and was hardly the case of old. Shakespeare was 18 when he married; Ben Jonson, 21; Franklin, 24; Dante, 26; Tycho Brahe, Byron, Washington, and Bonaparte, 27; Linnæus, and Nelson, 29; Chaucer, 32; Sir H. Davy, 33; Wellington, 37; Wilberforce, 38; Luther, 42; Addison, 44; Wesley and Young, 47; Swift, 49; Buffon, 55; Old Parr, 120."

We cut the above from an English paper, and can only add, that money is the passport here to society no matter how obtained.

We asked in our September number if anybody knew the Prince of Vica Varo. We have found out ourselves. His name is Virginio Cenci. He is a member of the celebrated Beatrice Cenci family; said Beatrice being no better than she ought to be, and her father a great deal worse. Now, we would like to know how much was paid for him, or rather for his title? Perhaps the following from the *London Times* may be applicable to this case. Perhaps papa also bought the title:—

"Hereditary titles are not generally supposed to be among marketable commodities. But the saying that 'money can buy anything' seems to be applicable also to hereditary rank. An advertisement published in the *Times* some days ago informs all whom it may concern that 'the ancient hereditary titles of a nobleman of the highest Continental rank may be secured by a rich capitalist.'"

IF GODEY is not already taken by every lady in the land, it should be.—*Postal Bulletin*, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WEDDING PRESENTS are a source of much mental worry both to their givers and receivers. So-and-so is going to be married, and all her friends and relations, down to her ninety-ninth cousins, are supposed to be called upon by that fact to make her a present. When the bride belongs to a rich family, she receives bracelets, lockets, necklets, and rings innumerable. Several opera glasses, and, of late, several fans, are also included, and there are presents of Dresden, and Sèvres, and other famous porcelains, enough to stock a shop of moderate size.

In homelier circles, where presents that are not of quite so personal a nature are given, there is sometimes quite an *embarras de richesses* in the way of teapots, cruet-stands, butter knives, and cake baskets. We have known three cake baskets and six butter knives to be presented to a lady, in whose establishment one would have been sufficient for all needs.

The question is, what can be done? Would it not be convenient for a lady about to enter the holy estate of matrimony to make out a list of what she wanted, and to send it round to her friends, requesting each person to make a mark against the article which he or she would desire to present? In this way, as the list went round, people would see what had been chosen, and there would be no such unfortunate repetitions as those we have indicated. This plan is, however, open to the objection that it savors somewhat of the begging-letter system, and that people might find themselves the subject of forced contributions under such an arrangement even more directly than they are under the present system.

Perhaps the wisest plan would be to follow a late example. This gentleman's present was a box containing five hundred dollars, which, of course, the happy bride could lay out as suited her own taste. It would be a change from the present style of bridal gifts for a lady about to be married to receive from her friends checks for the amount of the money they meant to expend on her behalf. The checks are quite as capable of being shown as are the usual presents, and a drawing-room table would be very interesting on which were exhibited a large number of autographs appended to orders to "pay the bearer" sums up to any conceivable amount. Humble people who have not got bankers might employ the medium of post-office orders. If actual coin were preferred, small heaps of eagles would make a fine show.

Wedding presents are undoubtedly a relic of the old fashion of presenting to the newly-married couple something in the way of household goods with which to commence housekeeping. In the ranks of Scottish peasant life, it is not very long ago since all persons who attended a wedding feast made actual presents in kind or money to the bride or bridegroom, with the avowed object of giving them a start in life, and all the guests were admitted on condition of giving a present.

A New York lady received, among her wedding presents, three sewing machines, six large family Bibles, and ten ice pitchers. A Boston lady had twenty-one pairs of silver salt-cellars among her bridal presents.

Wedding presents of our own day are generally more ornamental than useful, and there is a certain monotony about them. We think we deserve some credit for having done away with wedding presents altogether.

THE latest style in gold bracelets is in the shape of a fluted muslin cuff, and is made of burnished gold, with a diamond button and ruby buttonhole.

NEW SHEET MUSIC.—*Songs and Ballads*, published by J. Starr Holloway: Handsome Davis Browne, lively, sprightly song, by Mrs. Hackleton; Susie Morne, sweet song and chorus, same author; The Beautiful City, sacred song and chorus, same; Mary, My Beautiful Angel, same; The Twilight Meeting, beautiful song and chorus, by Coralie Bell, author of Lillie Clare, Sunny Days, etc., all good. Each 30 cents.

Easy Pieces.—Bright Jewels Waltz, Pulling Hard Against the Stream, Lyda Polka, Not for Joe Galop, Genevieve Rondo, Flower Queen Redowa. Each 20 cents, or the six for \$1.

More Advanced Pieces.—Paddle Your Own Canoe, brilliant variations, by Brinley Richards, 50; The Fairy Sprite, by Mack, 60; Ignis Fatuus, Jungmann, 35; Forget Me Not, beautifully illustrated, 60; Golden Sunset, showy little piece, 30. The five pieces for \$2.

Holloway's Musical Monthly for October.—\$1 50 worth of new and elegant music are given in this number. Price 40 cents. We will send the last four numbers, containing \$8 worth of real sheet music, as samples, for \$1, and 12 cents in stamps for postage. A splendid offer, of which all lovers of music should take advantage. Address J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

BUFFALO BRAND ALPACAS.—We some months ago called attention to this particular brand of alpaca goods, and gave an opinion as to its superior quality over all other goods then in the market. We are happy to state, from information derived from the importers, that they are rapidly taking the place of all other alpacas now used. The sales have largely increased during the past season. They have been greatly improved for the fall and winter wear.

Another article that we also called attention to at that time, imported by the same firm, "The Beaver Brand Mohair," has taken the first rank in the market. Its beautiful silky appearance, brilliant lustre, and pure shade of fast black, have caused it to be sought after more than any other goods of the kind. Ladies will wear no other. Wm. J. Peake & Co., N. Y., are the sole importers of these goods, but they can be found on the shelves of the leading retail dry goods houses throughout all the States.

"A YOUNG lady at a fashionable sea-side resort says she has lost at least half a dozen husbands by appearing in a bathing dress, and she won't do it again until her matrimonial future is secured."

Our comment on the above is this. Gentlemen saw her when she was not made up, and did not like her appearance.

How any household that attaches much importance to the cultivation of fine taste can be without this queen of monthlies passes our understanding.—*American*, Newark, Ohio.

ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPING.—We have now before us a circular, published by the SEA MOSS FINE CO., which we advise every one who takes an interest in the food question to read. It describes, concisely, the origin and uses of the edible SEA MOSS FARINE, and presents an array of scientific and other testimony in its favor, which can hardly fail to convince the most skeptical of its paramount claims as an economic, wholesome, digestible, eminently nutritious, and very pleasant addition to the national *caste*. This, at least, is the conclusion at which many of the most eminent hotel keepers, artistic cooks, physicians, chemists, merchants, etc., of New York, have arrived, and they state their opinions on the subject over their own signatures in the pamphlet to which we allude.

No young lady is considered well educated unless she can dance, play on the pianoforte, and sing. The amount of time devoted to these studies, and the expensiveness of lessons from the first professors of the respective arts, are proofs of the high esteem in which such acquirements are held. Viewed simply in the light of superficial accomplishments, it may be that the time, pains, and money bestowed on similar pursuits are generally excessive, compared with the result attained. But if it be sought to confer a permanent benefit on the pupils, no amount of means should be spared to arrive at the desired end.

That which usually mars the best intentions of all concerned in the education of young girls is the number of studies that it is commonly supposed necessary the pupils should pursue. Nothing short of incessant application and universal genius could enable young ladies to acquire anything like a thorough knowledge of half the subjects which are included in the scheme of their education. And when it is borne in mind that the term of learning is comprised within the brief space which lies between the pupil's quitting the nursery, and making her appearance in society, the impossibility of success is increased tenfold.

In order to make up for the inevitable deficiency, many parents are tempted to silence just criticism of their daughters' accomplishments by a course of finishing lessons from celebrated professors. Under the reputation of being a pupil of a master bearing an eminent name, all the defects of the pupil are commonly supposed to vanish. But the delusion is short-lived, and transparent to the most casual observer. Whatever power of concealment the trick may possess is liable to fall as soon as the new song learned for an occasion, or the last fashionable step, is superseded by a fresh novelty.

First-rate teachers, in all professions, are painfully conscious of the disadvantages the above system entails on their reputation. They feel that they are not only doing themselves an injury, but that they cannot possibly benefit their pupils. At the same time to refuse such offers would be to give offence—a risk which very few venture to run.

PETS.—As developing the gentler side of our nature, the rearing of pets is to be recommended to the young. The purest and sweetest satisfactions grow out of sentiments of pity, tenderness, and love, and such tend to form the noblest and most truly great characters. Though not so obtrusive as stronger and more antagonistic qualities, they have a persuasiveness and ultimate rule which insure the most lasting conquest. "The meek shall inherit the earth." In the hearts of children, therefore, let us seek to nurture all those kindly feelings of which they will have full need to withstand the harshness that the rough dealing of the world begets. The child's play with its *protégé* kitten may be thus the seed of ripe fruits of tenderness and sympathy which shall be precious to sorrowing men. To fondle and love seem to be necessities of our nature. Human loneliness is abnormal, and society cannot exist without a measure of friendly relations. The greatest tyrant has had his favorites. The prisoner, the misanthrope, the outcast, attaches himself, if not to man, yet to some animal that affords companionship. Even a plant may, as Saintine has shown in his story of *Picciola*, become personified, and the breath of human affection be mingled with its perfume.

OCEAN yacht races may be very good things in themselves, but are rather risksome as regards human life. There have been two races, and in each race two men have been drowned.

OUR eyes have wandered over the pages of the *Argosy*, and they have lighted only upon one article which claims attention. "Social Shams" is the one we refer to. The writer believes this is not merely a go-ahead age, but an artificial one; that simplicity has been lost in show, and reality in sham. These and other accusations are justified by an appeal to what the whole fashionable world takes part in, and knows to be truly characterized. Of course we are very sorry that the passion for display and pleasure is so dominant, for we see in the world's annals that pomp and luxury have been the *avant couriers* of national ruin. From the days of old Noah it has been so. But there are other and more personal considerations which should have some influence. Ages of wealth, luxury, and display have usually been favorable to the execution of great public works, and consequently to architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and all the fine arts. Taste has been cultivated and become refined, and rulers and people have alike acquired glory. Yet it may be doubted whether in such ages the possessors of wealth and the patrons of intellect have themselves excelled in intellectual acquirements. They have patronized wisdom and knowledge rather than cultivated them. The demands of the outward life have not left them leisure for intellectual pursuits. More than that, ages of external splendor have usually culminated in effeminacy and moral weakness, because men have not been required either to foster or to exhibit the sterner virtues. More even than that, such periods have been unfavorable to religion, which has usually assumed gigantic proportions in its externals and forms, but otherwise has become a hollow and an empty show. Under these circumstances, it is not at all a matter for regret that moralizers should from time to time lift up their voice among us. We do not at all condemn them; on the contrary, we feel indebted to them. They help to hold us in check, and to preserve the balance of society, by calling attention to its follies, its dangers, and its duties. So far it is well. Yet we think that our Oatos are apt to exaggerate somewhat, and we do not like the idea of denuding life of all its brightness, and of reducing the age to the dead level and doleful reign of universal dullness.

THE EUREKA DIAPER.—This simple invention we desire to call attention to from the fact that it is, in our opinion, one that is going to create a revolution in the nursery. It is an article that will be of great benefit to those mothers and nurses who wish to pay proper attention to a child's health. One of the causes that make a crying child is the use of pins in fastening its covering. Now, this article not only does away with the use of pins, but it protects the bedding and clothing. It is highly recommended by physicians. Sold by all the principal dry-goods stores in the United States.

A MAN MILLINER.—They have one in New York, and, of course, he will be patronized merely because he ought not to be. The sewing is done by burly, strong he-Prussians, Poles, and Hungarians.

"THE ANGEL OF PEACE," AND "BED TIME."—Every day we receive orders for these charming pictures, which by special arrangement with the publishers we are able to furnish our subscribers at \$1 each. All who get them are surprised and delighted at their richness and beauty. If you are a lover of choice pictures, don't fail to possess yourself of one or both of these exquisite steel engravings, when you can do so at a price that is only nominal. For \$1 each we will mail them to any address.

METALLIC HEELS.—A most valuable invention has recently been brought before the public in the shape of a metallic heel for ladies' shoes. When the heel of a shoe begins to wear off on one side, the shoe rapidly loses its shape, the counter becomes broken, and a strain on the ankle ensues that produces an ungainly walk in the wearer. The introduction of the new fashion of French pointed heels has not improved the heel of a shoe for wear. The invention that we wish to call the attention of our friends to, and which will remedy all these troubles, consists of a cast metal brass plate, secured to the sole by a number of small screws, entering the leather from the outside on the edge; to this is firmly connected the heel proper (sheet metal, stamped), and the tip or bottom plate, by one large screw, protected from friction by a leather or rubber cap fitting into the tip—the whole allowing of easy adjustment by the merest novice. If desired, a solid metal plate may be worn instead of the rubber cap, and this would seem to be preferable for gravel walks or country roads. This heel is made in a variety of patterns, of varying beauty, the metal of which it is composed is capable of being plated with gold or silver, or of being made to represent ebony. By reference to an advertisement on the third page of cover our readers can obtain further information as to price, etc.

SHEEP-STEALING AS A FINE ART.—The *Paris Sicle* gives an account of a clever system of sheep-stealing which has been lately discovered in Paris. Several persons unite to buy a little flock of ten or twelve sheep on a market day; they then place themselves on the high road at a spot where it crosses a copse, or is intersected by ditches. As soon as a distant cloud of dust announces the approach of one of the large flocks of from twelve to fifteen hundred sheep, which are often led by a single shepherd to the capital, they hasten to make certain arrangements previously concerted. The twelve sheep are placed at the edge of the road, where they browse on the scanty herbage. Extended carelessly on the ground one of the thieves pretends to watch them, while his accomplices are hid in the ditches. As soon as the large flock passes these seize the sheep within their reach, quickly mark them in red with the initials of the association, and push them into the little flock of twelve sheep. This trick is repeated as often as a flock passes, so that by the end of the day the twelve have become a hundred. It is so cleverly done that the theft is only discovered at the slaughter-house, when the number is found wanting. A fortuitous circumstance led to the discovery and arrest of the gang who had invented this ingenious system. One of the confederates, appropriately disguised, proposed to sell a lot of sheep to a countryman who had lately been robbed of some of his live stock. In spite of the depreciation in the value of sheep caused by the drought, the low price raised a suspicion in the farmer's mind. He examined the sheep, and a secret mark proved to him that they formed part of the flock which had been stolen. He concluded the bargain; but, pretending to be short of money, he begged the seller to wait till he could go and borrow some, and then gave information to the authorities.

WHAT DO YOUNG MEN MARRY?—Some young men marry dimples; some ears; some noses; the contest, however, generally lies between the eyes and the hair. The mouth, too, is occasionally married; the chin not so often. Poor partners, these, you will own. But young men do marry all these, and many other bits and scraps of a wife, instead of the true thing. Such as the marriage is, such is the after-life. He that would have a wife must marry a woman. If he can meet with one of equal social position, like education, similar disposition, kindred sympathies, and habits congenial to his own, let him marry. But let him beware of marrying a curl, or a neck, however swan-like, or a voice, however melodious. Young ladies do also make some queer matches, and unite themselves to whiskers.

BEAUTIFUL extracts upon the subject of death from the works of Dickens:—

"Dead, your majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead right reverends and wrong reverends, of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day."—*Bleak House, Chapter vi.*

"The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion. The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unohanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—death! Oh, thank God! all who see it, for that older fashion yet of immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged when the swift river bears us to the ocean."—*Dombey, Chapter 17.*

"The spirit of the child, returning, innocent and radiant, touched the old man with its hand, and beckoned him away."—*Chimes, Second Quarter.*

"The star had shown him the way to find the God of the poor; and through humility, and sorrow, and forgiveness he had gone to his Redeemer's rest."—*Hard Times, Book 3, Chapter 6.*

"A cricket sings upon the hearth, a broken child's toy lies upon the ground, and nothing else remains."—*Crocket on the Hearth, Chirp 3.*

"I felt for my own self as the dead may feel if they ever revisit these scenes. I was glad to be tenderly remembered, to be gently pitied, not to be quite forgotten."—*Bleak House, Chapter 46.*

"From these garish lights I vanish now forevermore, with a heartfelt, grateful, respectful, and affectionate farewell—and I pray God to bless us every one."—*Last Reading, London, March 6, 1870.*

"When I die, put near me something that has loved the light and had the sky above it always."—*Old Curiosity Shop, Chapter 71.*

"Lord, keep my memory green!"—*Haunted Man, Chapter 3.*

"Now," he murmured, 'I am happy.' He fell into a light slumber, and, waking, smiled as before; then spoke of beautiful gardens, which he said stretched out before him, and were filled with figures of men, women, and many children, all with light upon their faces, then whispered that it was Eden—and so died."—*Nickleby, Chapter 58.*

"... died like a child that had gone to sleep."—*Copperfield, Chapter 9.*

"... and began the world—not this world, oh, not this! The world that sets this right."—*Bleak House, Chapter 66.*

"... gone before the Father; far beyond the twilight judgments of this world; high above its mists and obscurities."—*Little Dorrit, Book 2, Chapter 19.*

"... and lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now."—*Old Curiosity Shop, Chapter 71.*

"It being high water, he went out with the tide."—*Copperfield, Chapter 80.*

"Those who take a real interest in their scholars, and want to do the best possible for them under the circumstances, ought to know that if they chance to have a stammerer in their school, he can read, in nine cases out of ten, perfectly well with another boy, and also recite with him. It would be perfectly easy for teachers to regulate this method if they studied it a little. A stammerer dreads school more than anything, because he is brought forward alone with this infirmity before every one, which is extremely cruel, and here is the simple remedy, says a correspondent, who, we suppose, speaks from experience."

We think a stammerer can read or recite without the assistance of another boy. We once knew an actor a dreadful stammerer off the stage, but that defect could not be detected in his acting.

We might write a column about it without saying as much for it as the simple fact that it is in its fortieth year proves—no better evidence of its popularity among the ladies could be adduced; unlike some of the dear ones, it does not seek to conceal its age.—*Press, Camden, N. J.*

It is a great assistant in the culinary department, an able instructor in the boudoir, an adviser in the family circle, and a welcome visitor in the library.—*Times, Nevada City, Mo.*

FOREIGN ITEMS.

AN EMPRESS SHOCKED.—The French correspondent of the *British Journal of Photography* is responsible for the following story:—

"In the private apartments of the emperor's palace, it is related that a lady in high position—in very high position, in fact—went near a mantel-piece, where she felt all of a sudden a slight commotion; she drew back naturally, and again approached—a new shock and sharp prick. Illusion was impossible; however, she would try the experiment again. The commotion increased in energy, and the prick became painful. Whatever was the matter! And, calling several persons of her suite, she said: 'Try, then,' to one of them, to whom she related the strange adventure. This lady allowed a slight cry of astonishment to escape her, for she, too, had felt the shock and the pricking. The grand lady then begged her husband to try it. He, a little incredulous, but smiling, ventured to the magic mantel-piece. When he was within a few inches of the fireplace, a fine jet of bluish fire was seen to pass from the marble to his clothes. What was the mystery? They sent off to the Sorbonne for one of the professors—not as in old times, they would have called in a magician. M. Jamin, one of the finest experimenters ever seen at a lecture-table, posted off to the bewitched palace. The mantel-piece received him with showers of characteristic crackling sparks. 'Ah! that is electricity,' said M. Jamin, and in a few seconds he found the key to the mystery. Before the mantle-piece was a magnificent bear's skin; every time when any one walked upon it the friction generated electricity, which manifested itself in its usual forms of sparks and shocks. M. Jamin rubbed the bear's skin, and the sparks multiplied."

This is the latest story from Paris: A tradesman sitting down to dinner, surrounded by his children, saw before the plate of one little girl, a drop of blood, and soon discovered others that were dropping from the ceiling. Calling the house porter, they forced open the door of their neighbor's room overhead, and found a young woman, who, having failed to destroy herself by charcoal fumes, had opened the veins of her neck with a razor. She had been married but three weeks.

A GENTLEMAN of high position, in London, had a wife who was connected with many of the leading members of the nobility. The other day she ran away with another man, and the injured husband adopted a different method of avenging his wrong from that which is sometimes pursued. He merely advertised a reward of £5 for the discovery of the lady. As this did not bring her back, he announced that he would give a further sum of £2 for her restoration, and that under no circumstances would the reward be increased. Thus he caused it to be made known that he assessed the value of the partner of his joys at the precise sum of £7.

A sensible way of treating the matter. The man she ran away with must have been surprised when he found that the woman was only valued by the husband at £7. "The leading members of the nobility" must have been shocked.

A GHOST OR A GOURMAND?—Every person who has ever visited Paris must remember the Café Riche. During the past three months a gentleman has nightly earned for himself notoriety and done good for the wine trade at that establishment. The clock strikes midnight, a carriage drives up, and "Le Révenant de Minuit," as he has been nicknamed, enters the café. He invariably seats himself at the same table and orders a soup cold, a cold partridge, a bottle of Bordeaux, a bottle of port, a bottle of Roderer's champagne and a large cup of *café au lait*. Having consumed the whole, this "midnight ghost" disappears. Who he is and whence he comes nobody has yet discovered, but all believe that in his world the cooking is not so good as on the boulevard.

"PICK ME UP."—The members of the First Battalion of Guards, London, gave a breakfast at Chelsea Barracks to their immediate and personal friends. Hon. W. Carrington received the guests and conducted them to the coolest and shadiest spots in the yard of the barracks. Two large tents were erected for refreshments, which consisted of tea and coffee, ices, strawberries and other fruits, but above all a wonderful new American drink, the

recipe of which is only known to the compounders of it; the gentlemen called it a "pick me up," the ladies "a most delicious beverage."

Can any one inform us what this "wonderful new American drink" is composed of?

"In the Court of Queen's Bench an action has been brought, under Lord Campbell's Act, to recover compensation for the loss of the head of a family. The deceased, Mr. Chaplin, was dining with a friend named De Castro, when the latter, in handling a loaded pistol, accidentally shot Mr. Chaplin, who died within a few hours. The present claim was made on behalf of the widow, two daughters, six sons, and a grandson. The family had been offered a sum of £2000, besides the renunciation of a debt of £3000 due from the deceased to the defendant, as compensation for the loss sustained by them through the defendant's negligence; but, not satisfied with this offer, they claimed £10,000. The jury awarded them £3000."

A man must pay for his carelessness. The lady did wrong in not accepting the first offer. The amount given by the court will simply pay off the £3000 indebtedness of her husband.

We take the following from *Appleton's Monthly*. It is singular that one person should have found out where both these quotations were to be found. We marvel that the Messrs. A. did not notice the name of the author, "A. Kannard," and it is a canard although spelt with a k:—

"A mystery of no great consequence in itself, but which has perplexed a good many people of late years, seems to have been solved by Mr. A. Kannard, of New Orleans. Reading in a recent number of our *Journal* that the authorship of two familiar quotations, 'Consistency, thou art a jewel,' and 'Though lost to sight, to memory dear,' has baffled all inquiries, he writes to the New Orleans *Sunday Times* to say that the first of these two quotations is to be found in an old ballad called 'Jolly Robyn Roughhead,' printed in Murtgagh's collection of Ancient English and Scotch Ballads, Edinburgh, 1754. The following is one of the stanzas:—

"'Tush! tush, my lass! such thoughts resign,
Comparisons are cruel;
Fine pictures suit in frames as fine,
Consistency's a jewel."

"The second quotation, 'Though lost to sight, to memory dear,' Mr. Kannard says occurs in a poem of which he has a copy, but has forgotten the name of the author. Here is the poem:—

"Sweetheart, good-by! The fluttering sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee,
And soon before the favoring gale
My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,
These eyes shall miss thee many a year,
But unforgetten every charm,
Though lost to sight, to memory dear."

"Sweetheart, good-by! One last embrace!
Oh, cruel Fate! true souls to sever!
Yet, in this heart's most sacred place,
Thou, thou alone, shalt dwell forever!
And still shall recollection trace
In Fancy's mirror, ever near,
Each smile, each tear, that form, that face,
Though lost to sight, to memory dear."

"We know nothing of Mr. Kannard, and cannot, of course, vouch for the authenticity of his citations."

FOOLS NOT ALL DEAD YET: A young married lady in Brooklyn, N. Y., has received as a wedding present a fan made in Paris at a cost of \$25,000 in gold. It is of tortoise shell, studded with tiny solitaire diamonds.

SPECIMEN BRICKS.—A lady sends us a story requesting us to send her \$50, and to correct the spelling. Another writes: "If you will furnish me with the name for a story and a plot, I will write it out for you for \$15."

THE HYACINTH.

THE ladies will be interested in the following directions for growing Hyacinths in glasses during the winter:—

Method of Blooming Hyacinths in the Winter Season in Glasses.

"For this purpose, Single Hyacinths, and such as are designated earliest among the Double, are to be preferred. Single Hyacinths are generally held in less estimation than Double ones; their colors, however, are more vivid, and their bells, though smaller, are more numerous; some of the sorts are exquisitely beautiful; they are preferable for flowering in winter to most of the Double ones, as they bloom two or three weeks earlier, and are very sweet-scented.



"Hyacinths intended for glasses should be placed in them during October and November, the glasses being previously filled with pure water, so that the bottom of the bulb may just touch the water; then place them for the first three or four weeks in a dark closet, box, or cellar, to promote the shooting of the fibres, which should fill the glasses before exposing them to the sun, after which expose them to the light and sun gradually. If kept too light and warm at first, and before there is sufficient fibre, they will rarely flower well. They will blow without any sun, but the colors of the flowers will be inferior. The water should be changed as it becomes impure; draw the roots entirely out of the glasses, rinse off the fibres in clean water, and wash the inside of the glass well. Care should be taken that the water does not freeze, as it would not only burst the glass, but cause the fibres to decay. Whether the water is hard or soft is not a matter of much consequence—soft is preferable—but must be perfectly clear to show the fibres to advantage."

The above is an extract from DREER'S *New Illustrated Catalogue of Bulbs, Plants, etc.*, for the autumn. A copy of which will be mailed to all who send a postage-stamp to his address, which we give below.

HENRY A. DREER, *Seedman and Florist,*
714 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE late Serjeant Talfourd, having on one occasion landed at Granton Pier, committed his portmantau to an old porter. His name, "Mr. Serjeant Talfourd," was pasted on it, and was observed by the porter. The learned gentleman offered payment to the porter for his trouble, but was met with the reply: "Na, na, sir, I wiinna take a penny frae you; and yo're very welcome, for I was once a sergeant like yoursel'."

THE following hint as to ladies' fashion of wearing hair is extracted from Evelyn, a contemporary of Pepys, of the times of Charles II. —

"They weare very long crisped haire, of severall strakes and colours, which they make so by a wash, disheveling it on the brims of a broad hat that has no head, but an hole to put out their heads by; they drie them in the sunn, as one may see them at their windows." May 11, 1664 (England), he says: "I now observed how the women began to paint themselves, formerly a most ignominious thing us'd only by —." November 26, 1661: "I saw Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, played, but now the old plays began to disgust this refined age, since his majesties being so long abroad."

DEAN STANLEY, in the funeral sermon of Charles Dickens, drew attention to the following passage in his will, and commended it. It is worth commendation:—

"I commit my soul to the mercy of God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter."

"In that simple but sufficient faith," concluded the Dean, "Charles Dickens lived and died. In that faith he would have you all live and die also; and if any of you have learnt from his works the eternal value of generosity, purity, kindness, and unselfishness, and to carry them out in action, these are the best 'monuments, memorials, and testimonials' which you, his fellow-countrymen, can raise to his memory."

Doctor Stanley took for his text the sixteenth chapter of St. Luke, nineteenth and following verses, which contain the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. He described Mr. Dickens as that gifted being who for years had delighted and instructed the generation to which he belonged. "No age had developed like this the gift of speaking in parables, of teaching by fiction. Poetry," he continued, "may kindle a loftier fire; the drama may rivet the attention more firmly; science may open a wider horizon; and philosophy may touch a deeper spring; but no works are so penetrating or so persuasive, enter so many houses or attract so many readers, as the romance or novel of modern times." By the writings of Charles Dickens it was clearly shown that "it is possible to move both old and young to laughter without the use of a single expression which could defile the purest or shock the most sensitive." He taught this lesson to the world, that it is possible to jest without the introduction of depraving scenes, or the use of unseemly and filthy jokes. But, the Dean urged, there was something even higher than this to be learnt in the writings of Charles Dickens, and which it was well to speak of in the house of God and beside that new-made grave. "In that long series of stirring tales, now closed, there was a palpably serious truth—might he not say a Christian and Evangelical truth—of which we all needed much to be reminded, and of which in his own way he was the special teacher?" The poor man had but one name given him in the parable; but in the writings of Charles Dickens he bore many names and wore many forms; now coming to us in the type of the forlorn outcast, now in that of the workhouse child struggling towards the good amid an atmosphere of cruelty, injustice, and vice. He helped to blot out the hard line which too often severs class from class, and made Englishmen feel more as one family than they had felt before. Therefore it was felt that he had not lived in vain, or been laid in vain here in that sacred house, which is the home and the heart of the English nation. His grave, already strewn with flowers, would henceforth be a sacred spot both with the New World as well as with the Old, as that of the representative of the literature, not of this island only, but of all who speak our English tongue.

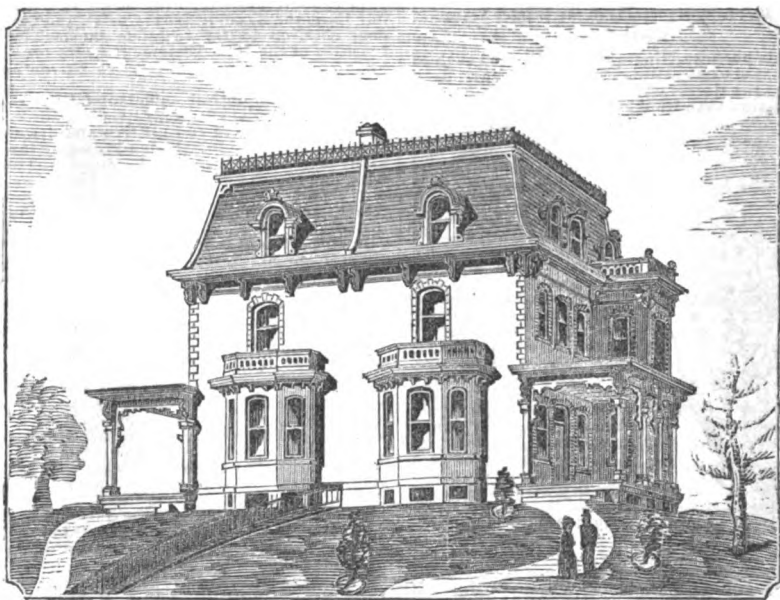
"A WESTERN editor, recently married, believes that 'everybody should live on the sunny side of their houses as much as possible, and allow the sun's genial rays to penetrate the rooms.' Such advice, this weather, is 'too much,' as Artemus Ward would say."

We think that the house of a newly married couple should be sunny on all sides.

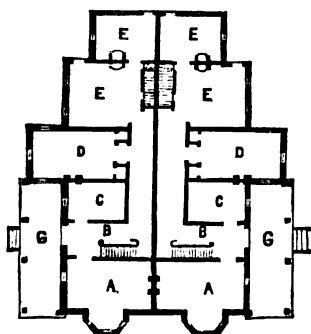
FRENCH WASHING MACHINERY.—The linen of several hotels and cafés in Paris is washed at the rate of 40,000 pieces a day, at the Blanchisserie de Courcelles, three miles or so from the St. Lazare terminus of the Western Railway. The linen is boiled with soap and soda, and then washed in hollow wheels, rinsed, partly dried by centrifugal machines, and for the rest in hot-air ovens, which carry off nearly three pounds of moisture per pound of coal burnt. It is finally ironed between polished rollers and then returned to Paris.

A MODEL RESIDENCE

Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, formerly 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.



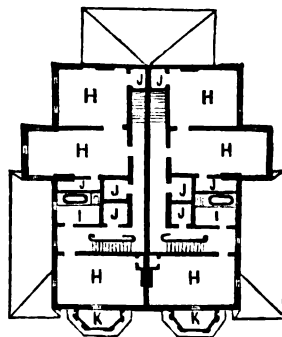
THE above representation of a twin dwelling, as built for Mr. H. S. Bollman, of Pittsburg, Pa., clearly demonstrates to what an extent the architecture of our country could be improved by this mode of building. Instead of erecting small and insignificant looking houses, and scattering them around here and there, without adaptability of location, why not, by some mutual arrangement, let parties work together; and, selecting some pretty and convenient site, there erect a building, an ornament to the neighborhood, something for the advancement of taste, on which the eyes can rest with some feeling of satisfaction?



FIRST STORY.

By this mode you can secure better accommodations inside, and tenfold the beauty of exterior effect, with much less expense than by building separately. The arrangement of the plan will, we think, prove satisfactory. The rooms are all large and well lighted, with all the modern conveniences—bay windows, bath-rooms, etc. The third story can contain three chambers, with all necessary closet room, etc. The building, as here represented, is intended for stone, but could readily be altered to either brick or wood. It would cost of stone between \$9000 and \$10,000. We have on hand blank

forms of specifications and bills of quantities, which we send to any address on receipt of \$2.



SECOND STORY.

First Story.—A parlors, 16 feet 6 inches by 18 feet; B halls; C sitting-rooms, 14 feet 3 inches by 10 feet; D dining-rooms, 21 feet 6 inches by 12 feet; E kitchens, 14 feet 3 inches by 14 feet; F scullery, 10 by 13 feet; G porches.

Second Story.—H chambers; I bath-rooms; J closets; K balconies.

A TOLL-GATE keeper was recently brought before a magistrate on the charge of cruelly treating his daughter. He had discovered that the girl, who was frequently left in charge of the gate, used to allow her sweetheart, a young butcher, to drive his cart through free. She never tolled her love.

A MAN who had bought a pair of pups of a rare breed, and had given them in charge of a dog-fancier in a neighboring State, was astonished, recently, upon returning home, after an absence of a few days, to find his wife in hysterics, occasioned by the receipt of a telegram worded as follows: "The little darlings are doing well, and are looking quite pretty. Please send their board money."

THE EX-EMPRESS CHARLOTTE, OF MEXICO—A TOUCHING SCENE.—At Brussels the first communion of the Princess Louisa has been the great event. The young Princess has just attained her twelfth year, and is considered the living likeness of her aunt. The Empress is in a dying state, but no omission was made in her case to the usage indispensable in all Catholic countries, of seeking a benediction from every one of the family upon the juvenile members, who are about to enter the bosom of the Church by receiving the sacrament for the first time. The occasion is one of greater ceremony than even a wedding or a christening, and offers the opportunity of reconciliation and forgiveness, of renewal of ties which have been neglected, and formation of new ones to which indifference had been hitherto expressed.

Even the poor Empress, as if under sudden inspiration, had been made to understand that a ceremony of importance was about to occur, and, by a singular instinct, she insisted on rising from her bed, and attiring herself in her favorite dress, a sort of pardessus, of white silk, trimmed with black lace, and putting on her most beloved ornaments to welcome her beloved relative. Many presents had been prepared—for it is the custom always to bestow some memento of the day upon the new communicant—and the poor Empress sat in her arm chair, propped up with pillows, awaiting with childish impatience the entrance of her little niece. The red morocco case containing the necklace and earrings she was to bestow upon her visitor was ready in her hand. A smile of consciousness played over her features as the step of the child was heard to approach. For a moment did her attendants, nay, even the doctor, imagine that a ray of light was about to flash across that poor bewildered brain; but when the door opened, and the little figure, attired all in white, with the snowy veil thrown across her head and bosom, pausing for a minute on the threshold, advanced joyously towards her, some souvenir of her own youth, some remembrance of the veil and flowers must have come across her, for she dashed the jewels to the ground, and seizing the hands of Princess Louise, covered them with kisses, looking all the while into her face with such a vacant, inquiring expression that the poor child, quite overcome, sobbed aloud. After a while she grew more calm, and looking about in search of the jewel case which had fallen to the ground, she shook her head mournfully, and, taking from her neck the chaplet and cross which had been given her by the Archbishop of Mexico, and from which she has never parted since the day of her entrance into that city, she placed it upon the arm of the Princess, winding it round and round many times, and, after kissing the cross with a passionate effort, sank back again upon the pillow, and remained still and motionless, with closed eye and compressed lips, dead to all around, as she is in the habit of doing for many hours together. The scene was very touching; and the doctor declares his opinion that the gleam of remembrance which shot across her on the first appearance of the Princess will be the last she will ever experience in this world. Ever since that day she has been confined to her bed, where she lies without motion, and seemingly without consciousness, while her attendants kneel by turns at her bedside, and pray God's mercy on that much-tried soul.

VALUE OF THE POTATO.—There is no other vegetable food, except wheaten bread, of which so much can be said in its favor as the potato. Its merits, however, vary much with the kind of seed, the period of maturity, and the soil in which it is grown. That kind should be preferred which becomes mealy on boiling. It is not material in reference to nourishment whether the potatoes are boiled or roasted. In point of economy and convenience, however, it has been found better to boil than to roast them; for while the loss in boiling upon one pound of potatoes scarcely exceeds half an ounce, that in the most careful roasting is two ounces to three ounces. It is also more economical to cook them in their skins, and to peel them immediately before they are eaten.

An old lady, receiving a letter she supposed was from one of her absent sons, requested her neighbor to read it. He accordingly began to read: "Dear mother"—then paused, as the writing was rather illegible. "It's from Johnny," exclaimed the old lady, "he always stutters."

VOL. LXXXI.—25

GODEY's, always a favorite with the ladies, grows more valuable every year. Its superb engravings and faultless fashion plates are worth more than the subscription price. And not only does it give the best of directions in matters of fashion and dress, but it contains excellent stories and carefully prepared articles on cooking and domestic economy. It is in every way a household treasure.—*Courier*, Great Barrington, Mass.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

ADDRESS. "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Mrs. R. S. P.—Sent articles July 28th.

Mrs. W. S. O.—Sent rubber gloves 28th.

J. O.—Sent articles by express 28th.

Mrs. O. F. S.—Sent pattern August 5th.

Mrs. F. H.—Sent pattern 6th.

C. L. M. H.—Sent pattern 6th.

C. I. H.—Sent pattern 6th.

Mrs. B. C. F.—Sent pattern 6th.

Mrs. E. S. T.—Sent hair work by express 10th.

Mrs. A. A. S.—Sent articles by express 10th.

Mrs. C. M. K.—Sent box by express 10th.

Mrs. G. W.—Sent ohignon, 18th.

Miss W.—Sent curls 18th.

Mrs. S.—Sent articles by express 20th.

Mrs. M. A. G.—Sent pattern 20th.

May.—Ivy is emblematical of "friendship, fidelity, and matrimony."

Margaret.—Ladies should not remove their gloves in church.

Ida.—There is only one way in which you can improve your writing, practise daily from good copies.

Polly.—If the hair is weak, it is more likely to curl by being put up in papers than by any other mode.

Charlotte.—We advise you very strongly to avoid hair-dyes generally; they, as a rule, contain pernicious materials.

Susie.—A letter should be folded to fit the envelope in which you inclose it.

G. H.—The print cleaners use a weak solution of chloride of lime to remove brown mildew spots from engravings.

Miss M.—We know of no cure for freckles except keeping out of the sun.

Sibyl.—The legend connected with the flower "Forget-me-not" is this: "Two lovers were loitering on the margin of a lake one fine summer evening, when the damsel espied a cluster of these pretty flowers growing close to the water on a small island at some distance. She expressed a desire to possess them, and the youth gallantly sprang into the water, which flowed both deep and rapidly, and, having breasted its broad stream, succeeded in gathering the wished-for plant; but, alas! when he attempted to return, his strength proved unequal to the effort. When near the shore, however, though unable to regain it, he threw the flowers on the bank; and, casting a sad look at the affrighted damsel, exclaimed, 'Forget me not,' and sank to rise no more."

H. D. P.—The gentleman leads with the oldest lady present, and the hostess closes the procession with the husband of the oldest lady. If she should be a widow, then with whom she may please. This ceremony would differ if the entertainment is given to any particular person. In that case, if he be a gentleman, he precedes with the lady of the house; if a lady, then the host precedes with her.

C. R. Smith.—Printed for the college. You will have to apply there.

A Subscriber.—Howard, Norman, Harry, Bertram, Clayton, Walter, Morton, Campbell, Arthur, Gerald. H. T. M. wishes to know "How a rival should be treated." Perhaps it would be best to ask him what was his favorite tippie. The first question we cannot pretend to answer, as we make no pretences to

clairvoyance. Second question. The lady should enter first.

Parvus.—We know nothing about the study of law, and can give no advice. There certainly must be a lawyer in your place—we never knew a town without one—to whom you could with more propriety address yourself.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, wardrobes, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantellets, will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq. No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

The Publisher of the *LADY'S BOOK* has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the Fashion Editor does not know.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—House dress of blue silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a plaiting of the same, with a deep band of blue velvet at the top; the upper skirt is trimmed with the silk. Plain corsage, with deep point in front; square neck, with muslin plaits inside; open sleeves. Hair arranged in puffs, with blue velvet and feather in front.

Fig. 2.—Walking-dress of gray silk poplin, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with one ruffle, cut in points, and headed by plaitings of brown silk; the upper skirt trimmed with fringe and fancy gimp. Plain corsage, cut slightly heart-shaped at the throat, trimmed with fringe and gimp; open sleeves, trimmed to correspond. Pink silk bonnet, trimmed with feather and lace.

Fig. 3.—Walking-dress of purple serge, made with one skirt, trimmed with three plaited ruffles of the same. Tight-fitting basque, with a deep plaiting falling below it, forming a short tunic. The sleeves are also trimmed with a deep plaiting. Purple velvet hat, trimmed with a black feather, and purple lace tabs falling in the back.

Fig. 4.—Dinner dress of heavy crimson silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed apron style up the front, with black lace, velvet, and quillings of the silk; the upper skirt is very bouffant, and trimmed to correspond. Pointed corsage, with revers of velvet, edged with point lace. Tight coat sleeves, with hanging sleeves outside of them, the wrists of tight sleeves being finished with point lace.

Fig. 5.—House dress of pale lilac cashmere, trimmed with a plaited ruffle of the same, headed by a broad band of darker velvet; the ruffle extends up on the front breadth, and velvet bands, finished with tassels, fall below it. Basque waist, trimmed to correspond; coat sleeves.

Fig. 6.—Suit for girl of ten years, of green silk poplin, made with two skirts, trimmed with velvet. Loose sacque, belted in, cut in points on the edge, and trimmed to correspond. White felt hat, trimmed with green velvet and white feather.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

The description of Fig. 3, first side extension sheet, last month, should have been:—

Fig. 3.—Suit of lilac silk, made with two skirts: the lower one trimmed with bands of bias velvet of a darker shade; the upper skirt is trimmed with a narrow ruffle of the silk, headed by a band of velvet. Sacque cut up in squares, trimmed to correspond; open sleeves. Hat of white straw, trimmed with black lace and lilac and black feathers.

Fig. 1.—Walking-suit of Havana brown serge made with an underskirt of silk; the upper skirt and sacque are trimmed with velvet. Brown straw hat, trimmed with velvet and feathers.

Fig. 2.—Purple silk suit; the underskirt is trimmed with a deep side plaiting of the same, with a narrow box quilling above it; plain overskirt, looped in the back, with sash of same, trimmed as seen in illustration. Purple cloth sacque, trimmed with fringe and velvet. Purple velvet hat, trimmed with velvet flowers.

Fig. 3.—Walking-suit of black alpaca, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with three folds of the material, headed by narrow braid; the upper skirt is trimmed with braid and fringe; the sash with braid alone. The sacque is open in the back, with revers turned back, and trimmed to correspond; open sleeves. Black lace bonnet, trimmed with scarlet feather and flowers.

Fig. 4.—Dress of black silk; the skirt is trimmed with two rows of satin points, headed by a plaiting; the overskirt and drapery on the shoulders are of dark blue silk, trimmed with fringe and velvet. Black straw hat, trimmed with velvet and feather.

Fig. 5.—Black silk suit, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with a side plaiting of the same, with a satin trimming heading it; the upper skirt is trimmed with shells of satin. The corsage is made with a basque, cut heart-shaped at the throat, and trimmed to correspond. Black felt hat, trimmed with green feather, flowers, and black lace scarf.

Fig. 6.—Dress of green silk, made with one skirt, trimmed to simulate two, with ruffle and two rows of black lace. The waist is trimmed with feather band, to simulate square neck; the sleeves with lace and feathers. Black Neapolitan hat, trimmed with green velvet and feathers.

Fig. 7.—Coronet of jet, for front of hair.

Fig. 8.—Ball boot of white *gros grain*, embroidered with white cordon; satin knots and white cord tassels.

Fig. 9.—Ladies' boot of bronze kid and patent leather, with bows of brown satin on instep and at top of boot.

Fig. 10.—Riding gauntlet of buff kid, stitched with black.

Fig. 11.—White kid glove, with four buttons, for evening wear.

Figs. 12 and 13.—Infants' boots. These boots may be made either of quilted flannel or cashmere. White silk, trimmed with colors, also looks well for smart occasions. The upper part of Fig. 13 is quilted, and both are decorated with tassels.

Fig. 14.—Fancy comb for the hair, the top being of jet.

Fig. 15.—Hat of white and black straw; the brim is white, the crown black; it is trimmed with scarlet flowers and black feathers.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Black cashmere talma (back). The back of this pretty talma fits the top of the shoulders, being cut as a pointed pelerine. The front trimming is carried on to this pointed piece to simulate a fancy hood, and a rich variegated silk tassel depends from each point. The sleeves form the back of the talma, which is gathered up in the centre, and decorated with a pointed tab.

Fig. 2.—Waist for riding-habit of dark blue cloth, trimmed with fancy silk braid. Hat of black straw, trimmed with blue feather and illusion veil.

Fig. 3.—Hat of black Neapolitan, trimmed with black lace scarf, and scarlet flowers, and velvet; the veil is brought forward from the back, and fastened under the chin by a scarlet velvet bow.

Fig. 4.—Collure arranged in smooth bands, these arranged in loops. Coronet comb in front.

Fig. 5.—Ball boot. The shoe part is of white satin, and the boot is of lace over flesh-colored silk, which gives the appearance of a shoe and silk stocking.

Fig. 6.—Waist made of black net. It is cut heart-shaped, and trimmed with lace and black velvet. The sleeves are made in four puffs, divided by rows of lace, and a wider lace finishes them at the wrist.

Fig. 7.—Overskirt of black silk, cut in scallops bound with black velvet; it is opened at the sides, joined together with bows of velvet.

Fig. 8.—Bedouin mantilla. Our model, of very soft, light stuff, which is most suitable, as falling gracefully to the figure, has fringe at the edge woven in, and white and colored stripes in the most brilliant colors.

Fig. 9.—Ladies' drawers, with narrow waistband in front, and drawing-strings in back; they are trimmed with embroidered ruffling and tucks.

Fig. 10.—Suit for girl of seven years old, made of blue and white striped silk; the upper skirt and corselet of plain blue silk, trimmed with a ruffle, headed by a fancy braid. White straw hat, trimmed with blue velvet and feather.

Fig. 11.—Suit for a boy of five years, made with blouse. The material is light-colored cloth, the trimming brown silk braid.

Fig. 12.—Suit for a boy of four years, made of navy blue cloth, trimmed with velvet and buttons.

Fig. 13.—Cloak for boy of one year, of blue poplin, trimmed with velvet and fancy braid.

Fig. 14.—Stays for little girls from four to six years of age.

Fig. 15.—Shirt for boy of two years; the neck and sleeves are finished with a narrow lace.

Fig. 16.—Dress for girl of five years, of plain gray silk poplin, trimmed with ruffles, bound with cherry color, and cherry-colored velvet bows on the plaits.

Fig. 17.—Walking-dress for girl of seven years, made of plain blue silk, composed of two skirts, trimmed with blue velvet. Plain corsage, cut heart-shaped; open sleeves, with coat sleeves underneath.

Fig. 18.—This crinoline is made of flannel. The straps which join the upper and lower parts together are fastened with buckles, and can be shortened or lengthened at pleasure, so that the crinoline may be worn with either a short costume or a train-shaped dress. There are four steel circles round the lower part of the crinoline.

Fig. 19.—Corset cover, made of fine white cambric muslin, laid in plaits, fastened at the waist with a belt. A narrow band goes around the neck, finished with a narrow worked edge.

Fig. 20.—Evening-dress for little girl. The underskirt is of pink and white striped silk, made with a bias ruffle on the bottom, and trimmed with bands

of pink satin coming down from waist; waist and overskirt of white spotted muslin.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

As equestrian parties are very popular this month and next, a few hints on riding-habits will be agreeable to our readers, our space not being sufficient this month to give the illustration of habit which we hope to in our next. The preference for black shows itself this season in riding-habits, as a colored habit is hardly to be met with. A light quality of ladies' cloth is the material most used, varied occasionally by *drep d'été*, or summer cashmere, a soft, flowing, graceful fabric, but objectionable on account of its twilled surface, which catches and holds dust. The stylish postillion basques are most worn. They are either held full in plaits or are very plain, square, or pointed, according to the figure of the wearer. The full, square postillion best suits slight figures; a plain, pointed basque those more stout. The darts in front of the corsage should be rather deep, and made extremely tapering, in order to give a very full appearance to the bust. Chemisettes of linen or of folded lawn relieve the black of habits. The merest edge of Valenciennes is admirable on linen collars and cuffs, but much lace and embroidery are in bad taste with riding costumes. Pale *écru* linen collars and wristbands are pretty for early morning rides, but the striped percale collars and habit-shirts savor too much of jockey attire to be worn by ladies of taste. Very little trimming is used on habits. Black braid or black buttons, either jet or cloth over wooden moulds, is all that is necessary. Ladies wearing mourning sometimes use a flat plaiting on the waist and sleeves, and finish the edge of the train with a box plaiting two inches wide, made double and bias of the material, and set in like a ruffle between the facing and the dress.

Habit trains are made quite short, and with more fulness than when gored skirts first came into fashion, as a closely gored train was found to be inconvenient and ungraceful when the rider was seated. The right-hand side of the train should be ten or twelve inches longer than the left side to allow for the position of the limb when in the saddle. The skirt should be sewed to a waistband that is pointed in front, and very securely attached to the habit body in order to keep it well in its place. With short habit skirts the English fashion of wearing cloth trousers begins to be adopted. These fit closely above the foot, are well hollowed on the insteps, and are held in place by cloth straps. Hats are of glossy beaver, with half-high crowns, around which are entwined a grenadine veil with flowing ends, or a mask veil of lace with streamers of lace behind. The hair is arranged in plain chataleins braids or in three lengthwise puffs. Very young ladies, with long abundant hair, wear two long braids tied with ribbon, and hanging at full length. Plain dress goods are still popular, and are seen in all the brilliant shades of green, blue, brown, purple and maroon, which is particularly fashionable—not the old fashioned shade of that name, but a kind of brown.

All soft wool goods are in particular demand, as they answer so much better for the draped costumes which are still fashionable.

A new material for travelling dresses, is of the same fabric as the Scotch woollen shawls. It is all wool and drapes as softly as cashmere. It is found only in gray and dust colors, and is usually made with long draped tunic and *paletot*, worn with a skirt of black taffetas. It is of proper thickness to dispense with extra wrapping, and is especially

appropriate for long railroad journeys. Similar to this is the Continental water-proof suit, made of gray woollen shawls, with fringe and darker stripe for border, and besides this a short *paletôt*. The *casaque*, when not draped, forms a waterproof cloak, and the *paletôt*, with the short skirt, a separate suit.

Mousseline de laine is very much used for both house and street dresses. They, along with cashmere, are trimmed with bands of embroidery in colors, velvet, or simply with the same. A very pretty costume of *delaine*, is made with two skirts; the under skirt is trimmed with a deep flounce, put on with a heading; the upper skirt is looped up on both sides. Jacket bodice, loose and slit open at the back; tight fitting and open, *en châle*, in front, fitted to the waist with a sash, the long, rounded lappets of which fall at the side. The wide open sleeves, the outline of the jacket bodice, and the sash are all trimmed with a cashmere pattern of many colors, worked in Indian embroidery. A felt hat, trimmed with bright colored velvet and feathers, completes this costume.

Satin has lost its popularity for trimming; a suit elaborately trimmed with satin now looks old fashioned. It is still used a little for narrow pipings. Velvet has taken its place; fringes of all widths, quilled ribbons, gimps, *passementeries*, and all imported trimmings are more used than for a year past. Laces of both white and black are as greatly in favor as they have been, but they are too expensive a trimming to be within the reach of all. Black velvet looks well with any color, but the most tasteful style of trimming is that of the same color of the dress but a shade darker; the fringe may be lighter or darker. A trimming which is allowable, even with a travelling costume, is the very deep *plissé* round the bottom of the skirt. The *plissé* consists of a stripe of the material from ten to fifteen inches deep, arranged in flat folds, the long way, slightly overlapping one another, and stitched down firmly a short distance from the edge, top and bottom. The complete costume consists of a first skirt thus trimmed, of a second skirt ornamented with a band of velvet, and a double-breasted *paletôt*, loose in front and half fitting at the back, also trimmed with a band of velvet, and sometimes with silk fringe. The *paletôt* is fastened in front with a double row of velvet buttons; it is sometimes open in front with rows of velvet.

Embroidered habit-shirts of black or white cashmere, with silk skirts, are pretty for breakfast, or plain house toilet. These are merely Garibaldi waists, with the fulness in box-plaits stitched down flatly from the shoulder-seam to the waist. There are four plaits in the back and two in each front, with a broader fold in the centre. Each plait is covered with embroidery in brightest colors, or with pure white alone, the latter is most fashionable. There is no belt, but a drawing-string is at the back with flaps all around to pass beneath the dress skirt. Coat sleeves, and a narrow standing band around the neck. These shirts can be purchased in all colors, but those of white and black are most tasteful.

Wraps for cool mornings are of cashmere or any soft material. These soft twilled fabrics have entirely superseded cloth for the purpose. Black cashmere *paletôts* are most in favor. They are trimmed with colored embroidery, gilt braid, and fringe for young ladies; with notched ruches of the cashmere for those who are older. For older ladies there are square shawls of fine black cashmere, with a hem headed by a vine of silk embroidery, in which fine jet is introduced. Embroidered aprays are distributed about on the shawls.

China crape is the most beautiful material worn for overskirts, *casques*, scarfs, etc. These *casques* are often made as parts of suits and of the color of the silk dress with which they are worn; but black China crape *casques* are far more *distingue* looking, and at the same time more useful, as they can be worn with colored dresses as well as black. To be graceful, the *casques* of this soft, clinging material must be very long and fully draped. They are often made with two long points behind, and the ends crossed over and caught up to the belt. A new trimming for China crape is richly embroidered net, imitating lace. It is made in a kind of insertion, and is placed over satin ribbon. Black lace, crimped fringe, and silk embroidery on the garment itself are other stylish trimmings used on these *casques*.

The French Empress collected beautiful specimens of needlework during her Eastern tour, and Parisian imitators are consequently using embroidery on everything.

The styles for bonnets are much larger than those of the past season. They have round crowns, turned-up diadem-shaped front borders, and sloping, curved out curtains, intended to go, at least, partly over the chignon. We will notice a few seen. One of black *crêpe de Chine* has a raised crown and a turned-up, diadem-shaped border, under which there is a *ruche* of black lace. At the side, a bunch of hedge roses and pansies, with a trailing branch towards the back. Another of pearl gray *crêpe de Chine* is ornamented with a pretty fringe and a branch of scarlet coral. The crown of the bonnet is half round; it has a small border, turned back like a *rouleau*. The branch of coral is placed at the back. A large fringed bow and lappets of *crêpe de Chine* complete the trimming. A third of white silk, is ornamented with a *bandeau* formed of *rouleaux* of crape and of satin, with a pretty humming-bird perched at one side, and a bunch of half-opened rose-buds, mixed with white blonde. The lappets, of white blonde, are fastened at the side under a bow of white ribbon. A bonnet of white silk is covered with white and black lace, is trimmed with a bunch of green feathers, fastened on with an artistic jewel. Lace bows and lappets give much grace to this bonnet.

Pocket handkerchiefs of the finest linen *cambrie*, of the fashionable unbleached tint, are one of the latest novelties. They are made with insertions of Valenciennes, and edged with Valenciennes lace, or with a wide hem and a vine of embroidery above.

There is but little change in the way of making underclothing. Chemises have very wide bands and are tucked lengthwise below the bands. Drawers are trimmed to match chemises. Yoked gowns are oftentimes made of handsome materials; but the plain *sacque* gown wears well, and for ordinary wear is serviceable and comfortable. Short petticoats for street suits are made of long cloth or *cambrie*, gored at the sides and front, with full back. They measure from three and a half to four yards around, and are trimmed with bands of perpendicular tucks stitched on the skirt. These are less troublesome than the gathered ruffles that require to be fluted when washed.

Very dressy sashes imported to wear with white evening dresses are China crape, rose, azure, green, or white, trimmed with white lace, with narrower black laid over it. The shape is a novelty, as it passes twice around the hips, forming a short tunic or *basque*, and hangs in ends at the sides or back. Young ladies arrange it in various ways, either crossed as a *fichu*, or as a scarf over one shoulder.

FASHION.



THE TWO SISTERS. A. 1780. W. B.





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THE FIRST RABBIT.



ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

COLLINS, PRINTER.



Fig. 9.



Fig. 10.

Beatrice



Fig. 11.



Fig. 12.

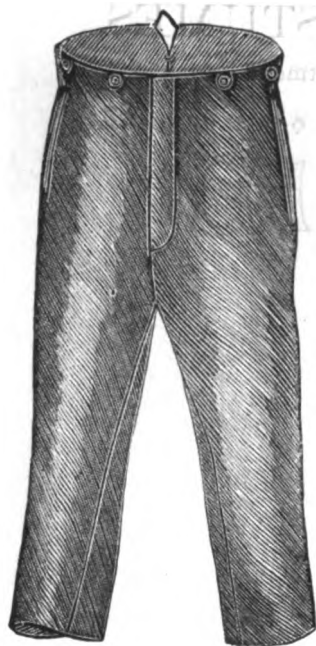


Fig. 13.



Fig. 14.

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Jemie

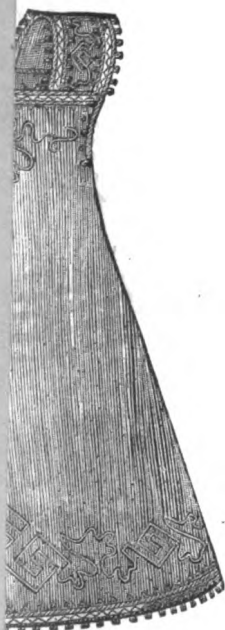


Fig. 16.

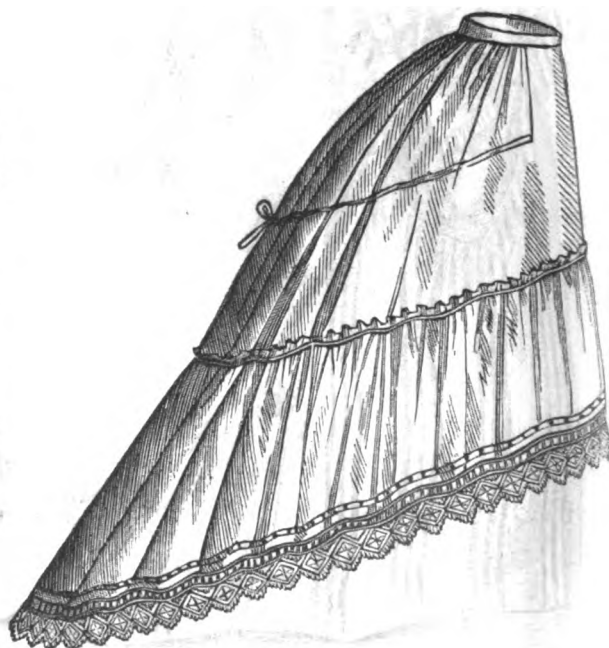


Fig. 15.



Fig. 20.



Fig. 23.

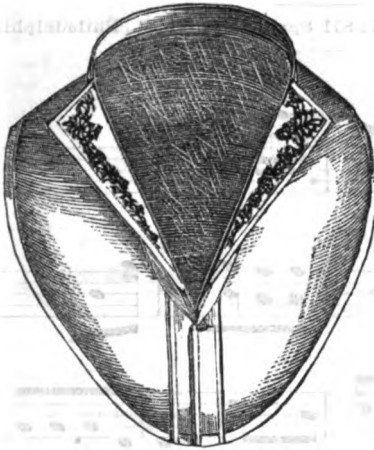


Fig. 21.



Fig. 24.



Fig. 22.

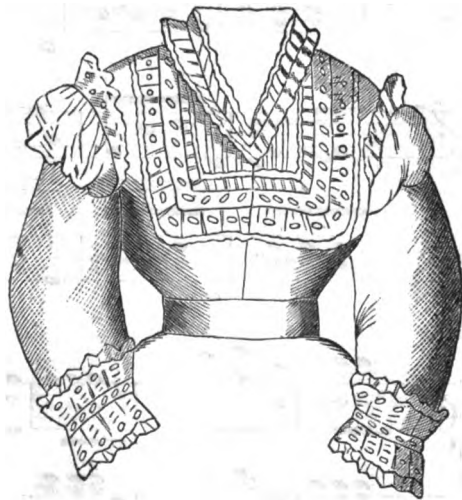


Fig. 25.

LA VIE PARISIENNE.

OPERA BY OFFENBACH.

EASY ARRANGEMENT

By Carl Weber.

Published by permission of J. STARR HOLLOWAY, 811 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

Allegro.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The first system starts with a forte (f) dynamic. The second system starts with a piano (p) dynamic. The third system continues with piano (p) dynamics. The fourth system ends with a piano (p) dynamic. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass staves, notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

LA VIE PARISIENNE.

This page contains five systems of musical notation for piano accompaniment. Each system consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'f'.

System 1: Treble staff has a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. Bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking 'f' is present in the bass staff.

System 2: Treble staff continues the melodic line. Bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment. A dynamic marking 'f' is present in the bass staff.

System 3: Treble staff continues the melodic line. Bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment. A dynamic marking 'f' is present in the bass staff.

System 4: Treble staff continues the melodic line. Bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment. A dynamic marking 'f' is present in the bass staff.

System 5: Treble staff continues the melodic line. Bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment. A dynamic marking 'f' is present in the bass staff.

NECKLACE.

COMPOSED OF JET, WITH PENDANTS HANGING FROM IT.



RIDING-HABIT.

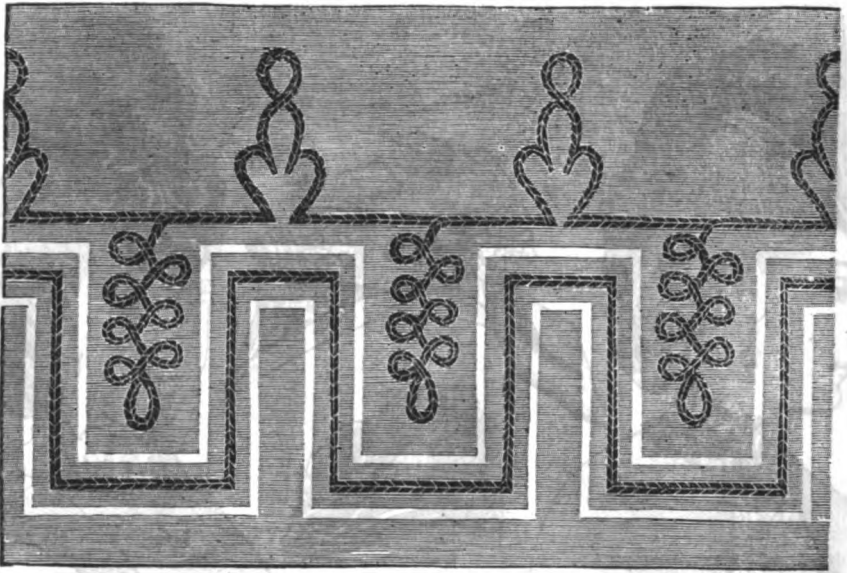


Riding-habit of black cloth, trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon bows up the front and sleeves. Black hat, trimmed with veil and bird.

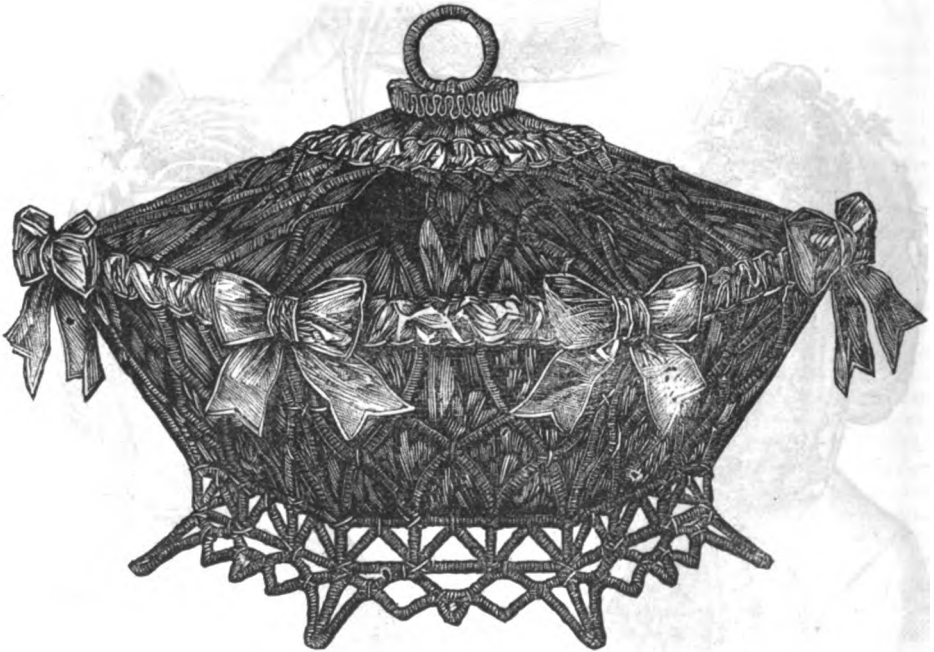
HATS, BONNETS, ETC.
(See Description, Fashion Department.)



BRAIDING PATTERN.



BASKET FOR BONBONS AND TRINKETS.



This basket is made of fine wire, covered over with fine blue chenille. It is lined through with blue satin; where the lid closes it is finished by a puff of satin and six satin bows. The top of the lid is ornamented with a satin quilling, and a ring to open the basket by.

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXXI.—NO. 485.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1870.

THE SECOND WIFE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

PART I.

"UNTIL death do you part!" The response was in the low, sweet voice of the bride; and the bridegroom's eyes, leaving the clergyman's face, where they had rested steadfastly since the beginning of the ceremony, grew strangely set and dark in their gaze into vacancy.

Not vacancy to him. He saw another wedding party gathered in the flush and fragrance of a June morning, that was to him a foretaste of the beauty and joy of Paradise; heard the happy hum of congratulation; felt the clinging, yet trembling hold of the small hand he should never clasp again; looked his fill into the dear eyes, that were all love to him, until the lids were sealed fast by his kiss, and his unavailing tears were her chrism for the new life she had entered through the awful door that shut him back. No later love or hopes could extract the sting from that sorrow. It wrung him now—the clutch of the cruel hand upon the heart that brought actual, bodily agony; the slow, deathly qualm so many have felt, which none can aptly describe. Do the blessed, who can never, in the future, suffer loss, remember and pity those "left" to desolation, when they are "taken" to the rapture of fruition?

"I shall be often with you, darling," Lily had said, in her farewell. "God knows you cannot live without me. He is good; He will let me come."

Was she here now? Nobody saw him shudder; but the bride felt the thrill that ran through him, and the tightened grasp upon her fingers as the benediction was pronounced. The "Amen!" still lingered in the air, when a tiny white figure glanced from the foremost rank of spectators into the arms of the newly-made husband, forestalling the kiss custom prescribed should be bestowed upon the wife.

"Papa, dear papa! you will love me all the same, won't you?" she whispered, anxiously, her eyes bright with the tears she tried to keep back.

"Better than ever, Birdie. Now, a kiss for mamma."

He said it distinctly, with a smile that looked cordial and easy to the crowd. But she who had stood nearest to him during the brief scene had heard query and reply, and her greeting to the child was constrained, despite her wish to seem affectionate.

"She just said: 'How are you to-day, my dear?' and gave me a short kiss, as if she wanted to get rid of me," Birdie complained, that night, to her Aunt Agnes. "My own mamma used to hold me in her arms ever and ever so tight, and kiss me two or three times before she let me go."

"This mamma will, too, when she knows you better," responded Aunt Agnes, cheerfully.

Mrs. Blythe, the grandmother, took up her daughter on the spot. "You mean it all for the best, I don't doubt, Agnes, in trying to reconcile the poor thing to what cannot be helped now; but there is no use or mercy in raising expectations that will never be fulfilled. Nobody can take the place of one's own mother, I don't care how excellent are her intentions. I hope Mrs. Blair does mean to try and do her duty by poor dear Lily's only child; but, as to her showing the fondness for her she would to one of her own, that is preposterous. I have seen too much of step-mothers to imagine such a thing. I have often thought it would be real mercy to very young children to bury them with their mothers when they were taken from them. Mine died when I was but four years old, and I have missed her all my life."

Birdie was listening with all her eyes and ears. "Four years old!" she repeated. "I was just that old when my mamma died. I

recollect she was sick on my birthday, but she didn't forget my presents. She put my locket and chain on my neck with her own hands while she lay in bed. Auntie, why didn't you let me wear it to-day?"

"I did not think it best, dear," Agnes began, mildly, when Mrs. Blythe interposed:—

"It wouldn't have looked well, child, to wear your mother's picture to your father's wedding."

Birdie crimsoned, with a tolerably fair perception of her meaning. "It is all covered up with gold and pearls, so nobody could see it."

"But your papa knows what is inside, and so do some others, for that matter, and people would have talked about it."

"Do you mean that papa doesn't love mamma any more?" cried the excitable creature, her blush fading into paleness that betokened unusual precocity of apprehension and depth of feeling. "Doesn't he like to see things that remind him of her? And does he want me to forget her, too, never to think or talk of her? I won't! I won't! Not if his new wife beats me to death to make me do it! And I won't love her one bit! I hate her, with her white face and big black eyes, and I'll tell papa so! I'll never kiss her, nor call her mamma, nor!"

"Birdie!" interrupted Aunt Agnes, severely, "hush! I will not have you talk so ridiculously and wickedly. Your papa loves you as dearly as he ever did; and you will only hurt his feelings, provoke him to be harsh with you, and disbelieve in your love for him, by behaving as you say you mean to. Auntie isn't angry, only sorry to see her darling give way to such a sinful fit of temper," she added, gently, drawing the weeping child to her lap. "You must never feel or speak so again."

Birdie buried her face in her aunt's bosom. "O auntie! it may be wicked, but it breaks my heart to think that papa has forgotten my sweet darling mamma, who used to love him so."

"She is nearer right than you are willing to allow," commented Mrs. Blair, significantly. "A man does not look for a second wife until he has ceased to mourn for the first one. Poor Lily! how she worshipped him! And what a dread she had of second marriages and step-mothers! I wonder if she knows what has taken place this day?"

Agnes' eyes filled suddenly. *She* mourned her still, the sister she had seen laid in the dust scarcely two years ago. No one knew better than did she how entire and earnest was Lily's devotion to her husband; with what horror she would have contemplated the prospect of his setting another in her place, and giving her babe a new mother, who might prove such in name only. But Agnes was prudent as sensitive, and Birdie's wide, eager eyes were a reminder of the beauty of discretion. "She is beyond the reach of pain and annoyance now,"

she said, softly and briefly. "Birdie, dear, it is long past your bed-time."

She strove, moreover, patiently and conscientiously, to remove from the little girl's mind the effect of this conversation by speaking of her step-mother with respect; of her father as if her regard for him were in nowise diminished by his recent action; and, when the wedding trip was finished, and Birdie must go to the home Mr. Blair had prepared for his family, the aunt set fairly and kindly before the unwilling daughter the claims of filial duty, the folly of cherishing dislike of one who, for aught she knew to the contrary, might be altogether worthy of her warmest affection.

"If she were not good and lovely, papa would not have married her," was a sentence so often repeated it could not fail to obtain a lodgement in brain, if not in heart. Birdie, rolling along in the carriage that conveyed her to her new abode, endeavored heroically to master her sobs, and fulfil the promise made to Aunt Agnes at parting, by recalling this phrase as the one foothold left to her in the sea of troubles upon which she was launched. It was Mr. Blair's wish that she should join him immediately upon his arrival in the city. Agnes decided, after much discussion with her mother, and more deliberation with herself, that it would hardly be agreeable to Mrs. Blair to see visitors that evening, least of all the relatives of her predecessor.

"Morgan doesn't think of these things, because he is not a woman," she explained Mr. Blair's invitation to dinner and expressed anticipations of the pleasure of their reunion; "but his wife will. We must spare her feelings whenever we can. Her position is delicate, and want of tact on our part will make it painful." Desirous, nevertheless, that her sister's child should be properly attended, she sent her across the city in a carriage in charge of a trusty servant. "Say nothing to dishearten her, Janet," she ordered. "The meeting will be a trial to her, at the best."

Janet was obedient to the letter of the injunction, albeit in her own heart she groaned wofully over the fate in store for "Miss Lily's bairn." She chatted about this and that object in the gas-lighted streets, about the cold weather, and her early days in the "auld country," pretending not to hear her companion's irregular breathing, or the gasp that escaped her now and then. "Heeh! but it's a braw house yer feyther's mad' ready for the new madam!" she ejaculated, as they stopped in front of it.

Mrs. Blythe had remarked, also, in the child's hearing, upon the contrast between the tall, "brown-stone front" and the modest two-story brick house in the quiet street where Lily had passed her six years of wedded happiness.

"He is a rich man, now. He has made money fast in the last four or five years," Agnes had said, in pursuance of her peace-making

policy. But Birdie, jealous for her mother's memory, noted the criticisms and drew her own inferences therefrom.

The door was opened by a strange servant, whose stare Jenny resented by stopping short on the threshold.

"I maun leave ye here, lassie dear. Keep up a brave heart, and dinna ye forget auld freends." Disengaging herself from her charge's embrace, and wiping her own eyes, she hurried down the steps, and the smart housemaid shut her out with an audible shiver that might have been induced entirely by the chill of the November night.

"Walk into the parlor! I'll tell Mrs. Blair you are here," she said, carelessly, ushering Birdie into a beautiful room, all light and color.

"I used to run right up to mamma's room," reflected the child, forlornly. "And if she heard me coming, she would meet me at the top of the stairs, if I'd only been away a little while—just taking a walk." She perched herself on the edge of a stuffed chair—very crimson and very unyielding—and waited. Two—five—ten minutes, that seemed like so many hours—the trim waitress having loitered below stairs to gossip with the cook about the late arrival.

"The other wife's folks couldn't a' been much if *that* is the kind of girl they keep," was their conclusion. "I guess this one won't be bothered much wid the likes of them. She looks like a real high-strung piece."

Then Miss Katy "sposed 'they' must be almost dressed by this time, and she might as well tell them the chit was there."

"I was beginning to feel uneasy about her not coming," said Mr. Blair, with a look of relief and pleasure. "If you are ready, we will go down together, my dear."

Birdie had not withdrawn her hands from her muff, much less removed her hat and cloak, but her teeth were chattering, her finger-ends like ice. A white, piteous little face with plaintive eyes—half-frightened, half-pleading, was lifted to the father's kiss, and, more shyly, for her step-mother's.

"Are you not well, my darling?" inquired the parent. "And did you come alone? Where is auntie?"

"At home, sir. Janet brought me in a carriage," was uttered in a failing whisper.

"You must not be lonely here, my pet. It is your home. And mamma and I will do our best to make you happy. Grandma and auntie shall come to see you every day, if they wish. I shall scold them for not dining with us, this evening, as I invited them, in my last letter, to do. I want to see them and thank them for their kindness to my little daughter." He had taken her upon his knee and unbuttoned her saccue; lifted her hat carefully from her curly head, and tossed all her muffings upon the floor. "My sweet baby!" he murmured, caressing the round cheek and kissing again and

again the mouth, as it relaxed into a smile. "Papa's heart has ached sadly for you sometimes, while he was gone. She has grown, too—don't you think so, Susan?"

"I cannot judge. I saw her so seldom before—we left home." She had meant to finish the sentence differently, but the words stuck in her throat. To hide her embarrassment, she stooped to gather the scattered articles from the carpet. Mr. Blair noticed neither her hesitation, nor the action which followed.

"You must tell me all that you have been doing during the long, long time that I have been away," he went on. "I wonder if you have wanted me as much as I have you?"

Instead of ringing for a servant to take the wrappings up stairs, Mrs. Blair went herself. Her heart was swelling, and tears rushed to her eyes as soon as she was out of their sight. Her husband had been all her own, watchful, tender, apparently happy for the three weeks that seemed "a long, long time" to him—so short and bright to her. The chill shadow which had glided between them as the words were spoken that installed her in the dead wife's place, had vanished in the sunshine of the next hour—to reappear no more until the mother's likeness in the wistful child-face had invoked it. She stood no longer foremost and supreme in his affections. In his fondest moments he had never lavished the endearments upon her that flowed freely upon his offspring. Could it be that she had never sounded the deepest wells of his heart?

This was morbidly unreasonable, but she had some real cause for discontent. The wedded pair had planned an expedition from cellar to attic of this the first house of which she had ever been mistress, and it was to be accomplished before dinner. It was an event to her—this home-bringing. It was nothing to him now he held Lily's child in his arms. He had never regarded it as she did—as a sacred festival when she would fain have forgotten that there were others in the universe besides themselves, or he would not have invited "Grandma" and "Aunt Agnes."

"I suppose he would have begged the old lady to take the head of the table," she ruminated, hurt and jealous, two big drops falling upon Birdie's ermine muff. "He never even told me he had asked them to meet him to-night!" She threw the furs and cloak upon the bed in the child's room; fled into her own, which adjoined it, locked the door, and betook herself to that doubtful relief of burdened souls—a hearty crying-spell. When the violence of the tide had spent itself, she resolved to stay where she was until she was missed and sought. "I should be an intruder upon the pretty scene," she thought, sullenly. "When he remembers my existence and recalls me, I will go, not before! I will give him time for the indulgence of his sadly-sweet memories."

The child is her mother's miniature, they say. It is not surprising that he forgets me in looking at her!"

Lest he should imagine that she felt his neglect, she unfastened the door and busied herself in the unpacking he had forbidden her to undertake until she had recovered from the fatigue of the journey. She had emptied one trunk, and arranged the contents in drawers and wardrobes, when her husband entered, the picture of smiling content, leading Birdie by the hand.

"Our daughter would like to see her room, mamma," said the unsuspecting man. "I told her that I was sure that you had slipped away to be certain that it was quite ready for inspection. May we pass through this way? Excuse our impatience, but you must know, we never had a whole room all to ourself before."

Not a syllable of loving chiding at her absence, or her occupation! The only fruit of her elaborate plan for his punishment and repentance was the belief in her lord's mind that she was playing Abigail in the spoiled baby's chamber.

A merry, chattering baby she was at the late dinner to which they were presently summoned. Aunt Agnes would have checked her noisy prattle and her appetite for rich dainties, but papa had not the heart to reprove her after their long separation. So, Miss Birdie talked her step-mother into weary silence her husband failed to observe, so pleased was he with the child's evident happiness, and augmented her disgust by arousing the occupants of the room next hers, at two o'clock in the morning, to witness the sequel to the repast—a severe fit of indigestion. It was a bad beginning, and primary impressions are stubborn when one would like to get rid of them. Agnes Blythe did her best to right matters in this instance by making light of the attack when Mr. Blair, uneasy at his treasure's colorless face and languid manner, sent off, without consulting his spouse, for her who had watched Birdie's constitution during his two years of widowerhood. Although impatient to be at his place of business after his protracted absence, he would not quit his daughter's bed-side until the messenger returned with Agnes and her mother, who could not be prevailed upon to remain at home.

"Mince-ple, raisins and ice-cream at half-past six at night! That was papa's work!" smiled the sister-in-law. "He is not more injudicious in these things than are most men, I fancy, Mrs. Blair, but you will find your judgment of what is best suited to tender stomachs more correct than his. Birdie knew better than to make such a little glutton of herself. No, Morgan! I don't think she needs medicine or doctor—only quiet and light diet for twenty-four hours. I hope," again addressing Mrs. Blair, "you will not imagine that you are often to be troubled in this way. Birdie seldom plays such pranks upon her guardians."

She weighed every word carefully before uttering it, but she gave offence nevertheless.

"Morgan," indeed! "thought Susan resentfully. "This sort of sisterly familiarity is intended to remind me of her claim to be consulted and obeyed! I am a cipher when she is by. Her relationship to his early love invests her with authority."

"You must excuse my coming in so unceremoniously upon you, my dear madam," said Mrs. Blythe, whose station was at Birdie's pillow, "but my solicitude on the dear babe's account would not let me stay away when I heard of her illness. She is not robust, although one would think so from her size and sprightliness. That is the result of careful physical training. She inherits her poor dear mother's frail constitution. *She* was a care to me from her birth, though I *must* say her health and her death were the only trials she ever cost me. I tremble when this angel is ailing, however slightly. There is too much mind for the body," putting back the hair from Birdie's forehead, "combined with the most exquisitely sensitive nervous organization you can conceive of. The care of a child like her is a great responsibility, my dear young friend. My prayer is that you will have grace and strength given to you as you may need."

"To teach me how to prevent this small pig from overfeeding," was the mental response of one irreverent listener, but she tried to look politely attentive.

"You must be patient with grandma," the husband took an opportunity of remarking in private, when the visitors had gone. "She is growing old and garrulous, is peevish and indiscreet at times. But she is kind-hearted, and, in consideration of her love for Birdie, we overlook her foibles. Agnes Blythe is a noble woman, to whom I owe much. She will be a valuable friend to you, my darling, a wise, gentle sister, a safe counsellor. It is a dear wish with me that you should know and esteem her as I do. I hope you will have her with you often."

"It is, of course, my desire that your friends shall feel entirely at home in your house, Morgan. I trust they will never have cause to complain of a lack of hospitality on my part."

Her stiffness of manner and measured tone passed with Morgan for grave sincerity. "Just what I told Agnes this morning," he said, heartily. "I assured her she could rely upon your friendly disposition, that we expected her to come and go as freely as she used to. I am delighted that you like her; but I knew you could not help it. You are a sensible little woman, my black-eyed Susan, and sweet as sensible. Agnes thinks Birdie had better lie still this forenoon. You can talk to her, tell her stories, and read to her, if she should weary of the confinement. About twelve o'clock let her nibble a bit of toast. You will miss me less for

having such a dear little plaything. I wish I could stay and divide the task with you. Should the nausea return, give her twenty drops of the carminative her auntie brought. Good-by, again, my precious wife!"

Susan looked after him with a curling lip and lowering brow. The queer mixture of medical and dietetic advice and sentiment in his parting address angered, instead of amusing her. "Should the nausea return!" she said, contemptuously. "Is there a specific for mental disgust, I should like to know, for I need it?"

Determining, with all the strength of a will, by no means so plastic as her consort supposed, that she would be neither patronized nor counselled by Agnes Blythe, and that no act of hers should encourage mother and daughter in the odious familiarity they affected, the bride, whose honeymoon had just entered the fourth quarter, went back to the interesting plaything. She was not ill-natured nor vindictive; but she was young and undisciplined, quick of temper and of tongue, jealously exacting of affection, and destitute of the strong native love of children which makes their society and the care of them a delight. She had, from the beginning of her intimacy with Morgan Blair, regarded his child as a serious offset to his eligibility, although she had never intimated as much to him.

"If I had known what I do now, I should have considered it an insuperable obstacle," she said to herself, often during that and many subsequent days. Her dream was rudely broken, and the shock of the descent to everyday practicalities upset nerves and spirits, made the semblance of cheerfulness difficult. From being a very happy wife, with a heart full of gentle and loving thoughts and hopes, she gradually came to look upon herself as defrauded, aggrieved, destined to a lifetime of disappointment and wretchedness, as day by day brought its quota of annoyance and pain.

"I never thought you, of all the girls in creation, would marry a widower," said Mary Ames, a plain-spoken friend, when Susan had been married between three and four months. "You were always so sensitive and refined in your notions about love, and courtship, and all that—I fancied you would be so dependent upon your husband's exclusive regard, so unwilling to suffer a possible rival in his heart—I was astonished, as was everybody else, when we heard you had accepted Mr. Blair, charming as he is. He is fully ten years older than you, too, isn't he?"

"He is thirty-three, but I do not care for that," retorted Susan. "He will be irresistible at seventy."

"Oh! I grant he looks young, and he is certainly a love of a man, besides being so well off. But are you sure you are not haunted by No. 1? He nearly went crazy when she died. Do you know," laughing, "it seems to me an unequal exchange when a young girl bestows

her virgin affections upon a man who knows the whole story of wedded life already by experience? And where there are step-children, the romance is taken out of the affair entirely."

"That is your view of the case." It was said very naturally, with a smile that looked like conscious superiority. "I shall not be surprised to see you the third wife of some fascinating widower, and the devoted step-mamma of ten responsibilities of assorted sizes." But, when her guest departed, the malcontent wrapped a shawl about her, and lay down upon the sofa in her sitting-room—her especial retreat—to ponder through the twilight upon what she had heard, and marvel at the exact correspondence of Mary's random theory with her own experience.

Haunted—every hour of the day, every waking moment—by the pale spectre she had seen on her bridal eve; by the beautiful woman, with golden curls and soft blue eyes, whose portrait looked down upon her from the library wall. She had never glanced that way, if she could help it, since the day when, entering the room unexpectedly, she beheld her husband standing in front of the picture, gazing at it in an attitude of profound melancholy. "He regrets and longs for her still," reasoned Lily's successor. "And, since but for her death, I should not be here as his wife, is not that equivalent to a desire to be rid of me, a wish that he had not married me?"

She felt continually that he must compare her with his former wife—how she hated the phrase!—and with equal certainty that she suffered by the comparison. Her observation told her that she was less beautiful, and Mrs. Blythe was not the only one who deemed it her duty to chant the virtues and attractions of the deceased. In so slight a circumstance as the names of the two women, the present Mrs. Blair was placed at a disadvantage. "Susan" was commonplace and unmusical by contrast with "Lily." Morgan never abbreviated the homely prænomen, and to Susan's ears he pronounced it more broadly than did any one else.

"If he would only say 'Sue' or 'Susie,'" she had thought a thousand times, but she was too proud to suggest the prettier diminutives, since his heart did not prompt their use. Occasionally—not above five or six times in all—he had called her "Lily, dear," and this was worst of all. It was a slip of the tongue, for which he had apologized instantly; but she could have borne it better had he struck her in the face. And once—she moaned aloud and writhed now at the recollection—as he lay asleep, he had laughed low and joyfully, and thrown his arm over her with a fond murmur, in which she only distinguished the words, "My Lily!" and "Darling!" She had started up from beside him at that, and sought another chamber. She was tempted to quit the house

and him forever in her horror of superstitious dread and outraged affection; for she had heard, while Morgan was yet a common acquaintance, the story of Lily's death-bed scene. Was it still true that he could not live without her?

"An unequal exchange!" Mary Ames little knew how deep and sore was the fester she probed in saying it. The exchange of dried winter fruits, blackened and flavorless, for the ripe, blushing riches of midsummer. He had wooed her eloquently; but she ingeniously tortured herself by reflecting that it was not in the unstudied language of passion, but a lesson learned and rehearsed long ago to other ears than hers. Lily's had been the perfume and sparkle of the cup; for her were served the stale lees.

Her gloomy reverie was interrupted by the sound of an arrival in the hall. It was Saturday, a holiday Birdie usually spent with her grandmother. Never dreaming that he was giving offence to his wife by a custom that seemed to him not only innocent but proper, Mr. Blair generally made it convenient to leave his office early on that evening that he might call in person for his daughter. Susan did not admit to herself that she disapproved of the practice because it savored of systematic respect for Lily's memory, and persistent intimacy with her relatives. She believed, instead, that she feared the effect upon herself of their influence with Birdie's father; over-persuaded her wiser judgment into the idea that her shortcomings were often the theme of the family cabal. She more than suspected that Mrs. Blythe did not like her. Agnes' uniform friendliness and maintenance of the step-mother's authority over the petted child left her no room for censure; but a word dropped by a gossip, as free of tongue as Mary Ames, had laid a train of suspicious surmise.

"Everybody thought Mr. Blair and Agnes Blythe would make a match," said the meddler. "She is so much like her sister, and then her having charge of the child made people say how suitable it would be, you know. And he certainly does seem to think her the pink of perfection."

"She retains her position as prime confidante," thought Susan, bitterly, "although I decline to sit, an humble learner, at her feet. I can always tell when he has been there. He is more abstracted and silent on Saturday night than on any other. He says it is the weight of the week's weariness that presses upon him, but I know better."

She could not complain of his serious quiet to-night. It was snowing briskly without; and father and child were in great glee, shaking their powdered garments, and stamping the snow from their feet. It was Susan's habit to meet her husband in the hall with a kiss and word of welcome; and, reproachful as were

her thoughts of him, she would have done this now, had he been alone. She loved him passionately, or her grievances would have appeared less intolerable. She had married him because of that love, and the admiration and respect drawn out by his graces of person and of character. There was not, in her opinion, another man like him, and her heart leaped at his voice and step. She half arose, then lay back obstinately at Birdie's exclamations of shrill delight. "Let him look for me when he wants me," she muttered.

The sitting-room was dark, and the hall being light, she had a clear view of both; envied the child the loving smile of the open, handsome face bent over her, while the father untied hood and waterproof cloak, and brushed the white flakes from the sunny curls. "They are like her mother's; that is the reason he touches them so tenderly," thought the self-tormentor. "Agnes Blythe has the same."

"Now you can take a good look at her!" said Birdie, holding up a doll under the hall-lamp. "Auntie dressed her from head to foot. Except the furs. Grandma made them. It was lucky she had them to wear home through the snow-storm."

If Susan could have despised her husband she would have done so, when he took the waxen image in his hand, praised her rosy cheeks, flaxen ringlets, movable eyes and elegant toilet, and in obedience to his wee tyrant's behest, bestowed a fatherly kiss upon the painted mouth. Birdie danced about in an ecstasy.

"She is your grandchild, you see—because I am your daughter."

"All right! Now we will take her up stairs and present her to her venerable grandmamma."

Birdie's *retroussé* nose was scornful. "Who! Mamma! She won't care to look at her. She thinks dolls a bore, and little girls, too. I don't see how she can expect little girls to like her. Grandma says, she can't love me as my own mamma did, but she might try, at least. And papa! Auntie told me not to trouble you by saying anything about it—but she is awfully cross to me sometimes."

"You must not talk in this way about your mamma, my daughter," Mr. Blair commenced sternly, when his wife presented herself at his elbow.

"I have borne impertinence from that child, and covert insults from her elders, as long as I can, Mr. Blair! longer than is compatible with self-respect and self-defence. I demand that you punish her severely for the language she has used with regard to me, and that you, at once, break off her intercourse with those from whom she has learned her lessons of disobedience and insolence. Unless," with a sneer, "you have aided in the pious work!"

"Birdie! go to your room, and wait until I

call you down!" ordered Mr. Blair, firmly, although his lips were ashy, as he said it. "Come into the parlor, Susan; I will talk to you there." He drew her by both hands into the lighted room, looked straight and keenly into her eyes with rebuking authority that would have amazed and awed her, had her mood been more temperate, so unlike was it to his accustomed courteous and kindly demeanor. "The child shall ask your forgiveness for her foolish speech, and promise not to repeat the offence. But you must retract your last words. This is a matter to be settled between you and me. The imputation is groundless as it is derogatory to my truth and honor as a gentleman, my fidelity to my marriage vows. Say that you believe this to be so—that you know me to be incapable of doing or thinking aught disrespectful to you. *Men* do not insult their wives, Susan! They leave such work to dastards and ruffians."

She wrested her hands from his, her blood and cheeks on fire with passion.

"You would do well to remember this! It is you who have said it—not I. As if I had not been subjected to a course of deliberate humiliation from the moment I entered this house until now! been made to feel myself second always—often a non-entity where I should rule as mistress and your equal! been schooled and advised and dictated to as if I were an idiot or a baby! As if every visit you pay the people whose words the child quoted just now, were not a direct affront to me, and the footing you have given them in the house, publication to the world of the superior rank they occupy in your establishment!"

"Susan! take care! You will be sorry for this, by-and-by." She went on the more impetuously for her misconception of the interruption.

"I defy your threat! But I am not surprised that you should think me a mean-spirited coward, when you remember how I have endured all this—the officious patronage of the Blythes and your recommendation of myself to their patronage; the sneering remarks made by others upon my position; the rudeness and insubordination of the child you professed to place under my care; the interference of her relatives in my management of her and their criticisms of my character and actions. I have hoped, for your sake, to avoid open scandal. But when I learn from the evidence of my own senses that I have been discussed and condemned to your daughter by your chosen friends, and that she does not fear to repeat the disgraceful tale to you—that she meets with a calm bearing and no rebuke when she does it, I say that the limit of my forbearance is reached. My wifehood may be the farce I have been told it is considered by the whole community, but I owe something to myself as a woman, and I mean hereafter to assert it."

In his dumb amazement, Morgan actually

put out his hand to feel her pulse. Her wild eyes, flushed cheeks and the torrent of hot words she poured out on him, for what seemed to him such insufficient provocation, were like delirium.

"You do not know what you are saying, I think. You surely are not well. Who has called your wifehood a farce? You are my beloved and honored wife by every law, human and divine. I do not fear to call man and GOD to witness how sincerely I have tried to make you happy. Who has been poisoning your mind? For this is poison."

"I have no confidante!" loftily significant. "Although I am only your housekeeper and child's nurse—your wife in letter, not in spirit—I have allowed no one else to speak disparagingly of you in my hearing, have kept my sorrow to myself, even while I felt that I could never win your love—that your heart was buried in the grave of the woman you first wedded, whose transcendent virtues are incessantly rung into my ears. I do not need other testimony than is gained by my own observation to convince me how deeply you love and lament her still. I am an indifferent substitute, a convenient appendage to your establishment, nothing more. I will say it," seeing him about to speak, "while I cannot quite believe that you meant to do me this foul wrong when you asked me to marry you—to give me nothing but empty vows, while you took my all. You married me—as I would rather think—in the hope that I would heal your wounded spirit; that in the excitement of a new passion, you might forget your sorrow. The experiment was unsuccessful. Can I help loathing the ghastly memory, the abstraction that robs me of my husband's love? I *hate* that dead woman in her coffin! for I feel in my soul that if a wish of yours could restore her to your arms and put me in her place it would be done. You cannot deny it!"

Morgan Blair's temper was generous and his command of it admirable, but the fire in his eye now rivalled the flash in his accuser's.

"While I thought you only irrational and hasty, I had patience to reason with you. You have proved yourself to be unwomanly as well, and this is a phase of character with which I am unaccustomed to deal. You will excuse me for suspending the discussion at this point. When you are cool enough to hear Birdie's apology, I will bring her to you."

"You need not!" some perverse demon impelled Susan to say when he would have left the room, "unless my conditions are complied with. You have heard them. I demand that she be punished, and that all intercourse between herself and the Blythes shall cease. I shall not sit at the table or remain in the house with you and her, if you refuse me this act of reparation. Choose between your wife—if I am such—and her enemies and slanderers."

"This would be absurd were it not wicked!" rejoined Mr. Blair in freezing disdain. "When you recover your senses you will thank me for refusing to grant your 'demand.' 'Something is due' to common humanity and gratitude. Not even to please you will I beat a motherless child for an imprudent remark, for which she is willing to do penance. Nor shall I commit the further brutality of separating her from her best friends, to whom she owes a debt of love and duty she can never repay. Apology you shall have—humble and ample—and I shall be watchful of her conduct and language in the future. I can promise nothing more."

He was without the door when the sound of suffocating sobs arrested him. He was very angry. His finest sensibilities revolted at the coarse and causeless abuse heaped upon him; at the gratuitous thrust at Lily's memory, and the revengeful spirit manifested toward a thoughtless child. He was cruelly, terribly disappointed in the woman he loved. But he did love her. She was young and comely, and they had not been married four months. His heart smote him for his harshness, and an irresistible impulse of love and pity turned him back. Susan stood where he had left her, her face hidden by her hands, and shaking all over in the tumult of her emotion.

"Susan! love!" putting his arm around her, when she would have shrunk from his touch, "we have both spoken hotly and foolishly. On my part, I plead for your forgiveness. And as for my poor little Birdie, should it please God to give you a child of your own, one day, you will have more charity for my indulgence of her freaks and faults. She is faulty, but we will try and train her together."

She had ceased weeping the instant she knew she was not alone—stood, features and form rigid as steel, while he made his appeal. Her answer was prompt, and stung him like the lash of a barbed thong upon the naked flesh.

"I hope and pray that I shall never bear you a child, while this girl lives! I would struggle it with my own hands sooner than subject it to what it would endure as the fag and slave of your first wife's bantling!"

(Conclusion next month.)

WE see a world of pains taken and the best years of life spent in collecting a set of thoughts in a college for the conduct of life; and after all the man so qualified shall hesitate in his speech to a good suit of clothes and want common sense before an agreeable woman. Hence it is that wisdom, justice, valor, and learning cannot keep a man in countenance that is possessed with these excellences, if he wants that inferior art of life and behavior called good breeding.—*Steele*.

CONTRASTS.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

I sat in my chair before the bright fire,
As it glowed so cheery and warm;
While with restless moaning, now loud, now low,
All drearily swept the cold storm.

My past was as fair as a summer's day,
My present, like summer skies, bright;
And I said, "I know no more of life's storms,
Than I know of the storm to-night."

Again the black clouds veil the midnight sky,
And again sweeps the drenching storm;
But the cold rain falls on my aching head,
And the piercing wind chills my form.

All lonely I walk in the starless night,
In despondency—weariness—
With naught but the hand of my God to guide,
And with none but my God to bless.

Oh, rebellious lip, keep back thy sad moan!
Oh, rebellious heart, still thy sigh!
God has given thee peace—He gives thee unrest—
And He rules from His throne on high.

AN AUTUMN LEAF.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

FRAIL emblems of decay,
Was all thy brightness caught from sunset skies,
Or is 't the heart's red blood so richly dyes
Thee gold and crimson, dripping, day by day?

Dost hear the knell of doom,
And shiver as the moaning winds sweep past?
Are threatening shadows round thy parting cast,
That seem to beckon from the darksome tomb?

Earth's flush has faded now;
The stricken flowers faintly gasp for breath,
And everywhere we note the signs of death;
Why liftest thou, alone, such radiant brow?

Dost mark the ruthless tread
That tramples low in dust each fallen leaf?
Is not thy heart convulsed with inward grief,
And dost thou never feel a pang of dread?

Unchanged and bright thy mien;
How can we deem thee, then, a thing forlorn,
Or guess the woes thou secretly dost mourn,
From looks that speak of joy and peace serene?

Alas! how like thou art,
With those rich tints that fain would hide decay
Beneath a glowing aspect, bright and gay,
Unto a proud, yet broken human heart!

EDUCATION begins the gentleman; but reading, good company, and reflection must finish him.—*Locke*.

WHAT is time?—the shadow on the dial, the striking of the clock, the running of the sand, day and night, summer and winter, months, years, centuries. These are but arbitrary and outward signs—the measure of time, not time itself. Time is the life of the soul. If not this, then tell us what is time.—*Longfellow*.

IDLENESS is no natural propensity of mankind, for when they are too young for being tainted by the example of the worthless they are all activity.

A MOUNTAIN IDYL.

BY P. S. R.

I HAVE often wondered at the taste of the majority of people in preferring bustle and activity to peace and retirement, empty show to solid comfort, "tripping on the light fantastic toe" to "brushing the dew from the upland lawn." When the newspapers were teeming with the gayeties of Saratoga and Newport, where fashion played mad pranks, and rational pleasures, like poor relatives, are thrust in the background, I did not feel one envious throb that I could not be there to compete with the "sparkling brunette" or "angelic blonde," to afford subject for laudation or criticism to impertinent correspondents, and, in short, to suffer the martyrdom attendant upon such follies. And now, when Jenkins has exhausted his dictionary and wits in describing masked balls, diamonds, and flirtations, I may, perhaps, be allowed to pipe a few notes concerning rural charms. Mine will be no Arcadian picture, full of pretty shepherdesses and sighing Corydons, but only a simple sketch, taken from life, of a summer sojourn among the green Virginia hills. Pleasant it was in reality, glowing with warm, sunny tints; and at this season, when the leafless trees stand like grim skeletons, and "chill November's surly blast" moans over the decay of the year so soon to die, its beauties are enhanced tenfold. As the face of a dear friend of our youth is sometimes recalled to mind, beaming with health and joy, and making us forget that wrinkles have long since displaced curved lines, so does the remembrance of my mountain idyl return ever and anon, like a sweet dream.

Somewhere east of the Blue Ridge is an old-fashioned country-house, which, with the fertile lands attached, is known as "The Cleft," so named because of a deep fissure in the mountain, on whose slope it stands. Surrounded by tall locust trees, which afford a delightful shade in summer, and sheltered by the friendly mountain from wintry storms, at all times it is an inviting haven. Its hospitable doors are flung wide open to the weary guest, the master's hearty grasp assures him a welcome, and the mistress' gentle smile drives all his cares away. Here, when the golden grain was gathered in, and July had resigned her sceptre to August, fortune led my footsteps; and, as a churchman loves to tell his beads, so do I love to make a note of each day.

Tranquilly they pass away, for we are a quiet family at "The Cleft"—the master, the mistress, David, and I. It did not use to be so; little feet pattered about the house, childish voices waked the echoes, but this was long ago. Now, some of the "childer" sleep under the yew trees in the old burying-ground, others are married and removed to distant States, and

only David is left. I wish you could see him in his six feet of stalwart manhood, with his curly brown head well set on broad shoulders, and his frank yet dignified bearing—altogether a son of whom any father might be proud, and for whom any mother might bless her motherhood. David has given up all hope of collegiate honors to become a farmer, and thus relieve his father of the burden of cultivating a large plantation under the new *regime*. Conscious of the fact that his State is impoverished, and her agricultural interests depressed, he sets to work with a right good will, and is doing yeoman's service. Col. Temple's wife, the Mrs. Poynto of the neighborhood, says: "Mr. David — is a very nice young man, if he *does* work." And I entirely agree with her; his willingness to put his hand to the plough, if needs be, is to him a crown of glory.

A dreamy stillness broods over "The Cleft," and the morning hours seem to creep lazily along, as if the warmth oppressed them. The sun shines on the polished floor of the great square hall, and reveals any particle of dust which may have settled on the blue wainscot or upright walnut chairs. Otto, the pointer, reposes on the door-mat, waking every now and then to snap at an impertinent fly buzzing too near his nose. David is off hours ago, superintending the wheat machine, the master has gone to survey his tobacco grounds, and the mistress is counting over her young ducks and chickens. Nestled amid cushions on one of the old-fashioned settees, I hold some needle-work, alternately sewing and gazing through the open window on the scene without. Far away, skirting the horizon, the Blue Ridge rears its lofty peaks, a light cloud half obscuring them, like conscious beauty hiding behind a veil; the intervening country below, with its patches of woodland and cleared fields, forms a lovely landscape garden, while here and there a white farmhouse relieves the eye, and animates the picture. The perfumes of the macrophyla and the citron aloe are wafted in on the soft summer air, and the swallows, who have built their nest under the eaves of the porch, coo softly to their young.

And, while nature thus generously reveals her charms, science and literature also pour forth their treasures; for opposite my settee is a massive walnut bookcase, on whose shelves history, philosophy, and romance hold good fellowship. Here Hallam invites me to joust and tournament, Bacon sets the brain in motion, and the woes of the Amanda's and Celia's of fiction call loudly for my sympathy. Here, too, I renew youthful pleasures over the Arabian Nights, Tales of a Grandfather, and other juvenile stories, in which some little Johnny or Tommy, now grown to man's estate, has scrawled his name in straggling, school-boy characters, and thereby established his title to the precious volume. Thus, with

eye, ear, and mind entranced at will, the morning passes away, until the sun steals midway the floor; Otto awakes from his noontide nap, and the majestic Shanghai rooster struts to the middle of the gravelled walk, and crows lustily to warn me that a stranger is coming. So I gather together books, and work, and fragments of thought, and retreat up stairs to my cool, dark chamber.

Meanwhile, three horsemen ride up the winding road, and the master arrives just in time to welcome his guests. The little black girl, who has the post of honor as my waiting-maid, recalls me from wanderings in dreamland to present a bunch of red roses from David, and also to announce that "Missus say dinner mos' ready." In fact, the tinkling of glasses and spoons below informs me that the gentlemen are whetting their appetites with pure "Mountain Dew," and that I have not a moment to lose. Their voices float up the old staircase through the open door, and scraps of talk reach my ear—a strange medley, in which fertilizers, wheat fans, politics, and horses mingle in inextricable confusion. And, as I adorn myself with David's flowers before the tall, gilt looking-glass, which surmounts the white-draped toilet-table, I muse on the blessings of a country life, the independence of thought and action which it engenders. Happy the land that can boast of educated, enlightened farmers, to develop its resources, and guide its councils! Far from the corruptions of city life, the country gentleman preserves his own honor unstained, and learns to love his fellow-man; while communion with Nature teaches him wisdom, and inspires his soul with noble aspirations. Of such stuff Jeffersons and Madisons are made.

David has swung me a hammock between the locust trees; and, as the fiery August sun mellowed into soft September haze, I desert the house to rock lazily to and fro in my airy cradle, weaving queer fancies about men and things, listening to the song of the birds, "thanking the Lord for a life so sweet," or watching the agile motions of a little squirrel, who has made his home in a hollow limb overhead. A stretch of woods, bounding the limits of a field near by, also affords me infinite amusement, as I note the different shades of green in the foliage, or weary my brain to discover grotesque shapes among the branches, a like occupation the glowing coals often offer us on a winter's night. These forest possessions consist of a rude cross, which sways aloft, and seems to invite some pilgrim bird to rest beneath its friendly shade; an oval mirror, set in a leafy frame, reveals a patch of blue sky beyond; and a huge bird, formed of a young pine, droops her head, as if sorrowing for a mate. With the eager gaze of an explorer of some Eldorado, my eye constantly wanders up and down in search of new treasures; and, when the lapping branches, through fancy's medium, assumes some tricky

shape, I rejoice as Columbus did to see the first island of the New World. But my voyage of discovery is interrupted by the opening of the big farm gate, which swings to with a sharp click, and a diminutive African appears, mounted on an anatomical steed. A black bag, hanging over his shoulder, tells me that he is the bearer of our mail, and with one spring I am out of the hammock, ready to devour its contents.

Armed with papers and letters, I return to my swing, and spend the next hour reading bits of gossip about absent friends, or scanning the political papers, for we are a liberal people at "The Cleft," and like to hear both sides of the question; or else, when tired of politics, I luxuriate in the pages of a new *Blackwood*, attending the Court of George II., and cultivating the acquaintance of Cornelius O'Dowd.

Thus the day wears on apace; the trees cast long shadows across the grassy lawn; the Blue Ridge is bathed in rosy light, as if blushing at the approach of the sun; and here and there a white cloudlet puts on a golden crest. The "ploughman homeward plods his weary way," the horses linger at the branch to drink, and Dinah and Jerry return from the cow-pen, bearing pails of rich, foaming milk. The little stars come out one by one, and blink at me through the locust branches; the hum of numberless insects fills the air; the brightness dies out of the crimson west; and night spreads a pall over the departed day.

Ours is a social neighborhood; scores of young people call on me, sometimes spending the day, and often remaining all night; for there is always a spare bed at "The Cleft," be the guests ever so many, and the stable is never too full to accommodate another horse. Dances, tournaments, and picnics are of frequent occurrence, and David earnestly solicits me to take part in these festivities; but I refuse, for rest and quiet are too great luxuries to be lightly sacrificed. The heir of "The Cleft" is somewhat of a toast among the country belles, and no party of pleasure is complete without him. A graceful dancer and agreeable talker, I do not wonder at his popularity; while the deference which ever marks his manner toward woman cannot fail to have its effect in ladies' society. In truth, he is a fine-looking fellow, when, mounted on his horse "Frolic," he gayly waves me an adieu on Sunday morning as he starts to church. I am afraid, though, that David does more watching than praying during service; for sweet Rose Kennedy sits not far off, and his eyes have a wonderful trick of wandering in that direction.

I have quite a desire to see this lovely mountain rose, of whom report says so much; and, when the ladies of the neighboring village hold a fair for the benefit of some charitable society, I consent to go, for she will be there. The hall is crowded when we enter, and with great dif-

fleuty David secures me a seat, while he goes off in search of refreshments. During his absence I amuse myself watching those around me, indulging in my favorite pastime of studying human nature. The tableau is one of infinite variety—stout old country gentlemen, good-humoredly allowing pretty girls to cheat them; stately matrons, presiding with pardonable pride over tables laden with the whitest bread and best home-made cake; young squires, bandying gay compliments with their sweethearts, and spending their last dollar for some bauble which they will never use; and every now and then, too, in the swaying multitude I catch a glimpse of a beautiful face, for this region boasts of its fair women. But a young girl, waiting at a table near by, attracts me most. Dreamy blue eyes, whose depths seem unfathomable, light a face so refined and delicately tinted that she looks like a cheerful thought more than a physical reality. And she has such a shy, pretty way of looking down, on finding herself observed, that I am quite lost in admiration; when suddenly the color deepens in the cheek, which before had been a trifle pale, and she nervously arranges the articles on her table. I turn to ascertain the cause, and find David standing at my elbow with a saucer of ice cream; another moment and I am introduced to Rose Kennedy.

When we are riding home in the afternoon and talking over the events of the day, I tell David about the "cheerful thought," a comparison, the beauty of which had struck me in reading Hawthorne's description of one of his heroines, and which had been recalled by the appearance of Rose Kennedy. My raptures provoke a hearty laugh from David, but I am sure he is pleased. "She is not delicate, however," he says in answer to my remark, "but always active and busy—a splendid rider, and the best little housekeeper in all the country round."

So the barrier of silence is broken, and ere we have gone many miles, David is confiding to me the story of his love. Various obstacles, not easily overcome, prevent him from marrying at present, and he is too unselfish to ask for an indefinite engagement, hence, although his heart is full of tenderness for sweet Rose, his lips are sealed. "Two city fellows have been up this summer talking their nonsense to her," he says, ruefully, "and I have to witness this and yet remain quiet," and David slashes the leaves with his long riding whip as if each were a city lover in disguise.

"You need have no fear of them," I answer, remembering the blush, "but, *mon ami*, why do you not speak? Let the lady know your feelings toward her, but ask nothing in return until all impediments are removed. This will prevent misapprehension on her part."

So we talk; David jealous and despairing, I advising and consoling, until the lights of "The

Cleft" gleam through the darkness, and Otto's joyous barking welcomes us home.

The master says I am looking pale and do not exercise enough; so I give up my reveries in the hall and readings in the hammock, and, mounting my horse "Nelly," accompany him in his morning ride. We go down to the mineral spring, whose waters he declares are a strong chalybeate; up on the mountain where his fat cattle are grazing, and he wonders at my taste in admiring the little Devon heifers instead of the large, speckled Durhams. Then we ride through the tobacco grounds where the laborers are at work, and I beguile the time by asking all manner of questions about red soil and black, the different crops, etc.—displaying an amount of ignorance truly lamentable.

But when the maple tree is flushing in the meadow lot and the forest shows here and there a yellow leaf, David falls sick. The doctor comes often and looks grave; the master walks restlessly up and down the floor; the mistress grows pale from anxiety and watching at his bed-side, and the days wear wearily away. At last, in answer to my first inquiry of the little black girl when she enters my room in the morning, I receive a more favorable report of the invalid, and as we all meet at the breakfast table with lightened hearts, I talk gayly with the doctor, who has remained all night. He is not after the usual pattern of country physicians—a middle aged man grown gray in the service of stricken humanity, carrying a pair of worn saddle-bags filled with calomel and jalap, and riding a jaded steed. Our doctor is a young fellow, who is well read in literature and the latest discoveries in his profession, owns a fine horse and keeps bachelor's hall in the village—altogether, a rising man of the new generation.

We have many long conversations, and become good friends during this time, for the mistress is nursing David, and I am left to play the part of hostess. The master silly comments on the length of his visits, and suggests that other patients must suffer for lack of attention—he also tells me that the bachelor's establishment sadly needs putting to rights, at which I laugh and call him a match-maker.

All this while David is slowly convalescing. Finally he leaves his room and is handed over to my guardianship. I read the last new novel aloud, relate all the news afloat, sing him my sweetest songs, and act the "ministering angel" to the best of my ability, but still David looks spiritless and *ennuyé*. One day a bright idea strikes me—I have never returned Rose Kennedy's visit—she may, perhaps, be able to furnish me with an elixir for my patient.

The next morning, when the master and myself are riding, I propose the call, and we turn our horses' heads in the direction of "Roslin."

But fortune favors me, for ere we have gone two miles, we meet Maj. Kennedy and his daughter. Cordial greetings ensue, and, on learning our purpose, they desire to return, but we resist the proposal, and it is finally agreed that as "The Cleft" is the nearest point and the master is particularly anxious to show his friend, Maj. Kennedy, a fine thoroughbred colt which he has trained, we take that direction. The gentlemen ride ahead, and I am glad of the opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with the mountain flower. We fall into friendly woman's talk until "The Cleft" appears in sight and I artfully decoy her into the house to taste our grapes and get a book which I have promised to lend her. But never a word do I say of David lying on the sofa in the sitting-room into which she will presently be ushered.

It is a pleasant surprise, I am sure, to both, and she makes a lovely picture after the confusion of the meeting is over, sitting by the window, in her long black habit and jaunty little hat, with the mellow October sunshine streaming over her. Certainly David thinks so, for he rises and drags himself across the room to a seat by her side, and while they converse in low tones I hasten to meet the gentlemen and apprise the mistress of the presence of our guests. That evening the old light sparkles in David's eyes, and there is no need of music to cheer his spirits. At supper the master comments on his improvement, and I remark that a "cheerful thought" has inspired him, at which my host looks puzzled, as if he thought mine a very foolish speech, but I think the mistress understands, for she fondly regards her son, and a moment after says that Rose Kennedy is certainly very lovely, to which assertion there is not a dissenting voice.

Keen winds have now replaced the soft zephyrs, and several nipping frosts have done their work on field and forest. The blood tingles in my veins as I ride rapidly up the mountain and pause on its summit to watch the sun as it sinks to rest behind the Blue Ridge, which stands out in bold relief against a crimson canvas, and whose loftiest peaks have put on their white nightcaps for a long winter's nap. The trees are masquerading in all kinds of gay colors, and I gather samples of their dresses to press as mementos, for the time draws near when I must leave these rural scenes and return to my city home. Every day, "Nelly" and myself take long jaunts, and notwithstanding my saddened spirits at the thoughts of leaving, I return with a good appetite for the nice supper over which the gentle mistress presides, and enjoy the cheerful wood fire in the sitting-room.

Around this we gather at night; David loling in an arm-chair with a volume of Shakespeare, laughing at Falstaff's jests or fighting battles with Harry Hotspur; the master reading aloud choice bits from the newspaper; and

the mistress knitting—while I sit idly by her side and watch the rapid needles or talk in low, regretful tones of the approaching separation. The cricket chirps on the warm hearth and the firelight flickers on the wall, revealing the face of the tall old clock and lighting up the dusky form of the little black girl who sits in the corner nodding over a spelling lesson, which I have been vainly trying to instil. Outside, the stars shine brightly—the pale moon ploughs the lawn in silvery furrows, and far away the yelp and bay of young Squire Neblett's hounds "set the wild echoes flying," as they chase the fox around the mountain.

But all pleasant things must come to an end; the day at length arrives when I have taken my last ride on "Nelly," gazed for the last time at my woodland property, bidden a fond adieu to the master and mistress—and, as the carriage descends the mountain, lean far out of the window to catch one more glimpse of "The Cleft" ere a turn in the road hides it from view.

David and I have much earnest talk as we ride to the station, from which I learn that he has followed my advice and found that there is naught to fear from "city fellows;" he has also had a satisfactory conversation with his father on the subject, and I suspect that "ere the next June roses blow," wedding bells will ring right merrily, and a bonnie bride will be welcomed at "The Cleft."

Arriving at the depot, we meet the young doctor, who remarks that he has a very ill patient in the vicinity, at which piece of information David lifts his handsome brows in token of incredulity. A few minutes more and I am seated in the cars; David goes off to attend to the baggage, and the doctor puts his head into the window to tell me that he thinks of becoming a member of the Medical Convention which meets in the city next month. But the whistle sounds; David hastily thrusts the checks in my hand, giving it at the same time a warm grasp; the doctor touches his hat; the train moves on; the Blue Ridge disappears: my dream is over and my Mountain Idyl at an end.

FLIRTS.

WHEN a clown follows the will-o-the-wisp to his discomfiture, we blame the foolish man, and not the misguiding light. And so, if men will be so vain and so unthinking as to imagine that every pleasant beauty adores them because she does not snub them, and designs to marry them because she vouchsafes to chat, whose fault is it when the presumptuous lover is informed with cold politeness that his position is that of a friend only? The real mistake consists in conceiving nothing possible between the sexes but love. People rush into the error that a woman must be either discourteous to a

man or in love with him ; the possibility of her entertaining a proper and healthy friendship for fifty of the opposite sex never seems to strike the world. Now the so-called flirt is eminently free from all the charges that are usually alleged against her. She is open and undisguised. Her affability is known and commented on from the fact that she converses without hesitation and laughs without constraint ; she "wears her heart upon her sleeve ;" there is no concealment, no attempt at reservation, no affectation of reserve. The really designing woman is of another cast. Her plots are darkly laid and darkly carried out. Her demeanor is staid, her style irreproachable.

She gives a side glance and looks down.

She encourages, not with the open invitation of an assault, but with the covert affectation of a retreat. She leads on quietly, but without appearing to do so, and the world is kept in ignorance of her plans till her discretion is rewarded, and a prize secured. So anglers catch fish—quietly—concealed—cautiously. But he who chatters on the bank, flaunts his rod and line, and flutters his brilliant hues, fails if he thinks to net. The Misses Pecksniff were very prudish, but very deep, and those who have fathomed the world at large will learn to suspect the deepest schemes from those of the most innocent temperament.

Writing on this subject, the illustrious author of "Coningsby" has said, "A coquette is a being who wishes to please. 'Tis a career that requires great abilities and infinite pains, a gay and airy spirit. 'Tis the coquette that provides all amusement, suggests the riding party, plans the picnic, gives and guesses charades, and acts them. She is the stirring element amid the heavy congeries of social atoms ; the soul of the house ; the salt of the banquet." Mr. Disraeli here indicates by the coquette exactly what we have represented as a flirt. There is, in fact, a slight difference between the two. In the passage above, to our thinking, the word flirt would more accurately apply ; for a coquette is rather one who seeks admiration for admiration's sake, instigated thereto by personal vanity ; whereas a flirt, which is a more comprehensive phrase, would comprise those whose freedom of soul and general love-bestowing nature prompt the readiness of their wit and the zealous willingness of their desire to please.

Flirting is to marriage what free trade is to commerce. By it the value of a woman is exhibited, tested, her capacities known, her temper displayed, and opportunity offered of judging what sort of a wife she may probably become. Those who assume the prudish air, and chide the young lady that does nothing else than mope or turn aside, and simper "Yes," when spoken to, are the protectionists who know their goods cannot compete in the general market, and therefore strive by artifi-

cial means to keep the bidders from an open choice. It is good for both sexes ; the men know what they will marry, the women have looked around them before they decide. There is nothing more prejudicial to the happiness of married life than the ignorance which most girls have of the other sex. A boarding-school girl thinks Signor Fascinati, the singing master, a god, and elopes with him. After two years she finds him a rogue. The manufacturer's daughter, who meets the Hon. Adolphus Landless at her first country ball, is struck with his attentions, and catches at his offer at once. Had she seen more of man, she would have known how shallow his brains and how deep his debts before she linked herself to him to endure misery for life, or to cast her affections on some future acquaintance and to incur the peril of the Divorce Court. Solon was right when he proposed that the sexes should exercise together in the gymnasium : a thorough knowledge and a freer footing between young men and women is one of the greatest safeguards against ill-advised choices.

It is often asserted that marriage is the one object of a woman's life, for which she lays herself out, to achieve which she makes any sacrifice. But marriage is like religion, not an act, but a condition. It is not a thing to be obtained like a victory, once for all, but to be gone through like a campaign. Hence women who do throw their whole heart into the single fact of getting married, and regard nothing further, fall into an error as fatal for this life as the doctrine of those baptized into the Church, but ignoring the life of a Christian, must be for the next. The mere husband-hunters no doubt exist among flirts, but we should rather separate them ; the genuine type of a flirt is one who has not at present this object in view, who trusts to its coming in the fulness of time, but who makes herself agreeable for its own sake. As such, we are prepared to pronounce her not only harmless, but the proper specimen of a woman. To one whose mind is cultivated aright, no amount of freedom, which prudes may call forwardness, or attempt to please, which old maids may stigmatize as man-hunting, can be in the slightest detrimental ; she will be above their sneers and stigmas, uninjured by misrepresentation, unslandered by envy, because, like *Godiva*, "clothed o'er with chastity."

SOME men, like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light.—*Seneca*.

PEREGRINATIONS charm our senses with such unspeakable and sweet variety that some count him unhappy that never travelled—a kind of prisoner, and pity his case that from his cradle to his old age he beholds the same—still, still, the same—the same.—*Burton*.

HAUNTING MEMORIES.

BY INO CHURCHILL.

(Concluded from page 334.)

Two weeks or more passed without much variety, except many parish members called. The vicar had been a widower when called to the charge, and was glad to avail himself of the home already established there; but I learned from the converse of the neighbors, that he was to take to himself a helpmate, and the present occupants of the manse must, perforce, seek other quarters. I think the fact wrought unfavorably upon Mrs. McGregor's mind, for she grew exceedingly restless and talked much in low tones to herself, as if recalling the experiences of other and happier days, for she spoke of her high birth and exalted position, betraying a knowledge of the usages of high-life, which, though it might have been obtained from books, seemed to have been actual experience with her. But she never mentioned any names, and Kathleen smiled sadly as she said, since her mother had been ill, she had imagined herself connected with the great, though when well she had never made any such boast, and she could not remember that she had ever mentioned her maiden name. She had married a Scottish vicar who had no sympathy with the dissenting presbytery, but clung to the established church, and had removed to English borders and identified himself with the people.

I asked Kathleen "if she were the only child," and she said "there had been one other;" but the color in waves of pain swept across her features, and I questioned her no more; though I said I thought there must be noble blood in the family, for wee Willie bore himself as grandly as any lord, and as the child turned quickly at the mention of his name, the thought flashed upon me where I had seen a likeness to that eye, and as absurd as was the thought, I mentioned it.

"What was his name?" asked Kathleen spasmodically, with an eagerness she tried in vain to conceal.

I gave the name, half laughing at my own foolishness at the thought, but it brought no intelligence to her, and I saw it was not the one she had waited for, and when I looked again for the resemblance in Willie, it did not seem to be there.

Mrs. McGregor appeared to grow worse, raving much, and growing so troublesome, it was all Kathleen could do to attend to her. She was apparently harmless, but if her daughter left the room, she would pull at my work and ask if it were Margie's.

One day she was so meddlesome that at nightfall Kathleen kindled a fire in my sleeping room, and I took my work thither. Kathleen said she would bear me company after giving her mother a quieting potion, for the

night. But the mother had but just succumbed to the effect of the narcotic, when some one entered the outer door, having first knocked to give signal of his coming.

"Oh, Egbert!" I heard Kathleen say, and then the sound of a kiss reminded me of my own sweet thoughts at eventide, when I listened for Jamie's coming, and though I could hear all converse through the thin partition, my heart was speaking so loudly that I heard little else, if indeed I had thought so basely as to listen. But after a while a sound of anguished pleading caught my ear, for I was quick to recognize sorrow, and I am afraid I heard words too sacred for any save the heart to which they were addressed, for the man's soul was laid bare to the woman's touch, whether it should prove rough or kindly. He had petitioned thus before, I gathered, and not in vain for love, though the will withheld itself.

"But, Kathie," the impassioned tones went on, "have I not bided my time, and sought in every way to retrieve the wrong I unconsciously helped on, if wrong in one sense it were, which even now I doubt me?"

"But if you had brought them back, and together, Egbert, that it might seem right to the world! I had much hope in me when you left, but it's gone now with the rest," and she sobbed.

"I found the man, Kathie. I would if oceans had rolled between us; but he was not the one I sought—much older, and with his sweet family around him; a gentleman at heart as well as by birth, for he answered my many questions kindly and sought to give me information. 'Twas a false name, the viper gave me, or all this might not have come. You will have no home, soon, Kathie; I shall be curate here no longer, for I have secured a vicarage; come, I will take you all, the mother and Willie, and we will be happy together."

"But who will restore my mother's gold hair, and take away those broad bands of silver, that hurt me like shafts of iron piercing my brain? And who will replace the reason that left its throne when the cloud of anguish broke over us? And who will give Willie a rightful name? Not he who made the girl mother a false wife, by his want of investigation or foresight."

"I would give Willie my own name, Kathie, an honest one, though poor may be; but your reproaches cut me, girl. I thought the young gentleman had honest intent, and gave me his true name, and I had taken orders that self-same day, though I believe now he thought me still a novice from my youthful look; his only plea that the ceremony was not binding must be his minority, though I doubt if that could be, with his bearded chin. If I could but find them both! It is strange that I should have loved you from the moment I saw you, not knowing that my own act should be the

means of bringing discord between us. Till Willie was left with you and the story came out, I had not thought you related to the strangely beautiful Margaret McGregor, who stood blushing and shy before me, the first bride on whose hand I had placed the wedding ring."

"I know, Egbert, she was like mother in her youth, it was said, and I am like father. Oh, why am I put to such straits?" and I heard again the sound of weeping.

"I pity you, Kathleen, and understand the feeling, I think, that deters you from giving yourself to me. You have given me the right to say, it wounds you to withhold yourself; if the hurt could avail at all for her, it were well you should endure it, and enforce a similar trial on me. I have come for the last time, Kathie. I go in an hour hence with your promise that in less than a month you will be my wife, or I go forever," he said, the pleading tone giving place to resolute, manly accents, that bore, withal, in them a quaver of pain.

But I think there was no answer then, for I heard a door creak, and Mrs. McGregor, no doubt having slept off the effects of the anodyne, thought it was morning, entered the room and greeted the young man. My working hours were over, and I noiselessly put my work by and prepared for bed, endeavoring to close my ears against other sounds. But soon I was startled by hearing the daft lady's voice, raised to an excited pitch, saying: "Who speaks of the Wolvertons? I never whispered the name. Who told you of them; and Herbert, they call him 'Sir,' because of the pride, perchance, that shut up his heart, and"—. Then she grew so wild that her words were unintelligible, except now and then when she seemed to bewail Margie, and think that, somehow, in her she was draining the cup that in her own person she had compelled others to drink. But after a while her strength was exhausted, and the loud tones grew to a wail, and he they called "Egbert" went away, but whether for a month, or forever, I could not tell, for Kathleen's soothing tones revealed nothing while she persuaded her mother to seek her own room again.

How had this slight girl kept herself so brave and even gay, with this triple weight of anxiety, suspense, and concealed love upon her? For her mother's sake, doubtless, whose mind was struggling in the dark waters, her own steady, unwavering light of cheerful act and countenance must not be dimmed, else where were any beacon for the foundering barque? There was sorrow everywhere! And I reminded me that some time I had made note of a writer's thought, "That whenever in travelling through wilderness or desert, through mountain gorge or far-off prairie, he had seen the curling smoke ascend, he felt less desolate; for he knew that somewhere within his ken there was a fireside,

and little ones were cherished round the hearthstone, innocent and gentle, however in after life they might grow unruly or unlovable." And I thought me now, however alone with me one might feel, however obscure or unheeded, where there was a face there was a heart beneath, fostering feelings that anon would show themselves as having just kindled the flame that was to burn high and fierce, or as keeping watch of ashes already smouldering out. The alternations of life and time crushing out from high and low one common bond of sympathy; as the fire, heedless whether it consume lofty oak or trailing brier, evolves at last analogous vapor. At any rate, I was bound to Lady Bessie and Kathleen by the same subtle tie; though it would ill become me to offer sympathy to one, or give the other thought that I had knowledge of her need of it.

I had hoped I should see him they called Egbert, but I did not in the ten days that remained of my stay with the family. He might have been gone from the parish again, to arrange for his removal to his charge. I trusted, for his sake, that Kathleen had bidden him hope; though I could not tell, from the varying face she held, whether the fluctuations were from perspective joy to acknowledged grief, or from anxiety to coveted and obtainable happiness. But, my assistance to them being accomplished, I bade them farewell, turning again to my home, with another burden added to the one I wot of, thrown in the scale against my own, helping to lighten it, as balanced weights are ever easier borne than an unequal load. Yet I confessed to a vague expectancy that I should hear tidings of Jamie; but none awaited me, and I grew feverish with a thirst that naught else could assuage, though I think, now, it partook of the unsatisfied longing we all have for the water of life.

A few days, and a messenger came to bear me to the castle; and I was glad to go, though with different feelings than before, when I seemed shod with light, and trod only on opening flowers, that I loved to thrust aside as I walked along; but the path from which they were scattered was dreary enough. Nothing had changed at the castle, save that there was a little undignified hurry and bustle; the bridal dresses were being fitted to Lady Bessie's fair form, and bright fabrics and delicate silks were thrown about. The lady submitted to all suggestions and arrangements with a weary air, as though they were for naught, an unmeaning preparation for a rite that would never be solemnized. Belinda Howth had lost somewhat in equanimity, and worked under a forced calmness with untiring assiduity. In our rather secluded position, and our interest in our own employments, we heard little of what was going on among the people of the shire. Sir Herbert had mentioned to us at prayers that we might soon attend on the ministrations

of the Gospel, as the some time unencumbered living had been given to a Rev. Mr. Carson, who had begged his influence thereto.

Time flew rapidly on, hastening us with our task. Philip Moncray arrived on the week he had named, and the lady brightened a little, that nothing had befallen him. It seemed strange to me that, with her education and sweet faith, she should have given credence to anything the gypsy might have said to her; but that the fear of something she had predicted was ever present with her I could not question. Mr. Moncray was not now admitted to our room, and I saw little of him, except that he seemed a little flushed and excited, bearing himself with less complacent ease than heretofore, though sometimes I caught a defiant look directed towards Miss Howth.

Preparations went rapidly on. The guests from afar were assembling; and, in the early twilight, the day before the wedding, I sat alone in the sewing-room, for the work had been accomplished, and the bridal robes lay fresh and pure in the lady's chamber. My eyes were full of tears, for my own sorrow; but I tried to choke them down, and went to the window to look out on the now drear landscape; the denuded trees giving me scant comfort, though I knew the life-giving sap was not lost or wasted, only treasured deep somewhere in the root, till future need should call it forth again.

But the strange though familiar movements of a woman in the distance attracted me, darting hither and thither behind the trees. She soon approached, so that I saw it was, indeed, the poor daft mother of lost Margie, alone and wandered away, perhaps. I ran for my kirtle, and hastened out to the park, just as she with irresolute motion entered the old chapel. I shrank back, most loth to trust myself in that haunted place with a woman whose uncanny look and shattered mind might call forth the spirits if any dwelt there; but, still, impelled by a force I could but yield to, I followed her, looking hastily around; but she was not there. The sound of my own footsteps seemed ghostly and hollow; and, in the dim twilight, the floating cobwebs seemed like visible respirations of goblins and vampires, while the fluttering wings of the disturbed bats was like the rush of Satan's cohorts.

Concerned for the poor woman, I approached, with the blood curdling in my veins, the dim recess into which she had appeared to vanish, catching a gleam of pale blue light, whose magnetic power seemed to draw me on, as does the treacherous *ignis fatuus* beguile the traveller into the morass. But the voice was real, though sepulchral, that bid me come, and the cry for "Margie! Margie!" was familiar enough, and I ran through the winding passage with the haste that prompts one to flee from an imaginary ghost about to close upon him. I

could not but smile, startled as I was, when I overtook Mrs. McGregor, and found that the ghostly gleam was an everyday sort of light shining through the stained glass of a lantern—one that she had probably found in the passage, and was swinging wildly about. She said, as I neared her: "Margie is here. I know the way; it leads to the dungeons. Come!" and she beckoned me on and on, silently, now, and weirdly, and I obeyed, as if may be I was following my fate; for, no doubt, the secret passage led to somewhere, and who knew but in the vagaries of her mind she might turn against me, and close upon me some fearful door, leaving me, blinded, bewildered, as I was decoyed, where none would ever find me; and the great round world would go swinging round the sun, and the multitudes would traverse to and fro upon its surface, just the same as though no weak heart stood still with horror? But soon we came to the end of the passage, close up against a solid, frowning wall, whose iron door, shut on its great hinges, and barred across, seemed even more unyielding than the wall itself, except for the small movable grating, that seemed designed to admit the air into some cavernous place.

"She is here," said my companion, in a hoarse whisper; and, shuddering, I waited till she unbarred the door, but it would not open. Then she searched till she found a rusty iron key, that grated in the lock, and shocked me like a rasp drawn across a sensitive nerve. I was wrought up to much excitement when the bolt shot back; though I had no thought that any one was there, save, may be, the very embodiment of darkness and horror, which, indeed, seemed to take visible form, and overshadow or absorb the little light we had.

I grasped the arm of the woman, uncanny as she was, as she called, in a voice that reverberated and echoed itself through the cavern, like the wail of a lost spirit drifting through the dark domains: "Margie! Margie!" Then I heard a slight sound within, and soon a face appeared, so ghastly in its whiteness that it seemed unreal, and the thin hands reached toward me like skeleton or phantom fingers. Then the daft woman flashed the light across the face, and I fell, dizzy and faint, against the oozy dampness of the dungeon walls, for it was Jamie or his spectre that I saw.

But I dared not lose my senses, and when he spoke my name, so feebly, yet so fondly, and clasped his thin arm about my waist, I knew that there was enough of the body left to hold the spirit, and I roused myself to rapid thought and action.

Now that there was really some one found in the dungeon, the poor lady seemed satisfied, or her mind lost for the time its painful concentration, and she looked quietly on, as though she had caused a joy she yet partook not of. I took up the lantern, that she might

not dart forward, and by its flash in the chapel call attention thither.

I bethought me quickly what I must do. I must take Jamie to his home unseen by any, and place Mrs. McGregor beneath her own roof. But where was that? Could it be that the Rev. Mr. Carson was the "Egbert" who sought a wife in Kathleen? And were she now his wife, and settled at the rectory? I must act on that thought, for the poor creature must not wander all night in the cold. But Jamie was weak and shivering, with no garments but those he had worn two months aback—ill protection now 'gainst the frost. I had my thick kirtle, and I wound it like a plaid around him, and took off my 'kerchief and tied it about his head.

I had enough to keep me warm. The great throb of thankfulness was a glow of itself, for the icy band over my heart had snapped and a gush of heart-blood ran riot in my veins. Somehow the dark passage was lighter than before, for, as I turned the lantern, I saw something in a heap behind the inner door, that led through the chapel, and thinking 'twere well to throw something about me, I picked it up. 'Twas the scarlet cloak the gypsy had worn! And there, close by, were the hat and the streaming hair that I had shaken away, like a coil of serpents, from my arm. Jamie shuddered and shut his eyes. How strange! What forms did spirits take to perform their missions?

The dingy cloak was lined with a thick, dark stuff; should I throw it about me with the scarlet next my form, would poor, simple me become invested with mysterious power? But, I bethought me, all mysteries could be explained, if we but held ourselves brave long enough to test them by material standards, rather than throw our imaginations obliquely towards them, distorting and enlarging them to hideous and illusive frightfulness. So I threw it on, and we went out, leaving everything else as we had found it. I stepped forward first, but there was no one near and we went silently on.

The evening had fallen, and clouds lay sullen about the far horizon, and but now and then a friendly star kept watch of us. We were a strange company out in the darkness; the poor dazed thing with her cheated heart; the once strong, lithe youth grown feeble and stumbling by confinement; and the timorous damsel with her double care of supporting the weak frame of one, and guiding the unstable mind of the other, to rest and safety.

As we reached the rectory, I bade Jamie make a feint of going in, but really to remain unseen, as I led the poor woman into the house. I was glad they had not missed her, and were surprised that she had escaped from her room window, after professing to seek her bed soon after she had supped. Though my heart was

beating hard for poor Jamie outside, I must, perforce, go in a moment, to greet Kathleen, who was indeed the bride of the new vicar, and he she called Egbert seemed worthy of her trust, if one looked well at the grave shading of his mouth, the grand cast of the brow, that held the stamp of intellect humbly, as should Christ's ministers, and the clear mournful eye that seemed to deprecate and deplore the sins he warned us of, as though he first had realized the power of their besetment.

Kathleen thanked me with a kiss for my tender service, as she said, though she knew not how deeply I were the debtor, and the young vicar held over my head a hand of benison, and I went softly out under the power of a blessing that had come before it was invoked.

I learned from Jamie as we walked slowly along that he had been led to the dungeon under a strange spell, by a gypsy woman, and left there, he knew not why. She had brought him food daily, and promised release as soon as her purpose was accomplished. He had not suffered bodily, except that he had pined for light and air, and a sight of dear familiar faces. Then he inquired with much anxiety if Sir Herbert had sought for him, and if the gentleman's money was found where he left it. I told him how matters were, and he must keep himself hidden until he could prove himself innocent, and he, too weak in body to think clearly, submitted to my advice, though I thought me, afterwards, it would have been better to have called Sir Herbert to the spot at once, but I thought ill to leave Jamie and the crazed woman alone together, and did what seemed best. I could not remain, but to tell Jamie's mother; he must be nursed back to health, and kept from curious eyes, till we had time to think how we should conduct, and then I started for the castle again, for the evening was far spent, and I must not fail those who employed me.

I shot over the moor like a winged thing, lest I should be shut out; but as I entered the park I saw the lights streaming from the rooms, and knew the family had not yet sought rest. The old cloak, too, I must replace, and braving witches that must needs raise blue lanterns at their orgies, I entered alone and in darkness the hitherto dreaded place. Then I fled out and through the postern gate into the castle, and into my own room unobserved, and laid me down to rest, with many conflicting feelings crowding my heart and brain; but 'mid them all, that Jamie was safe and innocent was uppermost. Yet who could bear ill against him, and where among us did the gypsy dwell, that held her hand on the secrets of heart and house? And where, and for what, was the money gone?

The next morning I wakened early, if indeed I had slept at all, for 'twas the lady's bridal day, lowering and threatening storm, that

greeted me half sadly as I anxiously looked out. Not till after vespers was the ceremony to take place; and all the day long visitors were arriving, and messengers were hastening in every direction, and the bustle about the house was great in the extensive preparation. The grand old parlors—at which, for the first time, I caught a glimpse, in running to give assistance in any way I could—were hardly rendered more imposing by the boughs of larch and fir that were placed about, as if to give a hint of youth and freshness, while they detracted not from the stately grandeur of the general effect. The ornamented branches of the candelabras were garlanded also, so heavily that the festoons swept the floor with rich and lavish greenness; and long before the hour arrived the lights were flashing back to each other a triumph of brilliancy, and around a glow of beauty and forecast of joy. Hedged in, we seemed, by the strong, irregular walls of the castle from the barrenness and desolation about; aglow and alight, spite of the gloom and the darkness without, for, save our forgetfulness of it, 'twas a luckless night. The clouds were dripping a sullen rain, that, freezing as it fell, glazed over with steely hardness each shrub and tree, and encased the castle and the chapel walls in armor; and the wind's power, as I for a moment looked out, gave the trees a movement like the clash of sabre and lance, and its plaint and sighing were like the attending wail, as in war woman's cry goes up ever with the shout of victory.

I slammed the door. The winds might mock each other, and the sharpened rain beat pitilessly on earth's bosom bared for it; but she knew after all where was the central fire that kept her pulses warm, and where the cherished well-springs lay, and where the forgotten seed had dropped, and where the sap gurgled and kept limpid; and all these surface storms but went to compact and strengthen her resources. Thus I could argue, with my own secret hope and joy kindled anew; and sending gleams of red to the cheek that had grown pale, when the cold rain of doubt, and the blasting wind of sorrow, swept across it.

We of the household, servants and all, were to witness the nuptials; and beautified, to small extent, at least, we placed ourselves at respectful distance to the assembled company. Abashed, I almost felt, at the array of beauty and magnificence there; but, I bethought me, if all were kings, where were the vassals; and, if all were flowers, where were the sturdy wheat and the homely herb? The bishop from the great city was there, and the vicar who had lately come among us, both in flowing surplice, and with solemn air; and we all, both high and low, waited, each, I doubt not, with the same sort of heart-throb.

At last they came in; the bridegroom with his friends, and following Sir Herbert with the

Lady Bessie on his arm, so ethereally beautiful I held my breath, lest she should vanish away. Her dress was so rich that, as the light fell on it, it caught a sheen of silver, and the frosted veil mingled with and softened the heavy fringes that swept with it to the floor. Sir Herbert seemed almost entirely to support her, as she neared the temporary altar; and, in the transfer from his arm to her betrothed's, she swayed, till I almost thought she would have fallen.

The vicar had commenced the formula, as the bishop was to bind them with the ring, and I think the lady, whom I closely watched, looked a little relieved, as, after a quick, frightened glance around, she bowed her head to listen. But I forgot her for the nonce, as a door near where I stood opened, and a figure noiselessly entered, and stood at the bridegroom's right hand. She also was dressed in white; her long golden hair unbound, and falling in sunny ripples almost to her feet. A belated guest, I thought, and almost doubted me if the bridegroom turned he might not almost wish she had taken the lady's place; so vivid and magic was the beauty that breathed from her full bust, and burned in her amethyst eyes, which, insinuating intoxication through themselves, might, indeed, prevent it from an outward source.

There was scarce a stir, so quietly had she entered, and the vicar had paused for answer to the adjuration, while the bride visibly trembled like an aspen. Then he looked up, as he gave the service into the hands of the bishop, looked a moment searchingly on the new-comer, then intently and surprisedly on the bridegroom, and said, suddenly and solemnly, as he stepped forward as if to support the bride: "In the name of God and the law I forbid the banns."

But the lady had no need of support, for she stood motionless, as the bridegroom and Sir Herbert thundered: "And wherefore?"

"Because, Philip Moncray, under the name of Allan Stuart, I married you less than four years ago to the woman at your right, and I know you to be her lawful husband and the father of her living child."

"Sir priest, you are mad!" said Sir Herbert. "This girl has been for a twelvemonth a member of my household, Belinda Howth, my daughter's needlewoman. What say you, woman, are you the wife of this man?"

"I am," and she held out her hand with the ring he had placed there upon it, and presented the certificate signed by Egbert Carson's name. Her voice and manner were calm and cold, and the violet, dewy lustre of her eyes had hardened again to the glitter of tempered steel, as she turned and looked Philip Moncray full and unflinchingly in the face.

He seemed annoyed, but declared it was false, and spoke lightly, in the presence of pure

women, of a youthful passion, short-lived as it was illicit; of a show of ceremony to make it seem right to her, who was scarce more than a child, while he yet lacked his majority.

Then, turning again to the vicar, Sir Herbert demanded if he had truly married them.

"Before Heaven! I solemnly believe I married this man, under another name, to Margaret McGregor, now before me. Under the circumstances, and the dazzle and excitement of this occasion, I failed at first to recognize him," said Mr. Carson, his grave eye pinning the luckless bridegroom to the spot, and I could see that his hand was ready to detain him if any attempt was made at escape. He had, indeed, good cause, and had endured too much easily now to let him go; and, however much the proud spirit of Philip Moncray might scorn such surveillance, he could not throw off the power of that condemning eye.

"McGregor! Margaret McGregor!" I heard Sir Herbert repeat to himself, as if recalling some hated name.

Much consternation prevailed; all pressed round the chief actors in the scene, and the coarse garb of the servants brushed unrebuked against the delicate drapery of the gentle ladies. The elder Moncray looked severe, and Sir Herbert coldly haughty, and how it would all end we held but vain conjecture; but just then an opening was made in the crowd as by a magic wand, and the poor, crazed woman—who had, doubtless, again escaped Kathleen's vigilance, and followed the same track that once before she had traversed—had entered unobserved, and approached, startling us all by her wild looks. Her hair and garments were covered with sleet, that sprinkled itself by her quick movements over the dresses of the grand ladies.

"Margie! Margie!" she said, going up to her we had called Miss Howth. "I told you she was here. Margie!"

Margie, recognizing the voice, turned toward her, with the beautiful light in her eyes that I noticed when she stood beside Mr. Moncray; and I could understand, then, how the warm love-light, that had filled those eyes in her early girlhood, had changed to coldness, as the fused metal hardens suddenly when thrown against an icy surface.

Margie seemed Belinda Howth no more as she stroked the silvered streaks in her mother's hair, and looked inquiringly into her restless eyes. For the moment I thought the woman sane again; but she stared around at the guests and the lights, then went off into the old vagaries about her birth, calling the castle her childhood's home, and Sir Herbert her brother, till I thought me strange that he did not order her away. I would fain catch sight of Sir Herbert's face, and I moved a little, and I saw by its workings that some power kept him

silent, for he looked as conscious of ill-intent as did Philip Moncray.

Then it flashed upon me. The dishonored picture in the gallery! The strange intelligible something which hung about it that I saw now was likeness to her we called Miss Howth. She doubtless had seen it there on the morning we had both studied it. The familiar look in the daft lady's face explained itself; and Willie? Yes, he had the Moncray air, for he was indeed a son of that proud house.

Mrs. McGregor, wild or sane, we knew not, threw at Sir Herbert strange words, reminding him of something in the past, most like, for he turned pale as does one at the thought of spectres, and looked on with half allowance, half dismay as she insisted that her daughter should be reunited to her recreant husband. And Mr. Carson held Mr. Moncray by the arm while the Bishop performed the ceremony that should give Margie her rights.

How strangely it had all come about! I knew not then, but I heard afterward, that the distraught woman, much younger than Sir Herbert, had once been the pet and pride of the Wolverton house; accomplished to great degree, and beautiful; with access to the royal court; sought in marriage by a young nobleman, had turned her back on them all and wedded a poor Scottish curate, bringing upon her beautiful but wilful self her father's proud wrath, and her brother's deep and bitter hatred.

It was said that there was an old prophesy of the house, "that distress should come to each family of the line through the eldest daughter," and when it was fulfilled to her father's house through her, he in turn imprecated the same curse on her. She in her reckless, unthinking anger accepting it, praying that the same measure meted out to her might be filled to overflowing to his son, her proud brother Herbert.

The agitation and excitement of one's lifetime, almost, were crowded into that one hour. And though I doubt not that as in great measure we may answer our own prayers, we may beckon our fate, and put ourselves in range of the fulfilment of some impious prediction, who shall say we are left to blind, unheeding chance, or to the mere guiding of our own unstable wills. If our country's great dramatist could so arrange his characters, and keep their separate lives within his brain, and subject to his will; move them afar, and bring them through natural avenues again together, cannot much more the Great Controller, who is supreme, keep watch and power over our finite beings, however multiplied in number, or varied in character or form they may be?

And yet, this change in fortune's wheel, though it brought restitution to the defrauded, was almost a sad turning, for we can look on the grapes already crushed without the witness of the crushing, while that longer expressed is

softened somewhat into wine, or at most turned to gall, while that just flowing forth has more the look of blood! And as I looked on the faces around, and down into my own heart, I saw that whichever it had been, wine or gall, it could never be restored to the unbruised grape again.

Philip Moncray threw himself out of the house with an air ill becoming courtly grace, and we all, as with sudden thought, looked toward the forsaken altar, to see if the Lady Bessie lay like a stricken lamb upon it. But she was not there, nor in the room, nor in her own, as we found, when her maid and myself rushed hither. The delicate appliances of the bridal toilet were scattered about; the elegant wrapper ready for her form lay waiting on the easy chair; the costly robes folded for her trunks; but the light, the flowers and the perfume mocked us with their emptiness. Search everywhere was vain, save that we knew she had been through the park by the white slipper, soiled and wet, that we found there. No sleep came to us that night, and the lights of the bridal evening grew wan in the day's broad glare; sickened with disappointment, we assembled as usual for prayers, the hollow words conveying no meaning, I thought, as they were mechanically repeated.

Miss Howth, or Margie, came in as the service was over, bringing with her the treasured box the elder Moncray had lost. She was Belinda Howth again this morning in her coldness to the father of her unwilling husband, deigning no explanation but that Jamie was innocent, and the treasure she sought to secure for the scion of the Moncray house was now his insured inheritance. And I understood it was only to divert suspicion from herself that Jamie was made her instrument, and to bring to her boy what she considered his; thus sinning, as if one wrong could right another.

Then *she* was the fortune-teller! For Jamie had said 'twas such who had dealt foully with him. *She* then had forewarned Lady Bessy of impending evil, having possessed herself doubtless of the secret of the house by reading its private chronicles, and warping it to suit her own purpose, though why she wished to bring blight in so fearful and crushing a way on one so innocent and good, I know not, save that her jealousy and heart-hunger drove her toward insanity to which her strong will and nerve would not succumb.

Desolation seemed wrought in the castle, and there was naught to stay for, as day after day passed, and still no tidings of our lady. I returned to my quiet home, and a twelve-month's quiet happiness came to me, because Jamie had grown stout and strong again, and stood with his innocence made clear. But he grew uneasy, and when we were wedded we sought together free America, leaving our

home gradually behind, till even the fair sky that encompassed her was lost beneath the encircling waters, but our hearts held thought of her ever, as we journeyed up and down the new land of promise. We settled at last near the port where we had first landed, now one of the great cities of the world.

We were not blessed with children, but made each other our all in all, satisfied with a love that knew no estrangement. Once, ten years after our arrival there, I met face to face in the city streets, Philip Moncray, with the stamp of vice and gross indulgence on his brow. We looked into each other's eyes a moment; neither speaking but through the thronging memories that seemed to reach forth from both our hearts and strangely intermingle. Then we each went our way with an old echo awakened that sounded back through years, and over the ocean, to those long mornings when hopeful preparation for a joy that never came, bound us in some sort to each other.

Well, Jamie and I dwelt in the new country nigh thirty years together, and then, with never again a sight of England, my laddie died and left me desolate; and, after a while, I followed the yearning that led me back to my girlhood home. Father and mother are gone long ago. Mrs. McGregor and Sir Herbert are denizens of the upper and eternal country, while the vicar and his Kathleen are growing old together.

The castle, as of old, held for me a charm, and I went soon hither. The Lady Bessie was dwelling there now; she had flown that bitter night, on spirit wings almost, so rapid was her flight, as 'twere from her own heart, into the borders of Wales, where, exhausted, she had fallen, exposed long to the chilling rain. For two years she lay helpless from illness and partial insanity in the humble cot of a kind but obscure widow who had nursed her back to life and health. But when restoration and reason came to her, she returned to find her father buried and the castle vacant. All the sweet instincts of her nature, and the benevolence of her great soul, made her the Lady Bountiful, dispensing gifts and joy most lavishly, though whence, or from what fountain, the joy was supplied they knew not, when she held within herself so stricken a heart. I looked myself with almost worshipful wonder upon her, feeling that indeed nobility was her heritage. In her great generosity she had insisted that the castle was also Margie's home, and Willie's sometime inheritance, for he was indeed the sole male heir.

It was sad and beautiful to see those two women, both made desolate by the same hand; both led to the same end, though by the different processes that each by her peculiar nature required; and with tears I watched them as Willie, now a man, and in every look and high-bred movement a second Philip Moncray,

passed in and out the rooms and over the grounds, as familiarly and haughtily as once did his father, who, alas! had held such fatal power.

I am going back, now; the vessel saileth soon that shall bring me to those western shores where in his last sleep lies Jamie; and though I know these great worlds are bound together by a powerful link, and the thoughts of each throb and vibrate continually under the deep swellings of the sea, yet I think me *he* will know, by some strange prescience, if I breathe the air that stirs the flowers growing over his grave.

I am alone, now, and stranded, like the shoaled vessel, high and dry; only the bare, glittering sand beneath, and the clear, brazen sky above, and though with the remembrance of a long lifetime's experience and witness of sorrow still haunting me, I bethink me 'twere better to watch the cloud that may be big with blessing or with woe, than to dwell on a shining plain above and beyond both. For, while in this world, where thorns like fingers point ever toward the curse, a freedom from anxiety and apprehension supposes us without a friend in all this earth to love and care for.

Stranded, am I, *not anchored!* Waiting, till Eternity's o'erlapping wave shall lift me up and bear me on to the farther country where Jamie's spirit keepeth watch for me.

TO W. H. ACKLEN.

BY EMMA NASH.

'Mid flowers so fair,
'Mid roses rare,
You wander forth at eve;
In the sun's decline
You sit 'neath the pine,
When day from the grasses takes leave.

Oh! think of me then;
You may depend
My thoughts are oft of thee—
For who could forget,
When once they have met
With a soul and a heart so free!

Oh! think of me when
The birds do blend
Their voices with the breeze;
When the sun lays down
His golden-tipped crown,
Throwing a sweet kiss to the trees.

Oh! think of me when
The stars do lend
Their light to the quiet sky;
When the moon is up
From her silver cup,
Sipping the light due with a sigh.

Oh! think of me then;
You may depend
My thoughts are oft of thee—
For who could forget,
When once they have met
With a heart and a soul so free!

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"You will dine with me on Thanksgiving Day, will you not? It is but a poor table I can offer you, nowadays; not what I once spread."

"I will come."

So they parted at the street corner; an old gentleman and one who, if not old, was past the period of middle age. Old cronies they were, who for twenty-five years had not seen each other's faces, and who, meeting by what is called accident, made the engagement just recorded. Barton Wolverton, nearly eighty years of age, and Clement Rayberg, some twenty years younger, had been in the same house of business for fourteen years, then their paths in life diverged, and this was their first handgrasp for a quarter of a century.

The Thanksgiving dinner had been cleared from the table; and the two drew their chairs closer to the fire for the confidential after-dinner chat, in which so often heart speaks to heart, and long-buried secrets often are brought up for friendly discussion.

"Tell me, now, Barton, how the world has served you," said the younger man, after a recital of a life experience that has no connection with my story.

"How the world has served me! It is rather a sad story for Thanksgiving Day. These anniversaries press hard upon sore hearts, old friend, and this one is painful beyond expression to me. Yet, God be thanked for all His mercies!" he added, reverently, "I have been rich, I am very poor, I am lonely, childless, widowed, and fast hurrying to the grave; but I can still kneel down on this day, truly thankful for what is still spared to me."

"Will it pain you to tell me how it is you are poor and lonely? When I last heard from you, your wealth was large, and—Emma?"

"When you and I parted, I was, as you say, wealthy; a wife I loved sat at my table, and two brave sons shared our love. They all died, one after another, but there was still money left me. It was one Thanksgiving Day, twenty-four years ago, before Emma, my wife, died, when we were mourning for our last child, that we were invited to spend the day with a friend some twenty miles from the city. Among the guests there was a widow lady, who had been a schoolmate of Emma's, with one child, a little girl, about four years old. Her name was Mattie Haines; indeed, mother and child bore the same name. Before the day was over, Emma had won from her old schoolmate a story of poverty and distress that moved her to beg me to offer her a home, until such time as she could find employment. We were very lonely in our great house, and were only too glad to hear the voice of a child ringing again through the rooms. Some light employment of sewing satisfied Mrs. Haines' scruples about

dependence, and she remained with us until she died, leaving little Mattie, then ten years old, to our care. Two years later Emma too died.

"I can never tell you, Clement, what my adopted child was to me, filling the place of all my own dear ones gone before. She was the darling of my heart, and repaid my love by the affection and tenderness of a daughter. I cannot tell you whether she was beautiful to other eyes than mine; but to me her face was lovely beyond all description, and her gentleness and sweetness such as I can never describe.

"I have said that Thanksgiving Day is now the most painful of anniversaries to me, but it was then our great yearly festival. Not a day for company, but the day we spent together; the day we celebrated as the one upon which we first met, the day when most sincerely we gave thanks that we were thus thrown together, each in the future to save the other from utter loneliness. It was again to become a day of association. Mattie was eighteen years old when the day appointed for Thanksgiving fell also upon her birthday. This was a double event that called for some extra rejoicing, so my darling and I had a dinner party. I have now to tell you of a third person, a son of an old friend, who had risen from an unimportant position in my employ to that of confidential clerk. Charles Garrett was ten years older than Mattie, but they were fast friends, and much together; so I was not surprised, nor, indeed, grieved, when our birthday festival and Thanksgiving party proved also the occasion for some whispered vows between my clerk and my child, which they came to me to sanction and bless.

"I did bless them, Clement. I trusted Charles Garrett with the care of my dearest treasure, and just before the wedding day I made him my partner in business. Many, later, blamed me, because I soon after began to exercise an old man's privilege, and gradually left my business cares more and more in my partner's control. Could I have given Mattie to him, if I had not believed him honorable and true to the heart's core? They lived with me, my children. It was not long before I saw that Mattie was drooping. Cheerful and sweet as ever, she was growing pale, with a look in her soft eyes that was something like fear. Fear, Clement! It was fear. He began by neglect, sometimes a harsh word to the young wife, who had never known any but the most loving of words and looks. Four years later the crash came. He had speculated in the name of the firm till we were ruined. Then came scenes of despair and remorse that were heart-rending to witness. We gave up everything—house, furniture, business—and started anew in life. But the bitterest trial was still to come. Charles was offered a position at the West by a gentleman who probably knew nothing of the cause of our failure."

"Did you not publish that?"

"He was Mattie's husband, old friend. He went to his new home, and his wife accompanied him. If they were only happy, I could bear my own share of the poverty and loneliness; but a demon has entered their new home, the demon that is most powerful to create misery—intemperance. What Mattie suffers I can only guess or glean from hearsay. All her letters are cheerful and loving, and from her own hard earnings she sends often trifles to her old father, sometimes a delicacy of her own cooking or preserving, sometimes a little piece of needlework. My darling! my darling! where are you this Thanksgiving Day?"

There was a moment of silence in the room, now fast gathering the glooms of a winter twilight. The old friends grasped hands in silence.

A stir near the door passed unheeded for a moment, and then a black-robed figure came near to where Barton Wolverton was seated. His bowed head was gathered gently into loving arms, and a voice, low and sweet, full of tender love, said "Father, may I come home?"

So much was she in his heart, so near always in spirit, that he was not even startled. Only folding her closely in his arms, he said: "Charles?"

"Dead, father, a few weeks since. He died peacefully and penitent. We can give thanks for him, my father. I can find some employment"—

"Hush! hush! dear one. We are not so poor as that. You are mine, again; come home to me once more upon Thanksgiving Day."

MEMORY'S TREASURES.

BY FRANCES E. KINGSLEY.

ONLY a flower, given to me

On a summer day most fair—

A rose, whose grace and perfume rare
Time cannot take from me.

Only a whisper, borne to me

On the dewy breath of eve—

A whisper, low, and yet, believe,
'Twill long remembered be.

Only the pressure of a hand,

The glance of a wistful eye,

A blessed spirit hovering nigh,
So sweet to understand.

Only a kiss, not much, I know,

For those who had been friends;

My fears and doubts it ends—
Night fatheth; let us go.

PURCHASE not friends by gifts; when thou ceasest to give such will cease to love.—*Fowler.*

IF you would be pungent, be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.—*Southey.*

AVARICE reigns most in those who have but few qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow in a barren soil.—*Hughes*

HALLOWE'EN.

BY HELEN ELLIOTT.

THE Barlowes were English, and, wherever they moved, kept up their English habits and customs. Mr. Barlowe was addicted to roast beef, plum pudding, and pale ale. I heard him say once, when he was in a speculative mood, that "he supposed he *could* live without plum pudding, but, as for enduring existence without roast beef, that was out of the question." And I believe him. I think he would have insisted upon having it, even in a community of vegetarians, where such a thing would be looked upon as an enormity.

The Barlowes moved from England, first to India, which place Mr. Barlowe pronounced too hot; next to Halifax, Nova Scotia, where a residence of two years inclined him to think it too cold. My story now finds them settled in a large town on the banks of the beautiful Ohio River.

The family consisted of five persons; the father, mother, and three daughters. The eldest, Nell, was twenty-one, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and with a cordial, joyous manner. Everybody admired and loved Nell Barlowe. The children in the neighborhood thought her an angel, and so did Ned Graham. Poor Ned! He and Nell had been engaged for two bright months, when they managed to quarrel about a photograph, which Nell had given to a friend. Ned said "she ought not to give her photograph to any gentleman friend, young or old." Nell said she "would do as she liked." So Master Ned marches down town the same evening, gets a commission as lieutenant, and leaves the place, without bidding Nell goodbye. My lady cried incessantly for two days. Ned's sister, Anna, called on Nell to scold her for sending Ned into the army, found how disheartened she was, soothed her, and promised to arrange matters.

The second daughter, Lou, was the opposite of Nell in every respect. She had black hair and eyes, her manners were stately, and her disposition so reticent that persons on first acquaintance were apt to call her haughty.

Last of all, Miss Maud, aged ten.

One holiday in particular the Barlowes loved to keep, as it seemed to bring them nearer to their far-off English home, and that was Hallowe'en. Their custom was to give a children's party on that night, ostensibly for Maud; but, as Nell planned it, saw that it was carried through, and entered into the enjoyment of the children with as much heart and spirit as if she were a child herself, I am of the opinion that the party was for Nell, and no one else.

This Hallowe'en I speak of finds Nell at the front door, the entrance barred by a broom to keep the witches out, and encouraging a group of little girls to step over it, which they do in great glee, raising their feet unnecessarily high.

Except one, Lulu Beck, who sits on the top step disconsolately, refusing to enter, and more afraid of the broom than she is of the witches. After some coaxing, and finding it useless, Nell carries the broom away, and allows the child entrance in the usual manner.

Then they proceed with the business of the evening. The first duty to be performed is to pull molasses candy. Nell waits on a dozen little ones at once, and pulls a piece of candy for half as many more. Lulu, always in trouble, winds a piece of hers in a half-hardened state around her neck, where it seems inclined affectionately to remain, in spite of all Nell's efforts to remove it. The candy at last is done; braided, twisted, and put into innumerable shapes. Most of the girls wrapping theirs up with many coverings of paper, and undoing it every two minutes to take a bite.

Now for "Snap-dragon." Nell brings in a platter heaped up with raisins. She pours some alcohol on them, and sets it on fire. As soon as it burns well, the girls snatch at the raisins, whirling the little fire-balls through the air; and, when they fall, scrambling for them, not caring in the least for their having been on the floor. Nell watches this game anxiously, and is rather glad when it is concluded.

"What shall we do next?" the children cry.

"We will tell fortunes now," says Nell. She puts nuts on the fire to burn, in order to find out who loves them best. She tells their fortunes by pouring hot lead in a tumbler of water, and by cards. But the best way of all is this: She brings a basin of water into the room, a pan of ashes, and the wing of a goose, and sets them on the floor. A little girl has her eyes bandaged, the rest looking on joyously. The position of the basin, etc., is changed, and the child is to grope her way to one of them. If she puts her hand into the ashes, she will die an old maid; if she touches the wing of the goose, she will marry an old man; if it is the water, she will marry for love. Molly Guild, after making a prodigious flourish in the air, just tips the ashes with the ends of her fingers, without resting in them, and plunges them boldly, almost up to her elbow, in the water.

"What does that mean?" the girls ask of Nell.

"That means," says Nell, oracularly, "that she won't get married until late in life, but she will marry for love at last."

Lulu, when it comes her turn, grasps a whole handful of ashes.

"Ah! ha!" sing out the children, "Lulu is to be an old maid."

"I won't!" says Lulu, defiantly.

One girl oversets the basin of water, which puts an end to the fortune-telling.

"Now," Molly Guild proposes, "Nelly, go down the cellar stairs backwards, and try if you can see your sweetheart over your shoulder."

Nell demurs at first, but to please the children at last consents. There are no cellar stairs in the house, but those descending into the basement will do as well. In the entry below there are three doors. The one on the right hand belongs to the kitchen, that on the left to the coal-cellar, and the one opposite the stairs, having its upper part of glass, leads into the garden. They turn off the gas for the two entries, and Nell begins to go down stairs backwards in solemn silence, the children crowding round the banisters at the top, giggling and pushing each other. She reaches the last step, and turns her head, when a pair of warm lips are pressed to hers. With a loud scream, Nell rushes up stairs and into the parlor, the children flying, too, like leaves before the wind. Nell is as much scared as they.

"Nelly! Nelly!" calls a familiar voice, and Lieutenant Ned Graham puts his handsome head in at the door.

What a joyful surprise! Nell is so surprised, in fact, that she kisses him before all the little girls, and immediately feels immensely ashamed of having done it. "How did you come there, Ned?" she asks him.

"I heard from mother that you were having a Hallowe'en party," he answered, "and thought I would steal round by the glass door, and see what you were doing. When I saw you going down stairs backwards, Nell, I knew what you were at; you know we have often talked of it. But don't let me spoil the sport. We will have time enough to talk over everything; I have come home on a furlough."

"Nell is going to make a fate cake," here interrupted Molly Guild, "and I wish she would begin now."

"Yes, do, Nelly," says Ned, "and I will help you eat it. How is it made?"

"You mix an egg-shell full of butter, and one of sugar, and one of flour together," explains Molly, "and bake it over the fire. Nobody must laugh or say a word while it is doing, and then you dream over a piece of it."

She looks so serious about it that Ned laughs. Nelly sets to work; and, after various failures on the part of the children to keep silence, owing to Ned's mischievousness, manages to bake a cake in the griddle over the fire. It is then cut up; all the girls take a piece, and make a wish over it. Ned takes his along with the rest, with such an awe-struck expression that it is beyond the power of a human being not to laugh.

Supper is just over when some one rings the bell, and all simultaneously glance at the clock. Half-past ten! Who would have thought it so late? The servants arrive for the children, and the bustle of departure takes place. The girls crowd round Nelly to kiss her good-night, every one but Lulu, who is discovered, after a search, in the next room, sitting in a corner,

her face in her hands, and crying in a business-like manner truly heart-rending.

"What is the matter, dear Lulu?" asks Nelly, caressingly.

"Why," sobs Lulu, "Molly Guild says I am to be an old maid sure now, and wear spectacles, and have red hair like Miss Simpson."

"Nonsense!" exclaims Nelly. "How is your hair ever going to turn red when it is dark brown now? And, besides, you have not dreamed on your fate cake, yet; perhaps that will tell you differently."

Lulu listens comforted, and concludes, after a second's deliberation, to defer her lamentations until she has further revealings from fate.

"Come and take breakfast with us to-morrow, Lulu, and tell us your dream," says Nelly, kindly, with the parting kiss. "And you come too," nodding to Ned, who is standing near.

Now, I will not follow all this young couple have to say to each other, else my story will be as long as Ned was getting to the garden gate.

Next morning at breakfast, after the chatter had somewhat subsided, Nelly turned to Lulu, who was seated at her right hand according to promise. "What did you dream, Lulu?"

"I dreamed I married a princess," answered Lulu, radiantly, whereat they all laughed.

"And I dreamed," said Ned, "that I came home on a furlough, and married a certain young lady before my stay was out. What do you think of that for a dream, Mr. Barlowe?"

"Rubbish!" growled Mr. Barlowe, under his breath, and, I am sorry to say, with his mouth full.

"Not rubbish, is it, Mrs. Barlowe? I think my dream ought to come true."

Mrs. Barlowe smiled assent. She regarded this young man, the son of her husband's old friend, with motherly affection, and the match was the darling wish of her heart. So, between the two, by dint of laughing appeal and cogent reasoning, they soon induced Mr. Barlowe to give his consent to Ned's plan. Nell's approval was not asked, but she did not appear much aggrieved thereby.

Only five days for preparation! Fancy the bustle and confusion! For Nell declared that everything must be done for her that could be done in so short a time. How the girls and their mother flew round, worrying over the sewing-girls, dress-makers, confectioners, etc.!

At last all was finished, and the eventful evening had arrived. With it the guests, bridesmaids, flowers, clergyman, and last, but not least, the bridal dress reached home in time. In which Nelly descended to the parlor, in a glory of lace, orange flowers, and white veil, looking her loveliest, and knew she did, too, the little witch! As for how Ned looked, that is a matter of no consequence, the bride is always the chief attraction.

The wedding vows were uttered, the ring safe and secure on Nell's finger, and she received, half-smiling, half-tearful, the congratulations of parents and friends. The supper next received due attention from the guests, for the hour of the evening train had approached unaccountably fast; and Nelly, hardly more than glancing at the table, hastily changed her dress for a gray travelling suit, and bade good-by to all, returning once again to give that dear mother, whose loving care had watched over her through infancy and youth, another and last kiss.

How shall I describe the parting of the married lovers, when, Ned's furlough at an end, he was obliged to return to the army? My pen fails me. Nelly sat on the sofa in the parlor, declaring, between sobs, "that she knew Ned would be killed, and she would never see him again!"

Ned wore much the same expression on his face that he would have had, if he had been attending his own funeral.

Last strapping of trunks! Soothing Nelly! Hand-shaking and kisses all round. "God bless you, my boy!" "Good-by, my darling, darling little wife!"

Oh! dismal! I leave you to imagine the rest. When the last hand-shake was over, and the carriage had disappeared down the street, no one daring to watch it for fear of ill luck, Nell went up stairs. Mother Barlowe sat at the window, staring at the houses opposite, and Father Barlowe marched up and down the room in solemn silence for half an hour. Mother Barlowe then ascended the stairs, with the intention of comforting Nelly, if possible, knocked unavailingly at her door, and returned to assume the same position as before. Another silence, and Lou went on the same errand.

"Why is she gone so long, I wonder?" said Mr. Barlowe, moving restlessly about, feeling much, but as incapable of affording consolation as a big brown bear. Another march, and then Father Barlowe walked with resolute steps into the dining-room, and up to the side-board, where he unfastened a bottle of pale ale, and, after some demonstration on the part of cork and foam, he managed to fill a goblet brimming full. This he carried to Nelly, and commanded her with a grim air, slightly tinged with pity, to drink, which Nelly did, appreciating the intention.

From this date Nelly lived, the long winter through, chiefly on letters. Good, long letters they were, truly, of twelve, sixteen, and eighteen pages; arriving irregularly, sometimes three or four in a week, at others six together, and an interval without any. The closing week of May came, and Nelly had had no letter for ten days, but as that had happened several times before, she did not feel uneasy. Six

weeks had passed, and still no letters, neither had his family received word from him. Nelly doubled the number of her own, and sent messages by friends to Ned. At the end of two months she became seriously alarmed. The family read the papers diligently, gleaning up every item concerning the regiment.

One morning a gentleman called, whom Nelly remembered as a friend of Ned's. She hurried to the parlor with the card in her hand, inquiring, almost before they had exchanged the usual civilities, whether he was direct from the army, and if he had brought a letter from Ned.

Mr. Holcombe regarded her so compassionately, and hesitated so long in his answer, that Nelly said, with blanched face, "If you have any ill news to tell me, pray tell it quickly."

Thus pressed, Mr. Holcombe told his tale, with much circumlocution, and sundry breaks. He said that Ned had been sent with a company as guard to a wagon train some miles from Battle Creek, Tennessee, and while resting with the men under the trees of a farm-yard, a dash had been made upon them by the enemy. A fight had ensued, and the enemy proving victorious, our men fled. Ned had never turned up, and whether wounded or dead no one knew.

Nelly listened to this story much relieved, and turning to her mother, who was just entering, calmly repeated it, evidently determined to believe that no harm had happened to her husband. Now, Mrs. Barlowe settled immediately to the fact that the worst had come to pass.

Mr. Holcombe took his leave, glad that he had not been obliged to witness a trying scene.

Nell, on her father's return home, besought him to take her to Tennessee to find Ned, who was wounded, she was sure, and needed her care.

Mr. Barlowe endeavored to dissuade her from the journey, told her he would go himself, and do all that was necessary, but to no purpose. Nelly declared her place was by her suffering husband's side. Therefore, they made ready what little they needed, and the morning found them on the train bound for Tennessee. No food passed Nelly's lips, no sleep came to her eyes. The train, although moving swiftly, seemed to her to creep. Hurry! hurry! was the sole thought of her mind.

The locality reached at last, they tried to find the house themselves from Mr. Holcombe's description, travelled miles in the wrong direction, listened to a story about an entirely different man, and were obliged to retrace their steps.

The regiment Ned had belonged to was encamped, with others, at Battle Creek. They sought the captain of his company there, and he went back with them to the house where he had last been seen.

The woman who owned the house was very kind. She told the group that an officer, answering the description Nelly gave, had been wounded on the day of the skirmish, two months previous, and had died there. That he had been buried with some dead in a trench. Nelly gave a groan of anguish. The woman further said she would show them where, if they liked; had supposed that the gentleman, despite his Northern uniform, belonged to the Southern army. Nelly made a move towards the door, and the rest of the party followed.

Their hostess led them across the yard in front, and to the edge of a cornfield separated from the dusty road by a crooked rail-fence. In a corner of this fence Nelly's quick eye descried a wide mound, on top of which a couple of purple thistles flaunted, half-concealing a forlorn little board, on whose sides were painted in black letters the names of the dead. The blazing noon-day sun was pouring his blinding rays on this dreary scene.

Ah me! this was the last resting-place of gallant, brown-eyed, laughter-loving Ned. The wretched little widow laid her head down among the parched grass and wept bitter tears, tears like drops of blood. The eyes of the lookers-on grew dim, and Mr. Barlowe abstractedly gathered a handful of thistles and feathery white flowers, kept afterwards by his daughter all her life.

Useless to try and take the body up out of a grave of fifteen, to bury in the cemetery at home, as had been Mrs. Barlowe's tearful suggestion. The Southern woman cared for Nelly as a mother might have done. "Poor lamb!" she called her. Ned's uniform, penknife, revolver and leather belt had been left in her possession. These she returned to Nelly, refusing aught in pay, good soul. A pocket of the coat contained two old letters of Nelly's, and one of Ned's to her, begun in pencil.

The two, father and daughter, turned their faces homeward, there to be received by the sympathizing mother, upon whose bosom Nelly poured out all her sorrow. Grief, fatigue, and fasting combined, made her ill, and she hoped in her despair that she would die. But this was only the momentary wish of a sick mind and heart. For Nelly was a Christian, anxious to perform her duty for the love of God, and knowing that there was much for her to do in the world, even though her bright hopes were hid in the dust, and she should never have another happy hour. Neither was she of a selfish disposition, inclined, because of her own dependency, to throw a gloom over the family circle. No, she took her place among them as soon as she was able, trying to pursue her usual occupations with as much interest as she could master. Thanking with wan smiles the unwearied efforts of parents and sisters to turn her thoughts from the one subject, and cheer her spirits.

With such pale cheeks and dressed in the deepest mourning, she looked like a fading lily. Mr. Barlowe watched his favorite daughter with wistful eyes, doing for her kind things in various odd ways. For the drooping of his fair-haired Nelly saddened him.

Lulu Beck spent a great deal of her time with Nelly, consoling and petting her in her childish fashion, saying sometimes in a sage little whisper, "I know that Ned is not dead: I am sure he will come back again." Sending with the words such a thrill through Nelly's heart, that it was almost more than she could bear.

The summer months wore on, oppressive days of heat and languor. Nelly grew more and more fragile, and with failing health her courage was fast waning away, despite her brave endeavors to bear with fortitude the trial God had sent her.

On the 31st of October a severe headache obliged her to remain in bed, sorely against her will. Through her mind revolved continually the events of the past year, that miserable grave in the South holding its place as the predominant image. Compelling herself to rise, although still far from well, she joined the family, seeking relief by companionship from distracting thought.

At dusk she seated herself near the door in the parlor, which opened immediately upon the garden. With her hand covering her face, absorbed in thought, time passed unheeded, until, feeling a gentle touch on her shoulder, she looked up with a start. The gas had been lit, and Lulu was standing before her, with a huge ball of yarn hugged up to her breast. A ball that Lulu had been working at the livelong day, winding three together, belonging to her grandmother, to produce this one. She fancied, child-like, that much of the charm lay in the largeness of the ball.

"What are you going to do with that, dearie?" inquired Nelly.

"Why, don't you remember, Nelly?" answered Lulu. "It is Hallowe'en. You take the end of this worsted in your hand, and roll the ball into the dark, and your true love will lift it."

Nelly put her hand before her eyes, and the tears trickled down her cheeks. Lulu did not notice her emotion. She placed the yarn in Nelly's hand, and shut the fingers upon it one by one; then gave the ball a slight push, which sent it rolling off of Nelly's lap, and, giving a whirl or two, disappeared out of the door.

Lulu heard it thump softly on each step as it fell on it, and also heard a step upon the gravel. The child was standing with her little neck leaned forward, listening eagerly; and, at this sound, Nelly straightened herself, and, putting her hand on Lulu's head, watched the door breathlessly. The yarn slackened, and then drew taut, as the sailors say, as though

some one had lifted the ball, and drawn it to him. Nearer and nearer advanced the well-known step; and, when the dear old face of Ned, haggard and pale as a ghost, appeared at the door, Nelly stretched her arms towards him, gasped "Ned!" and fainted.

The ghost, if ghost it were, walked into the room, and raised the insensible form in his arms, retreating with it to the sofa, where he sat down with her head upon his shoulder.

Lulu, at this, fled affrighted into the other parlor, uttering, as she went, piercing little screams.

The alarmed household rushed to the rescue, to find Ned bending anxiously over Nelly, and half-fearing that his sudden return had caused her death. But happiness never kills any one, and Nelly soon recovered.

Oh! the scene that ensued, and the joy of that family! Mr. Barlowe shook Ned's hand with such a hearty pressure that his friendly digits left black and blue marks on the unfortunate member for weeks after. A tear actually hopped to that good man's eye, traversed the broad expanse of cheek, and lodged on the toe of his boot. His next movement was to leave the house for a few moments, returning, ere long, hatless and panting, with Ned's widowed mother and two young sisters to add their affectionate welcome and delight to the general happiness.

And now I must tell how Ned happened to come back at all. It seems that he really was wounded on the day of the skirmish, though not severely, and was immediately sent to prison. But, before his departure, a soldier, who had fancied Ned's clothes and effects, made him exchange them for his old rags.

This soldier had a slight attack of hemorrhage of the lungs in the morning, brought on by the excitement of the fight. Ned supposed it must have increased, and that he died that very afternoon, and no doubt was buried in the trench. The woman who had charge of the house that eventful noon was not the same one who was so kind to Nelly. Hence the cause of the mistake. Ned, with others, had made his escape from prison, and, with the aid of a friend that he had found in a Southern village, had been enabled to proceed straight home. Another kiss ended the narrative.

"O Nelly!" said Lulu, giving her a smothering embrace, "I brought Ned back again. If I were you, I would keep Hallowe'en every year as long as I lived."

"Indeed, I will," said Nelly, smiling. And so she did.

CIVILITY costs nothing—nay, is something to your credit.—*Punch*.

THE mind ought sometimes to be amused, that it may the better return to thought, and to itself.—*Phædrus*.

THE WINDOW.

BY M. W. HACKELTON.

THE silent window, where I sit,
Hung o'er with vines, and cool with shade,
Is filled with varying dreams, that flit
Across my sky-like pictures made
On waves of glass

By clouds that pass
When storms are silent laid.

A gleam of morn, a glimpse of spring,
A jewelled landscape, fresh and fair,
With wealth of bursting buds, that fling
A tender fragrance on the air,
That trembles still
With music's thrill
Re-echoed everywhere.

A flash of summer splendor now,
A crimson flush, a golden gleam,
And soft winds sigh, and roses bow
Their royal heads above the stream,
Where side by side
Two lovers glide
In hope's enchanting dream.

A village church, a simple wreath,
A sound of hymns, a silence made,
When down the aisle, with fluttering breath,
She walks beside him, half-afraid
The vow to speak,
Which naught may break,
Till life's warm pulse be stayed.

Then softly swells a mystic strain,
As o'er an unknown sea they sweep,
While moonlight weaves her glittering chain
Of gems across the sparkling deep,
And time is fleet
Where love is sweet,
And storm and sorrow sleep.

A shadow shrouds the darkening pane;
The gathering night, the tempest's wing,
The moaning wind the sobbing rain,
Sweep by my window shuddering;
The roses die,
The bark drifts by,
A wrecked and broken thing.

And, counting o'er the swift years flown,
In storm or sunshine passing by,
I watch far off a land unknown,
Whose fields in cloudless splendor lie,
And storm, and night,
And sorrow's blight
Come not its dwellings nigh.

FLATTERY is a sort of bad money to which our vanity gives currency.—*Roche foucauld*.

GETTING OVER IT.—Strangely do some people talk of "getting over" a great sorrow; overleaping it, passing it by, thrusting it into oblivion. Not so. No one ever does that—at least, no nature which can be touched by the feeling of grief at all. The only way is to pass through the ocean of affliction solemnly, slowly, with humility and faith—as the Israelites passed through the sea. Then its very waves of misery will divide, and become, to us, a wall on the right side and on the left, until the gulf narrows and narrows before our eyes, and we land safe on the opposite shore.—*Miss Mulock*.

DOCTOR GRACE.

BY CARROLL WEST.

I.

EARLY in the spring of '64 I went to a water-cure. My husband, being a naval officer, was on duty, and I went alone. Went in fear and trembling; prepared to endure anything, in the way of sights or sounds, that could shock a fastidious sensitiveness, or make a nervous woman more nervous; and found my fancies ludicrously exaggerated.

There was nothing of the lunatic-asylum—as one friend had cheerfully suggested—about it. Indeed, I wondered for the first few days where all the invalids were, and could not realize that the lively, make-the-best-of-it ladies, whom I met at table—as cheerful over their cracked wheat and weak tea as if they were broiled chicken and coffee—were the “sufferers” I had expected to meet.

True, they were not so pretty to look at on their way to the bath-rooms—in dressing-gowns, *sans* hoops and *sans* chignon—as in the stylish walking-suit, or gymnast's costume; or the sweeping train of silk, in which they appeared at tea or in the drawing-room, or promenade the long veranda in early evening. But the consciousness of looking not a whit better, during one's journey to the damp regions, soon reconciled me to the inevitable. I had become as contented as a kitten, when a real shock startled me.

Doctor Howe wound up some medical advice by suggesting that I might find some relief, for the distressing neuralgia in my head, through mesmerism, and added: “I will send Doctor Grace to you. She seems to have not a little influence!”

“*She?*” A woman, and a doctor!” I exclaimed. “I will not see her! I'd rather have the neuralgia!”

The good doctor smiled in his quiet way at my vehemence, and, laying his cool fingers on my bounding pulse said: “Do not be so alarmed. She is a perfect lady. You would not suspect her of being strong-minded!”

“I do not believe ‘a perfect lady’ would enter a man's profession. And of course she is strong-minded! I can imagine her: a large-framed, muscular woman, with large feet and strong, ungentle hands; she has a firm-set mouth, with thin lips; a Roman nose; small, piercing, icy eyes of faded grayish-green; and thin, unstylish hair, which, in its contempt of fashion, betrays her tendencies. Her voice is harsh, conceited and patronizing to weak women like myself. And her walk is with heavy, ponderous step, as ‘I am Sir Oracle.’”

The doctor leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily. Some one called him, and as he left the room he looked back to say: “Very well, I won't send her. She has only

come in on the last train from visiting a patient, and probably is very tired.”

That night, at tea, I saw a woman at the traveller's table, the very counterpart of what I had described; and I did not need to hear one of the waiters address her to know that she was Doctor Grace.

The next day was one of those heavenly Sundays which come to us sometimes in early May. I stood gazing so long at the budding trees and springing grass, breathing in the delicious fragrance, and listening to the murmurs of awakening nature, that the chapel bell had ceased, and service had commenced, ere I entered.

I was glad to find a seat near the door, and dropped into one suggested by a pleasing young lady, whom—upon stealing a long look at—I found was some new-comer I had not seen. She struck me as one of the most quiet women I had ever seen. There was the intensest repose about her; not in any way constrained or awkward—indeed, the very reverse; it was soothing and restful; as nearly allied to the outer life of serene May as it could be, and having the same contagious influences.

A peaceful dreaminess stole over me, which was not drowsiness by any means, but something which took me out of myself. I wondered if it was because I was gazing so intently on the small hands—the one so white, tender, and dimpled, lying in the other, encased in a neat-fitting glove of sober gray—that I had become quieted, for the spell remained unbroken, until she moved to find, in her tiny blue-velvet prayer-book, the hymn given out—“Jesus, Saviour of my soul”—and offered to share the book with me.

I raised my eyes to thank her, and met the “sweetest eyes were ever seen,” full, deep, lustrous, dark blue; eyes which smiled a recognition of my thanks. Then I forgot them in listening to her voice. She sang low and soft, but as clear and melodious, and without effort, as a bird. A pure child-like voice, as if to sing were as easy as to speak; and at the same time there were a richness and a touch of sadness which no child, except by intuition, could have.

Perhaps her voice was touching in everything, for even the responses, low-uttered as they were, were harmony itself. In fact I forgot my own responses, except a semi-occasional “miserable sinner,” in listening to hers. And through the sermon she was so quiet, so absorbed, that her mood controlled mine, and my jarring nerves settled into peace. Only once. The preacher, in speaking of the holy spirit of sacrifice, said: “I have seen gentle, tender women bear with that patience which only women and the saintliest of men ever know, hunger, not only of body and mind, but of heart (which God knows is hardest), or poverty, desertion, and undeserved disgrace. For love's sake, you will say; because woman will

lingly endure where they love. No, not for love's sake!—where love and even respect were dead—for duty's sake. Is there no sacrifice, then, which God accepts, in doing a *duty* which costs so much? Shall God take, for His Son's sake, your gold and your frankincense, and refuse the myrrh of the weary-hearted?

"You have seen a man lay aside some sweet vision of home and wife and children, some long-cherished ambition, some precious intellectual delight, and take up the loneliest and most unappreciated, or dreariest of monotonous lives, the most distasteful of humdrum employments, because duty bade it. Not because of lack of aspiration after a fuller and more beautiful life; not from want of energy or will; nor because they loved it, as the world with its usual wisdom judges, but simply because duty, or what seemed to him to be duty, demanded it! Never mind if the sacrifice be a mistake—never mind if it be wholly unappreciated by those for whom it is made, or cruelly misjudged by a censorious world; God receives it, and the patient bearer of the cross shall hear the blessed words, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.'"

My fair neighbor was strangely moved. Her eyes deepened in their intense gaze; her cheek flushed; and when he so emphatically dwelt upon the dearest hopes, and loves, and dreams of life being laid aside—if with tears of agony, yet patiently—at duty's call, her hands fluttered, and then held each other in a tight, close hold.

It was but momentary. The serenity returned, and remained until the service was over, and all were gone, except the clergyman who had officiated, Doctor Howe, who stood beside him examining a lovely arrangement of wild flowers on the font, my unknown friend, and myself. I lingered to speak to the doctor, and she approached the Rev. Mr. — and said: "I want to thank you, in the name of all who have suffered, for the comfort of your sermon."

"I know of no one," Doctor Howe said in a low tone, extending his hand to her, "to whom the sermon better applies than yourself."

She blushed deeply. I stood, wondering what great deed this girlish little creature had ever done, when Doctor Howe approached, and with an inexplicable smile, introduced to me, as I understood him, "Miss Colburn." I saw her start and look at him in surprise. And then the firm, warm pressure of her hand restored my scattered senses; and when she said: "I was going into the woods; would you like the walk?" I yielded to the sudden fascination enveloping me, and consented.

Leaving the cure-walls behind us, and the buzz of busy voices resounding on the long veranda, we walked briskly through the grove, past the sulphur-spring, to the broken rails in

the fence, through which we easily crept, and found ourselves in the woods. On a knoll, where the sunshine filtered through the fresh-leaved trees with soft radiance, brightening up the wild violets at our feet, we sat down, and drank in the sweetness of the spring-time, and the beauty of the quiet valley stretched before us. Over head the twittering of the birds told of the homes they were building, and hopes that inspired them; near flew the never-resting bee and the careless butterfly; and we listened, and thought, and enjoyed.

One of the greatest delights on such a day is to have the companionship of so congenial a friend that one may sit still and say nothing; no entertaining to do, and no forced remarks, or senseless platitudes, to answer. We sat so a long time. At length an involuntary sigh from me broke the peace. Spring has an undertone of sadness, for it brings all the beauty, all the loveliness of bygone years, and yet cannot restore your lost youth, nor the dear dead autumn took away.

Miss Colburn looked up quickly, saying: "You are tired. Shall we return?"

"No," I answered, "not tired at all. I scarce know why I sighed. Some regret for past springs, perhaps, or a touch of home-sickness, thinking of the patches of blue violets in the garden of my childhood, and of the bluest eyes—just like violets—I never more shall see."

"Blue eyes—like violets—I never more shall see!" she repeated, unconsciously, and her gaze was afar-off and wistful. Then, rousing from this reverie: "But you must not be home-sick here. Do not think of home. Did you not enjoy the sermon—the duty of sacrifice? How it comes to all of us, some time, in this sad life! And often seems so in vain, so thankless a task! Then it is only by offering the sacrifice as to God, not to man, that one can endure."

"I think," I responded, "one of the severest trials is being obliged, for duty's sake, to inflict suffering on those we love."

"Yes, 'tis so hard to be cruel where we would gladly give our own lives to save them pain! *So hard!*"—she stopped abruptly and with great agitation. I scarcely dared look towards her, for I knew the memory of some great grief must have broken down the barrier of her composure; and yet I could not but see how pale her face had become, how sad her eyes, and how trembling her colorless lips. I respected her sorrow too much to intrude upon it; and yet, involuntarily, I drew nearer her, and laid my hand within hers. Something impelled me against my will, as if she had called me, and I could not refuse.

She clasped her fingers close over mine, and kissed them. "How did you know," she asked, with a searching gaze, "that I needed you?"

"I felt it; I do not know why, but as if you had said: 'Come!'"

"I did, but not to you. Yet 'tis strange," she added, eagerly, and, I thought at the time, irrelevantly, "you have so constantly reminded me of the one I was calling. It must be you possess the same temperament, the same nature. If so, how dear you will become to me!" laying her soft cheek down against my hand.

What a strange mixture of reserve and impulse! And how strange this sudden growth of friendship, full-fledged, between us. I do not pretend to account for it, any more than you can tell why the positive pole of a battery attracts, and the negative repels. I only assert the fact that intuitively we perfectly comprehended, felt assured of, and loved each other, as well this, the first day of our acquaintance, as we do now, with a lapse of years between.

Her reserve was the fruit of caution; her impulsiveness the natural expression of her trust in what she loved. The world might call her cold, because she was not publicly demonstrative; but her feelings were the more intense because hidden. And one true reading of those dark eyes, one pressure of those tender lips, one warm clasp of the quick-pulsed fingers, would forever convince one who loved her.

Silence fell between us for awhile, during which my head rested in her lap, and she smoothed my brow with such dainty touches that, had she not suddenly ceased, I should have drifted into dreamland.

"Ah! how you rest me," I said. "You make me feel so at peace, so at home!"

She laughed and replied: "That is what the good friend, of whom you remind me, has so often said: 'So at home and full of peace.' How constantly you recall him!"

"Tell me of him," I urged, almost without intending it.

She looked at me long and searchingly; then, "I will, but not to-day. It is a long story, and not a happy one, and perhaps you will not love me when you have heard it. Some day I will come to your room, if I may, and you shall tell me all your story, and I will tell you mine. But now I hear the gong sounding for dinner, and we must go."

We walked slowly on. I told her I "had no story. Nothing had ever happened to me. I had made a love match, was perfectly contented and happy. We were in good circumstances and good position, and there was nothing romantic to make a story of." But, as we parted, I urged her coming soon to tell me her story. "To-morrow, if possible."

But on the morrow I was having a battle with my enemy; and the pain was so fast gaining the victory, and carrying captive all my amiability, patience, and fortitude, that I sent for Doctor Howe.

He administered various remedies, and again

suggested the relief I might receive through Doctor Grace.

I was very irritable, and answered him sharply that I had seen her at the table; she was just what I described, and nothing could persuade me to have her.

"And you will stay here alone? Is there no one in the house you like well enough to be willing to see?"

"Yes, Miss Colburn. But I will not have her sent for. I do not choose to commence a friendship with exactions. So, either let me fight it out alone, or send me a real good love story, or stay here yourself and tell me a true one."

"About Doctor Grace, for instance," he said, teasingly. "I can assure you she has a very romantic story."

"Oh! I can imagine her story very readily. Of course, she fell in love with some one, who, very sensibly, did not fall in love with her. So she became a bitter old maid, who hated men, and was strong-minded."

The doctor laughed. "Indeed, you are mistaken. She married and"—

What more he would have said was interrupted by a gentle knock. The doctor rose to leave; and, as he opened the door, cordially welcomed Miss Colburn, saying: "She was the very person I needed."

"And yet," I replied, when he was fairly gone, "he was actually urging me to see that disagreeable Doctor Grace. As if she could quiet my nerves!"

"Now, let me see if I can relieve the pain; for I have nothing to do to-day, and can devote it to you. And you, meanwhile, shall tell me why you have so strong an aversion to Doctor Grace." And she went to the end of my lounge, settled the pillow more comfortably under my head, and smoothed the painful temples with a delicate touch which was delightful.

"I dislike her," I began, "mainly because she, of course, is a strong-minded woman, or she would stay in some womanly sphere, and not be a doctor."

"But I assure you she is not strong-minded, if by that you mean, as I suppose, one of the ultra sort. She is very domestic in her tastes; and, like a great many women, who are obliged to go out into the world to work, would infinitely prefer having a happy home to stay in every day, and devote herself to her family."

"But why not be something beside a doctor?"

"Every woman cannot sew or teach for a living. Those fields are already full of laborers. And is there really any more reason why she should not be a physician, because men usually fill that position, than that she should not be an artist, or sculptor, or storekeeper, or government clerk, or enter many another honorable calling in which both sexes are employed?"

"Still," I urged, "many have, in common

with myself, a want of confidence in a woman's skill or judgment in such a position."

"Granted, if she be not thoroughly *educated* for the position. But the same rule applies to *any* position. You would not trust your children to an illiterate teacher, your dresses to an ignorant seamstress, nor your sick friend to the care of an inexperienced nurse. But could you more willingly trust your life, or that of one dear to you, in the hands of an uneducated, blundering man, simply because it was a *man*, than with an intelligent, educated woman? Are you not taking for granted too readily that *all* women are superficial, because so many are so? That is a man's mistake, judging the many by the few. We women ought to be more just to our sex. Must a woman, bereft of home and friends, obliged to earn her own bread and perhaps that of others—as so many women in this country of sudden reverses are obliged to do—starve as a teacher, wear out her brain with her pen, or her life with her needle, refusing to enter an honorable profession, to which her natural talents, her education, her bias of mind, seem to call her, because she is likely to be misjudged, because she fears the name of 'ultra' and 'strong-minded'? If duty, or the fact that everything seems pointing to it as her vocation, which, I think, is what is meant by being 'called' to a work, makes her enter that profession, she need not fear but that God will give her strength for it."

"Almost thou persuadest me," I quoted, turning my face back to look up into her eyes. "I think, most probably, I am prejudiced. Education, conventionality, all those things which weigh so much with us women have strengthened the prejudice. And, yet, do you really imagine the highest feelings and reasons, and not love of taking an unusual step for a woman, actuated Doctor Grace?"

"You are uncharitable, my friend," she replied, in a somewhat severe tone, as she laid my head back on the pillow, and placed her cool fingers on my eyelids. "You should not assign motives. And, to prove your injustice, I will tell you some of the circumstances which led her to this choice. Her father was an eminent physician in New York, and absorbed in his profession. Her mother died in giving birth to her, her first child—died, I might almost say, from the culpable ignorance of her hired nurse, combined with her own imprudence, growing also out of ignorance of the simplest laws of her physical being. This fact was the impetus which made the father so firmly resolve his daughter should be more solidly educated. The motherless child was constantly with him, even when studying in his office, and when he went to visit his patients. As she grew older—loving his profession as he did, only second to his child—it was natural he should talk to her about its beauties and benefits; should confide his opinion of particular cases, their treat-

ment, and probable termination to her; should interest her in the anticipated effect of certain remedies; explain medical terms; and let her pore unforbidden over his books.

"She was not nervous, but strong and healthy in both mind and body; and instead of making her morbid or fanciful, this singular study made her eager to relieve the sick and suffering. Often amongst her father's poor patients, who sorely needed good care, he left her as nurse to oversee and report symptoms to him; and she soon learned to be as accurate as if thirty years, instead of half that, sat on her brow. Indeed, at sixteen so efficient a nurse, and so ambitious and absorbed in the pursuit of knowledge was she, that her father yielded to her urgent entreaty that she might be regularly educated for the profession.

"Her father gave it deliberate thought, for he knew all that could be said against it. He was too honest, generous and charitable a man ever to be rich enough to leave her beyond the necessity of doing something for herself, if he were taken from her; and he consented to her wishes. He was at that time one of the professors in — College, and each lesson or lecture the students received, he gave her at home. At twenty years she was competent to receive her diploma, and her father left many of his cases to her, beside the experience she had in the hospital, and gloried in her success. At this time, the one thing which so often interferes with a woman's uninterrupted pursuit of almost any profession, came into her life. She married.

"There came a time when she was fatherless, penniless, homeless, and adrift on the wide world. Was it not then natural that she should turn to that which she understood best, and loved most, as a means of gaining a livelihood?"

"You convince me," I answered, "against my will. I cannot but honor and respect her; and yet, so strong with me is physical attraction or repulsion, that I know I never could like Doctor Grace. Her appearance so *outré*, her manner so vehement, her voice of that nasal harshness which makes foreigners so bitter in their sarcasms about the voices of American ladies! She may be everything excellent underneath all this, but I cannot like her! Do not urge it!" The room was very still. She gently smoothing my head, from which already the pain was gone, and I looking out upon the croquet-ground, where the ladies were wandering. "There she is now," I exclaimed, pointing rather indignantly to the tall, gaunt figure, going over the ground with rapid, masculine stride. "Can you, with your womanliness, your refinement, ask me to like Doctor Grace?"

"Yes, I do ask you to like—yes, more, to *love* Doctor Grace!" she exclaimed, passionately. She faced me, her eyes brilliant, her cheeks flushed, her lips parted, her hands outheld to mine. "Love me!" she cried, dropping down

with her face hid in my lap. "I am Doctor Grace!"

II.

THE scene which followed was a singular one. Her extreme loveliness enhanced by the tender sensibility expressed in her countenance; the eager, ardent entreaty of her voice; those heartfelt caresses which answered mine.

"Forgive me," I whispered, "forgive my injustice!"

"Rather, it is I," she cried, kneeling with her arms around me, and those luminous eyes, blue as the June sky seen between dark-edged clouds, gazing steadfastly into mine, "who need forgiveness. It was at first unintentionally that you were deceived, as to my identity with Doctor Grace. Then, when you expressed yourself so strongly against her, I could not bear to betray myself, without endeavoring to change your unfounded opinion against my profession. Of course Doctor Howe enjoyed your mistake, foreseeing how it would end."

"And I can pardon him the hearty laugh he will have at my expense, since the *dénouement* proves so agreeable. He shall find that I no longer rebel, but become Doctor Grace's patient with docility. But how can you then be Miss Colburn?"

"There you misunderstood the doctor. Not 'Miss,' but 'Mrs.' Grace Colburn. The latter name being painful in its associations, I preferred to be habitually called Doctor Grace. But few persons here are aware that it is not my surname, as you supposed. The mistake you made in concluding that Miss Gray—the tall lady you just pointed out—was 'the detested doctor,' is thus explained."

"And yet—" I hesitated. How quickly she read every thought. A sudden flush overspread her countenance.

"'And yet' both Doctor Howe and I have told you Doctor Grace is married!" She seated herself beside me and resumed. "And hereby hangs the tale of my own life you have urged me to tell. I have already told you of my early life, its associations and influences, and how the study of medicine became a matter of devoted interest—second only to my intense love for my father, and the only interest apart from him, until a new—yet not stronger—feeling took possession of me.

"Amongst the students who visited our house, on various grounds connected with their studies, was Gerard Colburn. He had, it seemed, formed a sudden fancy for me; which, like all his feelings, was, for a time, strong and overmastering. I knew little of the world—outside of books—and less of myself. The few novels I had ever read had heroines who fell in love at the tender ages of sixteen or eighteen. I was twenty, and, having never expe-

rienced any of the delightfully bewildering sensations described, concluded that it was impossible for me to do so. That I differed from my sex in that, as I did in my love for what was an unusual study for women. That I was differently constituted, and incapable of feeling the strong passion I saw swaying others. Indeed, at that time I think this was true; for I was late in maturing, and my emotional nature was wholly undeveloped.

"Gerard's exacting, jealous, and ardent regard for me, while it pleased—or rather flattered—was a mystery to me. I liked him; enjoyed his visits; was pleased with his attentions, and strangely disquieted if he were more attentive to any one else; was delighted when I could make him happy; and thought *this* love.

"If I had only been better read in that sweet lore, I might have known this calm regard was only friendship. Friendship has its demonstrations, its requirements, its jealousies; and to such natures as *have loved once* friendship may lead to a happy marriage. But it is a dangerous experiment.

"If there must be only friendship on one side, better it should be on the man's. A woman should rather marry a man she loves—with the one absorbing, self-abnegating love, which never comes but once in its *completeness*, in a woman's life—than the man who loves her.

"It is dreadful to be an unloved wife, but harder to be one unloving. To be thrown so continually in debt to the man with whom one must live—must be one. To feel that one can be grateful, can be affectionate in return for all he lavishes—but no more! To sit opposite that face day after day, and feel no pleasure in the presence, but rather an utter weariness. To say, after awhile, to oneself, in this hopeless solitude of soul, 'Oh that this good man, this man who loves me so, were *anything* but my husband! That he were my brother, my cousin, or my friend; that I might see him daily; might meet him kindly and affectionately; that I might give him my hand with cordiality; let his lips press my cheek, and *yet be free!*'

"Such a feeling is fearful between those who, accepting the sacrament of marriage, fail to perceive its spiritual grace.

"I loved Gerard, but I was not 'in love' with him. He was not 'the only one of all the world,' to me. I could compare him with many others, and find him wanting; and it never pained me to hear his faults spoken of—a pretty sure test, if I had only known it; for love is *not* 'blind'—only wants everybody else to be!

"I saw plainly how very different we were, and how uncongenial in many things. I married him because I thought I loved him, and because I had promised him that I would; not

from any mercenary motive, for my home was a perfectly happy and very comfortable one; nor from the senseless fear some girls have of being called an old maid. I did not know that no love suffices for marriage except the most entire—the most intense; that in such a love his presence, even more than his love, is necessary to her happiness. I was still asleep, and only the kiss of the true prince could awaken me. It was the mighty passion of love which gave Undine her soul. I as yet was soulless.

"If I had not seen, and known, and so continually been told of Gerard's love for me, and felt that it was pleasant to me to be so loved, I should never have so deceived myself, and so innocently deceived him, and done him the wrong of becoming his wife.

"For it was a wrong. I felt this strongly not long after we were married, when the truth would force itself upon my mind that I had made the bitterest mistake of my life. But, I said to myself, my unhappiness is the consequence of my own fault. I must accept it, and hide it, and make him happy. He shall never know that I loved him better, a hundred times better, as my friend than I ever can as my husband. But this acted life was a hard thing, as all acted lives are. This being always on guard stole away my strength and spirit; my step lost its lightness, my cheeks their color.

"When many months had passed I easily made Gerard think, if he noticed at all the change in me, that it was the nervous apprehension natural to my state of health which overpowered me. I had no pleasant anticipations of my approaching motherhood. For the world I would not have had him dream that I only looked upon my coming danger as a means of escape; that all my hope and longing was that the joy-bells which should ring for his child's birth might be my knell.

"So great a weariness and entire an apathy had taken possession of me. Listless and exhausted from this torturing strain on body and mind, I lay all day on the lounge. I do not think I even thought, or felt, or saw those last days before my baby came. I knew I was in great peril from this mental deadness, but even my religion seemed to me dead. I had but one prayer—to escape this life which had become so unendurable.

"My prayer was not granted. I bless God now, in spite of my multiplied sorrows, that it was not. For, though never upon me could have been laid the heavy crosses I now bear, still my life would have missed its blossoming. But, in that hour of fierce agony, how I rebelled at hearing the physician's verdict, that now I 'would do well.' Even my baby's feeble cry only half charmed me, for it *compelled me to live*.

"Not until I had taken my little son in my arms, and watched the slow opening of those marvellous blue eyes—so like my father's—and

felt the dainty urging of his little lips, recognizing me as his mother, did the mother-love awaken. Then with one magic touch was I transformed. All the affection of my heart and soul ran into this channel. I no longer sank under my disappointed life. I had an aim, an object, and he was my life. He was unlike anybody or anything earthly; no taint of this lower world ever dimmed his pure spirituality. There was the wistfulness in his eyes of those who 'come with pledged promise not to stay,' but I would not see it. So soul-absorbed was I in him, that, as time went on, and his mind and character developed into unusual intelligence and loveliness, I lost sight of his tender years, and felt that I had at last met the soul necessary to me, the love I had been so many years craving.

"All this time my husband's interest in, and attentions to me, were falling off. If I had had no other test of my never having had a wife's love for him, this would have been a sure one—that for some time I actually did not notice it, and then it was mere knowledge, causing me no pang. Far different was the feeling with which, as my child reached his third year, I saw his father's indifference to him. He 'could not understand such a quiet, old-fashioned child,' was all the explanation he could give of his coldness. And it was a true one. His character was hidden from those who had not a love for, or comprehension of, spiritual things.

"Ah, my friend! how I linger over this love for my child, which was the one oasis in my desert life. But when I think of his tender sensitiveness, so easily and so deeply wounded; of his delicate nervous organization, so poorly fitted to withstand the cruel blows of fate; of the home-sick longing in those wonderful eyes, so like the Mater Dolorosa in their prescience of sorrow—I thank God for taking him. For He did take him, and left me desolate. I stood alone with—save God's comfort—none.

"That Gerard felt the death of his only child who can doubt? But it was his nature to thrust out of sight everything unpleasant. When memory became pain, he rushed into every excitement and gayety, and drowned memory. I was entirely alone with my grief, without human help or sympathy. Day after day I spent clasping his grave in my childless arms, mourning for the satisfying love of which I was forever bereft. And yet, in my agony, my love for him so transcended selfishness that I could not murmur. I could not wish him back where he might suffer, despite my shielding love. I could only thank God for making his sinlessness and happiness sure, no matter what it cost me.

"So, though my life was darkened, and every emotion crushed, I took up my burden again; for duty was calling me to live as long as God had work for me to do, or a cross for me to carry for His sake. I hid my sorrow in my

heart; and, with a composure, which the world misjudged as want of feeling, went back to my everyday life.

"Did this bring my husband and myself no nearer? No. My love for the child had put the first barrier between us, and my grief for him was another. Remember our marriage was in many respects as unfortunate for my husband as for me. If he had married a woman suited to him in temperament, so that their marriage would have been a true one, the birth of a child would have made them dearer to each other; and its death, calling out the same emotions in both, would have completed the bond. Many a marriage, whose first love was fast fading out into the chill indifference caused by familiarity, satiety, or—quite as common a motive-power as either—the commonplaceness of everyday life which deadens interest, has been renewed by the birth of a child; and many others have felt their first thrill of love beside the grave of one mutually dear.

"I shall always believe that Gerard, in leaving me, at that time of suffering, so entirely alone day and evening, in this death-still house, so without sympathy, closed the only chance he ever had of winning entirely my deepest love. He felt that pleasure-loving people shunned our house, and it vexed him. He saw that my pale face and mourning robes were out of place in the gayeties he sought, and it annoyed him. So our lives drifted apart, and became that sad interpretation of marriage, only a bond which was heavy and wearisome, but 'must be made the best of.'

"In the midst of my sorrow I saw that the new and excessive extravagances, to which Gerard's life outside of his home was leading him, would soon embarrass him beyond the power of retrieving himself. But I had no influence. The money was all his own; I had brought him none, and my words were worse than useless. This was, perhaps, what suggested to me the wisdom of renewing, in my lonely hours of leisure, my medical studies. Though Gerard would not allow me openly to practise my profession, because his pride interfered, I foresaw the time when I might need it for my own support, if not as a means of assisting him.

"My dear father, whose letters were the only solace I had, encouraged me in this determination, and urged me to practise amongst the poor, assuring me that, in relieving their distresses, I should find the relief my stricken heart needed. He was right. Peace had dawned again, and my strength returned. I could write cheerful, if not hopeful, letters to him; and together we were anticipating the coming summer, when he was to visit me in my own home for the first time.

"Alas! he never came. The summer found him dead: the dreary autumn laid him down in his labors' in the same sweet spot

where my darling slept. Just when I needed most his counsel, his help, I became fatherless. Yet it was merciful that he was spared the anguish of witnessing our fast-rushing misfortunes.

"One business disaster after another overwhelmed Gerard. And he suddenly announced his intention of joining a party in a business scheme which required little capital, but obliged him to go, and go alone, to New Orleans. Our home was sold. I left the place with little regret, for I had not been happy there, and settled quietly in a little village amongst the Berkshire Hills, in the cottage occupied solely by an old lady relative, a maiden cousin of my mother.

"My new life, amongst new scenes and new associations, became very pleasant. I was free, after a few light household duties, to roam all day in the woods, and gather life and health from the mountain breezes. Imperceptibly to myself some of the sweetness of my youth returned. Notwithstanding the two graves, wherein so much of my life and hope lay buried, I was at times almost happy, so sweet was freedom.

"The winter, with its heavy snows, failed to dispirit me. I found so much that was new to me in a country winter to enjoy; and, when the long evenings came, or storms ensued too fierce to venture out, I had many resources by our peaceful fireside. I still kept up my studies, my music, and a plentiful supply of light literature, besides the many letters I sent off to my husband. The latter became a real pleasure to me, although they met with answers few and far between, for, strange to me, no sooner was my husband so far distant than the old strong friendship I had mistaken for love returned with new vigor. I thought of him more, liked him better, than I had since our marriage. Absence, like death, enhances the virtues, conceals the faults. And yet I regarded it as a very certain test a woman may safely apply regarding her feelings for a man—that, if she like him most, does him the most justice, when he is gone, she may be very fond of him as a friend, *never as a husband!*

"It pained me, more than a short time before I could have believed it would, that he wrote so seldom and so briefly. Was I then falling in love with my husband? No, I perfectly comprehended my state of feeling. It was a physical repulsion I felt for him, and the moment distance broke this influence the repulsion ceased. It was as much a matter of mystery as any matter of magnetism or mesmerism, but, notwithstanding the mystery, the fact stands. And to that fact we may look for a solution of the many unhappy marriages. It is a matter of temperament. And to be misnamed is simply a bond of keen torture. When suddenly Gerard's letters ceased altogether, my hurt feeling at his indifference grew

into anxiety and suspense. I was suffering from this anxiety when my thoughts were diverted by an incident which became the one topic throughout R——.

"A heavy snow-storm had come upon us suddenly, and the fierce March wind, which had been for days howling at our doors, drifted the snow in places into impassable mountains. We were not very distant from the railway, and had heard for an hour the shrieks of an engine vainly endeavoring to force its way to the depot, quite a mile distant. It was quite eleven o'clock; and cousin and I were sitting before a blazing wood fire, waiting until it should burn down before retiring for the night, and commiserating the unfortunate travellers who were delayed on their journey, when a firm knock on our door followed a quick footstep on the porch. We had no fear of burglars in our primitive town, so that I opened the door without hesitation.

"A tall, slender, yet muscular, young man, whose fair complexion was reddened by the cold, and whose gray-blue eyes sparkled with excitement, faced me. He shook off the heavy snow from his coat and cape, and brushed it with his fur glove from his brown beard and hair, ere he accepted my invitation to enter. He apologized for the intrusion, and explained that the train was hopelessly stopped in a snow-bank, the fires were out, and cold and hunger had driven him out, with many others, to find some shelter. He had passed two or three houses, but they were so dark he had not the heart to rouse the sleeping inmates. Seeing the light streaming from our parlor, he was attracted thither; and, taking the liberty of looking in the window, he saw so comfortable and home-like a scene that, almost before he knew it, he had knocked.

"'Indeed,' he said, 'I ought to go further, and not trespass upon strangers. I have a grand-aunt somewhere in this little town, whom I have never seen; but who, I trust, has clannishness enough to receive me under these snow-bound circumstances. For "many have entertained angels unawares,"' he added, with a smile at once grave and sweet.

"How often have I recalled the truthfulness of that quotation in this case, and thought of the strange fate which brought him there.

"'Indeed,' said my cousin, in her decided way, marching him to the easy-chair I had vacated, 'you stay here, to-night.'

"I left them to go into the kitchen; and, when in due time (though not with such amazing quickness as 'Fleda' made her incomparable omelet and coffee in Queechy, the little village not so many miles distant from ours) I returned, with a tray containing a cup of hot coffee, some stewed oysters, and turkey sandwiches, I found cousin and the young stranger thoroughly acquainted.

"'Grace,' said cousin, 'this is Ernest Berge,

and I am the aunt he wanted to hunt up. His mother was my adopted sister's child, so he is really no blood-relation to me.'

"'And none whatever to Miss Grace,' he responded, in a manly yet melodious voice; 'and I was hoping to have found a new cousin.'

"'Oh! you may call each other so, if it is any amusement,' she answered, with a relaxation from her usual grave silence which surprised me. She seemed completely to have thawed under the genial, yet exceedingly dignified, manner of Mr. Berge. 'But,' she resumed, 'you are mistaken in calling her "Miss Grace,"' and she introduced me by my married name, adding the fact that my husband was temporarily in New Orleans.

"This explanation set us all at ease. One can so much more quickly become the friend of a married person, from the simple fact that their attentions cannot be misunderstood as meaning more than friendship. Certainly we three formed a fast friendship this first evening of our acquaintance. When his supper and the warm fire had quite restored him, we sat and talked until we were surprised to find it after one o'clock. While cousin went to show our guest his room, I sat musing over the strange event of the evening. It proved the first link in a chain of singular and, in some respects, distressing circumstances.

"Our guest remained with us during three days, it being impossible for the cars to run in that time. The last day was one brilliant with sunshine. It had rained the previous night, and frozen as fast as it rained, and the bright morning shone on a store-house of jewels. Each little bough and stem was encased in diamonds. The roads were now in fair condition; and soon Mr. Berge and myself were whirling along in a sleigh, and enjoying the exhilarating air. He told me of his profession, which was that of a sculptor; of his ardent love for his work, and some of the obstacles he had to contend with; and his one wish, to visit Italy, and perfect his art. He told me how alone in the world he was, as alone as I. And I, in turn, told him all my life; and did not shock him, as I did you, when I confessed the singular study for a woman I had chosen.

"He certainly was a man the most free from narrow-mindedness I had ever met. And, while giving one a constant realization of his strength, both of mind and muscle, was full of winning tenderness. He was by no means talkative, though he could converse both easily and well. There was too much reticence, too much dignity, in him ever to degenerate into a gossip. While he spoke of men and women with a boundless charity; of their ruling emotions of love or friendship with a freedom and a purity of feeling and thought, which was an unconscious, but noble, tribute to the mother, the sisters, the women he had been thrown with; yet I could see he was capable of a cold

justice and stern severity when principle was at stake. An unusual self-denial, also, and unselfishness, like a woman's in its strength.

"All this I saw during that memorable ride, and much more of the more mirthful side of his character. We had a long drive, and so pleasant a one that he promised to come again in the warm weather, and see if our walks and drives could be more agreeable than this had been.

"It was nearly twilight when we reached home. Cousin was very grave, and I thought unsympathetic, for all our nonsense and gayety elicited no response. I went up stairs to lay aside my wraps. When I returned, cousin and Ernest, as he had begged me to call him, were talking in subdued, low tones. Cousin handed him an open letter as she left the room, saying: 'Tell her; I don't know how to do such things.'

"She was at all times a peculiar woman, so that her words scarcely conveyed any impression to me; until, suddenly looking up, I encountered those kind blue eyes fixed upon me with a look of tender pity, and then I saw that he knew of some new misfortune for me, which his pale lips found it difficult to utter.

"Sorrow always strikes me with a coldness, a sort of rigidity of body and mind, that deceives those who behold it. They think it the calmness of strength, instead of, what it is, the paralyzed feeling of momentary despair. So it was not singular that Ernest mistook it for fortitude, when—without a tremor—I approached him, saying: 'I see you cannot tell me what my cousin wished. Do not be afraid for me. I have borne so much that nothing hurts me now! Have you already forgotten our compact of friendship, that you will not believe me when I tell you that I am able to hear all you have to tell me?'

"His answer was to take my hand between his own, never unsealing those sweetly-curved yet, in repose, almost stern, lips, nor taking his steady gaze from my face, until he had led me to the sofa, arranged the pillows, and compelled me to rest against them. Then standing behind me, where I could not see his face, and passing his cool fingers on my burning brow, he said gently: 'You are right. Bad news has come to you from New Orleans. You know how the yellow fever rages there. And your husband—'

"'I know,' I interrupted. 'He is dead! Poor Gerard—poor fellow!' and I burst into tears.

"He prepared to leave the room, but I exclaimed: 'Do not go! Stay here and quiet me!' For, even thus early in our friendship, his presence quieted and strengthened me. Temperament again—'those fateful temperaments.'

"He sat down beside me, holding my hand with a firmness which endowed me with strength; and with his disengaged hand smoothed back my hair, until such a quiet peace

stole over me as I had never known. Then he handed me the letter. It was from one of the gentlemen with whom Gerard had at first been associated. He spoke briefly of Mr. Colburn's having left the firm, some three months previous; since which time they had lost sight of him, though they had been informed that he had left the city, and joined an unmarried man in the purchase of a plantation. Not very long after this rumor, letters reached them announcing his death, and enclosing the doctor's certificate of the fact: 'Of yellow fever, Gerard Colburn, former resident of Livingston Co., N. Y., aged thirty-two years.'

"I read it over again and again, as one reads an obituary in the paper, without at all realizing it; and all I could say was 'Poor fellow!' I knew it was pity, or grief, that he—in the midst of such vigorous health—should have been cut off so suddenly in his prime. It was not at all as when my father, or child, died—what the loss was to me, personally. I only thought 'Poor Gerard,' and began to recall so painfully—as who has not, when the grave is closed and remorse too late—the many, many times when I might have been more patient, more unselfish, certainly more loving.

"Ah, there was the sting of it! I had not loved him; and therefore patience, and sympathy, and unselfishness were of no use. They were hot-house flowers, lacking the fragrance of natural blossoms. I had married him, yet not loved him. I had sinned in so doing, innocently, ignorantly—not wilfully—and had tried to accept patiently my bitter lot; yet I had done him one of the greatest unkindnesses man or woman can inflict, and I wept sincere tears remembering it. Such bitter harvests are reaped from our mistakes!

"All that evening my place was on the sofa; and cousin constituted Mr. Berge my physician. As she herself said, 'she did not know what to do or say to people in trouble.' So she brought me my cup of coffee and slice of toast, for she was not unfeeling, only incapable of showing it; but it was he who gently made me take it, sip by sip; and then sat beside me, smoothing my aching head, until I fell into a quiet slumber, from which I awoke to hear cousin say he 'looked pale and tired enough now, and had better rest.' So indeed he did. He had given me all his strength. I felt guilty, and said so, and tried to rise. But I was very weak, and tottered as I stood.

"'You shall go instantly to bed,' said cousin, lighting my candle, and marching up stairs with authority in her step.

"'Indeed she is right,' he said. 'I go very early in the morning, before you ought to be up. But I shall come again, if I may, later in the season. And, meanwhile, my grand-aunt will let me write occasionally to her, and perhaps,' he added, smiling, 'sometimes put in a postscript to you. May I?'

"I murmured a 'Yes, thank you,' and allowed him to assist me up stairs to my own door. Just outside of it he again took my hand in his, to say: 'Good night, and good-bye.' I must have looked very tired and pale, for his gaze was sorrowful; then both hands smoothed my brow; but, as they gently descended to my cheeks, I burst into tears. 'Dont,' I cried, 'I am so unused to being treated kindly.'

"'Poor child,' he murmured, 'God bless you!' and was gone.

"I passed a restless night, and it seemed scarcely dawn when I heard Mr. Berge drive away. And beside my plate at my late breakfast I found the first snow-drops of the season, as his farewell."

(Conclusion next month.)

ON THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

NEVER suffer your children to advance in years before you attend to their education. The younger they are, the more tender and soft their minds, and the more susceptible of impressions: consequently, if you neglect them, they will imbibe notions from every example which presents itself to them; and, as there are more bad examples than good, and the bad, from a certain obliquity in nature, being more congenial to our dispositions than good, the mind is nurtured in corruptness in proportion as they enter into life. Think, then, of their education as soon as they are born, if you wish that they should benefit more certainly and easily by those instructions which they will receive afterwards.

The kings of Persia place their children under the direction of four of the greatest men of the nation—viz., the most wise, the most just, the most temperate, and the most courageous.

The first teaches them religion. The second inculcates in them the strongest principles of truth and justice. From the third they learn to subdue their passions; and from the fourth they acquire a contempt of danger.

THERE is this difference between happiness and wisdom: he that thinks himself the happiest man, *really is so*; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally *just the reverse*.—Anon.

THE TONGUE.—I must confess I am so wonderfully charmed with the music of this little instrument that I would by no means discourage it. All that I aim at is to cure it of several disagreeable notes, and in particular of those little jarrings and dissonances which arise from anger, consciousness, and gossiping; in short, I would always have it tuned by good nature, truth, discretion, and sincerity.—Addison.

GODEY'S COURSE OF LESSONS IN DRAWING.

LESSON XV.

PERSPECTIVE DRAWING. (Continued.)

It will be our object to arrive at the rules by which the exact appearance of lines, planes, and solids, from any given point of view, may be laid down on paper; to which end, we must first ascertain the exact points toward which, as has been already explained, the lines of such objects converge, and at which they would meet, if produced. These imaginary points are called *vanishing-points*; because, if a plane were long enough to reach as far as the sight could extend, its top and bottom lines would meet at such a point, and the plane would seem to terminate or vanish at that point. These vanishing-points

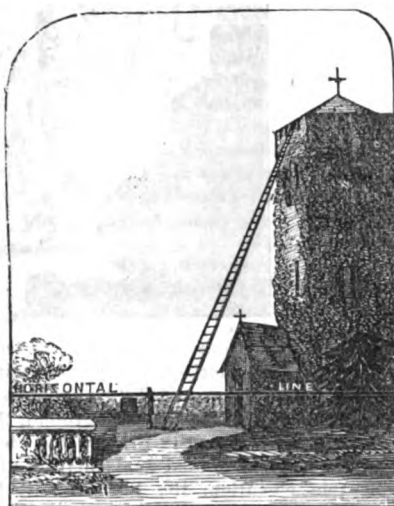
Fig. 5.
HORIZONTAL LINE

POINT OF SIGHT

POSITION OF EYE

are of the greatest importance in perspective, and the most important of them all is the *point of sight*, which will therefore be the first explained.

Fig. 6.



The *point of sight* is the point in a picture which is exactly opposite to the eye of the be-

Fig. 7.

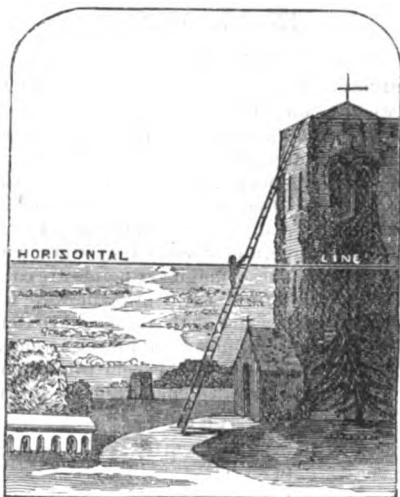
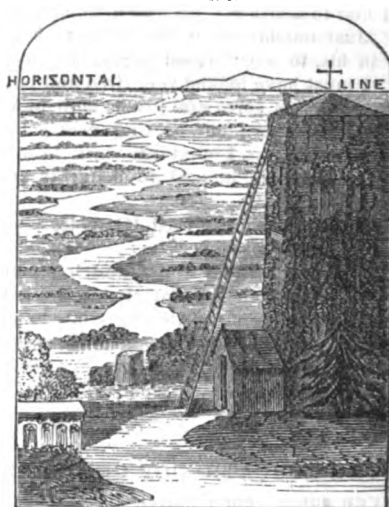


Fig. 8.

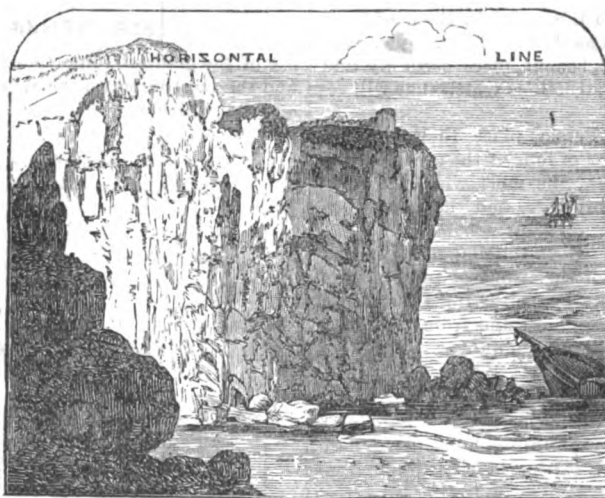


holder, and is always situated somewhere on the line of the horizon. The height of this *horizontal line*, and therefore of the point of sight, is dependent on the height from which the spectator is supposed to take his observation, which shows the horizontal line varying according to the height of the eye (Fig. 5). In

zon still maintains its level with the spectator, and the field of vision is correspondingly extended (Fig. 8).

The space comprised between the horizontal line and the base of any picture, whether it consist of land or water, or both, is called the *ground-plane*; which will represent a space

Fig. 9.

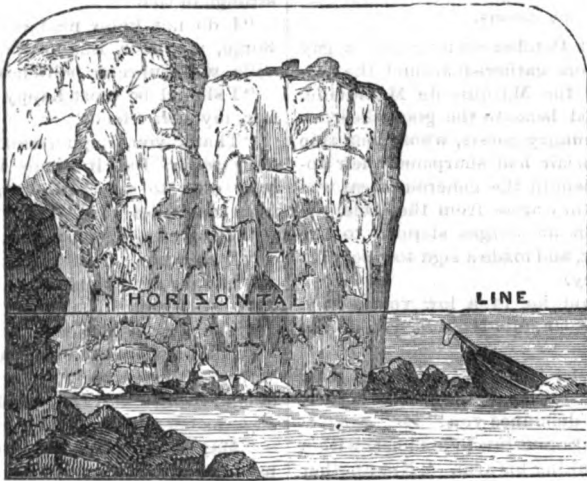


copying any scene from nature, it will be seen that the line of the horizon always maintains the same level as the eye of the draughtsman. If he take a view standing on level ground, the horizon will seem low (Fig. 6), and the view will embrace but a limited field; if from any considerable elevation, the horizon will be higher (Fig. 7), and a wider range of objects will be visible; and from a still greater height, such as the top of a hill or a tower, the hori-

more or less extensive, according as the spectator's position, and consequently the horizontal line may be elevated, as in Fig. 9, or of lower altitude, as in Fig. 10.

In many cases where houses, trees, or other objects intervene, the view of the horizon will be intercepted, and it will therefore not be visible from the spectator's position, which is termed in perspective the *station-point*. In such cases, however, the horizon exists, though

Fig. 10.



not visible from the station; and its position must be denoted by an imaginary, dotted, or occult line extending across the drawing, as on it will be found the proper situations of the point of sight and other vanishing-points.

If, when looking through a window, we could trace, with some instrument that would leave its marks on the surface of the glass, the lines of the objects seen through it, such lines would constitute a true perspective representation of those objects. Now, a window is a plane surface perpendicular to the ground-plane of such representation; and as a window represents, so any picture in its frame is supposed to represent the objects shown therein, exactly as they would appear if the frame were glazed, and the objects beyond it were marked upon the surface of the glass. The space included by the frame, and here supposed to be filled with a flat sheet of glass, is called the *plane of delineation*, or by some draughtsmen the *plane of the picture*.

If a sheet of glass be set up on its edge on a flat table, with some object on one side of it, and the eye of an observer on the other, it will constitute a plane of delineation; and the line at which it rests on the table (which will represent the ground-plane) will be the *base-line of the picture*. Technically speaking, the base-line is the line at which the plane of the picture intersects the ground-plane. When the eye is directed towards the object, rays of light will proceed in straight lines from every point of the object towards the eye. These are called *visual rays*; and the points at which these visual rays intersect the plane of the picture are the true perspective positions of those points as they appear from the station. When the perspective places of any two points are found, a right line connecting those points will be the perspective representation of the corresponding line in the object.

A TRIBUTE OF LOVE.

BY ALPHA.

I AM sitting alone in the shadow
Of a dark and voiceless gloom;
But spirits are hovering near me,
Filling my lonely room.

A face of angelic sweetness
Smiles, as the shadows clear,
With a strange, unearthly beauty,
Devoid of sorrow or fear.

Her sad, strange wanderings are over,
She has gone to her endless reward;
"Little Nell" is among the angels,
The footsteps of mortals to guard.

And with arms entwined about her,
Another child-angel is there,
With face not wondering and eager,
But alight with a peacefulness rare.

In heaven all questions are answered,
There's content in heaven for all,
And angel's hands have been teaching
The spirit of "Little Paul."

It cannot be true, this fancy,
Yet to me it is strangely sweet,
That these ideal children are angels
In truth at the Saviour's feet.

And they welcome the soul departed
Into their heavenly rest,
The soul of their earthly father,
Of true, noble men the best.

He is gone—that master spirit,
Master of human hearts!
King, by the right of his nature,
Of that sacred, divinest of arts!

He is gone, but his memory is ours;
Death cannot destroy his name,
Which will live through the coming ages
In ever-increasing fame.

Then sadly weep, all ye nations,
Over the clay so cold!
But wreath ye his name with laurels,
Which will never, never grow old!

THE VELVET HAT.

BY SOURIS.

It was a bright October evening, and a gay hunting party were gathered around the hospitable board of the Marquis de Marsoville. The table groaned beneath the good cheer, so welcome to the hungry guests, whose long ride in the clear, keen air had sharpened their appetites. But at length the generous meal was over; when, as they arose from the table, the Count Enguerran de Sorges stepped to the dining-room door, and made a sign to a servant wearing his livery.

"Raphael," said he, in a low voice, "the horses at four o'clock, and see that you do not sleep too late."

"What infamous treason!" cried the marquis, who had surprised the secret order. "Gentlemen! I denounce you!"

"Hush!" said Enguerran to his host, with a confused smile, taking his arm. "Not another word, if you would not grieve me."

"My patience!" cried the marquis, quickly, "but you grieve me, Enguerran. Why go to-morrow? Now, come! countermand that disagreeable order, and pass it off as a joke."

"But I must go, Elie. I have promised"—

"Whom?" demanded the marquis, with a merry expression of curiosity.

"My wife."

The face of the marquis expressed a surprise so doleful and profound that it called a smile to the lip of Enguerran.

"Zounds!" exclaimed the marquis, glancing at his friends, who had lighted their cigars, and already talked of going to bed at nine o'clock, like true huntsmen as they were. "I must go and give a glance at the encampment, which I have had prepared for those brave boys, and if you will await me a moment in your chamber, which is next to mine"—

"Willingly," replied Enguerran, "and I will try to make you appreciate my excuse."

"It must be good," said the marquis, almost sadly; then he added to himself, as he left the room: "To his wife! He said so."

A half-hour after the two friends were seated before a cheerful fire, in luxurious arm-chairs, wrapped in their dressing-gowns, their feet in slippers, and smoking cigars that the King of Spain might have envied.

"Yes, to my wife," the Count de Sorges calmly repeated, for the third time, to the incredulous question of the marquis.

"Permit me to say to you," remarked the latter, an elegant young man, but, like a great many of that age, a little atheistical upon the subject of conjugal faith, "permit me to say that you almost led me to suppose"—

"Well, what?"

"My faith! are you in love with your wife? There, it is out, and I will not recall it."

"I am, indeed," said Enguerran, gravely.

"Let me ask, my dear Elie, what is there strange in that?"

"I do not know madame, the Countess de Sorges, my dear Enguerran," replied Marsoville, with supreme politeness.

"I should be most happy to present you to her, my dear friend."

"Thank you, Enguerran. I hope you will very soon. But it seems to me that she is very dear to you, considering that you have been married a year."

"Two years, if you please."

"Two years! And you are still"—

"In love with madame? Yes, my friend, I agree with you."

"The deuce!" cried the marquis. "You talk as if it were the most natural thing in the world. If we lived in the time of fairies, I should believe that this wonderful woman possessed some talisman."

"May be she does," said de Sorges, with a mysterious air.

"Good!" said de Marsoville, puffing his cigar.

"If you are not sleepy, Elie, I can show you what an influence an apparently insignificant and trifling object may have upon a man's whole life."

"What, for instance?"

"A velvet hat."

"A what?" cried the marquis, who thought he must be dreaming.

"A velvet hat."

"Oh! zounds! No, indeed, I have no desire for sleep," cried the marquis. "Come, this story begins well, but where in the world is the analogy?"

"Patience!" said M. de Sorges, "you shall hear. It is two years this winter since I, one morning, accompanied my cousin, the Baroness de Varignan, upon a visit to her milliner. During the thousand details of ribbon, gauze, and lace, which are of so much importance to ladies, I found myself a little wearied, and, having nothing particular to take up my attention, my eyes wandered accidentally."

"Peste!" said de Marsoville, "why, there are sometimes some very pretty things to be seen in such places."

"My glance chanced to fall," continued Enguerran, "upon a hat over on the other side of the store."

"A velvet hat," cried the host, "upon a delicious little head, a brunette, with sparkling eyes, a true type of Andalusia."

"No," said Enguerran.

"Then some lovely blonde, a daughter of Ossian, with heavenly blue eyes. I think I see them now."

"You are wrong, Elie. This hat was simply hanging upon a hook."

"Ah!" said the marquis, discomfited.

"At first I contemplated this hat without really seeing it; then its form gradually rose

before me, graceful, youthful, and pretty; and then I placed it, in my imagination, upon an ideal head, charming with grace and beauty. Thought is so prompt at our age, you know. Out of this little hat I created quite a romance. But, in the mean time, my cousin addressed several questions to me, some of which I was too preoccupied to reply to; and not only that, but, to crown my folly, I finished by asking the milliner who the hat was for. She graciously replied that it had been ordered by the 'Viscountess de Born.' This name was unknown to me."

"And to me, also," said the marquis.

"But," pursued Enguerran, "my cousin made a remark so little complimentary to the beauty of that lady, and the suitability of the hat to her style, that I calculated that she must be charming; and, in spite of myself, the name of the viscountess, the hat which was before my eyes, and the lovely face of which I had been dreaming for a quarter of an hour, were so mingled in my imagination, and had so united themselves, as to become inseparable, and they troubled me in such a manner as to make me appear so ridiculous that I made every effort to think of something else. I would have probably succeeded, for we were about to leave; but, just as the Baroness of Varignau was giving some last directions, a carriage stopped suddenly before the door, a lady leaned from the coach door, and said a few words to the footman, who immediately entered the store, and demanded: 'The hat of madame, the Viscountess of Born.'"

"I trembled at that name, and, turning quickly, I beheld at the carriage-window a lady, or rather an angel. What do you think—the very woman I had been dreaming of? Do you wonder that I lost my heart that moment? There were the same beautifully chiselled features; the dazzling complexion; the tender blue eyes; the shy glance, so soft and bright; the blonde tresses, which fell in luxurious ringlets; that little mouth, so delicate that she scarcely seemed to breathe, and which seemed only formed to smile; and I remained in the store, immovable, trembling, fascinated. The hat was delivered to the servant, the carriage rolled away, the beautiful vision had disappeared. My cousin touched me on the arm, and told me that she was going. She had seen nothing; and she gayly rallied at me about my unaccountable distraction.

"'Truly, cousin,' said she, 'I never saw you so absent-minded before. I am tempted to believe that you are in love.'

"The baroness was right. I was in love, Elie, foolishly in love with the Viscountess de Born."

"I do not wish to anger you, my dear fellow," said the marquis, "but, upon my honor, foolish is the word."

"From that day," continued Enguerran,

"my mind had but one object, one aim, to seek out that angelic woman, were it only to die at her feet. Oh! I loved her as a man never loves but once. During my life I had many passing fancies; but, when I beheld that exquisite face, Elie, I felt that this was my first love. At twenty-nine years of age I was not likely to mistake my feelings. I guarded, in the depths of my soul, the souvenir and the name. I built a temple in my heart, in which I enshrined the idol of my every thought; and I surrounded myself with a triple cuirass of silence and mystery, in order to hide my love from all. If I chanced to hear the name of the Viscountess de Born pronounced, I felt the blood rush to my face, as if all eyes were able to divine my secret. And never did I dare to hazard a question, never was I master of myself sufficiently to inform myself of that which I would have died to know. To approach, by a question, the life of that angel seemed to me a base profanation.

"At length I learned her address by chance, and from that day I avoided passing by the door of her residence. And yet I sought for her in society, at the theatre, and at church. For there she would be in the midst of the air, which all the world breathed; while at home there was an impassable gulf between us—a husband! For many weeks my search was in vain; balls, concerts, and parties were void for me. I was in despair, yet I did not give up. At length, one evening, at the house of the Countess de Chavelines, while engaged at a card-table, and listening to the distant sound of music and flying footsteps which proceeded from the ball room, my ear caught the silvery tone of a voice, which I had never before heard, but which caused me to turn suddenly pale, while a mist floated before my eyes. It was she! Imagine what my feelings were when that shy, soft, sweet glance met mine. An ineffable, magnetic thrill, like the fitting of an angel's wing, flashed across my vision. She seemed rather surprised, appeared to try to remember where she had seen me. The person whom she was conversing with was an old man, fat and jolly, without much style, and possessing none of that dignity which age so often bestows. Trembling with pity for her, I inquired the name of the old man. I was not mistaken; it was the Viscount de Born.

"After that I sought her boldly. I approached her with assurance; the viscount seemed to think that I came to claim some engagement which she had favored me with. Do not laugh, Elie. I can assure you that I had not an unworthy thought connected with her; yet I must have found words and confidence to tell her all that I had experienced, for at the close of the evening she said to me:—

"'I believe you. And why should I not, after all you have said; for the day we chanced to meet, I experienced the same feelings as

yourself, and we have neither of us forgotten it? Only,' added she, with an inexpressibly sweet and roguish smile, 'I have been more curious than you. I know who and what you are. I was told all about you, one day, when you passed us on the Boulevards. You did not see me, as I leaned back in the carriage. They told me that you were the most loyal of men, and, you see, I believed it.'

"Poor viscount!" said the marquis.

"Wait awhile, before you complain, my friend," said de Sorges. "After this interview, I returned home, not to see that angelic woman, perhaps, for many days. I could not wait so long, however. I could not live without her.

"I wrote to her, at length. Raphael, my valet, who has lived with me many years, was charged with the delivery of the letter—a letter ardent, foolish, ridiculous, if you will, but, at least, sincere. When Raphael returned, I questioned him closely. He answered me with that Alsatian calmness of his, which you know so well, that he had seen the Viscountess de Born, that he had given her the letter, and that she had given him no answer, as her husband entered the house just at that moment. I vainly wished to learn more. Raphael, ordinarily so observing and communicative, was very taciturn that day, and evidently in a bad humor. At length I dismissed him abruptly. He left the room without his usual obeisance, as though he had lost all respect for me.

"He had been gone about half an hour, and I was alone in my chamber, reflecting upon the incidents in this acquaintance which I had begun, without asking myself how it would end. Twenty resolutions came up before my mind, but I dismissed them all. I contented myself with repeating: 'What have I done?' And then in the midst of this chaos of thoughts—wise or unreasonable, sad or joyful—an image rose before me, so beautiful, so gracious, and so beloved, that I had no more to say, but shut my eyes on the future. Suddenly Raphael entered the room, very much agitated.

"What is the matter?" said I.

"Monsieur, a person"—and he hesitated.

"Speak! Who is the person?"

"Alas!" said he, leaning toward me, with a reproachful expression, 'why, the husband.'

"The Viscount de Born!" I exclaimed, a little surprised.

"Yes, monsieur, the viscount," replied Raphael, shaking his head. "Monsieur, it would have been better to have avoided this visit."

"Silence! Admit him!"

"Raphael moved towards the door, then returned to me. 'Monsieur,' said he, humbly, 'you know more about such affairs than I do, and, indeed, about everything else, but I hope you do not doubt my sincere attachment to you?'

"I know that you love me, Raphael, but I

know, also, that for some time past you have abused your master's attachment for you by taking entirely too many privileges. After—

"Ah! believe me, monsieur," interrupted Raphael, very much excited, 'take my advice but this once. Assure the old man that you were not serious in writing to his wife, on your word of honor; he will surely believe you.'

"I arose, coloring with anger. 'Here! That will do! You must be a dunce!' I cried, raising my voice. 'Admit that man instantly, or I will seek him myself.'

"Raphael raised his eyes and hands to heaven, and presently introduced the viscount.

"I will confess that I felt rather anxious as to the result of this interview. I was ill at ease, and what to say I had not the least idea. The Viscount de Born entered my room with a bound, and so precipitately that I involuntarily glanced at my sword.

"Ah! Whew! Excuse me! The Devil! How hot it is!" he exclaimed, throwing himself into an arm-chair without being asked, and filling it well, I can assure you.

"I felt a little astonished at this strange commencement of an explanation.

"Monsieur de Sorges," said the Viscount de Born, 'my age gives me the privilege of speaking to you seated.' He said these words with a kind of dignity that reminded me of our relative positions.

"I await your orders, M. de Born," I replied, standing, and without looking towards him.

"Zounds! Young man," replied the old man, merrily, 'I have no orders to give you. I have only one question to ask you. Where did you breakfast this morning?'

"Monsieur!" said I, thinking that I had misunderstood him.

"I have the honor of asking you where you breakfasted?'

"At home, monsieur. But a question like"—

"Alone?" interrupted the viscount.

"Yes, monsieur, alone."

"Then, monsieur," said de Born, rising, 'it is in cold blood that you have made game of my wife. This is unpardonable!'

"I was stupefied with astonishment.

"Here is your letter, monsieur," continued the viscount. 'You say to my wife, among other nonsense, that "her kind words and her manner toward you have authorized the language that you here have addressed to her," while you well know, monsieur, that you have never exchanged a word with my wife.'

"I looked at the letter, then at the viscount, without speaking, for I could not understand the singular words which he addressed to me, except by a loss of confidence in the viscountess. I can assure you that my part in this transaction began to appear very awkward. I never was one of those men who can take pride and plea—

sure in the shame and confusion of another. The strangeness of my first encounter with the viscountess had done all hitherto; now, I began to feel guilty. I reproached myself, and, without realizing how ridiculous I appeared, I remained silent.

"Come! come!" he at length exclaimed, good-naturedly, 'you confess your fault. I was sure of it. A regular school-boy's trick. I have often done the same myself. But, you see, the viscountess took the matter very seriously, and, my faith! she colored with anger. You can have your letter, young man. Here! take it, and we will say no more about it.' And, so saying, he left the room as hastily as he had entered it.

"That evening, at the house of the Baron de Roselles, the signing of the marriage-contract of our friend, Arthur de Raumont, and the baron's daughter was to take place. I was invited as a witness, and I could not very well refuse to go. It was, nevertheless, a very unpleasant step for me to take, for I knew that the Roselles and the Borns were relatives. Reflecting upon all that had passed, I could not understand the conduct of Madame de Born, except by an insignificant coquetry, or, at the least, very great levity; and it was very painful to me to be thrown so soon again into the presence of a woman whom I had so revered, and who could not be more to me, now, than a broken idol, a beautiful dream, which had vanished. However, the very first eye that met mine upon entering the drawing-room of M. de Roselles was hers whom I most wished to avoid. Madame de Born appeared as composed as the old man was good-natured, without affectation and without the slightest embarrassment. I was indignant, and I felt that I could never pardon her as long as I lived. My pride, however, soon came to my aid; and, after some superhuman efforts, and the tortures of a martyr, I became so brilliantly gay as to astonish myself, and I certainly must have deceived others.

"At length, as we were passing into a neighboring room, in order to examine the magnificent *trousseau* of the bride, I heard a well-known voice pronounce these words, as if solely for my ear: 'What makes you so unnaturally gay? You frighten me.'

"I turned, in spite of myself, and truly the features of Madame de Born expressed so much anxiety that I felt my resolution fail. But I restrained myself, and answered, lightly: 'I received a visit this morning which has made me the merriest of men.'

"The viscountess regarded me with a surprise that appeared to me very well played, and we were separated, the next moment, by the crowd of guests.

"A few moments after chance threw us again together. To escape the heat of the crowded rooms, I entered a little boudoir, where there

was an abandoned card-table. The viscountess, who, for the same reason, had retired hither, was seated upon a divan, her back to the door, in an attitude of profound meditation. My entrance aroused her. She turned, and seemed much agitated upon seeing me. I made a movement to retire, after excusing myself coldly and briefly; but she immediately arose, and exclaimed, excitedly:—

"You conceal something from me—a misfortune, perhaps? You are not the same. May be it is wrong for me to speak thus, but I know not how to dissemble."

"You know not how to dissemble!" I replied, with a bitter smile. "O madame!" I said these last words in such an incredulous and cutting manner that she turned very pale, and an unchecked tear rolled down her lovely cheek. You must love, my dear Elie, before you can appreciate the power of a tear—when the heart is full, when it abounds with the thought of a woman, with her image, with her love. That tear had scarcely fallen, before I was at the feet of Madame de Born.

"Oh! forgive me!" I cried, 'forgive me! But, tell me, how could you cause me to appear so mean, so ridiculous, before your husband?'

"My husband!" she cried, with a bewildered expression.

"Certainly," I responded, without changing my suppliant position, and I was proceeding to say more, when, suddenly, a gruff voice behind us exclaimed:—

"Oh! ho! A man at the feet of my niece! Zounds! No, I am not mistaken. This is, certainly, the lover-of my wife."

"And, rising quickly, I recognized the Viscount de Born.

"Monsieur," said he, gravely, 'I hope this time you are not joking, and that you authorize me to forewarn Madame de Born this evening that to-morrow you will come to demand the hand of her niece, Mlle. Aurelia de Charmes?'

"Monsieur," I replied, with as much confusion as delight, 'you anticipate my wishes, and you may be sure of my life-long gratitude.'

"Mlle. de Charmes, a silent witness of this scene, did not try to conceal her happiness. At length, when we together left the boudoir, which I had entered so unhappy, she said to me, in a low voice:—

"I shall know, some day, shall I not, the key to this enigma, which has rendered me so happy?'

"The answer," I replied, smiling at the recollection, 'is—a velvet hat!'

After these words, M. de Sorges became silent.

"I understand it all at last," cried the marquis, rising. "The viscountess was old and ugly; her niece was an angel. Really, my dear Enguerran, you have made me envy you, and wish to be married. Come! let us go to bed."

WORK DEPARTMENT.

BOTTLE-STAND.

Materials.—Colored sarcenet (not too light a shade)—our model is violet; fine straw-colored purse silk; violet silk gimp; four slightly-arched wooden buttons, two of them three-quarters of an inch in diameter and one inch and a quarter in diameter; card-board, etc.

THE tatting of straw-colored silk gives this stand the appearance of a very fine basket frame. The bottom of our model consists of two rounds of card-board, measuring two inches and a quarter, cut together, and separated by a space an eighth of an inch broad and half an inch high. Upon this middle

upper surface stands out firmly. This is folded equally on both sides, and firmly sewn on the edges of the cylinder a little below it, and having a puffed-out appearance. The lining, which is placed in with the ruche, is cut out in scallops at the bottom. A silk gimp of the same color covers the place where the under ruche is put on, and a neat paper covers the stitches at the bottom. The tatting, twisted round the bar, and ornamenting the largest button, is worked with one thread, and consists of closed eyes joined at the middle picot, and containing sixteen double knots, with three picots. The eyes of the border contain twenty double knots,



stripe the round middle bar, six inches high and one inch in circumference, is fastened. This is made of card-board, and the edges gummed together in the form of a cylinder, and covered with colored sarcenet; at the top four covered buttons are placed, the arrangement of which is clearly shown in the engraving. The ruche for the whole must correspond, and is of double sarcenet, and a quarter of an inch broad. A strip of card-board, one inch and three-quarters high, corresponding with the round at the bottom, with the narrow edges sewn over each other, and sewn on afterwards, gives the ground for the two glass bottles. The outer covering consists of a strip of sarcenet, two inches broad, arranged in closely-quilted folds a quarter of an inch broad, with a strip of card-board of the same breadth pushed in, by which the

with two side picots, a quarter of an inch long, and one short middle picot, which are fastened at the top and bottom with one stitch upon the folds of the glass stand. The double eyes of the third border at the upper edge contain twenty-four double knots, with three picots, and are always joined by one Josephine knot, consisting of five concluding knots; twelve eyes like the latter form the button rosette, which, for the middle, has four eyes of eight double knots, with one picot.

NEEDLE-BOOK, WITH POCKETS FOR SCISSORS, ETC.

THIS needle-book consists of two pieces of card-board five inches long, three inches and one-fifth wide in the middle, pointed off to

wards the ends; these are covered on one side with Java canvas, ornamented with embroidery in green purse silk. These parts are bound with green ribbon, two-fifths of an inch wide, fastened with steel beads. A green silk pocket, ornamented with point russe embroidery, is added on each side of the needle-case. A nar-



row green ribbon is drawn through the upper hem of the pockets, and tied in a bow on the top. Inside the leaves of the book fasten some strips of pinked-out flannel for the needles; stick in pins at regular intervals into the edge, and fasten the book with two green ribbons tied into a bow, as can be seen in illustration.

GENTLEMAN'S COLLAR BOX.

OUR pattern is a round card-board box, measuring five inches and one-fifth across, and being three inches and one-fifth high. The box is covered inside with white calico, the edge of which must be turned down about two-fifths of an inch on the right side, and pasted on; on the outside the box is covered with a strip of light brown cloth, ornamented from illustration with cross-strips of dark brown cloth, cut out from illustration, and pasted on the lighter strip. The latter is bound at both sides with brown ribbon, two-fifths of an inch wide; paste it down on the box, and edge the ends of the strip likewise with ribbon imitating binding. The bottom of the box is covered underneath with

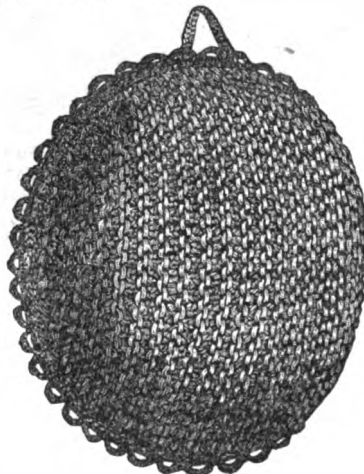
cloth. The cover of the box is also made of light brown cloth, on which is pasted a star cut out of dark brown cloth. The cover is bound with brown ribbon like the box; it is



lined inside with card-board and white calico. Lastly, fasten a strip of cloth for the handle by which the box is fastened down; at the point of the strip sew a loop of elastic, and at the edge of the box a button, as can be seen in illustration

KNITTED SPONGE FOR CHILDREN.

THIS sponge consists of a cushion, measuring four inches across, filled with odd bits and ends of wool, proceeding from knitted woollen



articles which have been unravelled. This cushion is covered with plain knitting in colored wool. Over this cover fasten

one of white wool. Both the covers are fastened together all round with a round of double crochet, in which a row of purl, with red wool, is next worked.

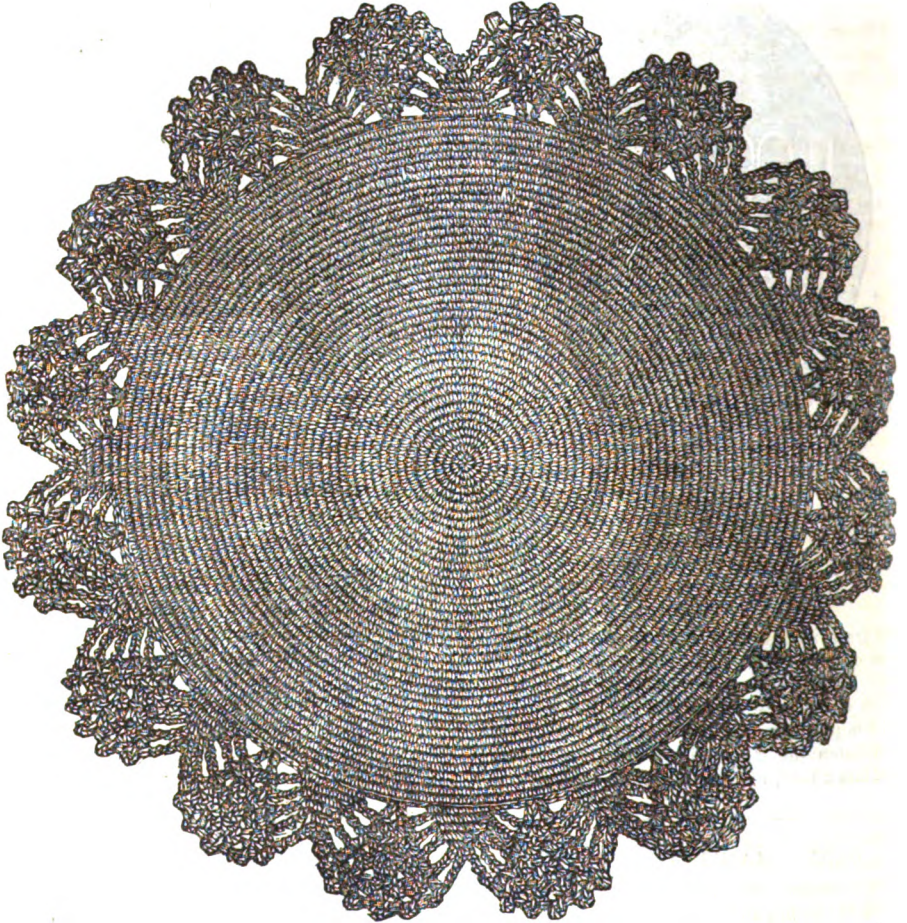
MAT FOR COFFEE OR TEAPOT.

Materials.—White crochet cotton and steel crochet needle.

This mat is very useful to be put under hot coffee or teapots on the table; it may also be

by 1 purl in the following stitch (this purl consists of 5 chain stitches, 1 slip stitch in the first); 3 small purl, missing 2 stitches of the preceding round; 9 double in the following 9 stitches; repeat from * to the end of the round. Observe that at the end of this and of the following rounds, the last double stitch is worked in the last stitch but one, before the first 3 small purl, missing the last double stitch.

41st round. * 3 small purl, 2 treble, divided by 1 purl in each of the next 2 treble of the preced-



used for candlesticks, scent-bottles, etc. The original pattern is worked in rounds with white crochet cotton. Begin in the centre on a foundation chain of 4 stitches, join them into a circle, and work 39 rounds in double stitches, always inserting the needle into the whole stitch, increasing, so that the mat remains quite flat, and that the 39th round has a number of stitches which can be divided by fourteen. In the 40th round begins the open-work border: * 3 small purl (each purl consists of 3 chain stitches, 1 slip stitch in the first), miss 2 stitches of the preceding round under them; 2 treble, divided

ing round; in this, as well as in the following rounds, the 2 treble stitches worked in 1 stitch are only cast off so far as to keep 2 loops on the needle; they are then cast off together with the 1st treble worked in the following stitch (2 stitches cast off together count for 1 stitch in the following round); 3 small purl, missing under them 3 purl of the preceding round and the next double; 7 double in the next 7 stitches. Repeat from *.

42d. * 3 small purl; 3 times 2 treble, divided by 1 purl over the 4 treble of the preceding round; 3 small purl, missing under them the

last 3 purl and the next double stitch of the preceding round; 5 double in the 5 middle stitches of the following 7 stitches of the preceding round. Repeat from *.

43d. * 3 small purl; 4 times 2 treble, divided by 1 purl on the 6 treble of the preceding round; 3 small purl, missing under them the next 3 small purl and 1 double of the preceding round; 3 double in the middle 3 of the 5 double stitches of the preceding round. Repeat from *.

44h. * 3 small purl; 9 times 2 treble, divided by 1 purl on the 8 treble of the preceding round; 3 small purl, missing under them the next 3 purl and 1 double of the preceding round; 1 double in the middle one of the 3 double stitches of the preceding round. Repeat from *.

CASE FOR GENTLEMEN'S SHIRTS.

THIS case is made of Java canvas; it is ornamented with point russe embroidery of green filoselle, and lined with Nankeen-colored calico. The flaps on each side of the case must, of course, be folded inside. The upper part of the case is then ornamented with an embroidery pattern; it is worked with green filoselle and black ribbon velvet; the latter is covered with herring-bone stitches of fine gold thread. When the canvas has been thus embroidered, sew in the lining, sewing in a piece of card-board for

elastic, finished off with brass circles or buttons. These are meant for fastening the case, as seen on Fig. 2. Sew on likewise the ribbons from illustration.

TRAVELLING CASE FOR A GLASS OR TUMBLER.

THIS case is made of gray cloth, ornamented



with buttonhole stitch of gray purse silk; it is lined with card-board and black silk, slightly quilted, and stitched through in diamonds with



Fig. 1.—Case Open.



Fig. 2.—Closed.

the bottom of the case, and stitching it all round; it is then bound with green ribbon three-fifths of an inch wide. The flaps are merely hemmed, the ribbon being sewn plain on the lining. Then make a card-board cover corresponding in size to the bottom of the case; cover it on both sides with calico; this cover is not fastened on to the case, but placed loosely on the shirts before shutting it. At the bottom of the case, on the outside, fasten two pieces of

green silk. The cover of the case is kept down by an elastic loop. The cover has an edge which overlaps the case; it is two-fifths of an inch wide. The outer part of the case is then ornamented from illustration with buttonhole stitch of gray silk; then sew in the card-board and the quilted lining. The upper edge of the case is worked round with buttonhole stitch, working over the outside of the lining. The bottom of the case and the lower edge of it are

likewise worked round with buttonhole stitch. The inner part of the bottom piece, that is the card-board and the lining, are pasted into the case. When the cover and edge have been joined together with overcast stitch (after having worked both parts round with buttonhole stitch), fasten a strip of cloth on the top of the cover for the handle; then fasten a piece of elastic, about eight inches and four-fifths long, inside the edge of the cover, and sew it fast on to the case underneath the cover with a few stitches (see illustration).

CHINESE PINCUSHION.

Materials.—White velvet or cashmere scarlet velvet, purse sewing silk, and gold cord; cord and tassels.



THE cushion is formed of twelve little cushions of a triangular shape joined together. These consist of two pieces of plain scarlet velvet and one embroidered part on white cashmere or velvet. The colors may be selected according to taste for embroidering. The little pieces are so arranged that the narrow sides of the scarlet pieces cut to the diagram meet, and

the rounding parts join the embroidered section. The little cushions may be stuffed with bran or wool; and, when the twelve are made, they are joined at the points, and the cushion is finished with the cord and tassels. It will be necessary to allow equal turnings for the scarlet and embroidered sections.

RABBIT PENWIPER (KNITTING).

Materials.—White single Berlin wool, a ball of green moss wool, rather fine knitting cotton, two steel knitting needles No. 12, some scarlet and black cloth, and an ivory mesh, or a strip of firm card-board three-eighths of an inch wide.

A VERY good imitation of the fur of this little animal is made by knitting in loops with the single Berlin wool wound double, which loops are afterwards cut and carefully combed

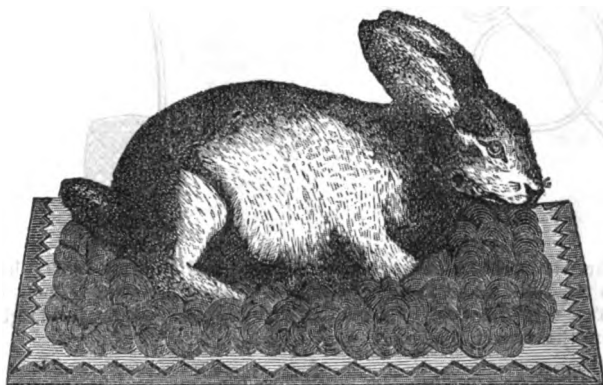


EMBROIDERY PATTERN IN POINT-RUSSE SATIS-STITCH, AND APPLIQUE.

out. Cast on, for the length of the body, 20 stitches, rather loosely, with the cotton, and for the next or loop row use the Berlin wool double, and knit a loop in each of the 20 stitches in the following manner: Insert the right hand needle in the 1st stitch as usual, hold the mesh parallel and close to it with the thumb and first finger of the left hand, take the free end of the double wool, and, holding it between the first and second fingers of the left hand, bring the part of the wool attached to the ball down over the front of the mesh and over the needle.

passing it back over the end which is on the first finger; then bring the cotton from the back over the needle only, and knit both cotton and wool together through the stitch. These directions are only for the first stitch of every loop row, the others are more simple. For the next stitch insert the needle as usual, pass the wool down over the front of the mesh and needle to the back, then bring the cotton round the needle only, and knit both through the stitch as before. Continue in this manner, making a loop in each stitch to the end of the row; then cut off the white wool (which is to be done at the end of each loop row), leaving the end rather longer than the width of the mesh, and knit the row back plain with the cotton only (leaving the mesh in), taking great care to take up both the cotton and double wool together in each stitch, as this is what fastens the loops. Now draw out the mesh ready for the next row. A loop row with the wool and cotton, and a plain row with the cotton only, succeed each other alternately

creased at the beginning and end, and after the last plain row cast off all the stitches. This completes one-half of the body of the rabbit; the second half must be knitted to correspond exactly, the two sewn together except on the lower side, and the loops then cut and combed out very carefully and gently. For each ear 8 stitches must be cast on, 2 loop rows knitted, and the stitches cast off after the last plain row. The tail is to be knitted in the same manner, casting on only 5 stitches, and both it and the ears to be sewn on in their proper position. After the different parts of the little rabbit are put together, a garnet-colored bead must be sewn on with ponceau silk for each eye; the mouth imitated by a few stitches of red silk, and the body thickly stuffed with wool or wadding (the under part being drawn together as best suits the shape), sewn firmly to the stand when this last is ready to receive it. The green part of the ground or stand is knitted with moss wool, a kind of wool in two or three shades of green. Cast on 20 stitches for the



throughout. It is necessary, for the shape of the rabbit, to take in a stitch by knitting 2 together at the beginning of the 2d row of loops, and in the 3d loop row 8 stitches additional at the beginning are required for the head; these are to be cast on with the cotton at the end of the preceding plain row. It will be found rather troublesome to knit the loops into these cast-on stitches, and it is well to use a finer needle than the one you are working with to open each stitch as you come to it, and so render the insertion of the other needle less difficult. In the 4th and 5th rows of loops a stitch is to be diminished at the beginning and end of each row by knitting 2 together as before. In the 6th and 7th loop rows only the first 8 stitches are to be knitted for the head, and after the plain row succeeding the 7th loop row the 8 stitches are to be cast off with the cotton, and also the next 2 stitches (for the neck), and on the remainder knit 2 rows of loops (for the back), in both of which a stitch is to be de-

length, in cotton as before, and knit 15 loop rows for the depth; these loops may be either cut, but not combed out, or left in loops, as may be preferred, to form a contrast with the fur of the animal. By referring to the illustration, it will be easily seen how the rest of the penwiper is intended to be made. The first square projecting beyond the green wool is of scarlet cloth, notched all round the edge. This again rests on a larger piece of card-board, over which some black glazed lining has been strained, and a piece of black cloth projecting slightly beyond the edges, gummed or pasted on the top. Two or three pieces of black cloth, for the practical purpose of wiping the pen, may be placed below this; and the whole firmly sewn through the centre with black thread, the rabbit being first fixed on the green square. The shape of the rabbit may be much improved by the manner in which it is sheared after it has been put together, and the loops cut.

THE WEAVER'S KNOT.

TO FASTEN THREAD OR SILK, IN NETTING
OR CROCHET WORK.

FOLLOW with care the figures representing
the method of forming this knot. Fig. 1 rep-

resents the two threads crossed. These threads
are held between the thumb and forefinger of
the left hand. The thread 2 is placed under
thread 1. When the two threads are thus
crossed, follow with the right hand the move-
ment of the thread 2 represented in Fig. 2.
The thread 1 remains motionless. When you
have formed the bow indicated by Fig. 2, lower
the thread 1 in the great bow formed by thread
2, as illustrated by Fig. 3. Hold between your

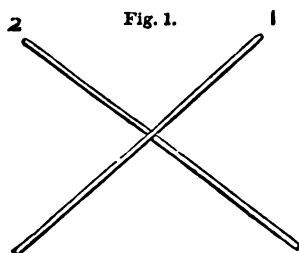


Fig. 1.

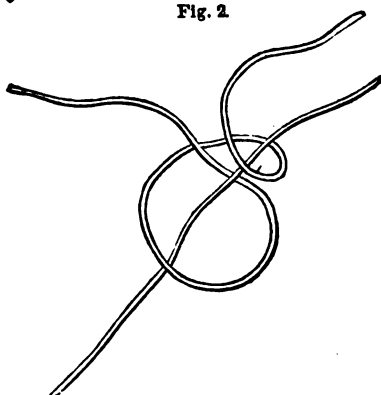


Fig. 2.

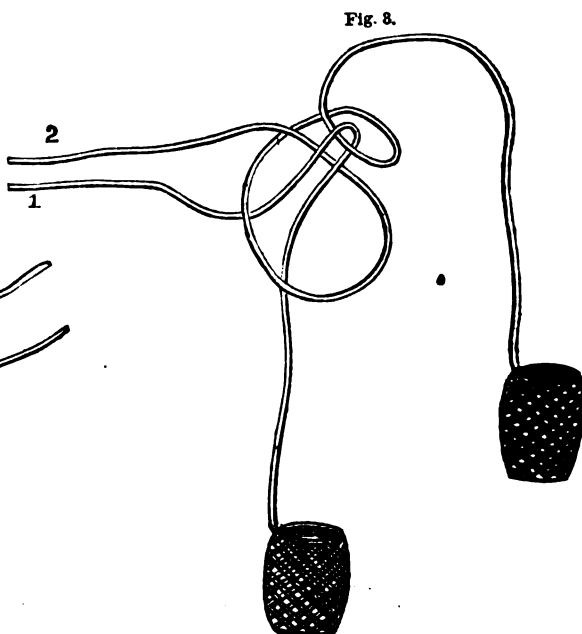
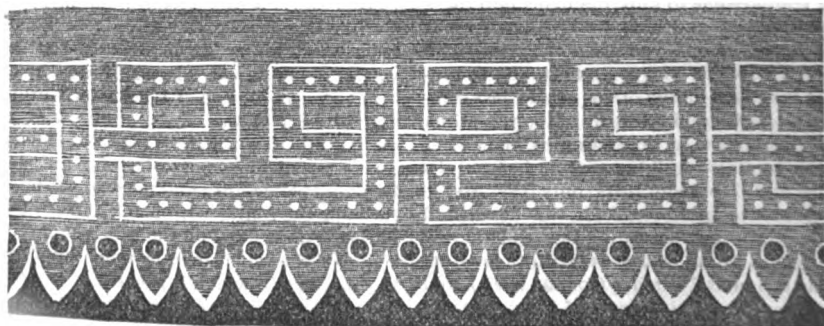


Fig. 3.

resents the two threads crossed. These threads
are held between the thumb and forefinger of
the left hand. The thread 2 is placed under
thread 1. When the two threads are thus

thumb and forefinger of left hand the two ends
of threads 1 and 2. Then with right hand
draw thread 2 to form and tighten the weaver's
knot.

EMBROIDERY.



Receipts, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Utilising Cold Chicken.—Some readers of the LADY'S BOOK may be glad to know of two dishes that can be made of cold chicken as a variety. One is called "fried chicken," and the other (a sweet dish) "chicken fritters." For "fried chicken," cut the chickens into quarters, and rub each quarter with yolk of egg. Mix some bread crumbs with pepper, salt, nutmeg, grated lemon peel, and shred parsley; cover the chickens with this, and fry them. Thicken some gravy with flour, and add to it Cayenne pepper, mushroom ketchup, and a little lemon juice. Serve the chicken with this sauce.

Chicken Fritters.—Make a batter with four eggs, some new milk, and rice flour; to this add a pint of cream, some powdered sugar, candied lemon peel cut small, fresh lemon-peel grated, and the white parts of a roasted chicken shred small; set these all together on a stove, and stir well for some time. When done, take it off, roll out the mixture, cut it into fritters, and fry them. Put sugar on a dish, lay the fritters on it, strew sugar over, and serve them hot.

Savory Sandwich.—Mince hard egg very fine, spread it on neatly cut pieces of bread and butter, not too thin, no crust; grate over the egg a little good cheese; sprinkle a little salt and Cayenne pepper. A little grated tongue or ham also makes a nice sandwich.

Frying Fish.—Wash and wipe them perfectly dry, rub them over lightly with a little flour, and cover them with bread crumbs and the yolk of an egg; then place them in a pan of broiling dripping or lard sufficient to completely cover them; and when done place them on a dish before the kitchen fire. The most inexperienced hand will thus be able to send them to table crisp, and of a beautiful brown color; but if the fat be insufficient, or not quite hot when the fish are put in the pan, they will be flabby and greasy. Too small a quantity of fat is the most common error.

Savory Omelet.—Take one or more eggs, break them carefully, putting the yolks into one basin and the whites into another; beat them up separately; chop fine some parsley and onion between into the yolks with a little pepper and salt, then add the whites and beat all together for a minute or two, then pour the whole into the pan in which you have previously put some butter or nice lard; while it fries keep scraping the whole into the middle of the pan with a fork. The moment it is set take it off, as otherwise a hard skin will form, and it will be leathery in consequence. Serve with or without gravy according to taste.

Utilising Cold Tongue.—Cut what is left of a tongue in very thin slices, taking off the skin and any hard bits; pound it in a marble mortar, adding by degrees a little fresh butter melted, till it is reduced to a smooth paste, seasoning it to taste as you proceed with pepper, salt, allspice, nutmeg, pounded macé and cloves, or such of these spices as are preferred. When it is thoroughly beaten and mingled together, press it closely down into small shallow pots, fill them up with a layer, a quarter of an inch thick, of clarified butter, and tie them down; they should be kept in a cool place. This potted tongue is nice to eat with bread and butter, and makes good sandwiches.

Lobster Salad.—Two lobsters, the yolks of three

new-laid eggs, half a pint of salad oil, half a pint of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of made mustard, Cayenne pepper and salt, three lettuces, a sprig or two of mint, half a root of beet. To make the dressing, beat three new-laid eggs thoroughly, and mix in gradually half a pint of salad oil; beat in half a pint of vinegar or less, two tablespoonfuls of made mustard, Cayenne pepper, and salt. Wash three fine white lettuces, and drain them dry; cut them up with the meat of two large lobsters, or of four smaller (which is better), adding a sprig or two of mint if the flavor be not disliked. Cut up also three hard-boiled eggs, and slice about half a root of beet. A deep dish is prettier to use than a salad bowl. Mix all the ingredients well together on the dish, and let them lie on it heaped up in the middle, pouring in dressing enough to moisten all thoroughly, and to collect in the dish below. Sprinkle the spawn and coral over the top. When the lobster salad is well mixed it must also be well helped, with due care that each person has sufficient lobster with the green. The lettuces should not be cut up until the salad is going to be eaten; if it be not convenient to do the final then, it is better to mix the dressing with the lobster, and to let some one, when the time arrives, arrange the lettuce round it, cut in quarters.

Westphalia Loaves.—Mince a quarter of a pound of lean ham with one pound of floury mashed potatoes, a little butter and salt, and two eggs beaten; make them up into little rolls, or any shape preferred, and fry them. Serve with gravy.

Winter Salad.—Cut one pound of red cabbage in thin shreds, blanch it in boiling water for fifteen minutes; cool, drain, and put in a basin with one ounce of salt, and let it pickle for four hours; then pour off the water, add half a gill of vinegar, mix, and let it remain for two hours; trim one pound of celery, cut it in small dice, and blanch it in boiling water for ten minutes and drain it; cut an equal quantity of cold boiled potatoes in the same way. A quarter of an hour before serving, drain the cabbage and mix the whole in a salad bowl, adding three tablespoonfuls of oil, one tablespoonful of chopped tarragon, and two small pinches of pepper, and serve.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

Seed Cake.—One pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a pound of powdered loaf-sugar, six ounces of butter, two eggs, a dessertspoonful of caraway seeds, and half a pint of milk. Mix well together, and bake from an hour and a half to two hours in rather a slow oven.

Lemon Cake.—One pound of flour, six ounces of butter, six ounces of moist sugar, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three eggs, and the rind of one large lemon, or two small ones, grated fine; a little milk to make it the proper stiffness. Bake for one hour in a quick oven.

Little White Cakes.—Half a pound of dry flour, rub into it a very little sugar, one ounce of butter, one egg, and a spoonful of thin cream, a few caraway seeds, and as much milk as will make it into a paste. Roll out thin, and bake for fifteen minutes on a tin.

Shortbread as Made in Scotland.—Two pounds of sifted flour, one pound of butter, half a pound of moist sugar, a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, a few drops essence of lemon. Rub the butter into the flour with the hand; after the butter, sugar, and flour have been well mixed, add the carbonate of soda and lemon, and work all well together ten minutes. If wished very rich, substitute

for a breakfastcupfull of the flour one of ground rice, and add a quarter of a pound of almonds blanched and minced very fine. Made into cakes, and pinched round with the finger and thumb.

Measure or Fourth Cake.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, and four eggs, with a very little saleratus dissolved in four tablespoonfuls of milk, or two of milk and two of wine, and a little nutmeg. To have cake light and fine the eggs should be well beaten, yolks and whites separately, and stirred in lightly, after having rubbed the butter and sugar to a cream.

Cocoanut Biscuits.—Scrape off the skin carefully, grate the nut very fine, and add half the weight of powdered sugar. Mix well together with white of egg, drop on wafer paper in small rough knobs the size of a walnut, and bake in a slack oven.

Furnity.—The following is a very old receipt for this old-fashioned dish: To a quart of ready-boiled flour put by degrees two quarts of new milk and four ounces of currants picked clean and washed; stir them, and boil till they are done. Beat the yolks of three eggs and a little nutmeg with two or three spoonfuls of milk; add this to the flour, stir them together while over the fire, then sweeten, and serve cold in a deep dish.

French Method of Making Curds.—The French make their curds simply by allowing the milk to stand for a couple or three days without any preparation whatever. The second day the milk goes sour, the third it becomes curds with a rich cream on the top, and is then ready for eating with sugar. If allowed to stand longer than the time to solidify, the curds would go mouldy.

Irish Griddle or Slim Cakes.—Rub two ounces and a half of butter into half a pound of flour with a little salt, make it into a stiff paste with a little milk, roll it out half an inch thick, and cut it into squares and rounds, or any shape you like. It will take half an hour to bake; it should be baked on a griddle over a stove, or in the oven with the door open.

Brown Charlotte Pudding.—Butter a pudding mould thickly, sprinkle brown sugar over the butter, and line the mould with slices of bread thickly buttered; cut some baking apples into slices, place them in the mould in layers, with grated lemon-peel, candied citron, and orange-peel to taste, and a little sugar between each layer of apples; fill up the mould, cover it with a slice of bread soaked in a little warm water, bake three hours in a moderate oven, turn it out of the mould, and serve it hot.

Cup Puddings.—Beat three ounces of butter to a cream, add to it two ounces of pounded sugar, stir in three ounces of flour and then a pint of milk; put the mixture into buttered cups, and bake it twenty minutes.

Boiled Cream Pudding.—Take a pint of sweet cream, boil it with a blade of mace and a little nutmeg, then strain it, and let it stand to cool. Beat the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two, mix with them a dessertspoonful of flour, two ounces of blanched sweet almonds, pounded to a paste, and a spoonful of orange-flower water. Gradually mix these ingredients with the cream, beat it up well, take a doubled cloth, wet and well flour it, pour in the pudding, tie it tight, and boil it for twenty minutes in a good deal of water. When done, turn it into a dish, and pour over it melted butter and sugar.

Buttered Orange-Juice—a Cold Dish.—Mix the juice of seven Seville oranges with four spoonfuls of rose-water, and add the whole to the yolks of eight and

whites of four eggs, well beaten; then strain the liquors to half a pound of sugar, pounded; stir it over a gentle fire, and when it begins to thicken put in about the size of a small walnut of butter; keep it over the fire a few minutes longer, then pour it into a flat dish, and serve to eat cold. It may be done in a China basin in a saucepan of boiling water, the top of which will just receive the basin.

DRESSINGS FOR THE HAIR.

It is so seldom that we find an article on preparations for the hair written without quackery that we have great pleasure in quoting the following very sensible practical remarks from the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*:

"The frequent use of 'oils,' 'bear's grease,' 'pomades,' 'rosemary washes,' and such like, upon the hair, is a practice not to be commended. The majority of these oils and greasy pomades are manufactured from lard oil and simple lard. No real bear's grease is ever used. Even if it could be procured readily, it should not be applied to the hair, as it is one of the most rank and filthy of all the animal fats. There are many persons whose hair is naturally very dry and crisp, and in most families there is a want of some innocent and agreeable wash or dressing which may be used moderately and judiciously. The mixture which may be regarded as the most agreeable, cleanly, and safe, is composed of eau de cologne and pure castor oil. The following is a good formula: Pure fresh castor oil, two ounces; eau de cologne sixteen ounces. The oil is freely dissolved in the spirit, if it is of the proper strength, and the solution is clear and beautiful. It may be perfumed in any way to suit the fancy of the purchaser. The oil of the castor bean has for many years been employed to dress the hair, both among the savage and civilised nations, and it possesses properties which admirably adapt it to this use. It does not rapidly dry, and no gummy offensive residuum remains after its passing through the chemical changes which occur in all oils upon exposure to light and air. It is best diffused by the agency of strong spirit, in which it dissolves. The alcohol or spirit rapidly evaporates, and does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the hair. This preparation for dressing the hair of children or ladies will meet nearly or quite all requirements.

"A cheap and very good dressing is made by dissolving four ounces of perfectly pure, dense glycerine, in twelve ounces of rose-water. Glycerine does not evaporate, except at a high temperature, and therefore under its influence the hair is retained in a moist condition for a long time. As a class, the vegetable oils are better for the hair than animal oils. They do not become rancid and offensive so rapidly, and they are subject to different less objectionable chemical changes. Olive oil and that derived from the cocoanut have been largely employed, but they are far inferior in every respect to that from the castor-oil bean.

HOW TO KEEP GOLD FISH IN HEALTH.

1. COVER the bottom of the aquarium with clean coarse sand (obtainable at the aquarium dealers) to the depth of about an inch and a half. Avoid fine sand and soil. 2. Insert the weeds with a stone over each bunch, to prevent their disturbance by the fish. 3. In a few days, when the plants show that they are thriving, by the production of oxygen bubbles, put in the fish—not before. 4. Beware of the common fault of putting in too many fish, and be careful as to the admission of sticklebacks, injurious insects, &c. Some sorts of beetles are very destruc-

tive to fish. 5. *Never* give the fish bread. In good condition they *require* no feeding; but a pinch of dry vermicelli, broken into minute pieces with the finger and thumb, is good for them. They are very fond of it, and will soon take it from the fingers when called. If forgotten, no harm will follow. 6. Do not let the aquarium remain in a strong sunshine or glare of light; a position between two windows is the best. If in a window, the light should be regulated with the blind or frosted glass. 7. In addition to the rooted plants, it is well to have a few of the round-leaved water-plants floating upon the top. The water in my aquarium has not been changed for twelve months; I simply add a little from time to time to make up for diminution by evaporation. If the fish remain near the surface, gasping for air, it is a proof either that the aquarium is overstocked with fish, or that the weeds are not growing healthily, through some of the foregoing rules being broken. It is well to have a few water snails in the aquarium. A sponge fastened to a stick will suffice to cleanse the interior sides, leaving the side next the light uncleaned, whereby the light is qualified. Once fairly started, there is no further trouble whatever.

COLD CREAM.

COLD CREAM is one of the oldest and most popular domestic remedies. It is described by the earliest writers on pharmacy, and was always prepared in the same manner, by stirring wax and oil, or similar substances, together after melting, and continuing the stirring until they become solid. The common cold creams contain lard and substances liable to become rancid. A very superior article may be prepared according to the following recipe, which affords an elegant preparation of good consistency, with sufficient firmness in summer, and not too hard in winter. It also possesses the desirable quality of keeping well at all seasons, and is greatly preferable to that prepared with rose-water. Should the proportions given yield a preparation of too firm consistence in cold weather, the quantity of wax may be lessened, and the quantity and kind of perfume may also be varied to suit the fancy. Take of oil of sweet almonds, five ounces; spermaceti, three ounces; white wax, half an ounce; otto of roses, three to five drops. Melt together, by means of a water bath or *bain Marie*, the oil, spermaceti, and wax, and strain through muslin if necessary; stir constantly until it begins to thicken, then beat it well, and when it has become quite cool add the scent and continue the beating process till it is thoroughly incorporated, and the ointment is of a snowy whiteness. Any stray portions that might unavoidably harden upon the sides of the dish should be removed, and rubbed perfectly smooth upon a slab before admixture with the rest.

The true secret in making a preparation of this kind nicely, consists in stirring and beating it well while cooling. A little extra labor bestowed on this part of the operation will be well spent, and amply repaid by the beauty and elegance of the product. A capacious porcelain evaporating dish should be employed, in which to prepare this ointment.

Special care should be taken in the selection of the ingredients, and none but such as are fresh, sweet, and pure should be used, and the use of the water-bath should never be omitted, as it precludes the liability of injury by heat.

Some chemists add glycerine to their cold cream, but there is no advantage whatever in its use, and as it has no affinity with the other ingredients, it does not make as smooth or as handsome an oint-

ment as can be made without it; and adds nothing to the value of the preparation.

CONTRIBUTED.

Sponge Cake.—Three eggs, beat two minutes; add one cup and a half of sugar, beat five minutes. Half a cup of water, two cups of flour, two small teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Floating Island.—One quart of milk, the yolks of four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of white sugar, one tablespoonful and a half of corn starch, a little salt, flavor as you like. Cook about three minutes, stirring constantly. Beat the whites stiff, add four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and flavor like the custard. Put it on a plate with some boiling water—a soup plate is the best—and place in the oven to brown; then pour off the water, and slip it off on to the custard.

An Excellent Receipt for Corn Bread.—Take one pint of corn meal (white we use), and stir into it one teaspoonful of dry saleratus and half a teaspoonful of salt; then add two eggs, beat light separately, one pint of sour or thick milk, and three tablespoonfuls of sour cream; beat about five minutes, and put it about half an inch deep in the pans to bake. We use pie pans to bake it in. If we have no cream, we use about a tablespoonful of butter, drippings, or lard.

Jelly Cake.—Two cups of sugar, one half cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one of soda. Mix a little stiff, bake thin, and, when cold, spread with jelly.

Graham Cake.—One cup of sugar, one of milk, one half cup of butter, three and a half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, half a nutmeg.

Chow Chow.—One peck of green tomatoes, half a dozen peppers, one dozen onions, a grated horseradish. Chop and scald in salt and water, drain in a sieve, put into jars, and then pour spiced vinegar over it.

E. V. D.

Silver or Bride's Cake.—Four teaspoonfuls of sugar, one of butter, five of flour, the whites of ten eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, one of cream of tartar dipped in milk.

B. F. T.

Furniture Polish.—Half a pint of spirits of turpentine, shave down two ounces of pure beeswax, put in a pan, and keep on top of stove till melted, taking care it does not catch fire. It should be the consistency of cream, and applied to mahogany or rosewood furniture while a little warm. Put on with a flannel, and rub up with a clean flannel, and finish with an old silk handkerchief.

Tapers.—Buy four yards of white cotton cord, made of soft cotton, five twists, cut in lengths of one foot, and pull quickly asunder, so as the cord will retain its wavy form. Have a pan with a pound of pure white or colored wax, or six halved wax candles melted; spread a large sheet of brown paper on the table to keep it clear; take the pieces of cord, and dip them separately into the melted wax, all but one inch, which place between the fingers of the left hand, as many as can be conveniently held to drip over the pan; from ten to twelve can be made at once. When they become stiff in the hand, place them carefully on a tray to dry. Continue till all the pieces of cord are used. Should the wax in the pan become too thick, heat over again. These tapers are most useful and safe for carrying from one room to another, and lighting the gas with.

Mrs. T. P. B.

Ointment to Soften the Hands.—One and a half pound of mutton tallow, one ounce of camphor gum, one ounce of glycerine, melted; when thoroughly mixed put away to cool. Rub on at night.

Editors' Table.

A NEW NATIONAL HOLIDAY.

WHEN the last Thursday in November shall become, by special enactment of Congress, **THE AMERICAN NATIONAL THANKSGIVING DAY**, then the people of the United States will have three holidays, each one representing an idea not only of importance to our own citizens, but also of interest to the world.

Washington's Birthday represents the influence of a perfect patriotism which won our *Independence Day*, under the blessing of Almighty God, in whose name we celebrate our *Thanksgiving Day*. In the light of these three ideas American history must be read, if we would rightly understand the moral power it now wields over the destiny of humanity.

The importance of this third holiday to the union and the happiness of those who enjoy it can hardly be overestimated. The influence of its family reunions, its generous beneficence to the poor, its public acknowledgement of the Divine Being who shapes the destinies of nations—all these combine to strengthen, to ennoble, and to purify the character of our Republican Government.

To the Colony of Massachusetts belongs the honor of introducing this holiday, soon after the settlement of Boston, though the exact date is not known. From that Colony the observance of Thanksgiving became the custom in all New England, then advanced slowly but steadily on to the Middle States and the West. The first Thanksgiving in Pennsylvania was held in the year 1843. Few of the Southern States had then adopted the custom.

The precise time of the year when the holiday should be kept was for a long period left undetermined. The governor of each Colony, and afterwards of each State, fixed the day from year to year at his own pleasure, without regard to the convenience of any persons but those residing within his jurisdiction. As the country expanded, and the custom of celebrating the festival became general, this isolation was found to have many disadvantages. For more than twenty years, as the readers of the *LADY'S BOOK* are aware, the propriety of fixing one day for the whole Union has been urged in these pages, and the last Thursday of November has been mentioned as, on many accounts, the most suitable day. This view has been confirmed by the action of the governors and religious bodies of almost all the States with gratifying harmony. On the last Thursday of November, in 1859, Thanksgiving Day was thus celebrated in every one of the original thirteen States, and in nineteen of the other States and Territories, comprising all which then existed, with two or three exceptions, and in those the festival had been held on the last Thursday in November in previous years.

The reasons for selecting the day which has been preferred are so strong that they need only be mentioned to be appreciated. That Thursday is the most convenient day of the week for a domestic holiday is an opinion in which all housewives will certainly unite. And that a public Thanksgiving, for the blessings of harvest, will be most appropriately held in the *last week of the harvest season* is also too clear for argument. Add to this that it is a period of general leisure, when the autumnal farm work is well over; the elections are concluded, and political excitement has had time to subside; at the North some of the "Indian summer" mildness still

lingers; while at the South the welcome breath of the colder season is beginning to be felt in bracing and healthful breezes. These reasons are quite sufficient to account for the general consent with which this day has at last been chosen.

If authority and precedent are needed, we have them in the example of Washington, who, eighty-one years ago, issued the first proclamation of a day of National Thanksgiving for the last Thursday in November, 1789. The proclamation of the illustrious Father of our Republic is so characteristic, so admirable, and expresses views so appropriate to the present circumstances of the nation, that our readers cannot fail to derive pleasure from its perusal, and we add it here:—

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, It is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the Providence of Almighty God, to obey His will, to be grateful for His benefits, and humbly implore His protection and favor; and, whereas, both Houses of Congress have, by their Joint Committee, requested me to recommend to the people of the United States a day of Public Thanksgiving and Prayer, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many and signal favors of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity of peaceably establishing a form of government for their safety and happiness. Now, therefore, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these States to the service of the great and glorious Being who is the beneficent author of all the good that was, that is, that will be. That we then all unite in rendering unto Him our sincere and humble thanks for His kind care and protection of the people of this country previous to its becoming a nation, for the signal and manifold mercies, and the favorable interpositions of His Providence in the course and conclusion of the late war; for the great degree of tranquillity, union, and plenty which we have since enjoyed; for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish constitutions of government for our safety and happiness, and particularly the national one more lately instituted; for civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge, and in general for all the great and various favors which He hath been pleased to confer upon us. And also that we may then unite in most humbly offering our prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of nations, and beseech Him to pardon our national and other transgressions; to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and national duties properly and prudently; to render our national government a blessing to all people, constantly being a government of wise, just, and constitutional laws, discreetly and faithfully executed and obeyed; to protect and guide all sovereigns and nations (especially such as have shown kindness unto us), and bless them with good government, peace, and concord, to promote the knowledge of true religion and virtue, and the increase of science amongst us; and generally to grant unto all mankind such a degree of temporal prosperity as He alone knows to be best.

Given under my hand, at the City of New York, the third day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The day thus proclaimed by President Washington was celebrated by four millions of people, in thirteen States, clustered along the Atlantic coast. This year the holiday will be observed by a nation of forty millions, in forty-five States and Territories, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. How far the wonderful growth of our country, not only

in population and extent, but in every other element of prosperity and greatness, has been due to the observance of the maxims comprised in this proclamation is a question which others must decide.

It seems strange that this remarkable paper has not been more generally known. In the writings of Washington this production is worthy of being classed with his best. It seems his exposition of the moral power of the Constitution.

When President Lincoln, in 1863, issued his proclamation for a National Thanksgiving, there were hindrances to a universal observance that could not be overcome. President Grant has now the happy opportunity, not only of following the great example of Washington, but of speaking, as he did, to a united people, a nation at peace within itself, and at peace with all the world. Look onward another eighty years to November, 1950, what then will be the record of our NATIONAL THANKSGIVING DAY?

THE PHYSICAL TRAINING OF GIRLS.

THERE can be no doubt that the great attention given of late years to the education of girls has wrought some injurious effects. When so much time is spent in school, and in study out of school, it is plain enough that there will be less opportunity for that bodily exercise which is so essential to health. Fifty years ago girls studied much less than they do at present, but they ran about more, played more in the open air, and helped more in domestic and garden work. So they grew up less learned and intellectual, perhaps, but more robust, and better fitted for the ruder trials of life. We cannot go back to the old state of things, and would not if we could. Knowledge is so much better than ignorance that we willingly accept it with every drawback; and, moreover, it is certain that a better knowledge will cure most of the evils which are due to the present well-meant, but one-sided system of training. It will be more and more clearly understood that the body as well as the mind requires to be educated and strengthened by systematic exercise. In some of our seminaries this maxim is already acted upon with excellent effect. In England, although women and girls habitually take more exercise than they do in this country, the need of regular training for school girls in this respect is strongly maintained. In the *London Times* some judicious remarks were lately made on this subject, prefaced by an interesting account of the performance of a class of pupils in gymnastics. We quote a portion of the article; and, if the remarks on some peculiarities of ladies' movements are more plain than complimentary, no doubt they will be forgiven, in view of the writer's evident good-will towards the objects of his criticism:—

"There have been few prettier sights this spring in London than a private morning performance given at the Hanover Square rooms by the pupils of Madame Brenner, a lady who has for some time been engaged in teaching gymnastics to girls. Those who made their appearance before an audience of relatives and friends had reached, or were approaching, the final stage of instruction, and nothing could be more pleasing than the grace of their bearing and the suppleness of their limbs. The young ladies were very prettily dressed in tunics and trowsers of flannel, which afforded absolute freedom of movement without trenching upon the borders of masculine attire. The programme comprised all the exercises taught, from simple marching to rope ladders and the trapeze. The performances in the last part appeared to involve rather severe exertion; but the performers were certainly not unduly distressed or fatigued, and they seemed thoroughly to enjoy the plaudits that their skill called forth. The real test of Madame Brenner's system, however, is to be

sought in the more simple actions which resemble those of ordinary life, and here its success was most remarkable. We never before saw a dozen girls so thoroughly well 'set up,' so erect, without an atom of stiffness, or so steady, prompt, and certain in their movements. All who have watched women are familiar with a certain jerkiness for which they are usually conspicuous, and which is partly the result of temperament, but chiefly of the spasmodic irritability of untrained muscle. Of this jerkiness Madame Brenner's more finished pupils showed no trace, except, perhaps, in the exercises with battle-door and shuttlecock, in which many of them were deficient in firmness and steadiness of stroke, as well as in the power of measuring the force to be exerted for the production of a given effect. The exercises with rings, and those with hoops, and the skating (on wheels) were all very graceful and effective, and the whole performance, except in its more violent parts, was pleasing in its character. It is more than likely that the violent parts may be necessary or useful as matters of training, and that to them some of the finished ease in other movements may be due. We affirm no more than that the latter are the more graceful."

The writer remarks that "gymnastics, or, at least, well-regulated bodily exercise, furnishes the proper security against overtaxing the brain by study, and study renders a correlative service by securing the muscles against being strained by excessive effort." In the country there are usually many opportunities of exercise for girls; but in towns generally, and especially among the classes for which mental education is now most urged and most needed, such opportunities are absent, and the art of the gymnast may be fittingly called in as a corrective for what is artificial in the life.

"The result is here, as in many other cases, that the art which leans upon and copies nature comes at last to surpass her. The gymnast not only develops the muscular system as a whole, but develops it harmoniously, each part in due relation to the rest. It may be taken as a fact that lateral spinal curvature is entirely due, in the vast majority of cases, to the weakness of certain sets of muscles, which are inadequate to the performance of the duty that properly devolves upon them; and there is high medical authority for the statement that such curvatures might always be prevented, and in their early stages almost always cured, by gymnastic exercises alone. With gymnastics, as with every other good thing, there is, of course, a risk of error on the side of excess. People become enthusiastic about something the good of which they see, and they have not always the special knowledge that would teach them when the limits of this good are reached, or are in danger of being exceeded. The best security against such danger must be afforded by the discretion and experience of the teacher, and it is probable that there is far less risk of gymnastic exercises being pushed too far with girls than with boys or men. The former will be restrained by parental solicitude and by many considerations arising from sex, from custom, or even from prejudice; while the latter are left to the almost unchecked dominion of the pride of strength and the desire to excel. And yet, even in gymnasia for boys and men, accidents or injuries are of rare occurrence."

We observe with pleasure that the teacher in this instance was a lady. Madame Brenner deserves the gratitude of her sex, not only for her energy and good judgment in bringing this important subject into such favorable notice, but also for opening a new and useful profession to women, that of instructress in physical training. We shall hope to see her example followed in this country with the same prudence and success.

BOOKS FOR HOME READING.

WE are overrun with books for children, and have often had occasion to lament that there was hid among them but a grain of wheat for a bushel of chaff. It is, therefore, with real pleasure that we greet a new volume from the authoress of "Little

Women." Miss Alcott has a faculty of entering into the lives and feelings of children that is conspicuously wanting in most writers who address them; and to this cause, to the consciousness among her readers that they are hearing about people like themselves, instead of abstract qualities labelled with names, the popularity of her books is due. Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy are friends in every nursery and school-room; and even in the parlor and office they are not unknown; for a good story is interesting to older folks as well; and Miss Alcott carries on her children to manhood and womanhood, and leaves them only on the wedding-day.

Her new story is called "An Old-Fashioned Girl."* Polly Milton comes from her country home to visit her cousins in Boston. She has been brought up in the "old-fashioned way" of loving her parents and her brothers, caring little for the details of dress, and much for healthy out-of-door amusements. She finds her cousins, though the oldest, like Polly, is only fourteen, already girls of the period; miniature fine ladies, who talk of parties, dresses, and beaux, and care little for each other's comfort or pleasure. The result of her long visit is to bring them to some sense of what is due to their parents, to each other, and to the people around them, and to shame them out of much vanity and folly. Here the book originally ended; but the authoress was induced by petitions from many readers to pass over a few years and bring her characters before us in opening womanhood. Polly is no less interesting at twenty than at fourteen, but the rest of the story we will not spoil in the telling. Its morality is healthy, without unnatural feeling of any sort; but we have one fault to find. It is possible, of course, that many city homes contain children like Polly's cousins, but as a picture of the usual life of our city boys and girls, we do not recognize its accuracy. Only a very careless mother would let her children behave in some things as the young Shaws behaved; and there is a dash of vulgarity as well as hardness in their lives that makes us fear that Miss Alcott has been unfortunate in her experience of Boston life. No boy, for instance, in a refined family would be allowed to call his grandmother "the old lady," and no girls could talk unreprieved such slang as Miss Alcott's girls, even the good ones, rattle off fluently. This, however, is but a single drawback to the pleasure and profit of reading "An Old-Fashioned Girl;" and we commend it heartily to mothers and children.

CHARLES DICKENS.†

THE death of Charles Dickens has been felt as a personal loss by thousands of our countrymen. He had the faculty of inspiring a direct interest in his reader's mind; for his works were penetrated by his character, and few had gone through the long list of his novels without forming a definite conception of their author. Indeed, now that a full biography of the man is before us, we wonder to find how little his friends can tell us that we had not guessed before. There was nothing deep or difficult about Mr. Dickens. His character lay on the surface. It is one with which we are all familiar, which we often meet in daily life. It was said of Byron that, apart from his genius, he was an ordinary English gentleman, with the ideas and feelings of his day. So Dickens was what we might expect from his education and circumstances; liberal in his views, sound

in his feelings, upright in his morality; yet never escaping for a moment from a certain tone and atmosphere, the environment of English middle-class gentility. Only his genius was his own—his wonderful humor which played through every incident and every character of his books.

This volume gives one a very fair idea of what he was. One or two points we think Dr. Mackenzie has missed, but we would rather thank him for all that he has achieved. We cite from his biography the few facts which make the framework of Dickens' life. He was the oldest son of John Dickens, a Government clerk in London. His father was in narrow circumstances, and, it is hinted, was a man of shifts, well acquainted with the Three Balls; a handsome man, proud of his appearance, and a dandy of George IV.'s school. Micawber and Turveydrop are said to have traits drawn from this original. Charles was born at Portsmouth in 1812, but when he was a year old the family removed to London. He went to school at Chatham. As a boy, he read Fielding, Smollett, Cervantes, and the Arabian Nights, and speaks of himself as "sitting in by-places, with a head full of Partridge, Strap, Tom Pipes, and Sancho Panza." At sixteen, he was put as "writing clerk" in an attorney's office, but soon gave up the uncongenial routine, and tried his fortune as a newspaper reporter. At twenty he was put on the staff of the *True Sun*, where he earned enough to support himself. In the intervals of employment he wrote many of his *Sketches*. In 1835 he became reporter for the *Chronicle* of the House of Commons' debates. The *Sketches*, though their sale was not large, attracted the notice of publishers; and in 1836 Dickens was engaged to write a serial story, to appear in shilling parts. The *Pickwick Papers*, written in fulfilment of this agreement, made his literary fortune. The rest of his life is but a history of success; of continued and immense popularity, manifesting itself in the most gratifying forms; and of great sums paid by the publishers for each new story. We have not space to give a more detailed account of his life. In 1858 he was separated from his wife by mutual consent, under circumstances which seem to leave no shadow of blame on his conduct as a husband. His death, last June, is fresh in the memory of our readers. They will welcome the book which tells them the interesting details of a great man's life; his thoughts and feelings, as he expressed them to his friends; the originals of his characters; the manner of his daily life. We are glad to see that it also contains his will, with its affecting conclusion:—

"I commit my soul to the mercy of God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter here and there."

"In that simple but sufficient faith," said Dean Stanley, in his sermon in Westminster Abbey, "he lived and died; in that faith he bids you live and die."

Messrs. Peterson Brothers have done perhaps more than any others to give the public cheap and readable editions of Mr. Dickens' books, and we are glad to see their name on Dr. Mackenzie's title page.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles have been accepted: "My Soul and I"—"Love and Time"—"The Rose"—"Deserted"—"Drifting on the Tide"—"Our Cook"—"The Orphan Cousins"—"Deciding a Destiny"—"In Sorrow"—"Lines in Memory of Little Maymie"—"At the Mill"—and "An Appeal to the Wind."

* Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

† Life of Charles Dickens. By R. Shelton Mackenzie, LL.D. With Portrait and Autograph. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The following are declined: "Thoughts of Heaven"—"The Village Graveyard"—"Baby Alice"—"One Day Nearer Home"—"Of All the Hopes I Have on Earth"—"Hearts"—"At the Glen"—and "The Leaky Roof."

"Georgie's Lesson," declined. Send stamps, if you wish it returned.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

BY DR. CHARLES F. UHLR.

DISFIGURING THE HUMAN BODY.

THE human frame, when preserved in its original state, is one of the finest pieces of mechanism which the human mind can contemplate. In beauty, in symmetry, in the harmony and proportion of all its parts it exceeds all other ranks of sensitive existence. There is no part imperfect or deformed, no part defective, and no part useless or redundant. All its members are so constructed and arranged as to contribute to the beauty and perfection of the whole, and to the happiness of the intelligent mind by which it is governed and directed.

But, notwithstanding the acknowledged excellency of the human frame, it has been the practice of mankind, in almost every country, and in every age, to disfigure its structure and to deface its beauty. The ignorance, folly, and vitiated taste that we find displayed in some of these instances is truly remarkable. It hardly seems consistent with the dignity of rational beings.

The Eastern nations, some of them, have a peculiar predilection for long ears. The longer they can make them, and the more hideous they can make them, the better they are pleased with their appearance. In some of the women, Captain Cook informs us, the lobes, by constant stretching, reach as far down as the shoulders, and even farther. Others pierce their ears for the admission of large and heavy pendants, and the holes gradually become so large by the constant dragging, as to admit a man's hand. In the northern part of China the women employ every means at their command to diminish the size of their eyes. They instruct their girls to continually extend their eyelids, with the view of making their eyes oblong and small. These properties, in the estimation of the Chinese, when joined to a large flat nose, open, pendulous ears, and contracted feet, constitute the perfection of beauty.

The ladies of Arabia stain their fingers and toes red, their eyebrows black, and their lips blue. In Persia they paint a black streak around their eyes, and ornament their faces with various figures. The Japanese women gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint them red. The Holland women paint the entire body in compartments of red and black. In Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow, and they frequently tattoo their bodies by saturating threads in soot, inserting them under the skin, and then drawing them through. Hindoo women, when they wish to appear particularly lovely, smear themselves with a mixture of saffron, turmeric and grease. In nearly all the islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, the women, as well as the men, tattoo a great variety of figures on the face, lips, tongue and the whole body. Sir Joseph Banks, who accompanied Capt. Cook on his first voyage, was present, in the island of Otaheite, at the operation of tattooing, performed on the back of a girl thirteen years of age. The instrument used had twenty teeth, and at each stroke, which was repeated every moment, issued an ichor or serum,

tinged with blood. The girl bore the pain with resolution for some minutes, but at length it became so intolerable that she burst out in violent exclamations; but the operator was inexorable, and the two women who attended at the operation both chid and beat her for struggling.

It is somewhat unaccountable that such practices should be so general, and so obstinately persisted in, when we consider the pain and inconvenience with which they are attended.

In New Holland they cut themselves with shells, and, keeping the wounds open a long time, form deep scars in the flesh, which they consider highly ornamental. Another singular addition is made to their beauty by taking off, in infancy, the little finger of the left hand at the second joint. In ancient Persia an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown; but the Sumatra mother carefully flattens the nose of her daughters by lacing the head between two boards. In New Guinea the nose is perforated and a large piece of wood inserted. In the north-west coast of America, an incision more than two inches in length is made in the lower lip, then filled with a wooden plug.

Among the Otaheiteans the chief ornaments among the women is a bone, thrust through a hole bored in the cartilage which divides the nostrils. This bone is as thick as a man's finger, and six inches or more in length. It reaches quite across the face, and so effectually stops up both nostrils that they are forced to keep their mouths wide open for breath, and snuffle so when they attempt to speak that they are scarcely intelligible to each other.

But perhaps we have cited instances enough to illustrate this great ruling passion of mankind to disfigure and mar the beauty and structure of the human body. It seems ridiculous, absurd, abominable. And in meditating upon the facts before us, we cannot suppress the thought that they only imply a stupid and ignorant want of respect towards the Almighty, and a disposition to find fault with His wise creations, as if in forming them He was deficient in intelligence or wanting in benevolent design. The ladies of modern America may look with wonder upon such strange customs; they may smile, if they please, at such rude ideas of beauty; but with every sense of respect towards their dignity and intelligence, we would ask if many of their awkward attempts to *improve their* form and figure are not equally as ridiculous, and whether they should not be looked upon in the same light?

We do not wish to "preach a sermon"—it is not our calling—neither have we the time, the space, nor the permission, but in all earnestness, do not these practices—these interferences with the wise designs of the Creator—these transgressions of his laws—speak in plain words of dissatisfaction with his gifts? Do they not exhibit a degraded appreciation of his wisdom and goodness? Do they not exhibit false pride, conceit, and hypocrisy? And is it not reasonable to suppose that individuals living in an enlightened community, and possessing every opportunity of knowing right from wrong, are held more accountable in the eyes of God for these transgressions than those who are unhappily less fortunate in this respect? It is a serious subject, in our way of thinking, and one, perhaps, which the intelligent and Christian lady of the present age has failed to consider as she ought.

We are a warm admirer of feminine beauty. We love to see it in its pure and original state; untampered with, unblemished by the vagaries of fashion, just as it comes from the hands of its Maker; and we believe it a sin for women to be guilty of means to make it otherwise. Her attempts at such a pur-

pose are proverbially more than failures, with ruined health and a broken down constitution as the consequences. Were the dictates of common reason more generally attended to, and some of the better attributes of nature displayed, many of these "abominations in the sight of the Lord," and in the sight of man, might be done away with.

Literary Notices.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

CAMORS. *A Love Story.* Translated from the French of Octave Feuillet, author of "The Romance of a Poor Young Man." We were led to believe, from the translator's preface, and from our recollections of "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," that we would find in "Camors" a French novel of exceptional purity. But in this we have been disappointed. It pictures a state of society which we, of America, know nothing about, except as we read of it in French romances, and of which it is to be hoped we may long remain in like ignorance. Differing slightly from the works of Dumas and George Sand in recognizing and acknowledging, in a modified degree, the difference between good and evil, it still possesses all the grave objectionable features of those works; and is a book totally unfit to be seen in the hands of any American reader, masculine or feminine, young or old. That this condemnation of it will not prove in some sort an advertisement, we will add that it is exceedingly dull, and that few ordinary readers will have patience to get beyond the opening chapters.

INDIANA. *A Love Story.* By George Sand. With a Life of Madame Dudevant. Translated from the French by George W. Richards. No American can be benefitted by a reading of Madame Dudevant's works. In France they may be received as something better and higher than the popular class of romances, but here their influence is evil and only evil. With our healthy American literature from the pens of our best writers, and with the books of unquestionable excellence which we are constantly receiving from England, our readers have no need to turn to books of this class in the hope of finding amusement or profit.

LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS. By R. Shelton Mackenzie, LL. D. With Personal Recollections and Anecdotes, Letters by "Boz" never before published, and Uncollected Papers in Prose and Verse. A book so hastily prepared as this has been is necessarily incomplete and incorrect. Yet it contains much new and interesting matter, and will be readily accepted until a more careful biography shall be ready.

AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE. By Miss Dickens. The authorship of this and two or three other novels has rested in uncertainty. They have been generally credited to Miss Dickens, the daughter of the late Charles Dickens. This gentleman took the trouble once to deny any such authorship. Nevertheless the recent publishers of these works have thought best to put her name upon their title pages. Whatever their source, they are simple, well-told tales, quiet in action, and healthy in tone, and we can cheerfully recommend them to our readers.

From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

FORGIVEN AT LAST. By Jeannette R. Hadermann. It is necessary, we suppose, that every author should write a first novel. It does not follow, however, that it need be put in print. "Forgiven

at Last" is an undoubted "first effort," shallow in sentiment, school-girlish in tone, and tame and stale in plot. While it may possess a degree of interest for a certain class of readers, the time will be likely to come when its author will wish she had not rushed so hurriedly into print.

THE WARDEN. By Anthony Trollope.

BARCHESTER TOWERS. By Anthony Trollope.

We are glad to see a new edition of these excellent novels. Probably most of our readers already know, but we will state for the benefit of the few who do not, that these two volumes belong to a series, which, running through some half a dozen different volumes, ends in "The Last Chronicles of Barse." Each of these volumes is a story complete in itself, though the same characters are introduced in them all. The first of this series—"The Warden"—is a quiet, almost a dull book; but it is really only a kind of introduction to those which follow. There is life and fun enough in "Barchester Towers."

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS and LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE NEW TIMOTHY. By Wm. M. Baker, author of "The Virginians in Texas," etc. etc. An American novel of sterling merit, sparkling with originality, and overflowing with good sense. It was hardly good taste, however, in the author, giving his favorite feminine character the name of "John." There may be isolated instances of girls bearing masculine names, but it generalizes them too much to admit them in the pages of a novel.

VERONICA. *A Novel.* By the author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," etc. Whether Miss Dickens is, or is not, the author of these works, they are of a character that would do her credit.

CHARLES DICKENS. *The Story of His Life.* By the author of "Life of Thackeray." The author says: "The following brief memoir of the late Mr. Charles Dickens may, perhaps, be acceptable as filling an intermediate space between the newspaper or review article and the more elaborate biography which may be expected in due course."

THE GENIAL SHOWMAN. *Being Reminiscences of the Life of Artemus Ward, and Pictures of a Showman's Career in the Western World.* By Edward P. Hingston. Mr. Hingston's reminiscences date back to an early period in Mr. Browne's career as a "showman," and are exceedingly interesting. Mr. Hingston accompanied him to California and Utah. He also met him in London, and was with him up to the time of his death.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ETON. By an Etonian. With illustrations by Sydney P. Hall. A lively and entertaining story of the most well-known and aristocratic English boys' school.

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, through CEAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

THE PRINCES OF ART: Painters, Sculptors, and Engravers. Translated from the French by Mrs. S. R. Urbine. It is necessary that all, whether they be artists or no, should possess a certain knowledge concerning the old masters. And this knowledge, though desirable, is not always easily obtainable. "The Princes of Art" presents in small compass the main facts concerning the lives and works of many of the renowned architects, painters, and sculptors of the past.

BEAR AND FORBEAR; or, The Young Skipper of Lake Ucyga. By Oliver Optic. This is the sixth and last of the "Lake Shore Series." The story is complete in itself, though the characters which have

been prominent in the other volumes of the series are again presented.

THE HARD-SORRABLE OF ELM ISLAND. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg. Illustrated. This concludes the series of six volumes belonging to the "Elm Island Stories." Those who have followed the boys in all their adventures in their island home will be glad to find them now launched prosperously into manhood and into the world, and will watch with interest whatever happens to them up to the closing chapter.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

NOVEMBER, 1870.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—"Our Contributors"—a steel plate—will create some excitement among our readers. There will be lots of guessing as to who they are. But we must inform all those who are not able to make them out that we are under a promise not to divulge the names or *nom de plumes* of the originals. So that it will be useless to inquire.

Our colored fashion-plate of evening dresses, dinner-dresses, etc., we feel will give universal satisfaction. These are correct representations of dresses that will be worn.

"**The First Rabbit.**" Every country household will recognize this sketch.

The extension sheet contains a variety of costumes that have come to hand at the latest date.

An extra illustration is given in this number in the shape of an alphabet printed in fancy style on a double sheet.

CLUBS! CLUBS!—Commence now the organization of clubs. Bear always in mind that the LADY'S Book is the cheapest magazine in the country—for the simple reason that you get more, and better for your money. Examine for yourselves. It has become a universal saying that it is "an evidence of the good taste of a family when the LADY'S Book is seen upon the centre-table." Any person with very little trouble can get up a club. The terms are low—within the reach of all who wish to subscribe. We firmly believe that there are many persons who would like to unite with one or more in procuring the Book, but require some one to ask them. Our old subscribers would oblige us very much if they would endeavor to increase their club lists this year.

ALTHOUGH making a speciality of the fashions and of light literature, and this through a long period in which no rivalry was able to establish itself, Mr. Godey has constantly added such other features to his magazine, and has so excellently managed this, that it has circulated when fashions were a secondary consideration, and retained every advantage once gained. The literary character of the work has been *ad hoc*, and so wisely adapted to the tastes of those for whom it was catered, that it has grown constantly, and always retained the good will of those who made its acquaintance. Godey, although followed by numerous rivals and imitators, is still at the head.—*Loomis's Musical Journal.*

CLUB RATES WITH OTHER MAGAZINES.—Godey's Lady's Book and Harper's Magazine, one year, \$5.50. Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine, one year, \$4.00. Godey's Lady's Book, Arthur's Home Magazine, and Children's Hour, one year, \$5.00. Godey's Lady's Book and the Children's Hour, one year, \$3.50.

See advertisement of Kimmel & Forster's Christmas and New Year's presents. Last year the introduction of their games was a success.

We ask your attention to our advertisement for 1871, published on the cover. It is but an outline of our intention. Our resources are ample, to continue to make the LADY'S BOOK—what for forty years it has been—the leading Book in America.

No literary work under the sun is more meritorious than this beautiful, popular, and highly fashionable magazine. It is only necessary to scan this magnificent number to arouse such a spirit of appreciation as few books excite in this or any other country, and cause a sense of vacuity to be felt in the mind of the observer who is so unfortunate as not to possess it, that he or she cannot rest satisfied without this valuable magazine. In its fortieth year it still claims to be ahead, and not without sufficient reason for the assumption. The stories are characterized by a moral tone and richness of conception that reflects the highest degree of credit upon the taste and good sense of its able managers, and places its name at the top of the long list of literary works that rivet the popular gaze. The country should be proud of this incomparable magazine.—*Paris Examiner.*

The story entitled "Doctor Grace," by Carroll West, in this issue of the Book, will take rank with the best stories published in the LADY'S BOOK, or any where else.

POLYTHEISM.—If it was fashionable to worship a plurality of gods, the ladies of this country would at once place the god Fashion upon a high pedestal. The high priest of this deity would be Mr. Godey, and the divine commands would be contained in his LADY'S BOOK. We do not know that any of them expect to be good enough to go to a land where there will be editions of Godey every half hour; but we do know that a ship on mid ocean, without rudder, chart, or compass, would be in a very satisfactory condition in comparison with our fair ones without this *vade mecum*.—*Examiner, Hayneville.*

-TAKE YOUR OWN PAPER.—We have always endeavored to impress this upon our readers. Take your own paper before subscribing to any out of the town, county, or State in which you reside. A good paper makes an intelligent people. And in order to make a good paper, it is necessary that the publisher should have the capital. And in order to get the capital he should have a good subscription list. After that if you want the LADY'S BOOK club with your paper. You will get it so much cheaper.

DURING our residence of seven years in the East Indies, we frequently received the LADY'S BOOK, and it proved not only of value in a literary point, but the patterns were very useful to us in our schools among the women of India. A. R. G.

FREIGHT ON LETTERS AND PREMIUM ON DRAFTS.—Subscribers will please understand that when they send their letters by an express company they must pay the freight, and those who send drafts must pay the premium. We advise subscribers to remit a post-office order or a draft payable to the order of L. A. GODEY. The rates for postal money orders as established by law are as follows:—

"The postal money order system established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than \$1 nor more than \$50. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz: For an order for \$1 or for any larger sum, but not exceeding \$20, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of \$20 and up to \$30, the charge shall be 15 cents; more than \$30 and up to \$40, the charge shall be 20 cents; over \$40 and up to \$50, the charge shall be 25 cents."

LITERATURE.—Will our friends please compare our stories with those published in other magazines? We are anxious that the comparison should be made.

NEW RECEIPT BOOK.—One to be commended. Those enterprising publishers, Messrs. Evans, Stoddart & Co., 740 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, have published a book entitled,

"THE GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK RECEIPTS,"

and they have placed the price within the reach of every housekeeper—\$2—which if sent to the above address a copy will be forwarded free of postage. It is well known that no publication has paid so much attention to its receipt department as the LADY'S BOOK; and most of them that have been published have been tried by those who furnished them. So that you have the real article, and not mere copies from English publications, in which ingredients are mentioned that are not to be found in our country. We speak confidently of this book, because we are fully acquainted with the contents. Every housekeeper, young or old, should have a copy. From its well arranged index, any article may be referred to in an instant. Here is a list of the contents: Chapter I. Soups. II. Fish. III. Sauces and Pickles. IV. Meats. V. Vegetables and Salads. VI. Puddings and Pastry. VII. Creams and Desserts. VIII. Preserves and Jellies. IX. Butter, Cheese, and Eggs. X. Bread, Biscuit, Cakes, and Yeast. XI. Beverages. XII. Invalid Cookery. XIII. Miscellaneous. XIV. Weights and Measures. Alphabetical Index. The work contains nearly 500 pages, and is handsomely bound. For further particulars see advertisement in this number of the LADY'S BOOK.

Mrs. MARY W. ELLSWORTH, formerly Miss Mary W. Janvrin, died at Newton, Mass., on Friday, August 12th. Miss Janvrin, before her marriage to Hon. Oliver Ellsworth, of Boston, about two years since, was well and favorably known as an authoress. Most of her best stories appeared in GODEY. As a writer Miss Janvrin was easy, genial, and perspicuous, and her stories were always read with pleasure.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is the leading one of America. There is not a department in which women of any class can possess an interest, be it useful or ornamental, that Godey has not devoted his pages to. There is an originality and gracefulness in every issue that goes far to place it above other publications of a similar character. As to the engravings, we never saw finer ones in any magazine. His late trip to Europe has given him renewed vigor for the labor of his life, as well as enabling him to make such arrangements with his fashion correspondents as will be of benefit to his book.—*Brownsville Observer.*

I HAVE used one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Sewing Machines (No. 2,702) nearly fourteen years, making cloaks for the last eleven years, and doing all other kinds of sewing down to book muslin. It is now in perfect order, has never had any repairs, and I have not broken a needle since I can remember. I appreciate my machine more and more every day, and would not exchange it for any machine that I know.

M. BUDLONG.

WHAT a great age the English actors attain. Few of them die under seventy. The last one mentioned is John Cooper, deceased at seventy-two, and they all seem in their youth to have provided for their old age.

MANY persons have observed the disagreeable odor exhaled by water in which flowers are kept in badly-ventilated rooms; this condition may be prevented altogether, or lessened in a great degree, by placing a few iron nails in the water. This use of iron affords a cheap means of preserving drinking-water during sea voyages.

NEW SHEET MUSIC.—*Songs and Ballads*, published by J. Starr Holloway, Philadelphia. Just issued a complete edition of Mrs. Hackelton's beautiful parlor songs, viz.: Lettie's Tryst; Mary, My Beautiful Angel; Susie Morno; Jennie Came to Meet Me; Thou and I; Skating on the Pond; The Beautiful City; Handsome Davie Brown; and Only Thee, a sacred quartette. Price 30 cents each, or the nine for \$2.

Polkas, Waltzes, etc.—Bright Jewels' Waltz, easy, by Mack, 20; Steiger March, Carl Faust, 30; Lottie Mazourka, 30; Cherry Bounce Schottisch, very pretty, 20; Stream of Life Polka, lively and showy, 30; Paddle Your Own Canoe, brilliant variations, by Brinley Richards, 50.

Holloway's Musical Monthly for November contains nearly \$2 worth of new and fashionable sheet music, printed on heavy sheet music paper, of the full music size. A beautiful and valuable publication, which all music lovers should buy. \$4 per annum. Single numbers 40 cents. Last four numbers free by mail sent anywhere for \$1 12. Inclose the money, and send only to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

"BED-TIME" and "THE ANGEL OF PEACE."—Large numbers of our subscribers continue to avail themselves of the special arrangement made by us in their favor, by which we can send them these charming steel engravings for \$1 each. They are large, carefully engraved pictures, the impressions clear and sharp, and cannot be bought at any print seller's for less than \$5. All who get them are delighted.

We acknowledge the information received from the Lee Reading Club, of Hogansville, Georgia, of our unanimous election of honorary membership to said club.

THE *London Graphic* is celebrated for some very good and some execrable wood-cuts. Those purporting to represent scenes in America are of the latter quality; they look as if a fork, and a blunt one at that, was used as the graver.

QUEEN CHRISTINE, the mother of the late moral Queen of Spain, Isabella, has been very charitable. She has given the enormous sum of \$200 for the wounded of the French army, and her husband, the late guardsman, has given \$60! There's charity for you!

DREER'S DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF BULBS and other Flower Roots, with Directions for their Culture and Management. Winter-Blooming Plants, Roses, etc. etc. Choice Flower Seeds for Sowing in the Autumn, and the Best Varieties of Small Fruits for General Cultivation. Send for a Catalogue to Henry A. Dreer, 714 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MORE FOOLING.—Can we wonder that Dickens wrote those American scenes in "Martin Chuzzlewit," his reception, etc., when we read the following?—

"The manager of Mlle. Nillon's concerts has a business eye to outside effects. A band of music and a company of Scandinavians have been engaged to meet her on the wharf as soon as she arrives, to escort her up to Fourth Avenue to the residence of Doctor Doremus, whose guest she is to be for a day or two. Then she is to have a reception by the Lotus Club, which is composed chiefly of members of the press, musicians, and artists. Her first concert comes off on Monday evening—tickets ranging from \$2 to \$4."

It is only in New York that such tomfoolery can be got up.

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.—There was a larger show of royalty than usual. The queen was supported by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Princess Louise, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christiana, and Prince and Princess of Teck. The Princess of Wales wore a green satin train, trimmed with Irish lace, over a green silk petticoat, trimmed with green and white tulle, which formed a heading to a magnificent flounce of Irish lace, caught up in festoons with staphanotis. Princess Louise was all in white satin and tulle.

The dresses worn by the company generally were exceedingly pretty. There was a great preponderance of pink and red in the toilets. A very magnificent costume was a cherry-colored satin train and body, richly embroidered in gold, worn over a white tulle petticoat, covered with blonde, and threaded with gold. A gold band went round the head, above which peeped a small plume at one side, and a long gold-bespangled veil fell over the shoulders. For a good effect, the tulle veils, which now replace the lappets, can scarcely be made too full; the fuller they are, the more gracefully they fall over the back of the hair. A good many worn at the drawing-room were undivided. Bright green, a blue exactly the shade of a turquoise and a pink as delicate, called the Du Barry pink, were very general. There was a greater show than ever of old Venetian point, this or the new pink shade of corded silk, caught up with bunches of white flowers, with long drooping grass, was a toilet that was very much admired. So many people wore a good deal of grass hanging over the ohignon at the back.

There is a new plan of trimming the trains, which, by the by, are longer than ever. They are made to resemble a double train, that is, they are trimmed to about the length a dress would be, and then have an additional trimming, quite distinct, below this. The upper part of these trimmings in one or two instances was one mass of lace, quite covering the upper part of the train. A gray satin was trimmed with black lace as follows: The lace was laid on the edges of the train, and crossed it at about the length of a dress in a square form, headed by a ruche of red satin. Very large red satin bows came below this at both edges, and then the lace began again, along both sides and round the bottom of the train. The lace was evidently flounces, and was far wider than is generally used for trains; and it struck me that this mode of trimming suggested a good way of utilizing lace flounces.

AUTHORS ought to quote correctly. A few days since we saw a passage in Sheridan's "Critic" attributed to Bombastes Furioso. And here is another:—

"Perhaps the most interesting of the illustrations is the photograph of Charles Leslie's painting of Dickens as 'The Copper Captain' in 'Every Man in his Humor,' which serves as frontispiece."

The Copper Captain is Michael Perez, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife." The character in "Every Man in His Humor" was Captain Bobadil.

WITH its superb engravings, its fashion plates, its new music, its short and its serial stories, its carefully prepared articles upon health and upon cookery, its literary notices, prepared by eminently competent hands, and its minor attractive features, GODEY is truly a gem.—*Free Press*, Port Elgin, Ca.

"THE public singer that 'draws the best' is a mosquito."

By the way, it is said that mosquitos, direct from Tuckerton, N. J., where the largest kind are raised, have arrived in England.

SOME HINTS.

IN remitting, try to procure a draft, and don't fail to indorse it; or a Post-office order.

Address L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, Pa. That is sufficient.

If a lady is the writer, always prefix Mrs. or Miss to her signature, that we may know how to address a reply.

Town, County, and State, always in your letter.

If you want your book sent to another post-office, state to what office it is sent to at the time you write.

When a number of the LADY'S BOOK is not received, write at once for it; don't wait until the end of the year.

When inclosing money, do not trust to the sealing matter on an envelope, but use a wafer in addition.

When you send money for any other publication, we pay it over to the publisher, and there our responsibility ceases.

We can always supply numbers for back years.

Subscriptions may commence with any number of the year.

Let the names of the subscribers and your own signature be written so that they can be easily made out.

THE *London Medical Press*, in an article on "Tight Boots and Weak Eyes," says:—

"There is something, after all, in the notion and belief of our old lady friends that tight boots produce weak eyes. Since the new-fashioned boot made for and worn by ladies has come into use, we have been consulted in various instances for a weakness of vision and a stiffness about the ocular apparatus, which we found at first difficulty in accounting for, since we were unable to detect any abnormal condition of the eye to cause this disordered vision, or to trace any constitutional disturbance likely to provoke functional phenomena. A mother, wise in her generation, given to bestowing roses to Harpocrates, the God of Silence, asked us if the tight boots worn by her daughter might not produce the distressing symptoms of asthenopia complained of. To this we assented, and upon the tight boots being dispensed with, discovered that the cause of the mischief must have been removed, for the injurious effect upon the eyes ceased—*sublati causa, tollitur effectus*. However disposed our fashionable ladies may be to wear the high built, conical-shaped heeled boot of the period, with narrow toes and light top soles, which throws the foot so prominently forward, and tends to compress it in a space which the boot-closer narrowly limits; and, however anxious they may be to imitate Lady Hester Stanhope, whose foot, it is stated, betrayed a royal race, for water flowed beneath the instep; this we tell them, in the hour of splendor and fashion, that the localized pain suffered from compression of the foot, and the consequent production of corns, and bunions, and distorted toes, so patiently endured in the self-sacrifice to outward show, are nothing compared to other symptoms which undue, and persistent pressure provokes, and which may be readily recognized in the unsteady, bashful look about the eyes, the perpetual winking of the lids, and the contracted brow, so pathognomonic of approaching weakness of sight—the asthenopia of the oculist; whilst we must remind them Propertius has written *oculi sunt in amore duces*, and we now teach them that, at the expense of a neat foot, they must not injure their eyesight."

THE English Stamp Office accounts for 1869 show that in that year twenty probates of wills or letters of administration were stamped as passing personal property exceeding a quarter of million. Five of these probates had a stamp of \$18,750; five had a stamp of \$22,500; three had a stamp of \$26,250; one administration had a stamp of \$28,125; one probate a stamp of \$37,500; one a stamp of \$45,000; one a stamp of \$52,500; one a stamp of \$60,000; one a stamp of \$67,500; and one, the will of a millionaire, had a stamp of \$105,000.

WE commend the following poem to our readers. We trust the lesson it teaches will be impressed on every heart:—

THE TALKER.

BY MRS. T. I. CRAM.

I SAT amid a merry throng,
I saw the dance and heard the song,
Gazed on dark braids of shining hair,
And ringlets such as maidens wear,
Whose cheeks are like some luscious peach,
That only one can hope to reach.
Methought that angels must be near
Until a whisper caught my ear,
And many thronged around to sip
That poison from a woman's lip;
A woman who with sneer and smile
Was telling of some maiden's guile,
A thoughtless girl who might have been
Nearer the seeming than the sin,
And surely could not be more vile
Than those who at her fall could smile.
I blushed a crimson blush of shame
To hear an absent maiden's name
Stained, spotted, ruined, and reviled
By one who had herself a child.
I knew effect must follow cause,
That Retribution works by laws,
And saw far off in future years
That mother weeping bitter tears,
Receiving back the wounds she gave
With a lost child God would not save.

Oh woman! men were there that night
Who listened till their eyes grew bright,
Whilst thou wert telling of her shame
Who like thee bears a woman's name.
They heard thy story and their sneer
Was not for only one I fear;
We're flesh of flesh and bone of bone,
Shame cannot rest on one alone;
The shadows that on one head fall
Must for a season darken all,
And he, indeed, is tempest tost
Whose faith in womankind is lost;
When all his hopes of her are dust,
In God he sometimes loses trust,
And from the right path wanders far,
While clouds obscure his guiding star.

O let us of those gone astray
Speak only when we kneel and pray
To Him who can absolve their guilt,
And in the crimson that He spilt,
Can make like snow their scarlet stains,
While precious blood enough remains
To cleanse the hearts of even those
Who are all women's bitter foes—
The talkers who can sneer and smile
At sin, impurity, and guile,
And tell to careless ears a tale
Of sins that made the angels wail.

A PROFESSOR of logic at the University of Edinburgh once asked a pupil, while illustrating some self-evident proposition, "Can a man see without eyes?"

"Certainly," said the pupil.

"How, sir?" cried the enraged professor. "Pray, sir, how do you make that out?"

"He can see with one, sir," replied the pupil.

The late Peter Cute, Esq., was once called upon by two young men for professional assistance.

One of them commenced: "Mr. Cute, our father died and made a will."

"Is it possible? I never heard of such a thing," answered Mr. Cute.

"I thought it happened every day," said the young man.

"It's the first case of the kind," answered Mr. Cute.

"Well," said the young man, "if there is to be any difficulty about it, we had better give you a fee to attend to the business."

The fee was given, and then Mr. Cute observed: "Oh! I think I know what you mean. You mean that your father made a will and died. Yes, yes, that must be it, that must be it." But he took the fee, nevertheless.

AN AIR OF GREAT IMPORTANCE.—The breath of life.

A good idea from the London *Queen* newspaper:—

"'Cleanliness is next to godliness' is an old saying of such authority and repute among us that many people in repeating it imagine themselves to be employing at least one of the proverbial expressions of the wisest of kings. But though no such expression is recorded among the sayings of Solomon, nor at all in the pages of Holy Writ, the truth of the exceeding importance of cleanliness is preached to us by every fact of the great laws of nature. Clean food, clean water, clean air, cleanliness of person and clothing—all these are imperative if we would keep in health and fitness for work the wonderful bodily frames, the 'houses in which we live.'

"But cleanliness is to the poor a species of luxury. Indeed, cleanliness, as we now understand the word, is a very modern idea. The 'tubbing and scrubbing' of the present day were quite unknown to our not very remote ancestors, and the virtues of soap and water were not appreciated a hundred years ago as they now are. What the upper and middle classes have so recently learnt has not had time yet to creep down into the lower strata of society; and, where any correct notions on the subject of washing have become implanted among the poor, the difficulties of carrying out various processes of cleansing are found to be very great.

"With a view of helping the poor in the matter of cleanliness, a very interesting movement has been set on foot by the committee who have the management of the Discharged Female Prisoners' Aid Society. The women, who on leaving prison are desirous of being helped towards a new life, are taken hold of by this society, which finds work for them, and assists them to keep their good resolutions.

"The washing of clothing is an employment carried on in many reformatories—in fact, the money gained by such labor helps to maintain many of them. But most of the washing done is that of respectable families and of institutions who can afford to pay a proper price for the work that is done, and who send good articles to be washed. It is an entirely new idea to establish a place where washing for the poor can be carried on, and where the work of the women, who are on their probation, to see how they will do if they are once more restored to ordinary life, is utilised in helping the poor.

"Such a work has, however, been begun, and has been for some time carried on successfully. One last point we must notice, and that is that the washing for the poor, though done at a very cheap rate, is yet paid for by the poor themselves, so that the help given is not of a character to pauperise its recipients."

A TERRIBLE SITUATION.—The beauties of India.

The writer of a letter from India says:—

"I have a terrible tale to tell you of an encounter by a lady with a Korait. Only a few days ago one of the railway engineers living out in the district had occasion to cross some flooded lands near to his bungalow, and for this purpose he constructed a raft. His wife made the journey with him, and, while making the return trip, some natives who were in the water cried *samp*, but nothing was thought of this. Upon arriving at the bungalow, however, Mrs. T. saw the tail of a Korait at her wrist, the body being concealed up her sleeve; in an instant the tail was also drawn up. Not a moment was to be lost, so the lady seized the head of the snake through the dress, while her husband cut away the material of which it was composed. Mrs. T. then pulled the snake away, but somehow it managed to get round her waist, from whence she shook it to the ground. But what horror must have filled her mind when she found her wrist was bleeding! Had the fatal poison been received? If so, how long was there to live! Ammonia was taken freely with other restoratives, when it was discovered by the native doctor that the blood did not proceed from a bite, but from a small wound from some sharp instrument, which was probably inflicted whilst cutting the dress away in the first instance. The shock must have been great, indeed, but nevertheless, I am informed, the lady did not lose her presence of mind. The snake was found to be two feet six inches in length."

DOUBTFUL.—Whether a rose by any other name would smell as "wheat?"

We give a translation of the French national hymn:—

THE MARSEILLAISE

Wake, Parisians, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries. [Repeat.]
Shall fell intruders, mischief breeding,
With armed hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On Liberty or death! [Repeat last two lines.]
O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can base Oppression e're confine thee,
Or despot laws thy spirit tame?
Or threats thy noble spirit tame?
Too long has Gallia wept, bewailing
The savage power her rulers wield!
But Freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing!
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On Liberty or death! [Repeat as before.]

And here is the German war hymn, "Die wacht am Rhein!"—

WHO'LL GUARD THE RHINE?

A cry ascends, like thunder crash,
Like ocean's roar, like sabre clash:
"Who'll guard the Rhine, the German Rhine?
To whom shall we the task assign?"
Dear Fatherland, no fear be thine,
Firm stand thy sons to guard the Rhine.

From mouth to mouth the word goes round,
With gleaming eyes we greet the sound;
And old and young we join the band
That flies to guard thy sacred strand.
Dear Fatherland, etc.

And tho' grim death should lay me low,
No prey wouldst thou be to the foe;
For rich as thy resistless flood
Is Germany in heroes' blood.
Dear Fatherland, etc.

To Heaven we solemnly appeal,
And swear, inflamed by warlike zeal:
"Thou Rhine, for all their flippant jests,
Shall still be German, as our breasts."
Dear Fatherland, etc.

"While there's a drop of blood to run,
While there's an arm to bear a gun,
While there's a hand to wield the sword,
No foe shall dare thy stream to ford."
Dear Fatherland, etc.

The oath is sworn—the masses surge,
The flags wave proudly—on we urge;
And all with heart and soul combine
To guard the Rhine, our German Rhine.
Dear Fatherland, etc.

"In Indiana a Quaker maiden, who had reached the age of sixty, accepted a matrimonial offer from a man who belonged to the 'world's people' and the Presbyterian Church, and began to prepare for her wedding. As usual a delegation of Friends from her meeting waited on her, and remonstrated with her for marrying out of meeting. The bride elect heard the visitors patiently, and said: 'Look here! I've been waiting just sixty years for the meeting to marry me, and, if the meeting don't want me to marry out of it, why don't the meeting bring along its boys?' That seemed to settle the matter."

Like the maiden lady who, having heard a person quote, "Man proposes," etc., said she never heard a man propose.

THE importance of a comma was recently shown in a return received from the chief constable of Denbigh, England, by the parish authorities, which contained the dismissal of one of their police officers, whose crime was stated to be, "For attempting to marry his wife, being alive."

THE LAUGHING JACKASS of Australia is one of the largest of the group of which our beautiful little kingfisher is the sole English representative; it is the *Dacelo gigas* of naturalists. The absurd name given by the colonists to this bird seems to have arisen from some such feeling of amused annoyance as occasionally leads them to apply the same epithet to a man indulging habitually in ill-timed levity. Towards the close of the day three or four of these birds get together somewhere in the large trees, and after a little of apparently quiet chat, one, who may be supposed to be relating some ridiculous story of an absent friend, bursts out into a loud, hearty, rather ill-bred laugh, inasmuch as there is obviously not the slightest consideration for the feelings of whoever the laugh may be against; the second, third, and fourth, if so many, join one after another, like a catch, as if each found it impossible to resist the absurdity of the joke, the first one laughing on until apparently quite exhausted, and then just as all seems quiet, bursting out afresh, which sets the others off again with such an effect of jolly, hearty abandon, that it is impossible for any one hearing them to help joining in the chorus. "I know nothing more contagious," says a practical Australian Naturalist, "than the unconstrained laughter of such a party, and can readily sympathize with the pleasure felt by most people in the bush in hearing them at sunrise and sunset." The above popular name is rather objectionable, however, as liable to mislead foreigners touching the nature of the creature in a way of which I remember an example, which I doubt the propriety of repeating unless your readers will keep it a secret. In the good old times, two travellers, relating their dangers during a journey in West Australia (not inhabited by these birds), where they suffered great hardships, ended their narrative on reaching the settlements of Southern Australia with the expression of the sense of comfort and enjoyment with which the evening passed, after due refreshment, "listening to the laughing jackass." The German editor of a well-known geographical journal, translating this account, gives the epithet with inverted commas, and the remark in a foot-note that "some political allusion is probably intended here, as we believe the quadruped has not been introduced into Australia." The laughing jackass, or great brown kingfisher, as some writers call it, is the giant of the whole family. It is to be found commonly in the timbered brushes bordering the coast from Brighton round into Gipps Land, picking up small crabs from the sea-shore, as well as lizards, large insects, and very often snakes, which it catches skilfully by the back of the neck, and may be seen beating the head smartly against the branch of a tree to kill them before swallowing them head foremost. When the prey is too large, it is torn into pieces which are thrown up and swallowed. The white eggs are laid in September, in hollow gum trees.

POLITE.—A Parisian play-writer meets a critic on the street, and "interviews" him on the subject of several harsh criticisms he has written on a piece of his. "Sir, you are condemning my play in unmeasured terms, while you yourself would not be able to write a single scene of it." "Excuse me, sir," replied the polite critic, with an urbane smile, "but a jury, sitting in judgment on an offender, is not exactly required to have committed the crime the accused is being tried for."

WHERE IS THE DIFFERENCE?

The king can drink his glass of wine,
And so can I;
He has enough when he would dine,
And so have I;
Then what's the difference, let me see,
Betwixt my lord the king and me?

"As the Empress Eugenie is the acknowledged leader of fashion, we may shortly expect something stylish in the way of travelling-dresses."

Perhaps she will introduce "Taking French leave" and "Walking Spanish."

"Most of the sickness at the watering places is said to be caused by drinking bad water." So an exchange says. We always supposed bad liquor was the cause.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.—The following interesting narrative, which appeared in a letter from Saarbrück, was written by the *Daily News* correspondent the day before the French occupied that town:—

"A young and thriving merchant of Saarlouis was to have been married at Saarlouis to a young lady from Schleiz on the 16th of July. On that morning came the telegraphic order of mobilisation. The train carried off the bridegroom a quarter of an hour before the time fixed for the marriage. He, like thousands of other men of an equally good position in life, took his place as a private in his regiment—the 40th Hohenzollerns—and cheerfully arranged with his bride that the marriage should take place as soon as his battalion reached Saarbrück. He would then go off to the war and she would return, as his wife, to her home. The bride came yesterday with her brother to Saarbrück. I had the pleasure of walking up with them this afternoon to watch the battalion in which the bridegroom was to appear pass from the high road into the bivouac-field. The bridegroom, who was there in the thick of the helmeted stream, ran from the ranks, and kissed his bride with German fervor. The men marching past looked at them with sympathetic admiration, but with no sign of wonder, much less of coarse derision. Then the bridegroom ran on to the place he had left, and the bride went to an officer and begged a few hours leave for her bridegroom, that they might be married. The officer, of course, was only too glad to listen to such a request from the lips of such an applicant, and escorted the bride to the colonel of the regiment, from whom leave had to be obtained. We saw the bride with dark eyes more expressive than ever, and a shadow of apprehension over her broad forehead—not too German for perfect beauty—repeating her request to the colonel and winning from his lips of discipline the gentlest answer. The bridegroom was sent off on leave till mid-day to-morrow. The marriage will be a few hours earlier. I do not think that any Englishman could have witnessed the scene without the thought crossing him that it implied such a society in the army and such a noble simplicity of life as we in England have not yet learnt even to aspire to. How extraordinary, how *outré* would it seem in England if we were told that a gentleman serving as a private in the army ran from the ranks and kissed his bride, and then that the bride went up before half the regiment to the officers and made the request which I have recorded! And what would be the behavior of the men who saw it take place! If it excited admiration it would be for the singularity and novelty of the thing; in Germany it was perfectly natural, and I mention it not because it was singular, but the reverse; because it caused no surprise and no embarrassment to any one; because it shows what is the tone of the German army in which men of all ranks serve side by side, and how simple and natural society is in comparison to everything that we are accustomed to in England. To assure you that this is no romance, I give, with the approbation of the bride and bridegroom, the names of both. The bride is *Fraulein Angelica Hennig*, born in Schleiz, in Central Germany; the bridegroom, *Herr August Britz*, born in Saarlouis."

On the first floor of a house in the rue St. André des Arts has been in existence for some time past a gambling establishment, known by the title of "The Society of Fat Butchers." It consisted of a room unable to contain more than fifteen victims at the same time, and as the door was kept hermetically closed, when once filled with pigeons, all future ingress was out of the question. To attempt any direct descent would be useless, and therefore the police resorted to stratagem. Several agents having laid aside their uniforms, and those cockiest of all cocked hats which they are accustomed to wear, proceeded to the house disguised in painters' white blouses and caps, with ladders on their shoulders. Nothing had been neglected to secure success; their blouses and their faces were bespattered with paint. Following them at a short distance were other agents in all the panoply of glorious *prefecture*. Four of the advanced guard placed their ladders against the house, prepared their paint pots, and jumped into the room by the window. The rest rushed to the door to prevent egress, while the *chef de paix* and his officers enter,

while the others seized and rolled up the *tapis vert*, and with it the stakes. The interruption was so sudden that the "Greeks" and a gambling concern were made prisoners before they recovered from their surprise. As usual, the pigeons were chiefly students and small shopkeepers.

A FAINT attempt to do what Philadelphia did during the whole of the war:—

"An interesting incident took place at Nancy a few days ago. I have already spoken to you of the good cheer provided for the soldiers by the ladies of the neighborhood at the various railway stations of Lorraine and Alsatia. A similar thing was done at Nancy by two gentlemen, who kept a permanent buffet at the station, profusely laden with bread, soup, meat, wine, and coffee. Numbers of people brought contributions to the hospitable table, and the soldiers regaled at it were more numerous still, and it was hinted by one of the purveyors to the peasant vine growers near that a barrel of wine would be most acceptable. The next morning there appeared in Nancy, from a village three leagues off, a procession of six wagons, gayly adorned with flags and green boughs, each containing a barrel painted red, white, and blue, and inscribed with the words, 'To the French army, from the village of Neuves-Maisons.' The village musicians headed the cortege, and it was vociferously escorted by a whole troop of peasants. Of course, the tricolor barrels were full of wine, and no sooner had they been joyously carried into the station than a train full of soldiers was signalled, and the peasants were the first cup-bearers, delighted at the opportunity of tapping the butts themselves. The vine growers of Navarre have sent a large present of wine for the wounded of the French army, chosen from their best vintages."

"Some very touching incidents, and others with a dash of the comic in them, take place at the enlistment office. On Thursday a gentleman went there to enter his son's name as volunteer, and, giving his age at less than seventeen, was told that it was impossible that the young man should enter the army. Then put forty-three,' said the gentleman, after a few moments' pause; 'I will go myself.' Another man enlists so as to be with his son, who, the mother deplures, is going off without a friend near him. A few days ago a young man drove up to the door in a dashing brougham, and when he emerged from the office again, a soldier in the French army, his coachman respectfully asked him what M. le Comte had come there for. 'Mais, pour m'engager, Joseph.' Then Joseph would enlist too, and next week master and servant will go off together. A retired captain of seventy-eight years of age, now mayor of a little place near Paris, has gone off to the army with two old farmers of his, both *Zouaves* years ago. Another old soldier, born in 1798, has engaged himself in the line. M. Clessinger, the famous sculptor, whose position and age well entitle him to repose, has engaged himself in the cuirassiers; and the Marquis de Caudeval, wishing to join his son, who is now in the army of the Rhine, offered himself as volunteer, and had his demand rejected. The brave old nobleman was over eighty."

A FRIEND of mine has just told me that a friend of his, a curé, eighty years of age, cured himself yesterday, down south, of an apoplectic fit in the neatest manner possible. Being suddenly seized with apoplexy, he fell head foremost against the grate; the blood flew about in torrents, and when the doctor arrived and bound up his head, the reverend gentleman was as right as a trivet. It is evident that a knuckle duster skillfully used would be an A No. 1 remedy for apoplexy.

"THE Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry recently wrote from Dalketh to order some wire fencing, signing his letter, as is customary with peers, with his title, 'Buccleuch & Queensberry.' The manufacturer, in happy ignorance that his correspondent was a peer, or perhaps with malicious intent to cast ridicule upon his grace, addressed him in reply as 'Messrs. Buccleuch & Queensberry, Dalketh.'"

We rather doubt the above, for two reasons. One is that no Englishman, with malicious intent, would so write to a nobleman. There is too much awe for nobility, and the second is that he would not like to lose the trade.

THE following article we have taken from an exchange—*Summit Times*, published at Summit, Miss. We have only to say that it is the best specimen of a puff of the LADY'S BOOK that we have seen for some time:—

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A LOCOMOTIVE INSURANCE AGENT.—Yesterday there came to our front door, first a gentle tapping, then a loud knocking.

"Come in!" we yelled at the top of our lungs. But louder grew the knocking, and nary "Come in."

We yelled again, and came very near splitting our throats in the last effort.

But still the knocking grew louder and yet more loud.

At last we sent forward the Devil, that imp of perdition and of daring, to reconnoitre the front, and if possible save the door from demolition.

He—the Devil we mean—returned, vigorously pursued by a stout and intensely earnest middle-aged gentleman, who looked like he had been gotten up for a fierce theological slangwanger.

We knew, from the solemnity of his frontispiece, and the huge bundle of papers under his arm, that he had important business with us. We could already see a monster "job" in him, and caught ourselves wondering whether it was a sermon, a controversy, a tract, or a tremendous "ad." he wanted us to print.

However, we were not kept in suspense long, for he immediately launched into the very heart of his subject, without preface or interlude, and startled us with the sudden declaration:—

"Sir," said he, "I am an insurance agent!"

"The deuce you are?"

"Yes, sir; and I want to insure your life. I represent the Carolina Company. I consider it everybody's duty to insure his life. Think, if you please, what it is to leave a family unprovided for—how easy it is to guarantee them against want—how!"

"Stop! stop! my dear sir, stop! For Heaven's sake, stop! We have heard it before—have heard it numerously. You are about to waste a deluge of arguments. We are already insured."

"You are, hey? Well, then, perhaps you'd like to increase your policy. I represent the best company in existence—never has been anything like it—combines all the advantages of all the companies in vogue, with the defects of none of them. A perfect!"

"Well, sir, if you will give us a chance to edge in a word, we would like to invite you to take a seat."

"No! haven't time to sit—in too big a hurry—got to traverse this whole town to-day. Will you allow me to call your attention to our premium rates, and to explain by actual figures? Here, you will observe!"

"Pardon us for interrupting you, but really we don't know anything about figures—don't deal in them—not in our line—and—don't wish to insure."

"Well, sir, I am agent for several periodicals, and if you don't want to insure, perhaps you'd like to subscribe for GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK—an excellent work—just the thing for your wife—superb fashion plates—excellent stories—valuable receipts—only 48—worth five times the price. Here is the Book. Will you look at it?"

"Yes, if you insist on it, we will look at it, but we think we have seen it before."

"Very likely you have seen it. It is a periodical, permit me to assure you, sir, which has a very wide spread circulation." [At this point both arms were extended to their utmost reach, to the imminent peril of our capcase.] "Shall I put you down for Godey?"

"Do you say the book has pictures in it?"

"Yes."

"And stories?"

"Yes."

"And fashions?"

"Yes."

"And receipts?"

"Yes."

"And comes every month?"

"Yes."

"And that three dollars will pay for a whole year?"

"Yes. What name shall I put down?"

"Are you sure that our better halves will be pleased with it?"

"Perfectly sure. In fact, there can be no possible shadow of doubt about that."

"Is it an old book?"

"Yes—has been published for forty years by the veteran L. A. Godey, who is universally acknowledged to be the greatest and the handsomest ladies' old man in Christendom. What name?"

"Haven't got the stamps about our clothes just now."

"Well, sir, I thought I had you on GODEY; but possibly you'd prefer the *Pearl*—the *Lady's Pearl*, only 42, published at Nashville—a work I can safely recommend!"

"Nary *Pearl*."

"Won't take the *Pearl* neither! Well, then, I know you can't refuse to subscribe for the *Sabbath School Gem*. I am agent for that also. You really must allow me to make a speech in behalf of the *Sabbath School Gem*."

"Excuse us, but it is unnecessary. It would doubtless be very interesting and edifying, but the fact is, parson, you have made a mistake. This is not a bank, but a printing shop. Whoever heard of a printer having any money, or subscribing for anything, or paying out money for insurance? Why, the idea is perfectly preposterous. Look at that table. We are already receiving in exchange all the periodicals you have got, and everything else that's published. And as for insurance, no man expects to do anything in that line without advertising in our paper. There is not the ghost of a chance of your ever getting an application unless you advertise in this paper. This is a point which the intelligent agents of the New York Life, the Equitable, the *Etna*, the St. Louis Mutual, etc., have long since learned, and they advertise freely in the *Times*. Can't do a thing without it."

This speech was executed on our part with such fearful rapidity that our locomotive agent, notwithstanding repeated efforts to do so, was totally unable to put in. At the emphatic conclusion of it he presented the appearance of a man who committed a large-sized *faux pas*. Gathering up his documents, he gravely said:—

"I believe I am detaining you from your work, and I'll leave. Good-morning!"

SENTIMENTS AS REGARD PRECIOUS STONES.—All precious stones were considered in olden times to have the property or power of keeping off evil spirits. The diamond, from its brilliancy, was dedicated to things celestial, considered a preservative of virtue, and supposed to be an antidote to poison, disease, &c.; as a gift, it brought strength of mind and fortitude to the recipient. The sapphire lost its lustre—as all stones were supposed to do—when worn by a person of impure mind; it was a special preservative against venomous reptiles. The ruby was said to give warning of coming misfortune by becoming darker, and returning to its original brightness when the danger was over; it was looked upon as a preservative from illness, and banished bad thoughts. The turquoise was the emblem of hope and trust.

LONG AND SHORT DAYS.—The further any country lies north, the longer are its days in summer, and the shorter in winter. At Berlin and London the longest day has sixteen hours and a half; at Stockholm it has eighteen hours and a half; at Hamburg seventeen hours, and the shortest seven; at Petersburg the longest day has nineteen, and the shortest five hours; at Tornea, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half, and the shortest two hours and a half; at Wædherhus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 22d of July; and at Spitzbergen the longest day is three months and a half.

POSTAGE ON THE LADY'S BOOK, 24 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly in advance, at the post-office where the Book is received.

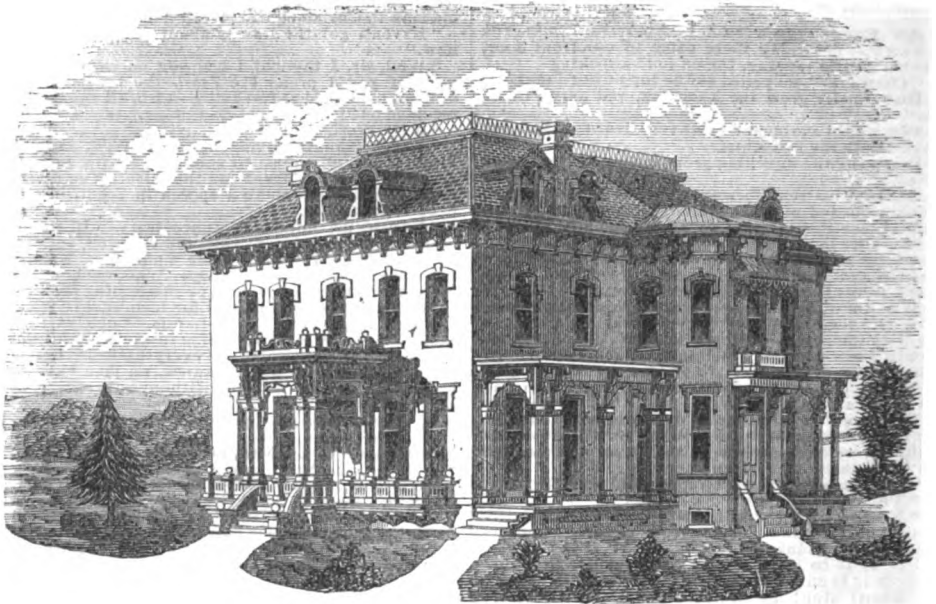
News-dealers may receive their packages at the same rates, that is, 2 cents for each copy of the magazine, and may pay separately for each package as received.

WHY are good resolutions like fainting ladies? Because they want carrying out.

Why do the recriminations of married couples resemble the sound of waves on the shore? Because they are murmurs of the tide.

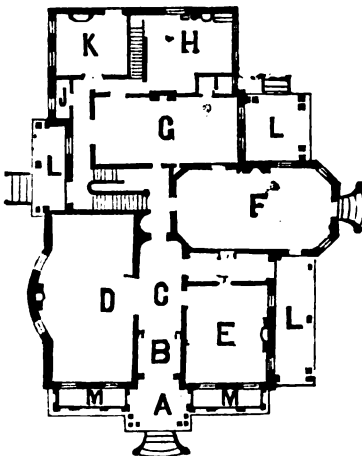
A MODEL RESIDENCE.

Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street, formerly 486 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.



In presenting the above design, it will only be necessary to state that it was built for Mr. O. S. Kauffman, of Columbia, Pennsylvania. He had the building nearly completed, and it was burnt down and rebuilt by the same plans without alteration, showing clearly that it was fully satisfactory to the owner. We can say further, that no case has yet occurred where our designs were burned that the building was not rebuilt upon the same plan unaltered.

Ground Plan.—A front porch; B vestibule, 8 by 8 feet; C hall, 8 feet wide; D parlor, 16 by 31 feet; E sitting-room, 16 by 18 feet; F library, 15 by 23 feet;



G dining-room, 14 by 29 feet; H kitchen, 16 by 20 feet; I pantry; K wash-room, 12 by 14 feet; L porches; M balconies.

Builders and others furnished with our complete blank forms of specifications and bills of quantities upon the receipt of \$2.

ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING DAY.—The first Thanksgiving on record—since the Feasts of Tabernacles, for those were the Thanksgivings of the Jews—was ordered by the Governor of Massachusetts in the year 1621, December 11, during the first year of the forefathers' life in the colony. It was just after the harvest had been gathered in, and the good old Governor ordered four of the men to go "fowling," to add to the quality of the feast, and it is most probable that the native wild turkey furnished forth the first Thanksgiving dinner, as his tame descendant continues to do the later ones.

But the annual Thanksgiving did not begin until the year 1623, at the time the fear of starvation was before the eyes of the settlers, and the "Chronicles of Massachusetts" gives this account of its origin:—

"As the winter came on, provisions began to be very scarce, and people were necessitated to live upon clams, muscles, groundnuts, and acorns, and those got with difficulty in winter time. Upon which people were very much tried and discouraged, especially when they heard that the Governor himself had the last batch of bread in the oven; and everywhere the fear of the people that Mr. Pearce, who was sent to Ireland to fetch provisions, was cast away or taken by pirates. But God, who delights to appear in great straits, did work marvelously at this time; for, before the very day appointed to seek the Lord by fasting and prayer, about the month of February, in comes Mr. Pearce laden with provisions. Upon this occasion the day of fast was changed, and ordered to be kept as a day of Thanksgiving, and the provisions were, by the Governor's hand, distributed to the people."

THE literary department of GODEY is by no means neglected, the editors striving evidently to cultivate the minds as well as gratify the tastes of their readers. The stories are well written, and the hints on domestic management eminently useful.—*Tribune*, Gloucester, Mass.

WHY ought we to have dates at our fingers' ends? Because they grow upon the palm.

THE game of croquet, although in some respects new, is little more than an old game revived. It used to be played by the ancient Gauls so universally that the greater portion of the promenades adjoining large towns consisted each of a long alley called the *mail*—the name of the game being *jeu de mail*. The latter French received it from their ancestors, the Gauls, and it was introduced into England under Charles II., at the time of the Restoration, after his return from his sojourn in France. The long avenue in front of Buckingham Palace, called the "Mail," or "Mail," derived its name from this game, which was played there.

WE cannot commend the LADY'S BOOK too highly for home and fireside perusal. The wide variety of matter it contains, and the pure and unexceptionable character, makes this publication well worthy its high reputation, its long and useful career, and the extensive patronage it receives.—*News*, North Adams, Mass.

OCCUPATION OF CHILDREN.—The habits of children prove that occupation is a necessity with most of them. They love to be busy, even about nothing, and still more to be usefully employed. Children should be encouraged, or if indolently disinclined to it, should be disciplined in performing for themselves every little office relative to their own toilet which they are capable of performing. They should also keep their own clothes and other possessions in neat order, and fetch for themselves whatever they want; in short, they should learn to be as independent of the services of others as possible, fitting them alike to make good use of prosperity, and to meet with fortitude any reverse of fortune that may befall them.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Address "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Miss C. F.—Sent pattern August 25th.
Mrs. S. T. J.—Sent articles by express 27th.
Mrs. L. P. M.—Sent pattern 27th.
Miss S. W.—Sent rubber gloves 27th.
Mrs. C. M.—Sent box by express September 5th.
F. M. B.—Sent pattern 5th.
Mrs. F. C. D.—Sent pattern 7th.
Mrs. A. B. A.—Sent pattern 12th.
C. R. L.—Sent articles by express 12th.
Miss E. S. R.—Sent articles 14th.
Mrs. I. O.—Sent pattern 15th.
Mrs. E. S.—Sent hair work by express 15th.
G. W. A.—Sent articles 16th.
Mrs. M. G.—Sent ohignon, 19th.
Mrs. L. T. D.—Sent patterns 20th.
Mrs. A. K. O.—Sent curls 20th.
Mrs. E. C.—Sent pattern 20th.

Miss A. C. T.—If it is simply a call, you should not leave; if, after a few moments, you should find it is on business, then it is your duty to leave.

Sunburn.—There is no remedy, except keeping out of the sun and air, rather than which you had better be sunburnt.

Etiquette.—Finger-glasses are brought on with the dearest.

Zulica.—To your first question, time is the only remedy. 2d. Reading and a flow of language. 3d. Very fair.

M. O. L.—Whatever is in season, the best you can get, and plenty of it. Get "Mrs. Hale's Cook Book."

Sarah Moore.—No. The secret is well guarded. We believe it is done with a particular kind of iron, but are not certain; at least, we have not seen any such iron advertised.

Charlie.—The superstition connected with exchanging locks of hair is that one of the parties will die within the year. The reason probably is because

a lock of hair is often given as a *souvenir* of the dead.

Minnie.—Nature, we believe, does it; we can't give any receipt. Thousands are advertised, and there is no dependence on any of them. 2. Tooth powder. Charcoal dentifrice is about the best.

Miss F. M. S.—We have published those receipts several times, and the one for sponge cake very recently. If a subscriber, you must have seen them. You wished an answer by return mail, but you sent no stamp.

Katie.—We acknowledge your kind compliment to the LADY'S BOOK. We should say you were very credulous if you suppose that any person could tell your character by your handwriting. If we were to see you personally, we could give a guess at it.

Pattie.—The tin wedding is the tenth anniversary. Melchior.—The host first, the hostess last.

Myrtle.—On the right arm.

One Desirous of Knowing.—1. We are unable to give an answer at this time to your first question; will reply again. 2. Lieut. Paul Jones ran up the American ensign—a pine tree and a rattlesnake coiled at its base—on the *Alfred*, a thirty gun vessel, in Dec., 1775. But by an act, passed June 14, 1777, the flag of the United States was to be hereafter thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and the Union thirteen stars, white in blue field, which flag he had the honor to be the first to introduce to the Old World. 3. We do not believe there is a cure; there is no such thing as the "Mad Stone," possessing the power ascribed to it.

Miss M. H.—If not expressed on your invitation, you are simply invited to the reception.

A. B.—We do not insert matrimonial advertisements; we consider them degrading.

A Student.—"Ollendorp's Method of Learning French" is as good a book as you can have.

M. M. M.—Our fashion editress can furnish you with the materials for making wax flowers.

A Widow.—We cannot procure you copying. We are frequently asked this question, and we do not know the meaning of it. Who furnishes articles to copy?

A Young Lady.—Better grow gray; we cannot recommend hair dye.

Troublesome.—If you go to a jeweller's, you will get your ears pierced with very little pain; the secret of their healing quickly is to wear wires only of the best gold for some weeks previous to putting in ear-rings of too heavy or impure material.

Ethel.—We never advise in such matters; consult your physician.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

The Publisher of the LADY'S BOOK has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the LADY'S BOOK, the Fashion Editor does not know.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Suit of gray silk poplin, made with one

skirt, the lower part trimmed with one ruffle, headed by a band of the silk. It has revers at the side, trimmed with brown velvet, which is also crossed on what appears like an opening. The front breadth is trimmed to simulate an apron with narrow velvet and fringe. Polonaise made deep in the back, and trimmed to correspond. Gray velvet bonnet, trimmed with brown velvet flowers and feather.

Fig. 2.—Evening-dress of lilac silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with one ruffle, headed by a band and quilling of darker silk; the upper skirt trimmed with fringe and bands of silk, and is looped up by a band and bow of the silk. Low square corsage; short sleeves; bow with long ends, trimmed with fringe on left shoulder. Hair arranged in puffs, with velvet and flowers in the front.

Fig. 3.—Dinner-dress of black silk, made court train, with an underskirt of cherry-colored silk, trimmed with small ruffles. The black silk dress is trimmed with quillings and narrow cherry-colored velvet. Corsage made with pointed basque, heart-shaped in front; elbow sleeves. The waist and sleeves are trimmed to correspond with skirt.

Fig. 4.—House-dress of green serge, made with one skirt, trimmed with velvet bands on the skirt, and bows up the front. Corsage with basque in the back, plain in front, trimmed with velvet. Coat sleeves, trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 5.—Dress of purple silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with pointed ruffle, edged with lace; the upper one cut in points, and trimmed to correspond. Purple velvet cloak, trimmed with fringe and satin quillings; hanging sleeves, with tight sleeves underneath. Purple velvet bonnet, trimmed with velvet flowers; velvet strings to tie under the chin.

Fig. 6.—Suit for girl of eight years old, made of blue serge, trimmed with quilted black velvet. The Polonaise is cut with an undervest of white, and is trimmed with black velvet. Blue felt hat, trimmed with black velvet and peacock feather.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Carriage-dress of purple and black striped velvet and satin, with the back breadths of purple satin, edged with velvet and lace. Black velvet casaque, trimmed with chenille fringe and satin bows. Purple velvet bonnet, trimmed with flowers and black lace.

Fig. 2.—Suit of brown silk poplin; the lower skirt trimmed with a side plaiting and velvet; the upper one with a narrow quilling and velvet. Short sacque, cut in bias points, and trimmed to correspond. Brown felt hat, trimmed with velvet and feather.

Fig. 3.—Blue serge walking-suit, made with one skirt, trimmed with one ruffle, headed by a fancy braid; the upperskirt and waist are in one, trimmed with a side plaiting of silk. Blue velvet hat, trimmed with white and black lace and feather.

Fig. 4.—Black cashmere walking-dress, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with narrow velvet; the upper one with fringe and a band of the same, embroidered with white. Basque waist, trimmed to correspond. Black felt hat, trimmed with black velvet and white feathers.

Fig. 5.—Suit of green and black waterproof cloth, trimmed with wide black silk braid. Waterproof hat.

Fig. 6.—Visiting-dress of maroon-colored Irish material, made with one skirt, trimmed with one

ruffle, and open at the sides, turned back *en revers*. Casaque forming an upper skirt, trimmed with the material, piped with satin. Maroon velvet hat, trimmed with feather and black lace.

Figs. 7, 8, 9, and 10 show the different modes of arranging a hair braid to form a bow to wear on the back of the head, as seen in Fig. 9.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Coiffure arranged entirely of curls; small ones commence back of the front hair, which is arranged Pompadour, and increase in length to the back.

Fig. 2.—Coiffure composed of puffs, plaits, and two long curls in back.

Fig. 3.—Lapels, made of illusion lace and satin ribbon.

Fig. 4.—Travelling costume for a girl. The material is brown cashmere, the shade known as Havana. The skirt is trimmed above the hem with two narrow black silk flounces, headed by a row of black and brown gimp. *Paletot* to match, rather long and loose in front, and slashed up to the waist at the sides; it is trimmed with black silk and gimp to match the skirt, the gimp being continued round the armholes and upon the collar.

Figs. 5 and 6.—Front and back view of sacque, made of heavy *gros grain* silk, lined with quilted satin. Trimmed with a deep side plaiting of silk, edged with a narrow fringe, and satin bows.

Fig. 7.—Cloak of black cloth for evening wear, embroidered in a pattern with gay colored silks. It is fastened in front by an ornament of colored silks, and the edge is finished with a silk fringe containing the colors of the embroidery.

Fig. 8.—The Leporello opera cloak, made of heavy, white corded silk, trimmed with fringe, and fancy braid, and ornaments.

Fig. 9.—Black velvet basque cut open in the sides and back, and trimmed with thread lace and crochet ornaments. Open sleeves, trimmed to correspond. Hood formed of lace on the back.

Fig. 10.—Black velvet sash; the edge is bound with blue satin; also a band of satin stitched on. The ends are pointed and finished with blue silk tassels.

Fig. 11.—Infant's dress of fine white spotted mull made over white silk, and trimmed with narrow rows of insertion.

Fig. 12.—Gored apron for girl from five to seven years old, made of white linen, braided and edged with a narrow lace.

Figs. 13 and 23.—Jackets and pants for boy of ten years old, made of dark blue navy cloth.

Fig. 14.—German hunting shirt, made of figured black and white percale.

Fig. 15.—Muslin shirt, to be worn over a long trained underskirt. There are strings in the back which can be fastened to form a short skirt to be worn with a walking dress.

Fig. 16.—Gentleman's cravat, made of dark blue satin.

Figs. 17, 18, and 21.—Open collar with revers, and cuff to match, made of linen with fine French embroidery. Fig. 17 shows the front, Fig. 18 the back of cuff.

Fig. 19.—Tatting.

Fig. 20.—Apron for little girl of three years old, made of fine nainsook muslin. The waist is formed of tucks both back and front; it is made with belt, and the skirt is open front, and back trimmed with a ruffle of same gathered in the centre.

Fig. 22.—*Paletot* for a girl from eight to ten years, made of heavy white cloth; faced with black velvet, and finished with a silk gimp.

Fig. 24.—Dress for little girl of gray cashmere, cut in points around the edge of skirt, and trimmed with three rows of narrow blue velvet. The waist is trimmed square in front with velvet, the lower part forming points with buttons between.

Fig. 25.—Waist for white French muslin evening dress. The trimming consists of Valenciennes lace and insertion. The skirt is trimmed to correspond.

HATS, BONNETS, ETC.

(See Engravings, Page 415.)

Fig. 1.—Hat of black velvet, trimmed with velvet, flower aigrette, and long black plume.

Fig. 2.—Hat of gray felt, trimmed with gray velvet and bunches of scarlet berries.

Fig. 3.—Black felt hat, trimmed with blue velvet and a blue and black feather.

Fig. 4.—Hat of purple velvet, trimmed with velvet of the same shade, with a narrow piping of white satin showing beyond it; purple feather.

Fig. 5.—White felt hat, trimmed with black lace, black velvet, and white velvet flowers.

Fig. 6.—Brown felt hat, with brim turned up at one side, trimmed with brown velvet and flowers.

Fig. 7.—Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with quilled lace and pink roses; spotted lace strings, fastened with a narrow velvet bow.

Fig. 8.—Maroon-colored velvet bonnet, trimmed with velvet of a lighter shade, feather, and flowers; ribbon strings fastened at one side.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

SHORT suits still continue to be the prevailing costume both for street and house, trained dresses being reserved for ceremonious occasions. The skirts of street suits are gored in front and on the sides, with the usual fullness behind, but, as previously stated, are made longer than formerly. The front of the skirt escapes the instep, while the back may touch the floor or drag an inch or more, and in some cases it is seen lying on the sidewalk more than a finger's length, a fashion far better suited for carriage costumes than for the promenade, and one that will be adopted but by a few of the ultra-fashionables. The skirt to just clear the ground will still continue in favor. An upper skirt or an over garment that has the effect of such a skirt, is imperative. The upper skirt, or the casaque, is amply draped, and consists of long straight widths gracefully caught up rather than set puffs and paniers. Most costumes are provided with two pair of sleeves; first, and always, the close coat sleeve worn for comfort, and over this the ornamental flowing sleeve, the long, open page sleeve, or the neat and stylish sabot sleeve. Two kinds of material and two shades of color enter into the arrangement of costumes. Cashmere and a new fabric, a wool and silk stuff, with crinkle like China crape, are the materials for casaques and overskirts; *gros grain* or *faille* for the skirt beneath. The overdress is sometimes darker, sometimes lighter than the underskirt. Cashmere costumes are very popular; they cost almost as much as silk, but are more durable, and if well made, quite as elegant. A new fabric is called Turkish Brilliantine; it closely resembles the beaver mohair, but is heavier and more lustrous, being as glossy as satin, and made of the purest wool. It is well calculated to take the place of silk for winter toilets. The new trimming for this kind of goods is braiding with a fine round cord, which has the effect of embroidery. A row of this trimming is arranged around the upper skirt and *paletôt*, and the edges

are finished with fringe. The front of the *paletôt* is covered with braiding. The lower skirt and sash are of *gros grain*. Such suits are very elegant in two dark shades of gray, of amber brown over chestnut, or in solid black, with insertions and edgings of guipure lace. Heavy repped silk bands of the material of the underskirt are also effective trimmings. A less expensive costume may be made by using the skirt of a former suit, either brown, gray, or maroon silk, and trimming it with three cashmere flounces of the same shade. Arrange the flounces in widely separated box plaits, and place a velvet loop, or a lengthwise band of velvet in the intervals. The casaque of cashmere should be very long, and draped high on the side. Narrow plaiting and velvet loops trim the casaque.

Although the Polonaise or casaque is the favorite, for the accommodation of those who still prefer a separate overskirt and jaunty jacket, or basque, there are numberless designs suited to every taste and style. The Theodora is graceful and stylish, with its characteristic flowing sleeves; the Serline, jaunty and coquettish; the Auren, noticeable for its quiet grace; the Fanchette, unique in its cut and arrangement; and we do not wonder that ladies deliberate so long among the endless variety of sacques, basques, jackets, *paletôts*, casaques, and basquines, when we remember that they are gradually, yet surely establishing an individuality and appropriateness in their dress which promise a complete revolution.

While we are among the wraps and outer garments, we must not forget our last year's favorite, the graceful Metternich mantle. Our old friend has reappeared in various novel and *distingué* designs, and is certainly the most appropriate style for those who do not affect close fitting garments for street wear. The Victoria is particularly striking in its appearance, and is so arranged in the back as to form an overskirt. The Marie Subach, an entirely new design, bids fair to become as distinguished as its illustrious namesake; while the Turquoise is more especially adapted to young ladies, and to be worn *en suite*. The two first mentioned styles will probably be the leading ones of the season, and are exceedingly elegant in velvet. The Marie Subach has this advantage: that it does not require any more material than a circular, and does not cut into the goods and destroy it for further use.

The woollen goods seen develop no very great novelties. All the old favorite serge, Biarritz cloth and velours, are reproduced, but with decided improvement in the fabric, as they no longer have that harsh, coarse roughness so disagreeable to the touch, but are soft, smooth, and light, forming graceful draperies like cashmere. This softness is a conspicuous feature in all new woollen goods, and is required for the voluminous draping that is seen in all costumes. Thick, soft, all wool serges, with heavy distinct twill, are brought out in dark, stylish cloth colors, olive and bottle green, maroon and leaf brown, garnet, dahlia, sea-blue, puce color, marine blue, and several shades of gray. Biarritz cloths have the reps running downwards, but are so lightly repped this season that, at a first glance, one mistakes them for *mousseline de laine*. The same range of colors seen in serges is seen in this material. A light quality of Winsey is slightly changeable, the ground being black with a shading of pansy, garnet, or green. One of the prettiest and most attractive of the materials for the season is wool *satine*, a fabric corresponding to the cotton *satine* of last season, but much softer, more beautiful, and more durable. It answers the same purpose as cashmere, but is heavier, and has more apparent

body, as well as a more smooth and satiny surface. It makes very handsome tunics or overskirts, and jackets over underskirts of silk or poplin, and is usually trimmed with fringe.

Scooth plaids and poplins are fashionable as ever, but divide honors somewhat with the black and white checks, which have been revived after a season of obscurity which has lasted several years.

A pretty stuff for children is a crape finished serge in gay Scotch plaid, and in a single bright color in broken plaids or blocks on white. In silk, *gros grain* will be more worn than satin; in fact, the *furor* for *gros grain* silks has extended to trimmings and ribbons, *gros grain* being used altogether for sashes, for looping skirts, for bows for the hair, and for flat crosscut bands for the mounting of suits and dresses. Velvet shares the honor of preference, and as before stated will be very much worn. Plush and velveteen, especially the silk faced velveteen, are fashionable materials, the plush in many instances being trimmed or mounted with velvet with excellent effect; but the most fashionable suits are made of velvet or velveteen, trimmed with ruches of silk feathered out, and put on in different shades of the color of the velvet. Brown and dark green are particularly effective trimmed in this way.

The newest gimps for forming headings have chenille introduced into them, with very soft and pretty effect. Some of them are shaded in two or three tints of the same color, and thus furnish a most charming and tasteful accessory to a fuller garniture of the material, or a neat and elegant decoration for their own, which really requires no addition. Another pretty and novel trimming is the moss galoons. They are not more than half an inch in width, are composed of cut crimped silk, cut to the surface like plush, and trim anything with smooth surface beautifully. *Crêpe* fringe is the newest and prettiest fringe used. It is quite new, and, being looped, instead of cut at the edges, does not become "fluffy" like the old style of moss fringe. Passementeries are shown for trimming velvets. A few have finely cut jets, but those sold at low prices are without. The fern leaf designs are among the prettiest. An elaborate pattern has roses with raised petals, made of the cut ends of silk. Fine hand-made passementeries look like embroidery when laid on velvet.

Large buttons for cloaks are crocheted with velvet centres. Small colored buttons for dresses measure half an inch across the disk, and have three tiny ridges of velvet in the centre, with finely crocheted border of lighter silk.

Pretty little breakfast jackets, called the *Impératrice* jackets, are simply short saques of white, blue, or scarlet wool, woven in raised loops like those in Brussels carpets. The wool is very soft, and is prettily colored. White grounds, with black or colored squares, are most admired. A rolled edge or binding forms a sort of border, and adds style to the garment.

Another effort is being made to revive the brocade worn by our grandmothers. Heavy silks and rich lustrous satins of palest shades are stamped or brocade with figures of large opening roses and clustering buds. Three of these rich and beautiful dresses, made in the antique fashion now in vogue, and trimmed with fine old lace, have been selected by ladies of taste and fashion, and it is probable that they will now be restored to favor.

In bonnets the tendency is towards the coquettish gypsy shape spoken of in our last. The hair being worn lower, the bonnet requires more depth, which is supplied by the quaint little cape or curtain. This cape is almost three inches deep, and

extends from ear to ear. It is cut bias, is plaited or gathered very full, and is sewed on below the upper edge, leaving a narrow frilled heading. Few puffed or shirred bonnets are seen. The material is laid plainly on the frame, with a double fold around the crown and along the edge as a border. They are made of velvet, royale (uneut velvet), and felt. Scarcely a vestige of satin is seen. The trimmings for velvet are scarfs of *gros grain* of lighter shades, tinted feathers, flowers, and lace. Feathers are also used on felt, but no flowers or lace. All bonnets have strings tying under the chin, made of *gros grain* ribbon or velvet from two to four inches wide. Shaded bonnets are one of the novelties; three shades of one color, either blue, green, or gray, appear in one bonnet. Sometimes the effect is given by using three different materials of the same shade, such as velvet, *gros de Londres*, and silk, or some soft crape-like fabric.

Gros de Londres, a very soft silk, with thick heavy reps like velours, is brought out for making and trimming bonnets. Fringes for bonnets of three shades match each shade of the bonnet. Feathers are also dyed to match the different tints, and are used in profusion. Ostrich feathers will be much worn. Among the fancy feathers the prettiest are large white marabouts, feecy and cloud-like, mounted with tiny birds of brilliant plumage. A great many flowers are used in conjunction with feathers, a cluster being placed at the base of two feather tips. Large many-petalled flowers, such as roses, camellias, and carnations, are most seen.

Frou Frou gauze is a new material introduced for scarf trimming and for vells. It is thin, clear grenadine, of solid color, with the threads shaded to give the effect of the crinkle of crape, though the surface remains flat. It is entwined like a scarf around royale and velvet bonnets, and hangs in a square handkerchief or streamer on the left side. This 'streamer' may be used as a veil. When the gauze is black, it has an applied border of Spanish blonde.

Black velvet bonnets are trimmed with white and black lace combined. The white lace usually of good blonde, with black thread lace over it, with the French accessories of white royale pipings and white ostrich tips; this makes an elegant bonnet. White laces are seen in navy blue, ivy green, and plum-colored velvet bonnets.

Round hats are in the English styles, with ample half high crowns, broad and flat on top, instead of peaked as they have been. The brims are either turned up at the sides, or rolled close to the crown all round. Stylish half high turbans, with closely-rolled brims, trimmed with soft China crape scarfs, were found during the summer to be so becoming to delicately oval faces that they are retained for winter, and trimmed with ostrich bands and scarfs of soft royale with slanting fringed ends. These are the most dressy hats seen. Ample sailor hats, with high crowns, are for misses and very young ladies. A novel shape among these has a rolling brim around the sailor crown. Hats are mostly of fine felt, in yellow brown and wood-tints, in deepest bottle-green, gray, and black. The trimmings are velvet and royale scarfs, twisted around the crown, and fringed streamers on the left side. Peacocks' breasts, white gulls' breasts shading into gray, short tips, and long ostrich feathers are curled over the crowns of hats. Long plumes are fastened near the back of hats, and curl toward the front. Fringes used on scarf ends are made of flossy balls and tassels, secured in intricate netted heading. Next month we hope to devote some time to children's fashions, which our space will not now permit.

FASHION.



THE END OF THE WORLD

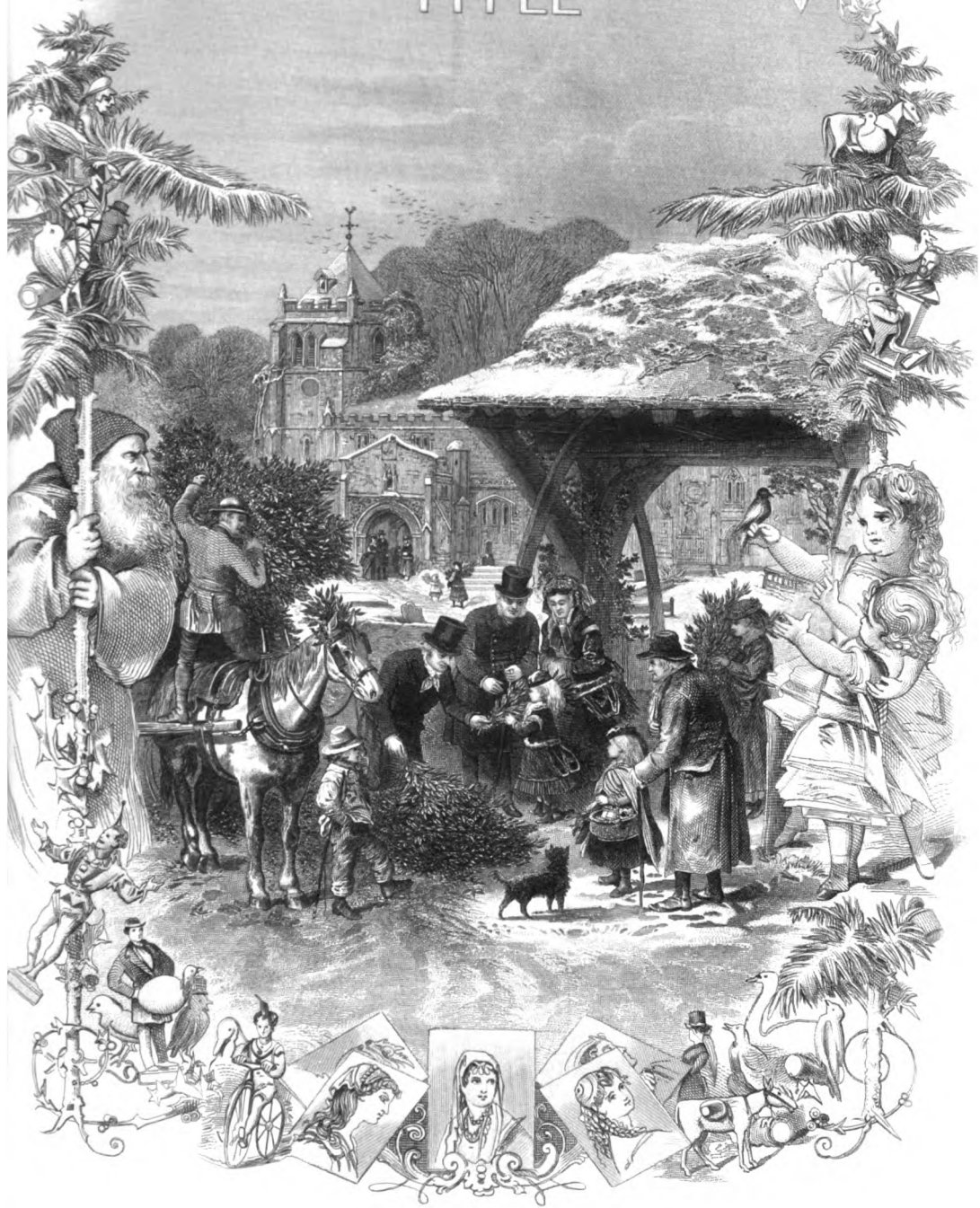




THE WOMAN IN THE WHITE DRESS

CHRISTMAS

TITLE





REMEMBER THE POOR.
CHRISTMAS, 1870.





Fig. 9.



Fig. 13.





Fig. 11



Fig. 15.

For Description of Engravings on this Sheet, see Fashion Department.



Fig. 12

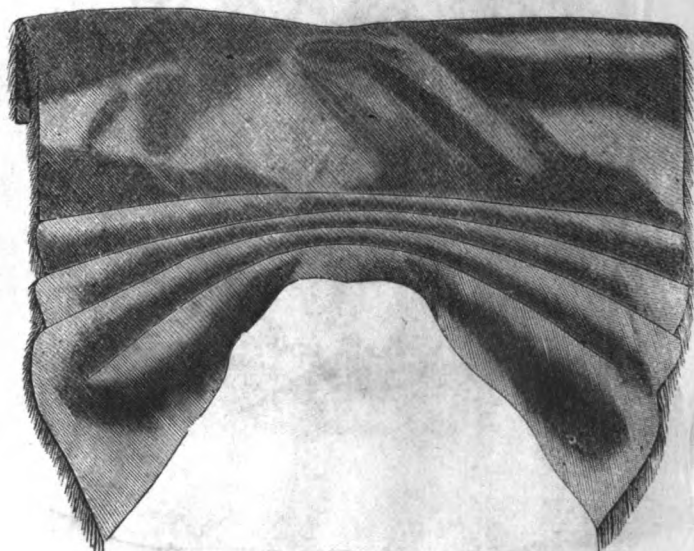


Fig. 14.



Fig. 16.



Fig. 17.



Fig. 18.



Fig 19.

CAPTAIN JINKS QUICK-STEP.

Composed and arranged for the Piano Forte.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

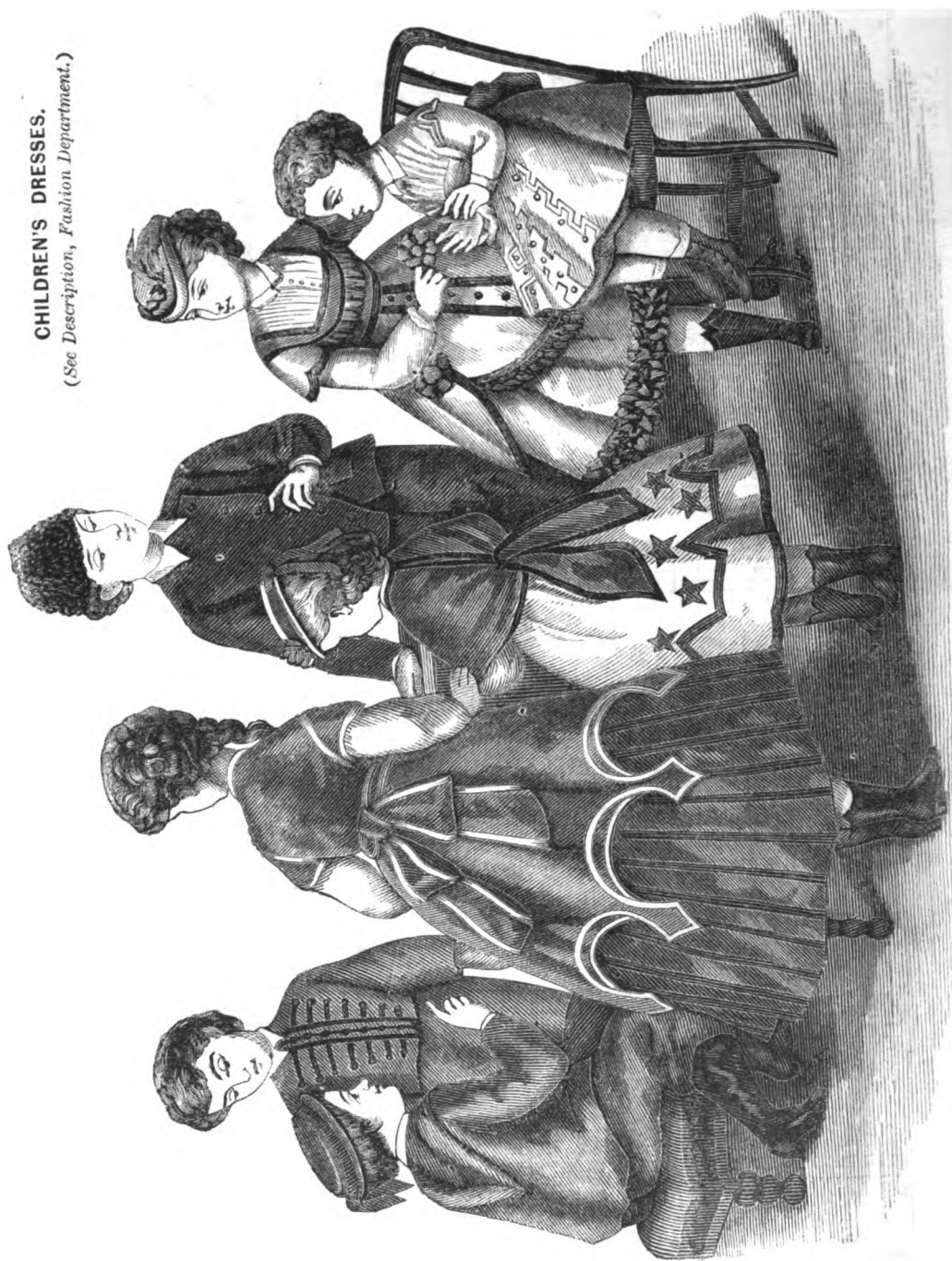
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CAPTAIN JINKS.



CHILDREN'S DRESSES.
(See Description, Fashion Department.)





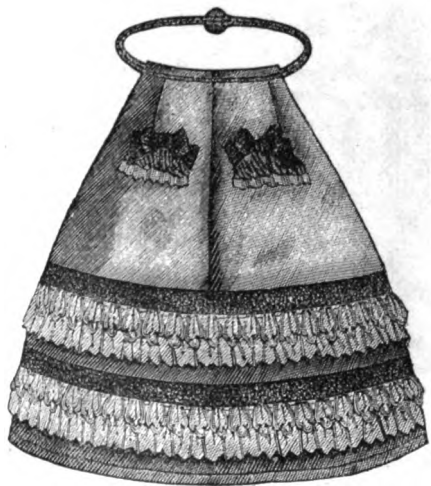
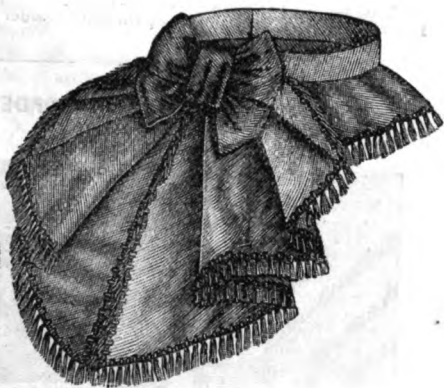
CHRISTMAS MORNING.

HOUSE DRESS.



Of garnet-colored cashmere, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with two ruffles cut in points, and headed by a quilling of the same. Overskirt open in the back, and trimmed with a plaited quilling, headed with a band of the same, plaited and fastened with rows of ribbon. Basque waist, trimmed to correspond. Coat sleeves, open at the wrist.

APRONS, ETC.
(See Description, Fashion Department.)

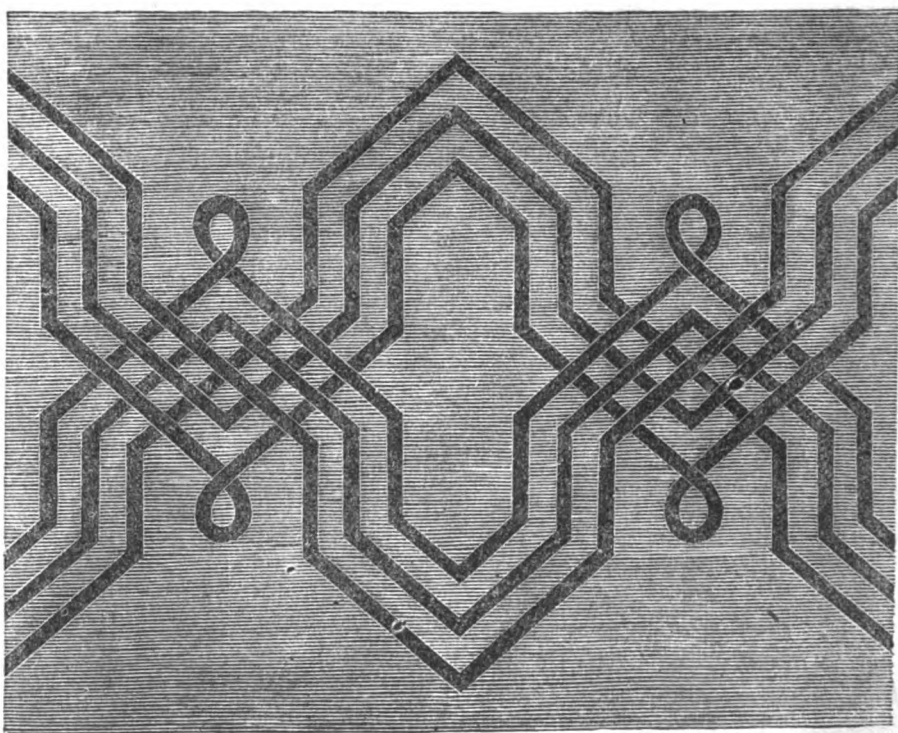


PELERINE, TRIMMED WITH ERMINE.



This pelerine is worn as a *sortie de bal*. It is made in white satin, wadded and quilted in stripes. The inner border is of Breton work; the outer border of ermine.

BORDER, BRAIDING.



This design is suitable for either jackets, cloaks, aprons, etc. It is worked in green *soutache* and gold braid, but in black and white *soutache* it would also look remarkably well.

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXXI.—NO. 486.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1870.

THE SECOND WIFE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

PART II.

"MRS. BLAIR begs to be excused. She is not well, and does not want any dinner," was the message returned when her husband sent up word that the meal was served.

Birdie had taken an early tea at her grandmother's, and Mr. Blair sat down alone, as he had often done in the days of his widowhood. In ten minutes he arose, and went to his daughter's room.

She was in bed, but wide awake, terrified at the outburst of passion she had witnessed, and in trembling suspense as to the effect upon herself of her unlucky disclosure to her father. She was a spoiled, but not a wilful child, and she burst into tears of contrition before he had uttered two sentences of his reprimand. "I know I ought not to have said it, papa. Mamma *did* scold very hard this morning because I was in such a hurry to go to grandma's that I called Katy 'a cross old snail' for not dressing me faster. But I was very naughty to behave and talk so, and I guess she isn't used to children's ways. I heard her say so once to Miss Ames when she was talking about me. And most days she is very kind, and tries to teach me how to be good. Indeed, indeed, papa, I will try to do better, and not worry her ever again," was her ready confession. She was quite willing to ask her step-mother's forgiveness, even anxious, "so that I can go to sleep comfortably, papa. I couldn't shut my eyes all night, if I knew I had to do it in the morning; for it isn't a very easy and nice thing to say, you know."

"Papa understands all about it, love. But we will do what is right, whether it is easy or not."

He thought it best to prepare his wife for the interview, lest the child should be subjected to

needless humiliation; and, bidding her lie still until he came back, he knocked at the door of his own chamber. There was no reply or sound from within, and he entered. The room was dark, and, when he turned up the gas, he saw that Susan was not there. His search became more close and earnest, when he failed to find her in the lower part of the house. In a short time he had explored every apartment and closet, and came back to his sleeping-room. As he had begun to suspect, his wife's waterproof cloak, her hat, and a walking-dress were missing, and in the corner of the mirror over her dressing-table was stuck a bit of white paper, folded once. He pulled it out.

"Mr. Blair," was written in pencil upon it, "you know why I go, and the terms upon which you can procure my return. My conscience approves of what I am doing. Can you say as much for yourself?"

It was storming hard when the master of the house stood upon the front steps, hat and overcoat on, looking up and down the street, as if the whitened sidewalks and eddying whirls of snow could direct him in his bewilderment, show in some sigh or murmur which way the fugitive had gone. His was a horrible predicament; he did not trust himself to think how grievous; stifled the anguish of his aching heart with the recollection that this was the moment for action, not regret. His wife must be brought back to-night, and without disturbance. He would not—he said it with a firm set of the jaw Susan had never seen—he *would* not have his domestic infelicity become the theme of public discussion. If, in the recklessness of her anger, Susan had courted exposure, defied his authority, and violated the decencies of wedded and social life, there was but the more reason for him to remain master of himself, and remedy, so far as was practicable, the evil consequences of her conduct. What was to be the course of their subsequent existence,

whether reconciliation or permanent estrangement was to follow this, their first serious altercation, he did not now pause to reflect. She must come home to-night; she should, if he had to bring her by force.

But where to look for her first? Her home, at the time of her marriage, was in the house of a married sister in the same city in which she now lived; but her brother-in-law was Morgan Blair's most intimate friend, had been forward in advocating the union. It was not likely she would put herself under his protection with a fair probability of being sent back in disgrace to her husband. Still, it was possible that she may have left her home with this intention. Less probable than that she had taken refuge with a favorite cousin, whose residence was nearer her own. Morgan's cheeks burned at the idea of seeking her there. Mrs. Thomas, the cousin, was a talkative woman, and inquisitive as she was voluble; full of gay good-humor, but shrewd to a proverb. If her suspicions were awakened, she would be hard to shake off. Edward Burtis, the brother-in-law, would be helpful and prudent, even though Morgan should be compelled to divulge everything. He would go to him forthwith. It was a mile away, and the street cars, according to the rule governing those useful public conveniences, were all going in the opposite direction. Never mind; he could out-travel the fastest of them in his excitement. He was breathless, but not with weariness, when he presented himself to the servant who opened Mr. Burtis' door.

"Mr. and Mrs. Burtis were out of town. They had gone that morning, and would not return until Monday. Mrs. Blair had not been there at all that evening," was the discouraging report in response to his cautious inquiries.

There was no alternative. He must brave Mrs. Thomas' keen eyes and acute perceptions. But he stood without her threshold for a minute or more to recover breath and outward composure, beat the snow from his boots and clothes, removed his hat to run his hand through his hair, that, cold as it was, was wet with perspiration, and clung to his forehead.

Mrs. Thomas was at the piano, singing a duett with her husband. The warmth and cheer of the room, the smiling faces turned toward the visitor, as the blended voices were hushed by his entrance, smote upon the wretched man like the beat of a salt-breaker at flood-tide. Such a home had his seemed yesternight. Now!—

"I am sorry to interrupt you," he said, with courtesy so habitual to him that the assumption of it was easier than it would have been to some men, "but I hoped to find Susan here. She is spending the evening with a nameless friend, so I gather from a note she left for me, and I am to take her home in due season. The servants know nothing of her whereabouts,

only that she is out visiting, and that I am to bring her back."

"If I were in your place, I should await more definite orders," said Mr. Thomas, jestingly. "Now that you are in comfortable quarters, stay."

"And leave my poor, frightened little wife to find her way home alone? No, thank you!" rejoined the other, as lightly. "Have you seen nothing of her, Mrs. Thomas? I took it for granted that you were the magnet, the anonymous friend whose superior attractions had induced her to forego, for a time, the pleasure of my society. I usually look for her here first when she plays truant."

"You speak as if it were an everyday occurrence," remarked the lady.

Mr. Blair shrugged his shoulders in comic deprecation of the idea. "I am glad it is not. At least, if we are to have many more storms like this. The March wind roars furiously, and bites savagely. I suppose I may as well go home and cross-question the servants."

"She ought to have told one of them where she was going. Did she say in her note at what time she expected you to call for her?" queried Mrs. Thomas.

"No. I was to come when I was ready; that was all. Very complaisant and very indefinite. Absurd, isn't it, to be placed in such a quandary? The Burtises are out of town, so she cannot be there."

His perturbation was so evident through the veil of badinage and humorous unconcern with which he tried to conceal it that the Thomases were moved to attempt assistance and consolation.

"There are the Mayfields," suggested the wife. "She may have run in to sit awhile with the old lady, who is not well. She was speaking of her sickness to me yesterday, and how much she longed to be of some help to her. Or the Townsends! She and Jeannie are intimate in a musical way."

"You'll find her, old fellow. Don't look so disconsolate," said Mr. Thomas. "Pretty young wives don't get lost in city snowdrifts. When you do, impress upon her tender mind the propriety of being explicit, even in *billet-doux*. Must you go?" seeing Mr. Blair move to the door. "If I were in your place, I would commit the affair to the police, hire a bellman to proclaim the dolorous case about the streets, go home and make myself comfortable with dry feet, a cigar, and glass of hot punch."

"The hint is tempting. I will think it over. Thank you, and good-night!" and he bowed himself off.

"He is uneasy," observed Mrs. Thomas to her husband. "How very queer and careless in Sue!"

"It is not every man who would bear so amiably the discomfort her carelessness has

cost him," was the reply, and they returned to their music.

Morgan heard the piano as he ploughed through the drift under their windows, the snow beating in his eyes, clogging his lashes and beard. Where next? Was he to be baffled after all? The misguided woman—a mere girl in weakness and timidity—could not have gone far in such a night, but his chances of finding her in the great city were no better than if she had fled from him into a trackless forest. Rather because he was unable, in his restless misery, to stand and think, than that he had any faith in Mrs. Thomas's suggestion, he turned his face toward the street in which Mrs. Mayfield lived. She was an old friend of Susan's mother, and the mistaken creature may have sought an asylum with her. He hailed a passing street car, got upon the platform, and perceiving that the interior was crowded, did not offer to enter; only pulled his hat further over his eyes, and prepared to stand during the ride beside another passenger who could not obtain a seat.

"A rough night, Mr. Blair," said the latter, and Morgan reluctantly recognized an acquaintance, an elderly bachelor dandy about town.

"Very," he rejoined, shortly, buttoning his coat collar up about his mouth.

"It is quite a coincidence, my meeting you on a street car this evening," continued the dandy, agreeably, "for I rode up town an hour or so ago with Mrs. Blair. I was concerned that I did not recognize her until she was in the act of alighting before Mrs. Ames' door. Please say as much to her, and that I should not have allowed her to leave the car without assistance had I known sooner who she was. Her veil was partly down, and I was not expecting to see her out in such a storm. I hope you will be the bearer of my apology and regrets."

"I will, thank you."

Three blocks further down was Mrs. Ames' house.

"You get off here, I suppose?"

"I do. Good-night!"

This was all that passed between the two, and the weather-beaten beau never guessed at the importance of the information he had given.

John Ames, Mary's brother, answered Mr. Blair's ring, and his unembarrassed manner was a guarantee of his ignorance of anything wrong betwixt husband and wife.

"I believe she and Mary are closeted up stairs somewhere, according to custom," he replied to the husband's query.

"Please say that I have come to take her home," said Morgan, quietly, although his breath came thick and rapidly. "I am sorry to disturb the conference you speak of, but I believe mine is the legal, although not the prior right to Mrs. Blair's companionship."

Several minutes elapsed before he received

any response to his message. Then Susan came down, pale and haughty, without hat or cloak.

"Upon what conditions do you require my return?" she said, abruptly, head erect and voice strained, stopping several feet short of the spot where he was standing.

"You will get ready to go home with me," Susan. You cannot suppose that I will tolerate this folly and madness. For your own sake, I trust you will offer no resistance to my wishes. But go you must. The law gives me the right to insist upon this, and I shall avail myself of it. I shall wait five minutes here for you—no longer."

"This is brutal—ruffianly!" she gasped, yet more pallid.

"Perhaps so. You will find me determined, nevertheless."

He took out his watch. At the end of the time specified she rejoined him, equipped for walking. They bade John and Mary "Good-evening," and left, the one looking mystified, the other scared. A carriage chanced to be passing as they gained the street. Mr. Blair hailed it, put his wife in, entered himself, and they were driven home without the exchange of a word. Susan ran up the door steps and rang the bell, while her husband stayed to pay the hackman, and while waiting for a servant to come she could not avoid overhearing the brief colloquy that went on below.

"Can you come again to-morrow morning at nine o'clock? I shall want you for half an hour or more."

"All right, sir. At nine I'll be here."

What did it mean? Was she to be sent into permanent banishment, or did Morgan mean to run away in his turn? She pulled the bell-wire again lustily, while Mr. Blair felt in his pocket for his latch key. Before the peal died away the door was opened, not by a servant, but Birdie, in her night-gown, her feet bare, and cheeks white as her garment.

"I heard your voice, papa!" she screamed, laughing hysterically; "and I was so frightened and tired waiting. I've been sitting on the stairs ever since you went out. You told me not to go to sleep till I had seen mamma. And when you didn't come back to my room, I rang the bell for Katy, and she said you had just gone to bring mamma home."

She had climbed into his arms, shaking with cold and excitement. Her articulation was hurried, and her eyes glistened like stars. They blocked up the inner door of the vestibule, and Mrs. Blair made an impatient effort to pass them. Birdie's little hand arrested her by catching at the hood of her cloak.

"I am sorry I was naughty, and said cross things about you, mamma. I won't do so again. Please forgive me."

Her face quivered painfully as she controlled herself to say it, and when it was done she

dropped her head upon her step-mother's shoulder, weeping aloud. Susan released herself from the child's hold, put the drooping head aside, and walked up stairs in sullen silence. Morgan heard her lock herself into her chamber while he essayed to soothe the broken-hearted suppliant, whose fright and distress were redoubled by this rebuff.

His countenance was dark and settled an hour later, when, having seen Birdie sob herself to sleep, he arose from her bedside; but he did not adventure reproof or argument with his wife that night. He left solitude and conscience to do their work. If the memory of the tearful pleading of the innocent babe she had thrust from her did not soften her mood, no arts or reasoning of his could avail aught to change her temper.

Nor did they meet at breakfast. Mrs. Blair had a headache, and her coffee was brought up to her room, and Birdie was her father's only companion. Susan heard their voices in the room adjoining hers, then their steps as they went down stairs, and turned over on her pillow with a moan of intensest self-pity. She was alone, neglected, ill-used. She wished she were dead.

The storm was steady but not loud without. More than once Mrs. Blair marvelled at the stillness that succeeded the steps and voices she had listened to with such aching of heart. She was up and dressed when her husband's step, slow and heavy in the empty hall, approached her door.

"Now for a battle," thought the besieged, her face flaming with sudden heat. "But he will find me ready for it."

The intruder had not the mien of a belligerent. Composed and gentlemanly, only his languid eyes told of past suffering, his unvarying tone of present resolve.

"I will not trouble you many minutes," he began, without sitting down, and his wife noticed that he held his hat in his hand. "I am here to say that you need no longer be a prisoner in your own chamber. I have taken Birdie to her grandmother's. Her residence here would be disagreeable to you and painful to me while things wear their present aspect. Mrs. Blythe and her daughter are ignorant of the true reason for this step. I have told them you were not well and needed quiet. When you are willing to receive the child's apology—which, allow me to say, was not dictated by me, but her own sense of right and wrong—I will bring her back. After all"—with a perceptible change of face and voice—"however grievous may be her fault in your eyes, she is hardly more than a baby, Susan. Implacability toward such an one seems unnatural, whatever may be your feelings with regard to me."

"The measure is yours—and the responsibility; I have nothing to say about it," retorted Susan, apparently hard and sulky as ever.

"It was my wish to leave the house to you and to her. You brought me back by force. I am your slave, your prisoner. I do not presume to interfere in your family affairs."

She had expected remonstrance; had steeled herself against reproach; believed that she could withstand entreaty; but the event she had considered as least likely was to be let alone. Angry as she was, her heart went down like a stone when her husband bent his head with a grave "We understand one another, then," and quitted her.

She had, without acknowledging it to herself, reckoned more confidently upon his love for her than upon his dread of public opprobrium in believing that he must yield in this quarrel. Was her power, then, gone, that her bitterest sneer could not move him to a display of wounded feeling? Did he despise her so thoroughly that he would not stoop to recriminations? If so, whose was the fault if not the impish child's and her insolent backers? They had robbed her of her husband, struck out the beauty and glory from her young life, made him, through his loving memories of Birdie's mother, and his infatuated fondness for his daughter, their tool, and the tyrant of her who had trusted her all to his hands.

Before long she heard the front door shunt. Morgan had gone to church without bidding her "Good-bye." While the prospect of contest was before her, her nerves were braced above the weakening influences of tears. All occasion for open complaint taken from her, and herself left to loneliness and her own musings, she cried until she was sick; held prolonged lamentation through the dim, snowy forenoon over the corse of her wedded happiness and hopes; honestly esteemed herself the most desolate and wronged of womankind. Yet she might have anticipated it all, she said, in severe self-reproach. She might have known, when she weakly consented to be this man's second-best love, that the decline into indifference on his part would be natural and rapid. What were her friends thinking of to allow this woful sacrifice?

She would do her duty as a wife, she finally determined. Morgan's infidelity to his half-hearted vows did not absolve her from obligations to perform those she had taken upon herself in such solemnity of spirit, with such a trustful and loving resolve to be all-in-all to him, as choked her with tears now to remember. She would win respect from him and from her persecutors by heroic performance of every service required by her position as his nominal wife. He had pressed the links of her chain cruelly into her heart; asserted his authority in direct and ungente phrase. She bowed to necessity, submitted to the yoke, but as martyr—not serf.

So when the early Sabbath dinner was announced, she went down becomingly dressed,

with smooth hair and unstained cheeks, and took her seat opposite her lord. They talked—not so blithely as was their custom, but politely—of divers indifferent subjects; the weather, the thin attendance at church, and such safe themes; sat together reading in the sitting-room for a couple of hours, and deported themselves, altogether so naturally that the servants but half-suspected all was not right. At five o'clock Mr. Blair, who had seemed to doze in his chair during the last half hour, arose and walked to the window. The snow had ceased to fall, but the wind roared fiercely down the street, packing the drifts in corners, and baring the house-tops. The night was lowering, early and near.

"It is turning colder," he said carelessly. Then, "I am going out to walk for awhile; I shall be in at tea-time."

But when, at half-past six, that meal was ready, he had not returned. Mrs. Blair waited until seven o'clock and went through the form of drinking a solitary cup of tea. Morgan did not reappear until after ten. The parlor was dark and deserted; his wife in her own room, and apparently fast asleep. She heard him come in and approach the bed, where he seemed to stand, looking at her for several minutes, turning away at last with a deep sigh. He was lonely and depressed. He could not help, in these circumstances, comparing her with his beloved Lily, and his home with what it had been in her lifetime, with that he had so lately left—the quiet abode in which the ruling spirit was Agnes Blythe—the woman everybody had said he ought to marry because she was so like her sainted sister.

"I wish he had," thought Susan, passionate and desperate. "And that I had never married at all."

It was late before the feigned slumber became real, but even heart-ache cannot long debar the young from this natural refreshment. She opened her heavy eyes upon the sunshine of a March morning, bright and still; so fair, she forgot her misery for a moment in contemplating it until she noticed that her husband was not with her. The house was oppressively still while she dressed; strangely desolate after she had gone down to the breakfast-room and learned from the servants that Mr. Blair had left the house for a walk at six o'clock. She was very angry now, with no heroic affectation of martyrdom in the path of duty. This neglect was intentional and pointed. He meant to make her feel that home had no charm for him now that her jealousy and evil temper had exiled his child. He hoped to force her into entreaty that Birdie should return. She began to hate the girl's name and the thought of her. He should find himself mistaken in the material with which he had to deal.

Breakfast was brought on at the regular hour. Mrs. Blair sat down punctually to the

minute; ate as much and as leisurely as usual, and was watering the plants in the southern window of the dining-room when the delinquent entered.

"I hope you will excuse me for keeping you waiting, Susan," he said, looking extremely discomposed, "as well as for staying out so late last evening. But Birdie is sick, and I have been over this morning to see her."

"I have not waited," responded the wife, coldly. "I supposed you would come in when you were ready."

She rang the bell for his breakfast, and when it was brought, poured out the coffee, sitting bolt upright behind the urn like a sculptured figure on a tombstone. The sorrowful seam of Morgan's face matched the pride of hers. She knew what he was thinking; how emphatically he was reiterating the epithet that had stung her most bitterly on Saturday night. If she was "unwomanly," her wrongs had made her so. She would not question in words the genuineness of the excuse for his absence. Perhaps the pampered child had overeaten herself again. It was altogether probable that the grandmother and aunt had regaled her with all manner of hurtful dainties to compensate her for the injury she had received at the hands of her step-mother. That was no reason why she should demean herself by a show of solicitude she did not feel, and which might be construed into an overture of reconciliation. She volunteered but one remark while Morgan breakfasted.

"Will you have another cup of coffee?" she asked, in a business-like way, seeing him drain that she had handed him.

"No, thank you; I have had all I want," rising from the table. "It is possible that I may not be home to dinner. The child is very sick, and I wish to give her as much of my time as I can."

"Very well. Then, unless you forbid it," with pretended submission, more taunting than severest sarcasm, "I should like to accept Carry Thomas' invitation for to-day. They are going sleigh-riding early in the afternoon, and she wants me to spend the whole day with her. There is her note, which came awhile ago. Read it, if you please." Which plainly signified: "You will not believe my unsupported word."

Mr. Blair laid it aside unopened.

"Go, by all means, if you wish. I hope you will have a pleasant time. Good-morning."

She had cut him sharply, that was evident, and she said to herself that she was glad of it. It was well he should learn that she had friends and pleasures of her own, and could be independent of him as he was of her. Before he was out of the house she began to sing over her flowers, a merry, saucy air, very popular with street organists and whistling boys.

She was astonished at the clearness of her voice, the lightness of her heart. Could it be that the bitterness of Love's death was past? that she was once again mistress of herself and her affections? She was quite proud of the triumph of reason over sentiment, of will over wifely weakness. Why, some women would have been crushed for life by what she had undergone within three days. There were few who could face and accept a trying and perilous situation as she had done. She had always secretly regarded herself as a person of uncommon strength of mind, and late events strengthened the conviction.

Upheld by the stimulus of this belief, and flushed with victory, she made ready for the day with her friend "quite as if I were a girl again," she said, inly; free to come and go as I please. That troublesome child has been a grievous clog upon my movements all winter."

Carry was delighted to see her, and they settled themselves in the old way in the hostess' sitting-room with their work until luncheon time, and talked as fast as their tongues could go, Mrs. Thomas, particularly; for Susan's factitious animation gradually declined in this atmosphere of home and domestic peace. The consciousness of being under Carry's keen eyes steadied her into a pretty fair imitation of laughing nonchalance when she was rallied upon the adventure of Saturday night. Only Mary Ames knew how the case really stood, and she would never speak of it without permission. If the injured wife were to remain under her husband's roof, the story must go no further. So she bore her cousin's catechism and scoldings, and Mr. Thomas' bantering upon her original style of leaving directions for her escort, bravely, and chatted away during the morning, and while they were riding, with enough spirit to avoid suspicion, and wished herself at home all the while. At home and at peace with Morgan on any terms!

Now that the smoke of the conflict had cleared away, the depth of the yawning void in her heart frightened her. This was not a matter, she began to see, that could be set to rights in a day. She had rejected her husband's explanations; defied his authority; wantonly stabbed him at the most vulnerable points; openly doubted his word, his honor, his affection. She had wandered a great way from the safe fortress of mutual trust and esteem, far enough to make her feel that alienation for weeks, perhaps months, would be an intolerable burden. If she were faint and athirst, because for almost two whole days she had fasted from love, how could she live through a famine of years?

Every loving glance and gentle word exchanged by her companions was like a knife in her heart. She could have cried out in her pain when Mr. Thomas called Carry "Darling," and asked if she were securely wrapped up.

What a warm, sheltered life was that of the beloved wife! What a bleak and wintry waste that into which her own rash words and act had thrust her! She would not bear it. Not that she would sue for pardon at once, but if Morgan invited her to pleasant and friendly chat that evening, she would meet him half way, and the rest must follow. She had displeased him, but she had flattered herself she knew how to disarm his displeasure. She would have a nice little supper for him, even if he did not come home to dinner; and wear the dress he liked best, and meet him with a smile and kiss, just as she used to do; and Birdie, the tiresome monkey, would not be by to divide his attention and his affections. She would be very sweet and alluring, and by-and-by, when his heart was touched by these innocent arts, and the crust of reserve was quite dissolved, she would creep to his knee, then to his bosom, and hiding her face there as she nestled in his arms, whisper amid tears and blushes and smiles what she had vowed again and again, within forty-eight hours, she would never tell him, of her own accord; and how she had been sick and nervous on Saturday night, hardly responsible for what she spoke or did, but that Carry said that was often the case. She was sure he would stop her at that with a kiss of forgiveness. There was something deeper and stronger than she had imagined in this mysterious relation of husband and wife. It was no holiday love to be shaken off in a moment of peevish distrust or unreasonableness. She would never doubt Morgan again, and for his dear sake would bear with his first wife's disagreeable relations.

"He was hers until death parted them. He is mine now. What a petulant, silly baby I have been. I will confess all; do anything and everything he wishes if he will but take me back to his heart again."

The resolve gained strength; her plans appeared more feasible and inviting as the twilight, pale and frosty, approached. She was resolute and sanguine when she ran up the steps of her own house that had never looked so handsome and home-like before. The evening paper lay outside the door, where the news-boy had tossed it. She picked it up, admitted herself with a pass-key, and, stopping in the hall to warm her chilled feet over the register, opened the still damp sheet, glancing first, as everybody does, at the notices of marriages and deaths.

"*Died, to-day, AGNES BLYTHE, only child of MORGAN BLAIR, aged six years, two days. Notice of funeral hereafter.*"

As the brief announcement blazed in letters of fire before her eyes, a key clicked in the door, and she fell, rather than threw herself, at her husband's feet. "Morgan! Morgan! I never dreamed that she was really ill! Say it is not true! That I shall see her once more,

and beg her to forgive me! That I did not murder her! Say I did not!"

He did not offer to raise or touch her; stood gazing down at her gloomily, his face gray and drawn as with long sickness. "I have nothing to say to you, now. After awhile I may be able. Let me pass, if you please."

"I cannot! Do not look at me in that way! You know—Heaven knows!—I never meant to do any harm, that I wished her no evil! I cannot ask you to pardon me, but pity me! My heart is bursting! I am your wife, Morgan, do not cast me off!" pleaded the distracted woman, without releasing him. "Oh! I shall go mad!"

He lifted her up, and held her hands firmly in his while he spoke; but not in caress or compassion, and the lines in his visage deepened and tightened, instead of relaxing, at her appeal. "You are my wife, and as such have a right to know all that concerns me. My child died at noon to-day of scarlet fever. The inflammation was driven to the vitals in the early and undeveloped stage of her disease by exposure to severe cold. This may have happened on Saturday night," he glanced at the staircase, where the child had sat awaiting their return, "or on Sunday morning"—

A hollow groan interrupted him. "When I drove her from the house! If I could but die! If I could but die!"

He continued, as if she had not spoken: "She had complained of a slight sore throat on Saturday, her grandmother says, but no one gave the circumstance a second thought at the time, she seemed so well and lively. She was undoubtedly feverish when I brought her home through the snow. She was delirious for six hours before her death. This is all I can tell you. With the account between you and your conscience, I have nothing to do. It is a matter of more moment to me what account I shall render to her mother for the care I took of the child committed to my trust." His features were contracted by a spasm of pain. He released, almost flung away her hands, passed on and shut himself up in the library with Lily's picture.

A moment afterward a wild shriek thrilled through the house, so piercing and long drawn-out master and servants rushed together into the hall. Mrs. Blair lay in a swoon upon the upper landing of the stairs. She was only relieved from this to fall into another and another. It was near morning when she relapsed into a deep natural slumber. She said nothing then, nor for many months afterward, of the cause of her illness. Then, when she believed herself to be very near the gates of death, she confided to her husband that, on turning to ascend the staircase, in the supreme anguish of the moments succeeding the revelation of Birdie's death she really believed that she saw the apparition of the motherless child, clad in

her night-dress, sitting on the stairs, her face lifted to her in tearful supplication, as she had last seen it, and that, sleeping and waking, conscience had kept the vision before her ever since.

It was not strange, said the gossips, that Mr. Blair should take the loss of his daughter so much to heart. Everybody knew how he worshipped her. He was an altered man after her death; serious, reserved, almost morose for a while, and visited the child's grave as he might a shrine. And wasn't that the queerest text upon her tombstone, in wretched taste, if not meaningless, when Birdie was the idol of the whole family? "*When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.*"

Not the style of epitaph one would have expected from a man of Morgan Blair's refinement and nice sense of fitness. But Mrs. Blair's behavior was positively inexplicable. Although only the child's step-mother, and a young, giddy creature when she married, and, people said, none too well-pleased at the idea of taking care of the little girl, she had taken to her bed, with fainting-spells, and mercy knows what not, at news of her death—you know the little thing died at her grandmother's very suddenly in convulsions—and did not lift her head for weeks afterward. There was a story that she had treated the child unkindly, that she and her husband had quarrelled about it, and that he took Birdie away in consequence; but it was only a servant's tale, and very improbable. Agnes Blythe's behavior was a complete contradiction of the falsehood; for she had gone to Mr. Blair's the very day after her namesake's death, and nursed Mrs. Blair as tenderly as she would a sister, and they had been almost inseparable since. Nobody who saw them together could have believed that Agnes was the blood-relation, Mrs. Blair only a connection by marriage. The step-mother wore deep black, and looked like a ghost of her former self; and Agnes was always trying to cheer her, to induce her to take some interest in what was passing about her. The doctors said this perverse melancholy was the reason her first baby was born dead. The nurse declared the mother did not seem at all distressed when told that this was so. She only said: "It is just!" and something about "Birdie;" but the poor thing was very low at the time, and most likely delirious. It was strange people should give way to such rebellious grief at a loss so common as the death of a child not seven years old. It showed want of self-command, or a very weak mind.

On the second anniversary of Birdie's death husband and wife sat together in the library. A beautiful full-length likeness of the child hung beside that of the mother on the wall, and Susan's eyes sought it once and again while she talked. A babe, three months old, lay in her arms, and she stroked the soft cheek

tenderly, the loving, lingering touch only known to mother's fingers.

"I fancy sometimes they look alike," she said, lowly and reverently, "yet the elder sister was the mother's miniature."

"I have thought the same." Mr. Blair stooped to kiss the infant's forehead, and to bestow a closer caress upon the mother. "It would not be strange if it were so."

Susan seemed to study the wee face on her breast thoughtfully before she spoke again, timidly and with hesitation. "Would you mind it, dear, if I were to give this one the other's name? It would seem to set the seal upon my repentance. I cannot help feeling as if she would know it." Her head drooped, and her voice failed.

"My darling!" the husband put his arm fondly about her, "will you never be comforted? Never learn to look forward, and less mournfully into the past? We will not have two children called by the same name. Our Birdie is still ours, although she sings in another home. The love we bear this new gift of Our Heavenly Father does not defraud her. I believe that she does know what goes on in our household, Susie. She sees that your love and sorrow need no other seal to their genuineness than your beautiful, unselfish life; your earnest labors for others' welfare, and your trust in and hope of the heaven where mother and child dwell together. They see more clearly and truly there than here, my precious wife."

Susan's head was bowed yet lower, but more in thankfulness than grief, and there were pearls in the silky hair she smoothed lightly. "Then," said she, looking up at length, her tones still faltering, but very sweet, and a smile touching her mouth with plaintive beauty, "we will call her 'Lily.' People will think it odd, but we don't care now what the world says. And you and I will understand, will we not, dear?"

SEMPER FIDELIS.

BY M. A. Y.

FAITHFUL! Yes, through joy and sorrow,
Faithful to the end;
Looking for the brighter morrow
Heaven yet may send.
Faithful! Faithful! always faithful
Is my darling friend.

Never shade of doubt to vex me
Clouds her deep brown eye;
Never falsehood to perplex me
Causes me a sigh;
Faithful to me, always faithful,
Noble heart and high!

When bowed down by sin or sorrow,
Then I look for aid
To her, and her trust I borrow
Till no more afraid.
For I prove as faithful to her
Life's evening shade!

FIRST TIME OF ASKING.

(See Steel Plate.)

BY A. S.

THE little village church of R—— will long dwell in my memory as the opening scene of a little domestic drama, that only to-day was again brought to my mind by a visit from the principal actors therein. I will try to tell the story in a connected way, although writing stories is a new task for my sermonizing pen, and the scenes I would like to sketch have intervals of years between them.

I was a young man, scarcely twenty-three, when I was called to the little village of R——, one of the sea-port villages of Maine, where primitive manners and customs reigned long after the sweep of Fashion had dethroned them in larger settlements. Amongst my parishioners were two who from the first interested me strongly, the one for his sterling manly worth and integrity, the other for her sweet face and gentle, loving disposition. They were neighbors and lovers.

When I met them first—at a gathering given in honor of the new minister—their rustic breeding, bashful greetings, and shyness of the city parson, covered many noble traits that later came before my notice, but even then shy, pretty Lizzie Allen and black eyed William Manly attracted me more than any others in the room. Noting then their blushing confusion, their frequent stolen glances, and evident love for each other's society, I was not surprised at a call from William, and a request to be asked in church the following Sunday. I found upon inquiry that the law required parties about to marry to be asked or have the banns published in church three times before the matrimonial ceremony could be performed.

"You see, sir," said William, fixing his honest black eyes full upon my face, while the color mantled his brown cheeks, "Lizzie has consented at last to let me keep her. Would it trouble you, sir, if I told you something about my Lizzie?"

Assuring him of my interest, I gained the following confidence.

Lizzie's father was a widower with two children, a son in California, whose little girl was at home, and Lizzie herself, who took a mother's care of the little daughter of her widowed brother. The house in which they lived, and a small garden attached to it, were their own, and until within a year or two the old man had earned a comfortable support. He was superintendent of lime quarries in R——, a lucrative but dangerous position, as his own experience proved, for he was crippled for life by the premature explosion of blasting powder, being the only one of five who escaped with life. Life seemed all that was left to him. He was rendered deaf, lost one arm, and the use of both legs, some injury to the spine re-

dering them powerless. This was Lizzie's burden, which William proposed to help her to carry. Her brother Oscar provided for his child; but Lizzie, by sewing, the sale of her vegetables, and the milk of the cow, eked out a living for herself and the old man.

"I have no money," said William, "but I have good pay as quarryman, and I know a man's work in the garden would make it pay double. I am all alone in the world, now, and I have at last persuaded Lizzie that it is better for me to have a home and folks than to be loafing here and there as I do now. There won't be much to move but a little trunk of clothes from Widow Bates' over to Mr. Allen's, and there I am, to take care of Lizzie, the old man, and that cute little tottiewinks, Allie. So if you will be good enough, sir, to ask us in church for three Sundays, Lizzie won't get a chance to change her mind. Not about loving me," he added hastily, fearing I would misunderstand him; "I've got Lizzie's heart, true and fast, but about the old man's being a burden."

I can see the picture now that I saw looking down from my reading desk on the following Sunday. The attentive congregation, casting sympathizing looks at the pew where the rustic lovers sat, the young couple themselves, William's eye fixed upon my face, as I read the notice of his coming happiness, pretty Lizzie's eyes wandering everywhere in shy confusion as she twisted her ring, William's only love token, upon her hard working fingers. That first time of asking! How commonplace and happy all seemed! how little any one foresaw the interval and the clouds that were to intervene before the wedding!

The service over, I walked home with William and Lizzie, little Allie, released from the Sunday School benches, skipping on before us. She was a beautiful child, and the darling of her grandfather's heart. The young couple spoke to me as to one who sympathized with them, of old Mr. Allen's infirmities.

"I tell William, sir," said Lizzie, "that I can be but a poor wife to him, with so much to do for father. He is entirely helpless, has to be dressed and fed like a baby. I scarcely leave him at all."

"And I tell Lizzie, sir," was the brave reply, "that a pair of strong man's arms are better able to lift the old man about than hers, and that two of us can care for him better than one."

"Allie's little feet save me many steps," said Lizzie; "she is very helpful, although she is only eight years old."

"Ten years younger than her venerable auntie," said William, with a low laugh, and proud, tender look at his betrothed.

"If you will come in and have some luncheon," said Lizzie to me, "we will be very glad, and you would please father by shaking hands.

He grieves very much because he cannot hear you speak."

"Does he hear your voice?" I inquired.

"Not at all. I have to write on a slate when I have anything to say."

I had seen the old man before, but I was struck anew on that memorable Sunday by his noble face and the wreck of his once powerful frame. His heavy white beard, white hair, and the loose folds of the wrapper he wore around him, gave him the appearance of some Roman senator enveloped in his toga. His greeting to me, and the few words he gave his daughter and William, spoke plainly of the atmosphere of love in that humble home.

"I make Lizzie go to church, sir," he said to me, "although she frets about leaving me alone. It is only for a little time, and I have one arm to ring my big bell on the table here. You see I can reach my arm out of the window, and any one that heard old Allen's bell would come; all the village know me."

I could only bow and smile.

"Here's William," chuckled the old man, "wants a father so bad he's going to take this old log sooner than have none. You understand, sir, it's only to help take care of father he's coming to live here," and a hearty laugh proved the old man's enjoyment of this evidently well-worn joke.

Again I mutely smiled and bowed. We had a cheerful chat round the luncheon, and I returned to the church for afternoon service, accompanied by William only, as Lizzie would not consent to leave her father alone more than once in the day.

The service over, I noticed that William spoke to a man who was a stranger to me, and left the church with him. It was the last time for years that William Manly was seen in R——.

The whole village was alarmed by his mysterious disappearance. The woods were searched, the towns around visited, every means tried to get some clue to his whereabouts, but in vain. No vessels had left the place, as that was avoided on Sunday by most of the seafaring inhabitants, and every schooner or brig that was there on Saturday night was found in the same place on Monday morning. As completely and suddenly as if the earth had opened and swallowed him, William Manly had disappeared. The opinion at length prevailed that he had stepped from the wharves and been drowned, a conclusion at which, however, some shook their heads, declaring William the best swimmer in R——.

It would be impossible for me to describe the distress at the little cottage where William had intended to make his presence a comfort and a blessing. But for the duty she owed her crippled father, I think Lizzie would have been utterly prostrated by the blow.

Can I describe Lizzie Allen? Let me try.

A face that was full of intelligence, yet uncultivated, a voice of musical sweetness, a nature at once noble and womanly. The first shock over, she took her burden up patiently, yet almost without hope. I think at first she hoped to hear something from her lover, but when a year had passed and no news came, she lost that hope.

She began to find time, amid her many duties, to read books that I lent her. "It makes me forget, sir," was her simple explanation of her newly-found pleasure, and it soon became a keen pleasure to me to lead her forward. She was never superficial; one book would hint to her of further information in another. Volumes of travels brought her down to a new study of Allie's geography; history and biography were eagerly perused, and she grew very fond of the highest class of poetry. Fiction I never sent her. Her garden, her needle, her father, Allie, and her books; these comprised her little world.

I was a rich man, and it was a pleasure to me to contribute to the support of the little cottage. When I sent her handkerchiefs of wonderful fineness to be hemstitched and embroidered with initials, or shirts to have bosoms of innumerable plaits, she fully believed the sums paid were city prices for work she had never undertaken for the villagers, and she frankly accepted, as from a brother, the presents that added to her father's comfort. Her delight over a wheeled chair, which I ordered from Boston, and in which the old man could visit the garden, would have paid for much greater trouble and expense.

The little cottage became very dear to me—and Lizzie? Ah, me! it was the old story. My pupil and friend was dearer to me than memory of parents or future prospects of a more extended field of usefulness. I had looked upon the little village as a temporary preparation for a larger and more important position; it became my hope to make it my home, with Lizzie for my wife. Two years passed, and old Mr. Allen died. During the first weeks of grief, I did not intrude my love upon Lizzie, only lightening the sorrow as far as it lay in the power of her friend and pastor. It was a close, oppressive evening in July when I walked over to the cottage to tell her my love and my hopes.

"I am so glad you are here," she said, as she led me to her little parlor. "Brother Oscar has written from California for me to bring Allie and come to him. You knew, did you not, that it was only the impossibility of moving father that has prevented our all living with Oscar since his wife died? Allie is wild with joy at the prospect of seeing dear papa again."

"Not you?"—I said.

"Only one regret," she said. "If

William returns, and he will return, I am sure. I would like him to find me here."

"You can love him," I said, "when you think he has so deserted you?"

"He never deserted me voluntarily," she said, gently, but very firmly.

"But where can he be for two years?"

"I cannot tell. He may be dead. If so, I shall meet him again; not, perhaps, for years, but when I die I shall be true to him, if I never see him again. He may come here, sir, after I have gone away. Will you tell him, from me, that I never doubted him, and that I will always be true to him, as I believe he has been to me?"

"I will tell him," I said, sadly, as all my fair hopes died away forever.

It did not take many days for the preparations to be made for Lizzie's departure. The cottage was sold, the furniture bought by well-wishing neighbors, and, while summer still lingered, the young girl and her little companion sailed from Boston for San Francisco.

Another winter passed away, lonely and dreary for me. Spring came and passed, and a third anniversary of the day of William's disappearance came round. I was reading one of Lizzie's pleasant sisterly letters, when a shadow fell across my paper, and, looking up, I saw William Manly standing at my side.

"The cottage is shut up! No one is there," he said, hoarsely. "Is Lizzie dead, sir?"

"No," I said, shortly.

"Thank God!" he said, folding his arms against the wall, and hiding his face upon them. After a moment of silence, he said: "Will you tell me, sir, where she is?"

"Do you deserve to know," I asked, severely, "after cruelly deserting her for three years?"

"I desert Lizzie!" he cried.

"What else can you call it? Where have you been?"

"I will tell you, sir," he said, humbly enough. "But did Lizzie think I had run away from her?"

"She did not." And, touched by the white face, the eager waiting for my answer, I gave him Lizzie's answer word for word, and an account of her father's death, and her change of residence, finally putting the letter I had been reading into his hand.

"You are very kind," he said, as he returned it. "Lizzie must be a fine lady, now, in her brother's splendid house, but I must see her once more. If she has forgotten old times, I can say farewell. If not"—shining eyes and flushed cheeks completed the sentence.

"But where have you been?" I asked.

"You remember, sir," he answered, "I went to church with you in the afternoon, the day Lizzie and I were asked for the first time?"

"Yes, I remember. You went out with a man I never saw before."

"I never saw him, sir, either. He told me he had stopped at T——, the next town, sir, that morning in his schooner, and strolled over to R—— to church, but had forgotten the way back; and asked me to go with him a short distance, and put him on the T—— road. It is not a straight road, sir, and forks off in four or five places, puzzling to a stranger, so I said I would walk over with him. It is only three miles, and I thought I could be home again for an hour's chat with Lizzie before bed-time. When we got to T——, he invited me on board the schooner, and told me some of his hands had run away in Boston, and I must sail with him. I tried to get ashore, but five men were beside him, and I was held down and bound until we were afloat. Then I found we were going to Australia."

"Infamous!" I cried.

"I cannot tell you, sir, what I suffered, most of all in thinking of Lizzie. I told him I was asked in church that morning, and offered him all I was worth to put back and let me go. He only laughed, said he had been in T—— since Saturday, and could get no hands for so long a voyage, all our seamen being engaged for the mackerel fishing, and have me he must. We went to Australia, sir. I sulked like a great baby for a few days, and then made the best of my scrape. At Australia I found no vessel for home, so I shipped with Captain Armstrong again for Liverpool, then for Archangel, a longish trip, sir, and for San Francisco last before coming here."

"And Lizzie there!" I said.

"I can go back again."

We talked long and late, and in the morning he left me.

Looking up from my paper, now, I see the bustle and stir of New York life, hear the noise of Broadway, and see in the chair near mine a little figure rocking a baby to sleep. So I say: "What are you thinking of, Allie?"

"I was thinking of Aunt Lizzie and Uncle William. How glad I was to see them to-day, and how strange it seemed that I had not seen them together before since I left San Francisco, seven years ago, to go to boarding-school in Boston!"

"Nor have I seen them together, Allie, for twelve long years, when they sat in the pew before me on the Sunday when they were asked in church for the first time."

HE that gives way to self-will, hinders self-enjoyment.—*Whicccote.*

AFFLICTION.—As the snowdrop comes amid snow and sleet, appearing as the herald of the rose and the harbinger of summer, so religion comes amid the blight of affliction to remind us of a perpetual summer when the sun never retires behind a wintry cloud.—*Temple.*

LINES IN MEMORY OF LITTLE MAYMIE.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

OCTOBER days! October skies!

What memories do ye bring to me,
Of tender words, and fond replies,
And joys that nevermore may be.
A father's smile seems blent with thine;
He loved thee, bright October, best;
And one, whose life was linked with mine,
Was laid to sleep upon thy breast.

'Tis but a year ago to-day

We stood together, all alone,
And brushed the withered leaves away
That moaned beside his burial stone.
She paused and laid her little hand
On mine, in her sweet, earnest way,
And asked, "Oh! can you understand
Why some must go and some must stay?"

"Not here, dear child, I cannot tell;
Life is a mystery, dark and deep;
I only know He doeth well
Who giveth His beloved sleep.
I only know to live, and trust,
And thank the Father day by day,
Though cherished forms have turned to dust,
That thou are spared to cheer my stay."

One arm around my neck she twined,
Another round the cold white stone,
And with the sad, autumnal wind,
Her low voice joined, in plaintive moan.
At length she spoke: "Come, mamma, kneel,
And here beside him let us pray
If death should come our doom to seal,
That both may go, or both may stay."

Then closer to my yearning heart
I fondly pressed my cherished one,
And murmured, "Should He bid us part,
May either cry, "Thy will be done."
But twixt quick, bursting sobs, she said,
"Oh! may I never see the day
When thou beneath this sod art laid—
When thou must go and I must stay."

Dear, precious, darling child, 'tis well;
He knew that I could bear it best,
When on our home death's shadow fell,
And thou wert early called to rest.
He knew thy gentle heart would break
Should hopes be crushed, or friends betray;
And so, in love, for thy dear sake,
He called thee hence, and bade me stay.

Smile not on me, October skies,
But gild the spot where they repose;
And autumn wind, go, waft my sighs
To withered bud and parent rose.
The lovely arm that clasped the stone
Is mouldering in his grave to-day,
While I, afar, am left to moan
That some must go and some must stay.

Yet not alone; on viewless wings
Her deathless soul is hovering nigh
To whisper of the glorious things
That wait the mourner by-and-by.
She points me, with her shadowy hands
Beyond the clouds, to endless day,
And tells me now she understands
Why some must go and some must stay.

THE suggestions of conscience ought in every case to be regarded, not only because they are true, but because they are important.—*Anon.*

OUT IN A ROW-BOAT.

BY L. S. CRANDELL.

It was a glorious evening. The sun was about an hour high, and the few fleecy clouds that spotted the heavens hung like blessings over the western horizon, as if to soothe the last moments of the dying day.

The "Pequot House," which is fast advancing in favor, as an exceedingly pleasant summer resort, stands just below the city of New London, on the Yankee Thames; a beautiful river, formed in the eastern part of Connecticut and flowing into Long Island Sound.

Upon the beach (which stretches its sandy length from the lawn to where the restless waves soothe and caress it, as they murmur low music) I was strolling one evening alone, looking far over the blue expanse, to an island revealed in the distance, or the outlines of the opposite shore. The splash of oars called my attention to an advancing boat, impelled by two strong arms, belonging to an old friend of mine, Herbert Castleton, and, spite of myself, I admired the well-built, graceful figure and honest, if not handsome, face.

It had been by Herbert's persuasions that father and I had sought this cosy retreat, instead of Newport, as was our first intention, and this was our second evening here.

I must tell you that Herbert Castleton was nothing to me. He might have been, had I not doubted his depth of character. But the lively, witty, fascinating man could not attract me, when I felt his whole nature was thus superficial.

This was Herbert's native place, but for several years he had been engaged in business in New York city, where I became acquainted with him.

"Miss Marion, will you take a row?" called he, from the boat, as he rested upon his oars.

"Yes, if I may."

"I shall be delighted to have you! Come to those rocks, and I will take you in."

I passed to the mass of sea-weed covered rocks designated, and, at the risk of an impromptu bath, mounted them, stepping from one to the other, until I reached the last and largest, where the water was of sufficient depth to float the light boat. Reaching up, Herbert took me in his arms, and placed me in the stern, saying, as he did so, "how very glad he was to see me alone."

With a few sturdy strokes we were sent far out from the shore, and then we directed our course up the river. As we advanced Herbert called my attention to the landscape, which grew every moment more and more pleasing. In the distance one could dimly descry Fort Trumbull, a stone structure, built on the New London side, far above the Pequot.

He rowed steadily, for he said he meant three miles of the witching little

river, that he might tempt me to a trip as far as Norwich. A lively war of words was carried on, as we bounded over the dreamy waters towards the fort. As we came in full view of it, Herbert, rowing just enough to keep ahead of the tide, which was out, bade me look upon the lovely scenery around. The sun had sunk to rest, leaving a good-night kiss upon the earth and heavens, that blushed, and smiled, and sparkled, in maiden-like delight.

New London lay on the left, guarded by the massive fort before mentioned. The "Light-house" gleamed a tall, white column, behind us; and, further up, the field-glass revealed the nestling houses of the city, which, with its old wharves, and spires half concealed by lofty, luxuriant trees, looked like some ruined pride of by-gone days, overgrown with clinging vines, and sloping in decay to the water's edge.

On the right rose the banks of Groton, whose coyish landscape rises and falls in soft, grass-covered undulations. Upon the largest of the many hills stands the old, dismantled earth-works known as Fort Griswold. Below it, on a cliff of rocks, is the modern battery, mounting about twenty guns.

Near the old fort stands a monument of granite nearly a hundred and thirty feet high, while, reclining on the slopes, or in the valleys, are neat, white cottages, then glittering and blushing like snow-flakes, at remembrance of the sun's good-night.

Involuntarily I exclaimed, "Beautiful!"

"More than beautiful!" replied my companion. "Grand! inspiring! soul-stirring! to one who knows its history!" and his eyes kindled with enthusiasm.

"What is its history?" I asked, eagerly.

"Would you like to hear it?"

"Oh, yes! very much!"

"Then I shall very much enjoy telling you, for I have a family interest in the matter. I am proud to claim the shelter of those ruins as my birthright; for every patriot's heart thrills while listening to that old fort's younger days." After a pause he continued: "Benedict Arnold, as you are probably aware, was born a short distance above here, near the city of Norwich. After turning traitor, he conceived the diabolical scheme of destroying New London and the protecting forts. In pursuance of this plot, spies were sent by the British, under his command, to this vicinity.

"My grandmother was at this time some sixteen years of age, and lived with her parents near the 'Harbor's mouth.' About the 30th of August, 1781, several gentlemen applied to them for the rent of a room, that they desired to keep but a short time, and with which they were accommodated.

"Before many days had passed their conduct aroused suspicion in the mind of my grandmother that all was not right. They seemed to have no definite business, but were con-

stantly looking around. And what was still more singular, they received visits from a man, who came after dark, in a row-boat, and always avoided being seen.

"After remaining about a week, these strangers left, and grandmother urged her parents to desert their house and go into the country, as she was oppressed by a sense of impending danger. After burying their silver and other valuables, they did as she desired.

"On the 6th of September the alarm was given that a British man-of-war was entering the harbor. The American troops had been recently drawn from this post, leaving scarcely sufficient for its defence. Those occupying Fort Trumbull, deeming it expedient to concentrate their forces, crossed to Griswold, where they joined those under the command of Col. Ledyard.

"All the boys and men able to bear arms also hurried to the fort, while the women and children were sent hastily to the woods. Messengers were dispatched with greatest speed to the nearest forts for reinforcements and ammunition, the latter being very scarce.

"As the men were hurrying to the fort, one of them met 'Old Mother Bailey,' as she has since been called, but who was then a young woman, and whose house I will show you some other time.

"The man asked her if she had any wool or flannel she could give them; as they needed wadding for their guns? She replied that she had not, and dare not return for any; then, as if a sudden idea had flashed across her mind, she hesitated, blushed deeply, but at length yielding to her patriotism and noble heart, she stepped aside, loosened her flannel skirt, and handing it to the soldier, remarked: 'It is all I have, use it in defence of my country.' It was carried in triumph, on the end of his gun, to the fort, and the incident related amid enthusiastic cheers for the donor. Then it was divided into portions suitable to send, with leaden companions, among the enemy, as the warm compliments of the American ladies.

"The British entered New London, and, finding no opposition at the fort on that side, sacked and fired the city; then crossing to the Groton side, attacked Fort Griswold. Previous to this, Col. Ledyard had been informed by the next in command that there was not sufficient ammunition to sustain a long conflict, and advised to retreat, but the intrepid commander replied, 'We should not build a fort we cannot defend,' and stood his ground, trusting to keep the enemy at bay until reinforcements arrived.

"The battle commenced, and, during the engagement, our flagstaff was shot away, which, amid the fierce conflict, was unnoticed by our men. This failure to rehoist our colors was taken by the British as a signal of surrender,

and they rushed forward expecting no resistance, but were repulsed, with the loss of their commanding officer. Our troops, now observing the absence of their flag, hoisted and gallantly defended it a short time longer.

"Then our ammunition gave out, and Ledyard was obliged to yield. The enemy came to the gate of the fort, and the officer who had succeeded to the command asked haughtily: 'Who commands this fort?'

"To which Ledyard replied: 'I did once, but you do now,' and, stepping forward, presented the hilt of his sword. The officer grasped it, and, being exasperated by Ledyard's former resistance, ran the brave colonel through the heart, so that he fell dead upon the spot. A colored man, standing next to Ledyard, sprang forward and slew the Briton with his bayonet. This was followed by a most terrible massacre. Overcome at length by numbers, that brave little band (comprising every male capable of bearing arms, from every family in the village of Groton) lay dead, murdered, dying, on the ground they had sought to defend. They were then heaped together by the enemy in a large hand-cart, which was set in motion at the top of that steep hill (you can plainly see it through the glass), with sufficient force to carry it over stones and ruts into the river, conveying its burden of men, half yet living. Near the foot of the hill was an old tree, against which this charnel carriage struck, throwing out two of the wounded men, who, lying stunned and motionless, were left by the enemy as dead. From these we learned the particulars of this most inhuman slaughter.

"Not waiting for pillage, these marauders hastily embarked, and were just pushing off their boats when our reinforcements appeared on the brow of the hill. Alas! too late!"

Herbert paused reverently a moment, and then added: "I have often thought one born amid such surroundings is, more or less, affected by the spirit of his ancestors. I know it is the case with me. At the recital of these deeds I am filled with proud longings to be better and braver even than those I so much admire."

While Herbert had been painting, thus vividly, scenes of the past, the full moon had risen slowly from behind the hill where had appeared the reinforcements, and now hung like a cloud of saddened glory over the battered and bereaved old fort.

I could have wept with sympathy as I gazed on the silent bulwarks, and thought of the anguish they had witnessed, or the heroes they had held.

"The monument," continued Herbert, "is to commemorate the noble slain."

I did not speak. Fancy was busy shaping from the shadows, phantoms of those to whose deeds I had been listening, and perchance a

sigh escaped me, for, resting on his oars, Herbert leaned forward, inquiring, "Why are you so sad?"

"Thinking of all the sad things you have told me," I replied.

"Then I will tell you something to bring back the smiles," he rejoined, cheerily, and without waiting for my consent, proceeded: "Among the families living near the 'Harbor's Mouth,' at the time of which I have been speaking, was a man and his wife with whom my grandmother was acquainted. The former, seeing a British man-of-war in the Sound, suspected some evil, and deemed it prudent to remove to a place of safety immediately. It seems the day previous he had brought home a nice, large, new pair of 'flat-irons,' for which the good wife had long been wishing, and was not *now* willing to leave behind her; so placing her silver spoons in her pocket, she took an iron in each hand, and hurried down to the shore. Trying to enter the row-boat without sufficient caution, she unluckily slipped overboard. Her husband came to the rescue, but the irons, to which she still clung, were so heavy as to keep her under water. 'Let the flat-irons go, you fool you,' shouted the man, tugging in vain at his floundering spouse; and the poor dame would probably have been drowned, had she not taken his advice."

I did *smile* quite heartily.

Turning the bow of our boat homeward, Herbert drew in his oars, left his seat, and took one at my side, saying: "We will drift down the river, at the mercy of the tide, Marion," then taking my hand and looking into my face, with eyes I could not meet, he cried passionately: "O Marion! why will you let me suffer so long, so deeply! The gayety I ever assume in the presence of others, is but the mask of a starving heart. You, Marion, should understand it by this time. *Twice* I have craved a boon, that would make this life a blessing indeed, and I have striven to be worthy of it. *Twice* you have refused me, yet I come again; and I come to plead, as a love like mine only can plead; but it is the *last time*, Marion. If you cast me off *now*, to-morrow shall see me far from here. The ocean shall henceforth be my home and grave. I cannot longer live upon this continent and not possess you. Marion Ellis, will you be my wife?"

I need not tell you my reply; indeed, I do not know that I could. The story of his ancestors had showed me the true man, and in return my *heart* gave respect mingled with deep affection.

I remember two arms encircled me; I know I was very happy, and *never*, tho' Time scatter his hoar-frost over my dark tresses, or plough deep furrows in my cheek and brow, shall I forget the night I was out in a row-boat on the Yankee Thames.

DOCTOR GRACE.

BY CARROLL WEST.

(Concluded from page 453.)

III.

"EARLY spring passed wearily with me. Gerard's death had saddened me; the more that—though I had forgiven, if I could not entirely forget, all his share in our unhappiness—I could not cease to regret that I never more could be kind to him. Then, too, I had a new anxiety. His silence and lack of remittances had embarrassed me pecuniarily, and I was left in such straitened circumstances that personal exertion of some kind was absolutely necessary.

"Everybody turned to teaching or sewing, until they starved or died. As many grew hopeless and despairing over the even more wearing work of the pen. I had a profession, and, in spite of cousin's urgent prejudices, must practise it in order to earn a living. I had formed a friendship with Doctor Howe during my father's life. I wrote him for advice. He offered me at once a situation in his Water-Cure. But cousin was so opposed to leaving her pretty home, just as summer was coming on, as she would be obliged to if I left her, that we compromised. I would remain with her until November. Then she would go West to live with other relatives, and I go to the Cure. Meanwhile unremitting study.

"I was out in the garden one day in May, gathering hosts of sweet violets, those precious darlings, which can never be too plenty. My broad-brimmed hat, lying near me, was filled with them, and still I could not leave them. There is such a personality about violets; they are the only flowers I ever kiss. And, with my face close over them, my lips touching them where they grew, I never heard a coming footstep, and was suddenly startled by my whole hat full of treasures falling in a fragrant shower around me. I looked up quickly, to encounter eyes as blue as violets, and the winning smile of Ernest Berge.

"'Aunt wrote me to come,' he said, as we walked to the house together. 'She said you needed long walks and rides, and she was afraid to have you go so far alone.'

"Not a day after this but we had plenty of exercise. And the days were full of beauty all the weeks he remained with us. He teased, scolded, and laughed with cousin, for there was a great fund of youth in him. He cheered, quieted, comforted, and strengthened me by his manly self-control, his gentle tenderness, and ever unobtrusive sympathy. We talked together freely of our inner-selves and our individual work. He taught me a great deal about his art, and made me delight in beauty of form as I had previously done in color. Paintings had once been my enchantment, now statuary was.

"He had that love for the beautiful, the symmetrical, and perfectly proportioned which sees all this in a perfectly formed woman or child, entirely apart from their personality. He looked upon them only as so much more beautiful than marble could ever express them. I think I may safely say that his was the sweetest, cleanest, and purest heart I ever saw in man. 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,' I ever recalled in dwelling upon his character. For truly his pure heart saw God in everything—God only—not the taint Satan had given.

"One forgot entirely in being with him, in listening to his remarks, or receiving his affectionately kind attentions, that the serpent had ever entered Eden. It was as if he were one's very own brother, nay, more—and I think you understand what I mean—one's *sister*. Only do not imagine there was anything effeminate about him. He was thorough *man*, with all a man's strong attributes and traits of distinctive character, with energy, will, and spirited, though controlled, temper. Yet I have seen the look of half-scorn his curved lips and delicate nostrils expressed disappear instantly, to be replaced by a winning tenderness—almost womanly in its completeness, and as beautiful as rare in man—when any sufferer, either of body or mind, needed or cared for his gentleness. He had an outward manner, which, to a casual observer, might seem cold, because of its undemonstrativeness; but all children, and most women of sensitive delicacy, trusted him instinctively; and all helpless or infirm things, either in the human or brute creation, naturally appealed to him—in itself a very good proof of a man's character and heart.

"I had a good opportunity to study this character, in our walks and drives about the country; when we sat in the woods by the hour, quiet and restful; or climbed the mountains to drink in the beauty of each new view that broke upon us. And not less so at home, where he was never 'company,' but enjoyed that blessed privilege of doing just as he pleased. Sometimes he read aloud to us, but oftener I looked up from my book or sewing to find him deep in some paper of especial interest, and, though there was always a smile for me if our eyes met, still the reading was continued.

"My hours for study were in the early morning before the dew was off the grass. But I found my thoughts too constantly following my eyes, as they watched a tall, manly figure in his walks about the garden—now stopping to mend a trellis, and then to train a vine—and I resolutely moved my desk from the window to a less tempting part of the room. Yet those study hours seemed the longest part of the day. And, though I resolutely fought every thought that would interfere, yet I could not but hear the click of the gate, which announced his return from a morning walk, and the footstep,

light yet firm, which bounded up the stairs to his room for a last touch to his waves of dark hair before he should appear at breakfast.

"All too soon came the time he must go. He was as reluctant to leave as we to have him, but a business order from a wealthy lady demanded it. It seemed impossible to do anything after he was gone. Both cousin and I missed him, though very differently. All the charming weather was either gone, or I did not enjoy it, for nothing could tempt me out, and yet my in-door occupations were wearisome and tasteless.

"I knew what the trouble was long before I would confess it to myself. In fact, it seemed as if it must be wrong, so soon after my husband's death, and yet I had never loved Gerard, and now a new emotion, which I felt was God-sent, had come to me. The only pang there was in it was its hopelessness. And for that reason it could not have full sway. It might bud, and bloom, and beautify my inner life, but must not be the first impulse of my life. I must be 'more than conqueror' (in conquering myself) 'through Him Who loved us,' for I had work yet to do.

"Dreams were sweet, and, oh! what visions I could call up, if only—*only* what was not had been! I shut my eyes to the picture he had once drawn of his ideal home, still I was haunted with it. I saw the beautiful yet simple room, with its blue and gray adornings; the few yet choice paintings on the wall; the exquisite statuettes; the open shelves of books; the flowers in the window; the bright wood fire on the hearth. That was *his* picture; and mine added him in his easy-chair before the fire, enjoying a quiet rest, and myself near him, so near that a gentle caress now and then should tell me how he loved me. Ah! sweet dreams, all too sweet, and not for me! It was no sin, no shame, to love him, and I would, hiding my secret deep in my own heart; but

'Only to love him, nothing more,
Never a thought of his loving me,'

was all I could claim. And, giving myself a plain hearing in the matter, I determined that a good disciplining, which would take me out of self, was what I needed. So I studied harder than ever, busied myself about household matters, took my walks with some purpose in view, that I might not be tempted to loiter and dream. And I grew stronger than I had ever been. My form grew round and full, and the color of my girlhood returned to my cheeks.

"July and August brought to our little village an influx of city people, escaping the 'torrid term.' Several were former acquaintances of my better days, and one gentleman an old friend of my girlhood. With him I renewed many of the walks and rides I had enjoyed with Ernest. But it might have been different ground, so different was the enjoy-

ment, except for the sweet hidden memories each spot recalled. Mr. Vernon was a good talker, and enjoyed having a good listener, which I the more willingly became, that I could keep up an undertone of my own thoughts.

"Mr. Berge had a full account of all our expeditions and Mr. Vernon's attentions from cousin. And she was very indignant that it seemed to make no impression upon him. Indeed, I *will* acknowledge that I was woman enough to feel pained that he was so indifferent as to be incapable of jealousy.

"It was, however, not so much from a desire to provoke jealousy, as from a woman's instinct to conceal feelings which are not reciprocated, that I still accepted, and even feigned more pleasure than I felt in accepting, Mr. Vernon's invitations to walk or drive, even after Ernest had come back to us early in September.

"One day three strangers planned an expedition to go, in carriages or on horseback, over the mountains, and through the Shaker village to the Springs. When Ernest came to ask me to accompany him on horseback, I had to plead a previous engagement with Arthur Vernon.

"He made no reply. But when Mr. Vernon came for me, came himself to announce the fact, and as pleasantly as ever escorted me to the gate, and talked, or rather listened, to Mr. Vernon while we mounted.

"*'I am sorry, Mr. Berge,'* said Mr. Vernon, *'you are not going with us. Can't you change your mind, or do you never do such an unreasonable thing?'*

"*'Indeed,'* he answered, *'I should be sorry if I were so unreasonable as not to do it. It is only the obstinate who never change their minds. But, indeed, I cannot. I leave in the 11 A. M. train for New York.'*

"Our eyes met. I answered not a word, though my heart was throbbing painfully. He was so cool, not even a tinge of color betraying emotion.

"Just then Mr. Vernon discovered he had left his whip on the gate post of his boarding-house, some quarter of a mile distant. He excused himself with a profusion of apologies, and galloped after it. Ernest came to my side. There was a faint flush on his face, and a dimness about his eyes, which was not tears, but akin to them, and making them more luminous than ever, as he said:—

"*'Good-by, Grace. I thank God you are happy at last. You deserve it. But I cannot see it. I must go where I cannot see it. Good-by.'* And taking my hand in his, he pressed it with violence, and covered it with kisses.

"*'What do you mean?'* I cried. *'How am I happy? Do you think when I believed you my true friend forever, it makes me happy to find you are not?'*

"*'I am,'* he interrupted. *'You have no truer friend on earth, else how could I be glad of your happiness when it is my misery. But you will marry Vernon. His wife! any man's wife! To think of you as belonging to any one but myself! I cannot see it! I cannot bear it! Let me go!'*

"*'Ernest,'* I said, placing both of my hands in the one he had snatched so wilfully away, *'Ernest, I cannot let you go. I want you! need you! I shall never marry Mr. Vernon, even if he should ask me; nor'*—looking him in the face and just escaping a burst of tears by laughing—*'nor any one else, unless you should ask me.'*

"*'Grace,'* he exclaimed passionately, his whole countenance transfigured.

"*'Hush,'* I cried, *'Mr. Vernon is coming. But now you will not go to New York. You will come with us on this drive.'* Seeing him hesitate, *'For my sake, Ernest.'*

"He looked a consent, rather than spoke it; and I confidently told Mr. Vernon that Mr. Berge had decided to postpone his trip, and would shortly catch up to us, as his horse was a fast one.

"True enough, our merry cavalcade were on the mountain road, just about entering that 'pink of neatness,' the Shaker village, when a horse's quick gallop was heard behind us, and Mr. Berge came beside us. Though he paused but a moment, yet in that I could see how changed his whole appearance was. So young had even one touch of joy made him. Then he left us to ride beside a phaeton occupied by a lady and her very pretty daughter. I felt no jealousy now of his evident admiration of sweet Katie Sinclair and her pathetic brown eyes. He loved me; he had said so. And though he should never say more, still I should never doubt his words enough to be jealous. In fact jealousy with me was more distrust of myself and of my own capabilities of winning love than doubt of another. But once satisfied on that point, I remained satisfied.

"We stopped at one or two of the stores in the village to examine the exquisite baskets and boxes, which these neatest people in the world could make with such daintiness. Behind the counter stood one or more of the sisters, in their painfully ungraceful dress. Yet from the spotless neckerchiefs, and under the stiff deforming bonnets, rose noble heads and faces of exquisite loveliness, enhanced by that purity of complexion and serene expression which seems the specialty of 'sisters' of any creed. Their gentle manner, and low-toned voices; their 'thee' and 'thou' enchanted me. I expressed myself enthusiastically, as half-enamored of their peaceful, world-apart existence.

"*'A stifled life,'* said Ernest, in low tones beside me.

"*'But one, nevertheless, which interests me,'*

I answered playfully, 'and I am not quite sure but I shall become a "sister" myself some day!'

"Oh, the perfect comprehension of me and my mood there was in that noble face as he whispered:—

"And I am sure you have a better mission, my Grace.'

"A noisy trio burst in upon us. One lady looking amongst the long stemmed pipes for 'something to suit her Harry.'

"It is a pernicious habit," said a quiet sister, at the same time handing the lady one of the best of the lot; 'a wrong and not cleanly habit; and thy Harry should not smoke; but if thy Harry will smoke, then I would advise thee to buy one of these pipes.'

"The combination of serpent and dove in this little speech amused us all, and we left the Shaker village and turned towards the Springs full of merriment.

"The beauty of that ride over the mountains can never be forgotten. The woods were still in their summer green; but the golden rod, the purple Star of Bethlehem, and the sumach's tinge of scarlet were suggesting the approach of autumnal glory. At the opening of the valley we stopped, and gazed long and silently at the beautiful scene before us: the rich farms, with their red barns and antiquated houses; the little brook, wandering like a thread of silver through the meadows, to be lost in the distance, where it widened into a broader stream, and travelled miles until its goal was won, its life hidden and absorbed in the glorious Hudson—as a pure sweet life flows through now green pastures, now darksome shadowed nooks, still enriching and refreshing all around it, doing its work silently, but never losing sight of its aim—the final ending in a beautiful eternity.

"The hotel at L—— Springs was full of gay visitors. We remained only long enough to see a few acquaintances and dine. Then commenced our return. We had but re-entered the Shaker village when Mr. Vernon's horse seemed unable to proceed. He limped, as if his foot were injured.

"Poor animal!" said Mr. Vernon, jumping down to examine it; 'he has hurt his foot badly, and it seems cruel to compel him to go the remaining three miles. I must leave him here with these good Samaritans, and hire another to go on with.'

"But that proved impracticable. They would take charge of the horse willingly—for a sufficient remuneration (these good people never lose sight of that)—but they had no horse they could spare to replace him. The only alternative was that Mr. Vernon should accept Mrs. Sinclair's invitation to take the vacant seat in her carriage, and resign me to Mr. Berge's care.

"The lame horse disposed of, we again started homeward. I need not say how much

we enjoyed this arrangement, nor how our horses loitered over the ground. A Shaker woman, as we left the village, passed us on the scrupulously swept road-side path, never once raising her eyes towards us, the world's people. She gave us our first really unembarrassed topic.

"Can you see any beauty in that life, Grace? Death in life, I should call it.'

"Only that it may be a refuge. "The world forgetting, by the world forgot," must be a consolation in some of the bitterest kinds of sorrow. And there is "death in life" in many a life the world thinks happy. For God does not grant to every woman, Ernest, the crown of a true marriage. And thrice better none than the counterfeit, which will weigh her down to the earth, although it be only a crown of thorns instead of jewels. Every woman cannot realize her vision of the highest happiness.'

"Our friends were far on in advance, though we could still hear the sound of their wheels. We stopped our horses beneath the trees, and alighted to gaze down the mountain-side upon the little village, rosy in the last gleam of sunset. We sat down upon the mossy bank, and the pale light of the few days old moon glimmered faintly upon us. It was exceedingly lovely, and we were silent many moments.

"Nor does every man realize his visions of happiness," he said at length, taking my hand in his. 'I certainly feared, until to-day, that I should never realize mine, for I have built as many air-castles as most men of what it would be to have a wife and home of mine own. The rooms,' he smiled archly, 'all blue and gray—your favorite colors. The wife I loved should be some strong sweet woman; intelligent, cheerful, and childlike; not a cold queen of society, to attract the world's admiration, and freeze me with her dignified heartlessness, but a warm-hearted, gentle woman, who was willing to show she loved me in a thousand demonstrations, kept for me and my eyes only—never public; who was glad to be with me; glad that while I rested she could sit quietly beside me, her hand in mine; while I read, my arm should be around her beautiful form; and, with the brown head resting against my shoulder, the pure brow so near my lips, and the soft cheek upturned for mine own to rest against; glad that hers was the right alone to receive these caresses; hers the right to meet me when I came home, or send me away laden to my work, with her pure kisses; proud of my success, proud of my honor and my honesty; proud, as well as glad, to be the one woman of all the world to me; the only woman I could ever love with an intensity which should give birth to jealousy, and yet be full of trust; proud and glad both to be my wife, to share my every moment, my home, my hopes, my life; to be all, *everything* the holy name implies.'

"I was gazing afar down the mountain side with eyes which saw nothing for their overflowing tears.

"He leaned forward quickly, saw my emotion, and, clasping me in his arms, cried: 'Grace, darling! you are the only woman I can love so, the only one I can ever wish to be my wife. If—if only you love me, Grace.'

"Heaven knows I did. And I told him so. I cannot tell you how, only he was satisfied.

"A few impassioned kisses on my brow, and eyes, and lips; a few rapturous words; and, almost before I knew it, we were on our horses again, and fairly flying after our friends. We caught them before they entered the village, and parted with them all gayly.

"Reaching our own door, we stood a few moments beneath the vine-covered porch in the moonlight. His arm stole around me, and my head rested on his shoulder. I had found my home at last. Late as was this development of my life, it was all the more strong and entire. I loved him with my whole heart and soul, with no friendly loving, but intensely, wholly, as a wife should love her husband. For him I would have borne willingly any sacrifice, any sorrow, any danger—yes, even disgrace, that hardest thing to bear; done anything—no matter what the personal cost—anything, *everything*, except sin. My very love made me tremble. Oh! why must 'Fear be ever Love's shadow?'

"He pressed his cool, soft cheek to mine; then, passing his hand over my hair, and adown my cheek as he had once before, long ago, it seemed, asked abruptly: 'When I did so that night, Grace, what brought the tears?'

"'I do not know,' I answered, frankly, 'unless I loved you even then—a little.'

"He kissed me fervently, and received my first kiss, and the first 'Darling' from my lips which had passed them since my precious son died.

"'Good-night! now,' he said, 'for I do not want you to come down again. You are very tired, and need rest, although to-day has been such a happy day.'

"'Good-night!' I answered, with attempted gayety, to cover up my nervousness, 'and don't forget me before to-morrow.'

"'Do you suppose,' he responded, seriously, detaining me, 'that I can ever forget this first foretaste of what life might be—ay, *will* be henceforth for me? Ah!' he added, smiling, 'you know unfortunately that I could not forget you, if I would. Go, now; good-night!'

"I had been in my room but a little while when cousin came up to bring me a cup of tea and some biscuit. 'Ernest doesn't want any tea, nor anything but a walk. I should think not,' she said, carefully keeping her eyes from my face. 'And he said you were tired, and going to bed. And I must confess I'm mighty glad.'

"'Mighty glad I am tired, and going to bed, cousin,' I answered, half-hysterically.

"'Pshaw! child, I ain't a fool, nor yet blind nor deaf, if I am an old maid, nigh seventy. Suppose I was young, and going to be married myself, once. Anyhow I am glad not to have to leave my home this November.'

"So she was gone. And I looked out on the night, and thanked God for making this life of mine so joyous a thing. Oh! how full, how rich a 'blossoming as the rose' the wilderness had become! Was it I, could it be I, who had thought my life so dead, to whom the new world so full of beauty had so suddenly opened?

"But do not think I am going to rhapsodize over our happiness. I will only tell you it was complete. Our delight in each other's presence increased daily. Every expression and demonstration of his love thrilled me with pleasure, which was not exceeded by his evident joy in having me with him. 'Love, heavenly guest,' was our constant companion, and brought not with it its 'troop of weak mock relatives,' the children of jealousy, and selfishness, and earthly interest.

"November came, but Doctor Howe had understood that my engagement with him could not be fulfilled. He had been to visit us, and had expressed his hearty admiration of Ernest; and, in his frank way, had told me how glad he was to see me, at last, happy.

"'Did I not tell you,' he said, gazing into my happy face, 'that your life would be yet complete? That such capabilities of a mighty and engrossing passion, as you possessed, were not given you to be buried in a napkin; that some day God would require of you also that your whole life, as he gave it you, should be lived out? You have bloomed into fresh beauty, my little friend, and I do not fear now that this marriage will be the desolation your first was.'

"Oh! no, there was no fear of that. The only danger was that this intense devotion was too perilously sweet to be allowed. Yet it did not come between me and heaven; it only made Him, who granted me this joy, the dearer to my thankful heart.

"Months passed like weeks, weeks like days, all happy, and also busy with the daily routine of my simple life. Only the anniversary of Gerard's death brought me a few clouded hours. Ernest, fearing this, hastened to R——, and remained a few days to dispel all morbid thoughts.

"It was while he was there that Mr. Vernon came to see me. He had married the pretty Kate Sinclair, and they had visited New Orleans on their bridal tour. While there, at my urgent request he had visited the plantation where my husband died, seen his grave, and from the doctor who visited him gleaned all the particulars of his illness. 'He was ill but two

days,' the doctor stated, 'and delirious before his friend Wilson came for me.' There he found him alone with this bachelor friend, their servants having deserted them at the first whisper of yellow-fever. Wilson had told the doctor who Colburn was, and from whence, and brought forward the clothing of the deceased and the few papers there were (amongst them his wife's letters) to prove his statement before the doctor made out his certificate.

"Not satisfied entirely with this," said Mr. Vernon, 'I tried to see this Wilson, but failed. Finally, I left him a note, asking him to send me written particulars regarding Mr. Colburn's business or property, if he had any, also about his illness, etc. And, to make him see the full force of my request, I mentioned that Mrs. Colburn was about marrying again. I, however, received no answer, and consequently have only brought you the papers the doctor gave me.'

"They were but few, but they pained me to look over and put away, especially my own letters. I could not bear to think, now, that I had ever called any one 'My dear husband.' I told Ernest so. And he answered:—

"I often wonder why the fact that you have aroused no jealousy in me. Perhaps because I knew then you did not love, were not capable of loving. But to think of you now as calling any other man than myself "Husband" maddens me."

"But," I replied, teasingly, 'suppose I had not loved you?'

"Then," he said, almost sternly, and withdrawing his arm from supporting me, 'no matter how much I loved you, I would not want you for my wife. I should always treat such a wife kindly, but I fear my coldness would break her heart, if she had a heart. No, I wouldn't want you for my wife; but, still,' he added, with overpowering emotion, burying his face in his hands, 'if you became the wife of another, I wouldn't want to know it, I couldn't see it! Oh! my darling, do not talk of it! Only tell me again it is impossible!'

"I tore his hands away from his face to cover them with kisses, and found his eyes full of tears. Oh! tender, loving heart! How entirely, how satisfyingly to my exacting nature did he love me!

"My life was an ecstasy of bliss, and weeks slipped away like days.

IV.

"I HAD laid aside the mourning robes I wore out of respect to Gerard's memory when I first became engaged to Ernest. Now I wore his and also my own favorite colors, gray and blue. My wedding-dress was ready, and laid away for the swiftly-coming day. It was a sober Irish poplin travelling-suit, almost Quakerish,

except for the violets clustering under the brim of the bonnet, but quite suitable for our intended tour—Ernest's long-desired trip to Europe. There he should grow in his art, and become the master his genius gave him a claim to be. Now that he had the inspiration of a mighty passion, his fingers ached to express it, as he felt the power within him.

"The last day of May came. Ernest was to leave on the morrow, and be absent three days. On the fourth of June our quiet wedding, in the little sitting-room so dear to us from the many happy hours spent there, was to take place. On the sixth we were to sail.

"This last day we were to have one more drive on the Shaker mountain, and stop again at the lovely spot made sacred to us by the memory of our heartfelt vows that happy day. Never was a more perfect day created. The spring comes late in this region, but the budding trees were filled with songsters, and the ground was embroidered with wild-flowers. Reaching the chosen place, we alighted, and gathered hosts of anemones and the delicate arbutus, which had run riot over the ground. I can never see it now without a shudder.

"Ernest crowned me with them, filled my arms to overflowing with them. Even the little round hat, which I had tossed on the ground, was adorned with long sprays. Long we talked about our happy future; and long we sat, quiet, without a word, enjoying each other's presence.

"At length a strange chilliness seized me. It was not atmospheric, for the day was warm, but a shivering premonition of evil. Ernest saw my sudden pallor, and with eager entreaty insisted upon the cause. I was so nervous, so strangely overcome, that I burst into tears, and sobbed unrestrainedly. He laid my head on his shoulder, soothed me, and kissed away my tears; and, when I persisted 'I was not ill,' he said, tenderly:—

"Then, Grace, dearest, is it because, now that the day of our marriage has nearly come, you dare not trust me with your happiness? You fear to come with me, *as my wife*—you would be happier without me? If so, my darling, tell me. No matter how late it is, do not fear to tell me. Your happiness is far beyond my own. You shall keep me always, if you will, as your friend, your brother, and love me only as such. I will take all the blame, if there be any, for our ruptured engagement, and you must forget we were ever to have been married. And, though I must love you always, beyond everything earthly, and wish you only—of all women—to be my wife, yet I will never annoy you by asking it. I will never mention that name again, hard as it is to give you up, if only *you* will be happy.'

"My noble lover; most unselfish of men! I told him, with emphasis, that I did not mean to give up our marriage; that I had no fears or

doubts; but that I should be supremely happy as his wife. 'But still,' I said, 'I have so terrible a premonition of evil, not through you, dear, but coming to myself. It seems as if I could feel it coming nearer and nearer every moment, and it stifles me. 'But,' I cried excitedly, 'I do not care what sorrow it is, so it does not separate us, Ernest; but I cannot lose you.'

"And you shall not, Grace, until death us do part, my darling. Nothing else can."

"Oh, how little, how little we knew. We had come in sight of the railway when we saw a great commotion. Something of general interest had evidently occurred, and we hastened our horse forward and were soon at the spot. A fearful scene was before us. The train from the West, owing to some defect in the rail, had met with one of those shocking accidents which harrow up one's feelings merely to read of. Think, then, what it was to see the cars overturned; some of them half-way down an embankment, some completely demolished and heaped on the ruins of others. People were lifting up the dead, and rescuing the wounded from the debris, and the air rang with the groans of the suffering, the prayers of the dying, the wails of the bereaved, and the imprecations of the despairing. We forgot ourselves; we forgot even each other; and sprang from the carriage to lend our aid. My medical skill now became available.

"In a little house near by, men and women were carried, and even dear little children, crushed almost beyond hope. I worked there, binding wounds, setting bones, or administering chloroform, until I was ready to faint with exhaustion. Then two or three more physicians arrived to aid those already at work, and I turned gladly to the outer air.

"I saw Ernest at a little distance, still at work. He gave me a look full of love and anxiety, but as I pointed to the horse and then homeward, he nodded approval. He knew I was tired out and needed rest, and that I could drive myself safely home, so he waved me an adieu and disappeared with some men.

"I was just unfastening the horse when a groan of agony arrested me. Half-way down a bank, which had concealed him from view, and underneath a heap of splintered wood, was another victim of the disaster. I ran to him. There was no one near to help me, and, with a strength which now seems superhuman, I tore off the rubbish, and straightened him on the grass. He was groaning, yet unconscious. I bound up the fearful wound in his head by tearing a part of my blue muslin dress into bandages. This done, I ran to a little spring near at hand, and filled a broken pan I found beside it with water. I bathed his face, washing away the earth clinging to it. The water revived him. He opened his eyes. O my God! it was my husband!

"'Grace,' he said, 'Grace, I was just coming for you,' and again fainted.

"How I ever lifted him in my arms and placed him in the carriage, with only the assistance of a little boy whom I called, I do not know. My one thought was to get him away where Ernest could not see him. It was an insane thought, for neither he nor cousin had ever seen him, but every thought was insane with me then. But one cry reiterated itself in my soul; I was conscious of no other thought, 'O Ernest, Ernest, I knew I should lose you!'

"Mechanically I drove to cousin's house. The little boy, I suppose, had gone at my direction to prepare her, for she had a room and bed ready for the sufferer. I could not tell her who he was. I could not bear so suddenly to give her an insight into my heart's agony. She thought the awful scene I had witnessed had blanched my face to its ashy hue. She saw I was too much unstrung to speak of it, and as soon as I, acting as surgeon, had done everything needful for the poor creature's wounds, cousin took a seat beside him, promising to call me if he became conscious, and I went down into our sitting-room.

"Oh, where had all light, all life, all joy, fled? Was this the room once so bright and cheerful? Was I the same woman who, only that morning, stood there, radiant with happiness? It could not be! I would not have it so! I had said, 'Nothing shall come between us.' He had answered, 'Death only.' And here had come a phantom from the grave, and put us asunder. Not death, but what we had thought *dead*, had separated me and my dearest of all the earth.

"Oh, cruel fate! cruel life! I had almost said, 'cruel God!' but, shocked at this sudden aspect of my rebellion, I fell on my knees, my face buried in my dress. I could not pray. I could only cry out sharply, sorely, in this bitter need, groping blindly for the helping hand, 'O God! O God!'

"I heard Ernest coming in at the gate, yet I could not rise to meet him. I heard him run up stairs, yet I could not stop him. It seemed a year since I had seen him, yet I dreaded to see him.

"Before long his strong arm raised me, and my weary head rested on his shoulder. He was so calm, and oh, I had got to tell him! He quieted me, soothed me, hushed me if I attempted to speak, with a tenderness half divine, until I felt my bounded pulses stilled, my bewildered thoughts settling into calm, and exceeding strength coming for this bitter trial. Then I pressed my lips to his hands, and dared to raise my eyes to his face. Then I saw that he knew. And I hid my face out of sight, and could not speak. With his strong arm still clasping me, he spoke at last:—

"My Grace, I know it all. I know that

God rends us apart. Your cousin called me into the room of your—of the wounded man; told me all you had told her, and more, *more*. He had opened his eyes; he had said, "Where is Grace—my wife?" So she learned it. And so *I* know all; *all*, my darling. And, oh, how can I give you up? how can I give you up to *him*?"

"The strong frame shook with suppressed emotion. Bitter tears dropped from his eyes. His face was death-like, and he looked as if years had been added to his age since morning. Then came my turn to be consoler. Seeing him whom I idolized so, suffer, I forgot my own suffering. God blesses with His strength the unselfishness of love, and He enabled us together to lift this heavy cross, and look with patient eyes bitter duty steadfastly in the face. No more happiness. Only a broken dream of what life *might* be. Oh that starlight, when we stood once more, at parting, by our garden-gate! When once more he held me to his heart in a firm embrace, and kissed my brow, my eyes, and lips! God knows, looking into the purity of our hearts, we had no thought of wrong in so doing. But it was our farewell forever to each other! If I had been leaving him for the other world, just so would he have held me once more in his arms, and for the last time on earth our lips would have met.

"And it was the last time. We were dead to each other henceforth, and must be quickly buried from each other's sight for evermore.

"O my child!" he cried, in a voice sharp with agony, 'if you were to be happy as his wife, I could better endure it. Oh, forget me! forget me! You will have no peace until you do.' And then calmly, yet tenderly, 'My own poor little Grace; my precious darling! God bless you, and God help me!'

"And he was gone—gone forever. I have never seen him since.

"I stood alone in the garden, gazing up at the cold, cold stars, imploring strength to subdue this mighty passion, the first, the only one of my life; strength to do my duty to my husband 'until death us do part,' I had said, that marriage day; and now, no matter how little love, how little respect I had for him; no matter how cruelly he had deceived me, and been the cause of my bitter misery; 'until death us do part' stood an unbreakable vow.

"But it was misery intense I was enduring. Let those who, like me, were bound in a marriage bond, where no love, no respect, not even cold esteem, longer lives, answer if earth knows a keener one. And yet I knew that rather than never have known this sweet awakening; never have sounded my capabilities for so engrossing a love, I was glad to endure all I was suffering; yes, *glad*.

"Yet my life was hard, bitter, cruel. And when the fourth of June—the day I was to have become Ernest's wife—came, it seemed I

must go wild. Cousin, taking pity upon me—as my husband was able to sit up—feigned some errand to send me off, and I spent the day alone in the woods, in our trying place; not to indulge in the memories that would not die, but to pray that I might forget.

"Do not blame me. Happy wives are so quick to judge the unhappy. I was fighting with this mastering love; struggling to subdue it. All that day was spent in cries to Heaven for its aid. And Heaven helped me—though the love *would not* die—resolutely to shut my ears to its hopeless voice, and go forward, trusting God for strength, in that cold path of duty in which I had no heart.

"I watched over, waited on, my husband with every attention, until he was perfectly restored. Perhaps with even more strict conscientiousness that I did not love him. I bore with silent patience his exultation over the cruel deceit which had blasted my life, for he confessed, as a cunning stratagem—the object of which was to see what I would do—that he had exchanged clothes with the dead man, Wilson, and put his letters and papers amongst the clothes purposely, to have me believe him dead.

"You may imagine the unhappy life I led with this man, whom I could not love, whose very presence added to my misery, filled, as it was, with cruel reproaches and unmerited abuse. Every time my strength gave out, under the heavy burden existence had become, he upbraided me with the fiercest jealousy for mourning for the man I had been about to marry. How I lived through all those months I do not know. I had seen Ernest's name in the list of passengers who sailed the Saturday after we parted, but never have I heard of or from him.

"Gerard chose sometimes not to believe this, and heaped all manner of epithets upon me. I grew frantic under my torture, and craved death with an incessant longing. Indeed, I became so seriously ill that cousin telegraphed for Doctor Howe, and was a long time alone with him before he came to me. From me he went to my husband. What was said I do not know; but the next day, both doctor and cousin being present, he came to my bed-side, and said:—

"Good-by, Grace! You have been the most patient of women, and you will forgive me the blow I struck you once in my anger?"

"I put my hand over his lips. I did not want cousin or the doctor to know *that*. But he pushed my hand impatiently away, and added:—

"They might as well know it. We were never suited to each other; proud and self-willed both of us. You'll be better off without me, and I better without you. So you need not expect to hear of me again, for you are not likely to. I don't know where I shall go; Cali

fornia or South America. Only this I'll promise you; next time you hear I am dead, it will be so, and you can marry that man as soon as you please.' Abruptly, and without a word of farewell to the others, he was gone.

"He has been true to his word; I have never heard from him. I have no reason, though, to think him dead.

"When I became convalescent, it was late autumn. My good doctor saw that change of scene was absolutely necessary for me. I needed some engrossing work, too, to keep me from thinking, as soon as I was able to do it. There is no medicine so good as *work* to a sick heart. Moreover, in my case it was necessary for my support, for my husband had made no provision for this. Cousin consented to go West to live, and I came here; and, as soon as I was able to enter upon my new duties, Doctor Howe introduced me as his new assistant—Doctor Grace. That was three years ago, and I am here still, and likely so to remain all my life—learning still life's lesson, that *only* 'through tribulation' can we enter into rest."

And here Doctor Grace's story ended. From that day her calmly sweet, yet sad, face grew dearer to me. I watched her patient life of earnest labor—so cheerful and unselfish, so different from the hated idea I had formed, in my prejudice, of "a woman out of her own sphere"—until I felt a better and a stronger woman for her quiet example.

I dreaded the day when I must leave the Cure, and see her no more, yet there was no longer any excuse for my remaining. My health was quite restored, and I was only now awaiting the time when my husband could come to take me home. That would be in a month more. Meanwhile all her leisure hours Grace spent with me.

One sultry August night, when the heat rendered the air oppressive everywhere, we sat leaning from my window, not talking, but gazing out on the moonlight, and thinking of by-gone days. We heard the train stop, and then rush on again with its freight of humanity.

Grace turned wearily from the window as the red light gleamed afar off amid the trees. "I never could bear to watch the train," she said, "since *that time*." Then, laying her hand caressingly in mine, she added: "The air must be very full of electricity to-night, or I am unusually sensitive. It seems as if some one were present, or coming very near me, whom I cannot see. Don't think I believe in ghosts," she laughed; "but truly something is coming to me, something is going to happen. And, yet, what more could happen to me? Unless"—She buried her face on my shoulder, and moaned: "Oh! if I could only know Ernest was happy!"

I endeavored to persuade her it was the approach of the thunder-storm we had been long-

ing for which had excited her nerves; and she calmed herself, at least outwardly, and watched with me the old omnibus stop at the Cure door, and deposit the new-comers.

About half an hour later Doctor Howe came in to find Doctor Grace. Some new patients had arrived, and one particularly—a gentleman, evidently in quick consumption—whom he wished her to see. He described his sufferings, which were acute, and said that the unfortunate man had mentioned that he "was friendless and alone, with no one to care when he was dead."

Our sympathies were aroused, Grace's strongly so. She begged the doctor to take her at once to the unhappy man.

"I will," he answered, "because his death is certain, and I would not have him die, Grace, as he might even to-night, without the consolation of seeing *you* once again."

She sprang to her feet, grasped him by the arm—her countenance terror-stricken, her lips half-gasping a name, while her eyes devoured his face.

"No, my child," he replied, clasping her cold hands firmly in his, "not Ernest, but your husband. Not knowing that you were here, but feeling sure I would let you know when all was over, he has come here to die."

"Come!" she said, imperiously, "take me to him. Let me help him if I can."

And from that hour she was his untiring, devoted nurse. His physician she refused to be; and Doctor Howe took charge of him, giving him every drop of medicine, even every glass of water. I understood it, when I learned that he daily reproached Grace with the fact that she would be free when he was gone, and therefore glad to have him die. Her patience with his complaints and requirements amazed me.

"It is my only explanation," she said. "Twice has the sin of ignorance led me astray; now, I accept the bitter cup, and drink it to the dregs."

Beside his death-bed I left her, and early in September, with my husband, returned to my own house in New York. In the month of October we were visiting an Art Gallery, filled with new gems, both of painting and statuary. Amongst the latter one figure held me spell-bound.

It was a young woman, sitting. The full folds of her robe concealed, and only suggested the outline of an exquisite bust; but, open at the throat, revealed curves of beauty, which gave additional grace to the pose of a head child-like in its abundance of clustering curls, yet so sadly beyond childhood in its bowed aspect of despair. The shapely hands lie listless in her lap; only the fingers of one pressing tight against the flesh the wedding ring, as if feeling the pain would be a reminder of some duty to be met. The face settled in a strange

calm, which is control, not coldness. It was marked "Hopeless." Many wondered at the title; but I knew too well whence the name, recognizing at once Grace Colburn in the wavy hair, the calm features, the unutterable sweetness of the serious lips—with love-words forever struck dumb upon them—the exquisitely developed figure, and the small hands and feet.

I turned to my husband impetuously: "There can be but one hand which has wrought this. Ernest Berge must be the sculptor, for it is Grace Colburn."

A tall, pale man, who stood near me, turned suddenly, and gazed into my face, with a startled look on his otherwise composed countenance. He touched my husband on the arm. "Pardon me! I heard the lady mention Grace Colburn. Is she then alive? Is she well? Is she happy?"

Oh! the eager tone of his questions! It was Ernest Berge himself. I gave him all the information he desired as he accompanied us home. And from that time daily was he our visitor. I had told him of my intimacy with Grace, and full understanding of her painful story. He, in turn, told me of the despair with which he rushed to Europe. How he had plunged at once into earnest work to drown the remembrance of her inevitable unhappiness. The years spent in this art-labor had been of great service to him. He had made not only a name, but a fortune. His one life-long, life-strong passion for Grace had been the inspiration his genius needed; and his memory had expressed itself in the statue called "Hopeless," portraying the look he saw on her face the hour they had parted forever.

Hungry as he was for daily news of Grace, I could give him none more recent than when I left her. I was myself becoming very anxious, and dreaded his eager questioning. At length came a letter from Doctor Howe. Gerard Colburn was dead. Grace's strength of body and mind seemed exhausted. He feared the last two months of sleepless watching and thankless care had produced a nervous decline, which, if not soon arrested, would end her days. "I know of no remedy," he wrote, "but happiness. If I knew where in Europe Ernest Berge was, I should write to him, in spite of conventionalities. But the next best thing to that is to bring her to you; for she needs a change, and, woman like, some one to speak openly to of the subject nearest her heart."

How Ernest's face blanched as he read this letter; and then a soft flush suffused his cheeks, and added light to his eyes. We agreed that, after her arrival, she should be gradually informed that he was in the same city, and longing to see her, before he could be permitted to meet her.

It was a mild day in December, a lingering memory of autumn, when Doctor Howe brought her.

Oh, my sweet Grace, so changed, so worn! She was extremely feeble and pale, and there was an ethereal transparency about her which alarmed me. She seemed glad to be with me, but was pleased to sit quietly amongst the cushions of the lounge, gazing from the window, hours together, without a word. It was days before I dared, even in a casual way, refer to her old confidence in me, and skilfully introduce Ernest's name. Then I watched the rosy tide flood her face, but as suddenly it faded, and she burst into tears, crying passionately:—

"Oh, if I could only know he was alive and happy! *only* see him once more in this world!"

I broke gently to her the truth, and that as soon as she was strong enough she should see him.

"I am strong enough now," she cried. "He will give me strength, as he always did. Oh, do you not see that it is my struggle to forget him which has killed me? Now I need struggle no more! It is no longer a *sin* to love him!"

I wrote him a note, and that evening at twilight he came. I went up to Grace's sitting-room to prepare her. The room was brilliant with the light of a wood fire, but still the last light of day fell upon her, as she lay on the lounge, near her favorite western window. Her gray wrapper lent her no color, but there was a peaceful brightness in her face I had never seen it wear before. I held in my hand the bunch of blue violets Ernest had asked me to take up to her, as herald of his coming. As I stooped over her to fasten them at the throat of her dress, I said:—

"Grace, whose blue eyes did the violets remind you of the first Sunday we met?"

She divined my secret. "He has come," she cried; "oh, bring him to me!"

In a moment more he was kneeling beside her, enfolded in her arms. I heard her low cry, "Oh, Ernest, Ernest, at last!" and his murmured "Darling," and I rushed away to my own room to weep tears of joy.

I need not linger over her return to life and health, nor their devotion and happiness that winter, but hasten on to the quiet wedding which took place in my house the next "fourth of June." A very quiet wedding, with only a few friends present; Doctor Howe to give away the bride, and "Cousin" to shed the only tears. If the bride's gray poplin was a trifle sombre, the pearls and choice lace she wore made it sufficiently rich, and her wavy brown hair needed no ornament. All her pallor and weariness had fled with her unhappiness. Her cheek had recovered its freshness, her form its roundness, and her deep dark eyes were calm and serene.

Three days after, I watched the steamer which bore away to Europe Ernest and Grace Berge.

Four years later I received from Italy an ex-

quisite piece of statuary marked "Hope." It was a mother (the features Grace's again, and the perfectly proportioned form Grace's) stooping forward to uphold the tiny hands of her little year-old daughter, who, with her ringleted head thrown back to catch her mother's smile, was learning to take her first steps.

"A mate, or rather, a contrast," Ernest wrote in a letter accompanying the gift, "to my 'Hopeless,' which you would make your husband purchase. You will recognize the mother, but the little one is the image of our little 'Violet.' And next year—when we shall come back to you to stay—you must be ready to love her, as I do, only second to your 'Doctor Grace.'"

DISARMED.

BY ELIZA F. MORIARTY.

In the solemn hush of midnight,
Beside my bleak hearth-stone,
A faint red spark in the ashes,
I sit with my grief alone.

With hands pressed over my bosom,
I mourn in my bitter pain;
The night-wind, sobbing in sorrow,
Seems wailing a sad refrain.

I know in a lordly mansion
To-night is a banquet spread,
And the wedding guests are gathered
Where the marriage vows are said.

And the bride, in youth and beauty,
Sweet eyes and amber hair,
And smiles, like the beams of morning,
Is fairest among the fair.

The bridegroom is ever near her,
With passionate, deep joy—
One word that my lips could utter
Their perfect peace would destroy.

But, no! though my dream has vanished—
My dream, so vainly bright—
Its memory, whispering to me,
Disarms revenge to-night.

"LOST AT SEA."

BY ESPRY WILLIAMS.

MOURNERS bring flower and tear,
Adorning earth's graves;
But who brings the garland of flowers,
Where neither is green turf nor bowers?
Who weeps for the dead and the dear
Beneath the waves?

Heaven brings flower and tear,
Adorning their graves;
Gently the flower of her love she lays
On the breast of the sleeper there all the days,
While dew-tears she sheds for the dear
Beneath the waves.

No man is so foolish but he may give another good counsel sometimes, and no man so wise but he may easily err, if he takes no other counsel than his own. He that was taught only by himself had a fool for a master.—*Ben Jonson.*

USING OTHER PEOPLE'S GOLD; OR, BERT HAVERELL'S CHRISTMAS.

BY C. A. C. HADSELL.

"I SAY, it's too bad! There's nothing far about it!" And the young girl's rather full lips took on a contracted, dissatisfied look quite in keeping with her short sentences and curt tones. "It's well enough to remember the minister's folks generously, even munificently, but I don't think it should be done to the exclusion of everybody else and every thing." The emphasis on the last word proved a vent to impatience—a sort of safety-valve—and she went on in a milder tone. "They're an economical family is Mr. Rubens's, and manage to appear very well on their 'six hundred a year and a donation,' with an occasional bag or basket tucked under the wagon seat on the sly as they go their parochial rounds; and I don't see the sense, nor don't believe he'd thank anybody for spending all their time and money on him and his, while the really needy, but honest and industrious ones among us, are forgotten, or remembered only with a trifling gift, or a few half-worn garments. For my part, I shall be ashamed to sit there and hear read off to him and others, from the 'Tree,' glittering and costly presents, from a silver fruit-knife to a full tea-set; a furry hood to a furrier robe, or bright-hued Affghan, while poor Mrs. McNevin's children have only a calico apron or a pair of stockings, 'sale' at that; it shall not be so!" And the last was in tones that you knew meant something.

"You talk like any foolish child. A body'd think your father was made of money, and that you'd only to go to a pot of gold and lift off the cover and help yourself."

"I can do better than that, Aunt Jane. I can go to somebody else's gold and help myself."

"What! You don't mean—but of course you don't, only nobody ever knows what you do mean. You're always talking in riddles," and Aunt Jane put on an injured look followed by a sigh of resignation, the premonitory symptoms of an essay on the disrespectful manners of the young at the present time towards their elders, always concluding in a pathetic tone with, "It wasn't so in my day."

Ah, Aunt Jane, what a blessed thing is forgetfulness, for, of course, you have forgotten all your juvenile pranks and traits, and we should have remained in blissful ignorance thereof to our dying day, but for the visit last winter of fun-loving old Uncle John, who regaled our ears many a time till midnight while you were sleeping the sleep of the innocent. It was you who substituted road dust for "good old Scotch," and a large sized gravel stone for the "bean" in half-blind grandmamma's snuff box, and when detected, hoped it would have cured her catarrh. It was you who dunned great grandpapa's suit throughout, cane, wig,

and all, and, with bent form and shuffling gait, personated to the life a deaf and decrepit minister, compelling the old lady to half split her throat for two mortal hours in the effort to make him understand her consoling and sympathetic expressions at the loss of his wife. It was you who, two years after great grandpapa's demise, came in the same guise, your companions grouped in the window, listening with contorted faces, while you made a tender proposal of marriage, to which she answered feelingly as she could, and scream, that she'd "think of it and let you know to-morrow." And then next day she put on her best cap, tucker, and short gown, and waited through that and a great many after to-morrows for the wooer that never came. Oh no, Aunt Jane, "it wasn't so in your day." But it would be too bad to tumble down your moral cob-house, built with such care, and kept with such nicety for the eyes of the world, by letting on that we know ought of these things, and so take away from you—and it is to many another as well—the chief comfort left in this life—that of preaching what they don't practice under the delusion that nobody knows it.

But I have digressed from Bertie and her scheme. When Aunt Jane's sigh had fully died away, her niece said, kindly:—

"I am going to get up a paper and get Mrs. McNevin and her children some nice things to put on the 'Tree.'"

"Another paper! Goodness sakes! Every body's *papered* out, now. There's been a paper thrust into my face everywhere I've been for the last three weeks, and I'm tired of it. Now it's for Mrs. Rubens a dress; now a set of furs; now it's worsted for one of them scarfs with a head and horns on it—the old Nick's himself for what I know—and now it's an overcoat or patent wringer. Wonder if they don't want a wash-tub? Better find out and get that."

"How much have you put upon all these papers, Aunt Jane?" said Bert, looking steadily at her.

"Well—*enough*," turning uneasily. "It drains a body dry, this everlasting begging, unless one's as rich as Cæsar." Aunt Jane reads considerably, but is apt to get things mixed up.

"Well, if you think you have done your part, I will not ask you to head Mrs. McNevin's paper," said Bert, gently.

"No, you needn't. And I warn you you won't be very welcome anywhere," was the short rejoinder.

Now, Aunt Jane, with her thousands, had subscribed on the first petition presented her, twenty-five cents! and said blandly to all after comers, "Oh, I've done quite my part. When the rest have done as well, you will have enough for your purposes, I am very sure," and then went on believing that nobody knew but that she *had* done "her part."

She went on believing, too, that Bert and her subscription would not be kindly met. But they were. Those who had signed all, and those who had signed none, of the other papers, said: "It is a good thing—a *good* thing. Put me down for fifty cents;" and from that all the way down to ten cents. Some even—Mr. Rubens for one—hearing of the project, came and asked the privilege of "taking stock in that enterprise," so that enough was soon raised to buy some very warm and useful articles for the widow and her family. Among them was an eight dollar blanket shawl, in colors to suit the taste of the wearer, and if Bert lacked any reward for her labor, she had it in a single glance at the flushed and happy face of the woman as she received gift after gift from the loaded Christmas Tree. Then the shower of blessings—Irish every one of them—which were rained down upon her a day or two after, when Mrs. McNevin learned who had been the instrument of her wealth. "An' a jewel of a ger-rul is Bert Haverell; sure, the angels kape her! The blissin' she be's to her mither! It's thrue, fer yez, noo; the likes iv her I niver seen in all this counthry."

This is New Year, and the poor washerwoman has not stepped foot on the ground since Christmas Day, but floated about midway between heaven and earth, in a sort of semitrance of delight, and all bought with fifteen or twenty dollars' worth of dry goods. And Bert—well, she has learned that though she has not means of her own, she may yet rightfully use other's gold to buy for herself the chiefest pleasure we may ever know—and the only one concerning which we may be sure there will be no after compunctions or regrets—namely, to gladden the hearts of the poor, and relieve the wants of the suffering.

Aunt Jane, seeing how the thing has turned out, puts her soft hands together, and quotes passionately: "'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' I've found that out!"

O Aunt Jane!

GERALDINE.

BY W. C. F.

Oh sweet the hour shall be to memory,
When those fond words were whispered, "I am thine;"

And nestled deep within my bosom's core,
Shall live the image of my Geraldine.

Long years have flown since that sweet dawn of joy,
Yet brighter gleams the light from thy dear love,
Shining into the windows of my heart,
Like stars that gem the circling arch above.

Oh love is not a flower of this drear clime;
It blooms eternal in the realms on high,
And ever lives where stars are all aglow,
Nor does its brightness lessen in yon sky.

Death shall not rob me of my darling one,
Through all eternity thou shalt be mine;
With thee I'll roam the realms beyond the skies,
My own beloved, my darling Geraldine.

HOPE'S STAR. A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

CHAPTER I.

DAWN was breaking over the hill-tops, and the shadows of a summer night were slowly melting away, revealing the pleasant little valley of Merton, in its softest, fairest aspect. The range of mountains that swept past it on the east, sheltered it from many a storm that would have spread desolation elsewhere, and the scattered farm-houses nestled down lovingly under the shadows of their giant protectors, as if they knew that therein lay their safety. Only two miles southward the town of H—— reared to the skies high factory chimneys, and sent the roar of many steam-engines forth to the inhabitants, from great brick buildings swarming with busy life. But Merton was quietly peaceful, in spite of the close proximity of the manufacturing town. The distant hum of the factories was scarcely louder there than the buzzing of the bees, and during the summer the twitter of the birds drowned it entirely.

Nestling down close against the rocky side of the great mountains that overshadowed Merton, there was a wee little cottage, owned, with the modest farm of two acres of ground, by one Hope Seymour, the orphan daughter of the late rector of the Episcopal church at H——, and the schoolmistress of the village of Merton. A very modest income matched well the wee cottage and small farm, but Hope and Aunt Hepsy were content therewith, the one teaching the village urchins sewing and reading, the other keeping house, and managing the cow and poultry yard, the vegetable garden, and dairy. Aunt Hepsy was the aunt of the deceased rector, and when death held the good man fast in his closing arms, he had died with the smile upon his lips awakened there by Aunt Hepsy's promise to guard the little motherless maiden he was leaving so desolate. It is true there were many who objected to Aunt Hepsy on account of her "ways," said ways consisting in unbounded energy and industry, cleanliness that agonized over a fly-speck, and a harsh judgment for all sinners, of great or less degree. Little Hope, while she knew she was the very idol of the old lady's heart, knew, too, that she was guarded as a dragon might guard her treasure, with strict control and discipline.

She had been little Hope Seymour in Merton and H—— from the time she first toddled into church holding fast to her father's finger, to hear the funeral service read over her dead mother, young enough then to stretch forth her baby hands for the wreath of white flowers upon the coffin lid, ignoring entirely the still cold form hidden from her sight forever. When at eighteen she wept bitter tears over her

father's grave, she was little Hope Seymour still, whose comforting and welfare was the charge of the whole congregation.

Hope's uncle, Conrad Seymour, the President of the Good-Will Bank at H——, and one of the wealthiest men in the town, offered her a home at once, but the little cottage was her own by her father's will, and she was promised scholars and sewing sufficient for her support and Aunt Hepsy's, so she went home again after the funeral, and quietly took up her life's labors, with a cheerful, contented spirit, and a brave heart.

Three years passed peacefully, and the summer holidays were a week old, on the morning when my story opens. As the dawn slowly opened, the door of the little cottage was unlatched, and Hope Seymour came forth and stood in the vine-covered porch, looking wistfully towards H——, with eyes that surely had seen no sleep, and a mouth quivering yet from sobbing and moaning through the long night. Aunt Hepsy was wont to be the first stirring, but on that morning she was indulging in the unusual luxury of a morning nap, for the previous day had been one of great excitement and fatigue.

"Well, Hope," she had said upon retiring, "what with packing and fixing for your journey to Niagara, and the fuss at the bank, I'm about tired out. You're tired, too, for you are as white as a sheet, and I don't believe you know this minute where an earthly thing is in your trunk, for all I've been telling you all day exactly where to lay your hand upon every thing. I hope your money's all safe?"

"Yes, Aunt Hepsy."

"Well, your little jewel casket's right on top, though there ain't much in it but your ma's star; still, its handy to grab in case any of them plaguy hotels catches fire. I do hope you will have a good time, Hope, for I believe you've wanted to go to Niagara ever since you could find the picture of the Falls in the geography. You ought to have a good time, too, for the money's been three years saving, and after all it's rather extravagant, 'cording to my deas, to spend two hundred dollars junketing."

"But you know, Aunt Hepsy, I shan't spend it all; only I think it better to have more than I want to use in case of accident or sickness."

"You'd better by a heap be at home *then*."

"Yes, if I can get there."

"Hope, child, what ails you? Your voice is as dull as the ring of a cracked tea-cup, and your eyes look like lead. Are you sick?"

"No, only tired."

"Well, for gracious sake, if you are as tired as that, let's go to bed. I wonder if your uncle Conrad's found that money? It does beat all, that robbery. Ten thousand dollars at one lift, and Alden Carter's just about the last man in the world I would take for a thief."

"He's not proved a thief yet, Aunt Hepsy."

"Bless me, child, yes he is, as good as proved. He was found in the bank at nine o'clock in the evening with the safe open and all the books out, and, when they come to look, ten thousand dollars' worth of new notes were gone. Your uncle says it was just chance he took the numbers of that particular bundle himself, instead of leaving it for the clerks to do to-day."

"But Mr. Carter says Cousin Felix appointed to meet him in the bank, and go over the books with him for some error they are trying to detect."

"But Felix denies that. Besides, nobody has the key of the safe but your uncle, and it was stolen from his private desk in the afternoon. That was what made him watch in the evening. He missed the key, and said nothing except to the police officers who watched and caught Alden Carter overhauling the safe. The funny part is, they can't find the money. However, your uncle says there's proof enough to keep him in the penitentiary for life. Dear me, Hope, there you are as white as death again. Do go to bed, child."

And Hope obeyed, after a silent kiss. And it was the same pallid, heavy-eyed Hope that came out in the gray dawn to see if there was any rest in the pure morning air, that could not be found on her hot, tear-stained pillow.

She was very small, this little Hope Seymour, who was to carry such a heavy burden of sorrow, with large soft brown eyes, hair the color of a ripe chestnut's shell, and a pearly pale complexion. Her dainty little figure, her small hands and feet, and her delicate features, were all an inheritance from the invalid mother who had left her in her babyhood, but from her father came the brave, true heart, the keen intellect, and the rare self control and dignity that so eminently fitted her for the work to which that father's hand and mind had trained her, that of a teacher. She had been a sunbeam all her life, although so quiet and undemonstrative that you scarcely knew how or when she gave that brightness to every pursuit or pleasure in which she joined. And this bright little sunbeam, just about to realize the pleasure for which she had longed all her life, to visit Niagara with a party of friends going there from H——, on the very day of the anticipated journey, is creeping out of the house like some wounded bird, footsore and weary, who drags slowly over the ground, instead of rising with a triumphant burst of song far, far above it.

Alden Carter a thief! That was the refrain of the sad, sad song her heart had moaned out all the long day and weary night following the bank robbery. Alden Carter, whose true, honest eyes had never shunned the gaze of any man, whose character had stood ever above reproach, who was so tender to children, so

thoughtful for the aged, so upright and honorable amongst men. Oh, if he could only know she did not believe it! If he could only clear up the mystery that made his name a reproach now! He must be innocent; of that she was certain, but could he prove it? She had no right to tell him all the faith of her loyal little heart, for, although she knew he loved her, and she loved him, ah, how dearly! no words had yet been spoken to bind her to his side, or allow her to even write to him. They had spoken only in looks, shy, maidenly blushes, frank, loving glances, but there was no engagement. He had not yet said, "I love you, Hope;" so she must keep her trusting faith a secret from every eye, and speak no word of comfort to him in his imprisonment.

That very day he would be taken from H—— to the county jail, and she would never see him to tell him her love and faith. Involuntarily she looked down the wide road leading to H——. In the gray light she could see a man's figure coming swiftly towards her, and her heart gave a quick, suffocating throb, but sank again as she noticed the coarse dress of a laborer, going probably to his day's work. Nearer, nearer, till again the quick throbs of her heart seemed choking her. Surely she knew that tall, erect figure, the carriage of the handsome head, the eager eyes looking at her.

"Alden! Alden! How came you here?" and then the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Are these tears for me, Hope? My love! my darling! are you weeping for me?"

Heart sprang to heart in the supreme agony of that meeting, though no formal declaration of love had ever been spoken.

"Hope," he said, hurriedly, "they call me a thief!"

"Falsely, Alden!" she said, with flaming eyes and hot cheeks.

"Yes, Hope, falsely. Your Cousin Felix appointed to meet me where I was found, and gave me the key of the safe, saying his father empowered me to get out the books for examination. He said it was to be done at night, that the clerks might not know of it, for the accounts are somewhat falsified, and we were to try to catch the criminal. It was a deep-laid plot, and so far successful. He utterly denies everything."

"But how came you here, and in this dress?"

"I was confined for the night, Hope, in the bank, not at the station-house, and Jerome, the porter, was to guard me from three o'clock till eight. I knocked him down, stole his clothes, bound him fast, and ran away. He was very passive, for last winter he thought himself under heavy obligations, because I paid his rent, and had him reinstated at the bank after a long illness, with some trifling help at the time."

"But you must go on!" she said, excitedly.

"Why do I keep you here? You will be taken again!"

"Of course. I came to tell you I was innocent."

"It was not necessary," she said, looking into his eyes frankly.

"God bless you, Hope, for the words! I can bear everything now."

"But you must escape. If you can catch the train to L——, surely on some vessel there you can be hidden till pursuit is over, or you are far away. O Alden! for my sake, fly!"

"Dearest, you urge me to an impossibility. I have not a dollar with me, and I dare not go to my own rooms for money; they are probably watched or searched for the stolen notes."

"Wait here!"

She was gone before he could speak. Up to her own room, to tear open her purse was but a moment's work; then she hurriedly opened the little jewel casket on the top of her trunk, took something from that, and was back at his side again. "It is not much," she said, putting the money in his hands. "I am so sorry I bought a trunk and a travelling-dress; but it will help you some, and, Alden, you must take *this*."

"Your star, Hope? No, no! I cannot rob you."

"You do not rob me. It was my mother's, and they say the diamonds are very pure and valuable; so you can take them from the setting, and sell them. O Alden! do not deny me!"

As she spoke the first rays of the rising sun struck the jewel in her hand, and the diamonds flashed back their brilliant greeting. It was a star in old-fashioned setting, intended to be worn over the forehead; but now serving as a brooch, the only article of value Hope owned, an heirloom in her mother's family. All the village knew Hope's star, and Alden knew well how highly she valued it.

"I must deny you, Hope," he said. "What! Take the money you have saved for your pleasure trip and your star? Oh, no, no, darling."

"But, Alden, hear me. Suppose I was flying for my liberty, my life, perhaps, and I would not let you aid me! You will be missed soon."

"Not till eight o'clock."

"The train will be at L—— by eight, and you can catch it, if you return to H—— now. Alden! Alden! do not torture me so! Lose no time now!"

"Hope, I"—

"Do not hesitate! Take all, and go! Your innocence will be proved, but the risk is awful, with the evidence against you. I know Felix. Having once denied the truth, having once fixed suspicion upon you, he will pursue you relentlessly. Is it shame on me to speak thus of my own cousin? No, for he is a disgrace to his honest name. You know that, and so do

I. Yet a little while he may carry his face unsuspected by the world as a mask for his false, bad heart, but sooner or later the truth will be known. Go, go, Alden, I am keeping you. Go, if you love me, go!"

He could not answer her. It seemed for the moment as if he was choking to death. For a moment he stood silent, then he folded her in a close embrace, kissed her pale lips once, and, turning, literally fled from her, his hand grasping her treasure of money and the diamond star.

She did not move till a turn in the road hid him from her, and then she sank down wearily upon the grass, unheeding the dew, her light morning dress, everything, in the relaxation from the intense excitement of the meeting and parting. She could not have told how long she had been lying there, when she heard Aunt Hepsy's voice calling, and sprang quickly to her feet. She must guard her secret and his.

"Hope! Hope! Where are you, child? And, dear me! what are you doing out there? I thought, when I found you were up, you were hurrying breakfast for your journey; and here is not a thing done—no fire made, no water drawn, and the train goes at nine. Of course, the carriage will be sent for you by eight, and there are fifty last things to be done."

Poor Hope stood stunned. For the first time she realized the storm of comment and curiosity she had brought upon her devoted head by the change of plan her generosity would involve. "You need not hurry breakfast, Aunt Hepsy. I am not going to Niagara."

"Not going to Niagara!" cried the astonished spinster.

"No, I cannot go. I—don't you see I am sick?" White quivering lips and heavy eyes confirmed the assertion.

"Sick, Hope? You were never sick in your life!"

"But I am now, Aunt Hepsy," and, as the words left her trembling lips, she still further added to her aunt's consternation by falling at her feet in a dead faint.

"She's going the way her mother did, with heart-disease," moaned the poor woman, lifting the little form tenderly in her own strong arms. "O Hope! little Hope! don't die and leave me all alone!"

But in a moment the cry of pain was over, and the active old woman was rubbing Hope's forehead with vinegar, loosing her clothing, and putting cool water to her lips. It was only a moment of unconsciousness, and Hope was awake again. "Not a word. I'll carry you to your own bed, and you keep quiet. Perhaps the Knoxes will postpone the journey."

"No, no! send them on. I cannot go at all; I have no money."

"What?"

"I cannot tell you now, Aunt Hepsy, where it is, but it is gone. Please let me go lie down."

The misery on the white face was not to be denied, and Aunt Hepsy carried her child to her room, and left her. Strangely enough, the exhausted nature gave way as soon as Hope's head touched the pillow, and she sank into a deep, dreamless sleep.

It was late in the forenoon when she awoke, and, with a sudden rush of memory, realized, as soon as her eyes were opened, the full truth of the morning's experience. In a second she was on her feet. Where was Alden? Had he been taken again? She could never lie there sleeping until he was out of danger. With the reasoning impulse of youth in a first heavy perplexing grief, she reproached herself bitterly that she had already slept for hours, when this horrible suspense was over her. It was but a moment's work to smooth her hair, and shake her dress smooth, and she was ready to go down stairs.

Aunt Hepsy's quick ears caught the light footfall on the stairs. "Are you up, Hope? Shall I bring your breakfast up to you? Oh! here you are, and, bless me! what red cheeks! You are better, I think."

But even while she spoke her heart sank at the deep, feverish color on the cheeks so rarely tinged with even a faint pink.

"There, sit right down and drink some tea. Here's a pretty fuss at H——. There, you are as white as marble again."

"What is the fuss at H——?" said Hope, trying to speak indifferently, and signally failing.

"Alden Carter has escaped. They say he will be easily taken, again, however, for he had no money. Your Uncle Conrad was over here this morning, and says that he overpowered the guard and ran away, but he had no money about him when he was searched, and he did not go to his room. So he cannot get very far, Hope."

She altered her tone at the last word, for there came over the pale face she was watching a faint smile of pride and triumph that would not be hidden.

"H'm," grunted Aunt Hepsy, "h'm."

"Auntie," pleaded Hope, "Alden Carter is no thief. You know, as well as I know, how much dependence is to be placed upon the word of Felix Seymour. The outside world may trust him, but we, who have known him from a boy, know that he is false and treacherous."

"H'm," grunted Aunt Hepsy again.

"Should an innocent man suffer for the falsehood of"—

"H'sh," said Aunt Hepsy. "Stop, Hope; he is your own cousin. Don't let your face look again as it did then; it frightens me. A pecking dove, a biting lamb, is nothing to Hope Seymour with her dander up. So that's where the two hundred dollars went. H'm, h'm. Now, my dear, take the advice of an old woman, and don't let any body see such white

cheeks and dull eyes. I told Mrs. Knox that you were not well, and could not go away. She was disappointed, but there was not time for much talk. You perk up, now, and I'll manage my part of the heavy fibbing."

"O Aunt Hepsy!"—

"There, never mind, now. Goup stairs and lie down, again—there," for Hope was sobbing now in the old woman's arms, "there, don't do so. I know, child, what it is to eat out one's own heart with watching and waiting."

It was useless for Hope to try to rest. Even sewing gave too much scope for thought. School was closed for the summer, so the heart-sick girl tried to still her heart by making cake, and putting the house in new order, moving chairs and tables into different positions, dusting here and polishing there, till Aunt Hepsy fairly begged her to stop. Tea was over, and the twilight falling on the cottage, when Aunt Hepsy took Hope into the porch.

"Rest," she said, drawing the lovely head down upon her own bosom, "rest, little Hope."

"You are so kind to me," said Hope, touched by the unusual tenderness in her aunt's tone and manner.

Then a long silence fell upon them, broken by a heavy step upon the road, and a moment later, a voice at the little gate.

"Good-evening. I thought I would walk over and tell you the news."

Hope shrank a little closer into her aunt's arms, and let her speak.

"What news, Felix?"

There was a malicious glitter in the eyes of the visitor as he noticed Hope's pale face. He was a man not far from thirty years old, tall, slender in build, with a face handsome in feature, but its beauty marred, if not destroyed, by a pair of small light blue eyes, cold and clear. A face that would win no trust, from which a little child would shrink away, or a beggar fail to move in charity. Yet Felix Seymour had his share of the world's trust; he was a director of schools, a member of church, a trusted clerk in his father's bank. If that father knew anything of childish deceits ripening into manhood's treachery, of the boy cruelty that would stone cats and rob birds' nests, developing to the calculating dishonesty that would risk bringing a parent's gray hairs dishonored to the grave, he hid his knowledge from the world, and Felix Seymour held up his head with his fellow-citizens with no spoken suspicion of his honor or worth.

One other child divided his parents' affection with himself, his little sister Grace, who was just entering her ninth year, a bright, handsome child, who gave promise of a superb womanhood.

"What news, Felix?" Aunt Hepsy had asked.

He came into the garden and took his seat

opposite to them upon the porch before he answered. Then he said:—

"We have not caught Carter yet, but the police have track of him. He was traced to L——, and on a vessel there bound for New Orleans. We have telegraphed to have him arrested when he lands."

Hope felt her aunt pinch her rudely, and was roused from the deathly faintness creeping over her. "And now for my question," said Felix; "Why are you not on your way to Niagara, Hope?"

"Because," said Hope, sitting erect, and speaking very fast, "I had no heart for a pleasure trip while Alden Carter was imprisoned and falsely accused."

"Falsely accused, Hope?"

There was an evil glitter in the small blue eyes as Felix Seymour repeated his cousin's words. "Yes, falsely. He is not capable of such a crime."

"You think, then,"— but he paused there.

"I think him true, honorable, and honest," said the resolute little maiden, "and the day will come when he will be proved so."

"Not until the notes are found."

Hope's face whitened again. Some mesmeric influence seemed to show her at that moment all the malice of her cousin's black heart. He knew where the proof of Alden Carter's innocence could be found, and the grave itself could not hide the secret more securely than it was hidden in his keeping.

"You defend the thief warmly," sneered Felix. "One would imagine you took especial interest in this injured gentleman."

"I do," was the quiet reply.

A long low whistle expressed a contemptuous opinion of this declaration. Aunt Hopsy spoke then:—

"You need not repeat that, Felix."

"You need not be afraid," was the reply.

"I do not think the family will be particularly proud of the connection. I suppose, however, Hope will not carry her enthusiasm far enough to marry a jail-bird, and Alden Carter will probably serve his time in the State's prison after he is captured at New Orleans." With which parting shot he left them.

"Just as I suspected," he muttered between his teeth, as he strode along the road to H——. "So that is the reason Hope considered it so wicked to marry a first cousin. I'll teach you, Alden Carter, before I have done with you, what it is to come between me and the woman I love."

There was deep silence in the little porch until the heavy footsteps died away. Hope lying white and faint in Aunt Hopsy's arms, while the old lady caressed her with a tender, protecting love that was infinitely soothing to the sore, tried heart. Faintly across the country came the strokes of the town clock of H——

"Nine o'clock! Come, Hope, we must go in."

"Auntie," she said, gently, with white, stiff lips, "do you think they will find him?"

"How can I tell, dear? L—— is a large place, and there are vessels leaving constantly. They may have tracked him, or that may be one of Felix's ways of tormenting you."

"How can I bear it? How can I bear it?" she moaned, looking over the long weary days of suspense that must come to her.

"We can only wait. No tears of yours can shorten the time by one day. Be sure no news will be good news, for Felix will not let the grass grow under his feet coming to tell you if he is caught." She rose as she spoke, and put Hope gently from her, as tender in her touch as a mother with a sick infant. "Sit still here till I fasten the shutters, and I will come to you. You will be better with me to-night, Hope."

"Yes, thank you. Only to wait," whispered Hope, when she was alone, "to wait in weeks of agony and suspense. No way to aid him, no hope of news, no power to warn him. Only to wait and pray."

And the still night shadows crept softly round the little house, where two women prayed for the wanderer tossing on the outward-bound vessel from L——.

CHAPTER II.

WAITING, even with the aid of earnest prayer, was weary work for poor little Hope. The long summer days dragged heavily along, the monotony only varied by the visits of friends and neighbors, who invariably discussed the bank robbery in all its bearings. Some few were disposed to think Alden Carter was wrongly accused, and that there was a mystery to be cleared up; but the majority of the gossip bore heavily upon the name, whose repetition came to be torture to the loving heart that trusted him. Two weeks had passed, and then another report arose in H——; whispered at first, but soon spreading terror all through the town. A malignant fever had broken out amongst the factory hands, and was extending its contagious suffering in all directions. Men, strong and well one day, were extended in delirious fever the next, and the wife and children were often prostrated beside them. From the hands to the employers, from the narrow streets to the market place, from the poor man's cottage to the stately homes of the rich, the foul disease swept with rapid footsteps, till every face bore the impress of pain or anxious watching.

Merton had escaped the contagion, but was full of neighborly sympathy and comfort. Nurses were sent from the pure air of home into the fever-stricken town, and convalescents

were taken to the valley to gain strength. Foremost in the ranks of nurses was Aunt Hepsy, while Hope toiled in the little cottage over her share of the work. Long summer days, when all nature invited the little school-mistress to rest in the woods, or enjoy the clear sunlight, she spent in the kitchen, preparing dainty dishes, cooling drinks, for Aunt Hepsy to carry to some invalid too poor to provide luxuries. Even this employment was a relief from the enforced idleness that had preceded it, and it was a comfort to feel that there was help in every basket. Hope's hands filled, and Aunt Hepsy distributed. Yet stirring custards and brewing fruit syrups would not take thought away from painful subjects; and Aunt Hepsy only shook her head sadly, but made no spoken comment, if she found tears falling when she made her hurried visits home.

It was stifling weather, very warm, and yet with a certain dampness in the air that seemed to compress heart and lungs into a torpor. Every day new cases of the fever were reported, and the proportion of the sick who recovered was frightfully small. Even Aunt Hepsy's iron nerves were sinking somewhat under the strain upon them; and little Hope daily urged her right to go to the town, and join the corps of volunteer nurses. She had almost resolved, one morning, to join Aunt Hepsy at H——, and insist upon staying there, when she heard the gate close, and her aunt's footsteps upon the porch.

"Hope," all the energy was gone from the voice, wont to ring so clearly, "you will have to go to your Uncle Conrad's. Your Aunt Mary is down with the fever, Felix is already wildly delirious, and there is no one but me for work and nursing. All the servants left this morning."

"Felix sick, too?"

"Yes. Come, child, put on your bonnet. We are both needed there this blessed minute."

There was no unnecessary delay. The cottage was locked up, a few articles of clothing hurriedly put in a valise, and the two turned their backs upon Merton, little thinking then that for one it was a final leave-taking of home. Busy days followed. Aunt Hepsy resolutely excluded Hope from the sick rooms, but the whole care of the large house fell upon her shoulders. A woman from the factory, who was willing to risk contagion for the sake of the large wages offered for her services, came to assist in the house work, but Mr. Seymour's comfort and the care of her little cousin fell to Hope's share.

Nine days wore away, and the angel of death came into the house, bearing away the souls of the two sufferers. At the last Felix was sensible, and Aunt Hepsy told him of his danger.

"One good you can do, Felix," she said; "clear Alden Carter's character before you die."

"I am not going to die," he said, smiling in her face, while his voice was faint and wavering. "Don't flatter yourself with that notion, Aunt Hepsy."

"Make your peace with God," was the solemn reply. "You know not the hour, nor the day, when you will be face to face with death."

"I tell you I shall get well."

"Felix, tell me how to clear Alden Carter. If you do recover, let that act of justice be your thank-offering."

"I'm sleepy; don't bother me," was the pettish reply. After a moment he said: "How is mother?"

"Your mother died two hours ago."

He turned his face away then, and fell asleep, but there was no waking in this world.

I have said but little of Conrad Seymour. If you had asked in H—— what manner of man he was, you would have been told that his sole aim in life was to make money, and that the loss of ten thousand dollars from the bank bore upon him as heavily as the loss of wife and son. Certain it is that he carried the same grave, calm face over both, and spoke no word of complaint; yet Hope knew how he clung to the little daughter who was left to him, how his hair grew white, and how he spent whole nights pacing the floor, with now and then a low moan, as if wrung from him by actual physical suffering.

It is hard to describe Hope's disappointment when Aunt Hepsy told her of Felix's death-bed. She had clung to the belief in some contrite confession and reparation from the hour when his recovery was pronounced impossible; and yet her heart smote her heavily when she thought how her grief was not for the dead, but for the silence of the grave over the secret that would have taken the stain from the name of the living. It seemed so hopeless now, that, when a telegram came from New Orleans reporting the search of the vessel in which Alden Carter was supposed to have escaped, and the fact that he was not on board, she could only pray that he might still be hidden from all, even from her love, if there was danger to him in his appearance.

The double funeral was over, and another blow fell upon the Seymours. It was early in the morning of the day following the funeral, when Hope was awakened by a loud, snoring noise in her aunt's bed. Rising at once, she tried to waken her, but failed, while a strange look on the face, and a peculiar rigidity of the limbs, terrified her. An hour later the household all knew that Aunt Hepsy's iron frame had succumbed, and she was stricken helpless with paralysis.

"These strong, healthy women will presume on their strength," the doctor said. "I have warned Miss Hepsy over and over again that she was overtasking herself; but she replied

that nothing ever hurt her, and would take no rest, and only about half as much nourishment as she absolutely required."

"Will she be helpless long?" asked Mr. Seymour.

"It is doubtful if she ever recovers any use of her right side. She may speak again, but even that is doubtful."

"Will she live?"

"Doubtful, also. At present there seems no danger to life, but it is impossible to guess when another stroke, and the third, fatal one, may follow the first. She may live for years, she may die in a week. Good care and nursing will do much for her."

Good care and the tenderest nursing were not wanting. Hope was unwearied, watching eagerly for some ray of intelligence in the staring eyes, praying earnestly that God would spare the life so dear to her, even if it was only till she could repay the years of devotion given to her own childhood. She was not too much absorbed, however, to omit her prayer of thanksgiving when a spell of cold weather drove the fever from the town. Long lists of dead, pale, weary living faces were still evidences of the ravages in H——, but there were no new cases reported, and the lists of mortality were fast diminishing. Early September found the factories in full operation, and little scholars wondering when Miss Hope would open school again.

Hope herself was thinking of the same thing, when one morning her uncle sent for her. She was endeavoring to win a smile from Aunt Hepsy when the summons came, but she obeyed it at once.

"I sent for you, Hope," said her uncle, "to tell you that Jennie Holmes and her mother have decided to open a school, and want to rent your cottage. They will pay you fifteen dollars a quarter empty, or twenty if you will allow the furniture to remain."

"But, Uncle Conrad, what am I to do? The school is my support."

"My dear child, you must remain here. How can you care for Aunt Hepsy and keep school? Besides, your cousin needs you, and I want you also."

"But to be dependent?"

"That is absurd. It is we who are dependent upon you. However, if you will not stay as our guest, stay as your cousin's governess and my housekeeper. I am not one to make fine speeches, as you know, but I tell you frankly that there is no one to whose care I would so implicitly trust Grace's training and education as your own."

It was a hard struggle. The old love of independence was strong still in Hope's nature. It was bitter work to accept bread from the hand that was lifted against Alden Carter; to live under the roof of him who could only

hope to clear her lover by proofs of the guilt of his own dead son. She felt certain that she could maintain herself and Aunt Hepsy, yet it was but too apparent that she could never surround the beloved sufferer by the comforts she now commanded. It was cruel, too, to leave Grace to hired care, and her uncle's home to the entire control of servants.

"I will stay if you think it best," she said, at last.

"Best! It is the only proper course for you. You are my daughter now, Hope," and to her surprise she was held for a moment in a warm embrace, and a fervent kiss printed upon her cheek.

It were too wearisome to record the daily life that followed. Ten long years rolled away, and the young girl had become the "old maid" cousin in the eyes of the youthful daughter of the house, just stepping from girlhood to the dignities of the young lady. Five years the roses had budded and blossomed over Aunt Hepsy's grave, when we again present Hope Seymour to our readers.

"Cousin Hope!"

She was sitting in her own room, sewing upon a soft white lace dress, which was to adorn Grace for a birthday festival, and "come out" party, for H—— had its rules for the introduction of *debutantes* in society, and Grace's birthday was the occasion for hers.

Hope looked up as the call came from her open door. A face, fair as in its girlhood, yet with an expression of gentle patience and peaceful resignation, such as a very youthful face but rarely attains. It is but seldom that the eye rests upon more perfect symmetry of face and form than that of Grace Seymour as she stood beside Hope. Her beauty was of the superb, perfectly developed type more common in Southern climes than in New England, a beauty to strike every beholder at first sight. Yet, even beside this radiant, rich beauty, Hope's loveliness was apparent, for there was no comparison or rivalry possible. The lily of the valley will lose none of its own delicate grace or sweetness if the rich red rose rears its haughty head beside its pure, fragile loveliness.

"Cousin Hope!"

A little impatience in the second call was met by a smile.

"Well, Grace?"

"Are you very, very busy?"

"I have one, two, three—about seven more satin bows to sew upon this dress, Grace, and it must be ready for evening, you know."

"That won't take long."

"No. Why? Do you want me?"

"Papa has given me that superb rosewood secretary that belonged to brother Felix. I asked him for it for a birthday gift, and he has had it put in my room."

"Well, dear?"

"I want you to come in while I open and ransack it."

"Ransack it, Gracie?"

"Yes. Who knows how many love letters are hidden there?"

"I am sorry to disappoint your expectations, Gracie, but there is nothing in the desk, I am sure. Your father took out all the papers after Felix died."

"But come. I feel queer about opening it alone."

So urged, Hope complied, a vague desire in her own heart to see the interior of this repository of Felix's papers. If by any chance he had left papers relating to that bank robbery ten years ago!

It was a handsome piece of furniture, though old-fashioned; full of little drawers in odd places, one back of another, only seen when the first was entirely removed, and other quaint devices common in old writing receptacles. Grace pulled it all apart. One after another she removed the little drawers, finding the hidden ones, but all empty. There was no secret there, Hope thought, sadly, when Grace gave a cry of mingled astonishment and delight.

"Oh, Cousin Hope, look! look! Here is a great roll of bank notes! Good-Will Bank! Why that is papa's. I wonder if he knew Felix had saved so much money?"

"Count it."

The room was reeling before Hope's eyes; her face was white to the lips, and her voice hoarse, but Grace was too much excited by her discovery to notice this. There was a deep silence in the room as she counted the money, broken only by the rustling of the notes.

"Ten thousand dollars!" she cried at last.

"Read the numbers of the notes."

She obeyed, and as the last one answered to those recorded upon Hope's memory, she fell upon her face in a deep swoon.

Grace's cry of consternation brought her father from the library, and in a moment he understood all. Lifting Hope gently, he carried her to her own room, left Grace to apply restoratives, and returned to the open desk and the notes, strewn upon the floor as Grace sprang to her cousin's assistance.

"My son! My son!" This was the old man's cry as he bent over the treasure hidden so securely for ten long years, gathering together, with trembling hands, this hideous proof of utter treachery, deceit, and dishonesty. All the morning he sat like one stunned, with the notes before him, and even Hope's heart smote her for her gratitude when she saw her uncle's face. There were but few words between them.

"You loved Felix?" he said, softly, thinking of that long swoon.

"As a cousin. I was engaged to Alden Carter," was the answer; but, when they met

at night, she knew why the question was asked. In the evening journal a paragraph appeared, signed "Conrad Seymour," stating that the ten thousand dollars, stolen from the Good-Will Bank, had been recovered, and fully clearing Alden Carter. The paper was hidden from Grace, but the paragraph was copied by request in leading papers all over the country.

The birthday party was an event in H——. Mr. Seymour had spared no expense, and the occasion was one that drew together all the beauty, wealth, and fashion of the town. It was after all the guests had departed that Hope and Grace were seated together in the bedroom of the latter, chatting, as women will do, over the events of the evening. Grace wore her white lace dress; but glowing carbuncles upon her bosom, in her ears, and on her wrists, relieved the white drapery, and heightened her regal beauty. Hope had on a silk of a cloudy pearl color, and wore ornaments of dead gold. She was unusually pale and silent, even for her, as they sat by the firelight talking of the party.

"Cousin Hope," said Gracie, "did you see Mr. Raymond this evening?"

"Yes, Gracie."

"Well?"

"What am I to say, dear?"

Grace did not reply for some minutes, then she said: "When I went to G—— last summer to visit Mrs. Coxe, I had no idea of all this trouble."

"Do you like Mr. Raymond?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know, Gracie?"

"No. I never thought of him at all. Mrs. Coxe made a great fuss over him, because he is very wealthy and a leading man in G——."

"Has he been there long?"

"Only about three years. He made his money in Australia, and then settled in G——. I never was so astonished in my life as I was when father told me this morning that he had called at the bank, and asked permission to renew his acquaintance with me."

"Your father seems to admire him."

"Everybody does; but, Cousin Hope, he is so old."

"Not so very old, dear. Something over thirty—at least, he appears so."

"And I am eighteen."

"Has—has he proposed to you, Gracie?"

"No. Father thinks his following me from G—— is equivalent to a proposal, but I hope not."

"Why, dear?"

"Because he seems too noble and good to throw away his love upon me. I could never return it."

"You cannot tell. He may win my birdie away from me yet."

Grace shook her head, but the troubled look still remained in her eyes.

"It is time you were sleeping," said Hope, presently, rising as she spoke. "Good-night!"

"Are you tired?"

"Very, very tired," she said, wearily.

"Good-night, then! I will not keep you up."

Yet Hope's pillow was not pressed that night. She was very still in her room, sitting motionless in a great arm-chair all the long night; but the morning sun shone in, and lighted up the dress she had donned for the birthday party, and which was yet untouched. With the sunrise, however, she shook off her lethargy, and hurriedly took off her silken attire to assume her quiet morning dress. Stealing softly to Grace's room, she found her sleeping peacefully, and knelt beside her bed. Some deep feeling stirred her heart as she whispered a prayer; for her eyes were filled with tears when she arose, and she pressed her hands over her heart, as if there was pain there.

If so, it was but the beginning of suffering. Day after day she grew whiter, and the placid gentleness of expression, habitual upon her fair, sweet face, gave place to a look of pain and oftentimes of perplexity. She began to decline invitations abroad, to seclude herself at home as much as possible, and rarely joined visitors in the drawing-room. As a reason, she said, they were Grace's visitors, and an old maid cousin would be a restraint upon them.

It was strange to see how the trouble in her face began to reflect itself upon Grace's. "I don't begin to know what it is right to do," the young girl said to Hope, one day. "Father encourages Mr. Raymond in every way, and evidently thinks I will accept him if he offers himself to me."

"Well, dear?"

"I don't care for him in that way, Cousin Hope. I do like him; I respect and admire him; I cannot but see how fine an intellect he has, how courteous a manner. His gentleness and respect for women are remarkable in this fast age. But I cannot love him as I want to love a husband, and truly, dear cousin, I do not think he aspires to the position."

"Grace!"

"There it is! You are astonished, and so was papa."

"But, my dear child, he pays you every attention; he takes you to ride, drives you out, gives you flowers, music, books, and is here constantly."

"I know all H—— thinks he is courting me, but I cannot describe to you how odd his manner is. It is far more fatherly than lover-like. I feel about ten years old when I am with him. Why do you dislike him?"

"I! You are mistaken."

"You avoid him. You never come down when he is here. I don't believe you have seen him since my birthday party, and that is months ago. You will have to see him next week."

"Why?"

"Father has invited him to dine here Christmas day. It is awkward enough for me, Hope, for father will treat him like one of the family. The idea of inviting him alone for Christmas!"

"Your father has a right to select his own guests, Gracie." Hope rose as she spoke, and left the room, while Grace sat speculating on various matters, the inexplicable manner of her odd suitor most of all.

Christmas day came with smiling face. The ground was covered with snow; but the sun rose bright and clear, and H—— put on a holiday air. There were costly gifts exchanged at Mr. Seymour's, and Grace clasped heavy bracelets from her father on her wrists to complete her dinner dress of garnet silk.

Hope was dressed, too, in holiday garb. A pale blue merino of finest fabric, with soft lace at the throat and wrists, suited well her delicate beauty. In the glossy braids of hair rested a cluster of forget-me-nots. She was putting the finishing touches to her dress, when a servant handed her a small package.

Was it a Christmas gift? If so, there was no need for such white lips, such cold, trembling fingers. Slowly she unfastened the white ribbons, and a jewel-case lay before her. Inside, upon a cushion of blood-red velvet, glittered a diamond star. At first Hope thought it was her own; but, as she lifted it, she saw it was but a copy, and on the back was graven only "Hope," where her ancestress' initials stood in her own. Trembling fingers clasped it to the lace collar at her throat, and she went down stairs.

Grace wondered at her cousin's pallor as she entered the drawing-room, yet, in the same moment, thought how exquisitely lovely the saint-like face looked.

Mr. Raymond was already there, a tall, grave man, handsome in a rather peculiar style, with coal black hair, and dark eyes, but a look of reserve and almost austerity. He smiled a winning, radiant smile as he rose to meet Hope, and replied in courteous tones to her few words of greeting.

Mr. Seymour's entrance a moment later was the signal for the late dinner to be served, and the gentlemen led the conversation during the meal. The tedious routine of a formal dinner was not observed for the one guest; yet it seemed to Hope that the soup, fish, turkey, and other eatables would never cease to come before her, to go again almost untasted to the servant's hands.

It was over at last; and Mr. Seymour had left with an apology to attend to some important matter at the bank, that would not give him a respite, even for Christmas. The guest, thus left to the ladies, gave proof of brilliant conversational powers. Grace was an animated listener, and Hope's low, sweet voice

was sometimes heard; but she sat a little apart, and busied herself with a piece of embroidery.

It was growing late, when Mr. Raymond suddenly arose and opened the piano. "Will you sing one song for me, Miss Grace?" he asked.

"With pleasure."

"Sing 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

Hope half rose, but resumed her seat again from sheer inability to stand.

As the first notes of the song fell upon the air, Mr. Raymond left Grace's side, and came to where Hope was seated. "Hope, little Hope," he said, softly, "have you no word for me after such a long separation? See!"

She looked up; and, from a ribbon round his neck, hidden before, she saw depending the star which, ten years before, she had given to Alden Carter. "Alden," she sobbed, "I thought you had forgotten."

"You knew me, then?"

"Could I forget you?"

"And you are mine, little Hope?"

She put her hand in his, and he led her to the piano.

Grace was almost startled into silence as two voices joined hers in that time-honored chorus, "Auld Lang Syne." She stole a glance; and, seeing two hands tightly clasped together, discreetly looked at the music-rack, and sang as if nothing but the song had any other earthly interest for her.

The wedding was a nine days' wonder in H——; and the happy pair, after calls and proper ceremonies, took up their abode in G——, where no voice could connect Alden's name with the bank robbery at H——. There was some comment made when the name Alden Raymond Carter was given as the bridegroom's full cognomen, but it died away like other nine days' wonders, and only Uncle Conrad knew fully the history of Hope's star.

A GOOD-HEARTED woman in the rosy beauty of her joy is the loveliest object in the world.—*Hunt.*

INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.—A cultivated mind may be said to have infinite stores of innocent gratification. Everything may be made interesting to it, by becoming a subject of thought or inquiry. Books, regarded merely as a gratification, are worth more than all the luxuries on earth. A taste for literature secures cheerful occupation for the unemployed and languid hours of life; and how many persons, in these hours, for want of innocent resources, are now impelled to coarse pleasure! How many young men can be found in this city, who, unaccustomed to find a companion in a book, and strangers to intellectual activity, are almost driven, in the long dull evening of winter, to haunts of intemperance and depraving society!

WHY SHE NEVER MARRIED.

BY MAY.

"I WONDER why, with all her admirers, Cousin Irene will not marry?" soliloquized pretty Etta Mayfield, as she stood before her mirror curling a refractory ringlet. "What a rare wife she would make! Lovely, with a fine intellect, and noble, loving nature. She is a sister and daughter in the true sense of the word. What a happy home this is; none of its members desire to spend an evening away from the home circle. And how she manages the children in her cool, calm way, is a mystery to me. I must get her receipt, for I never can make Essie mind a word I say."

"What is that about Essie?"

Etta turned at the sound of the full, rich voice, to see Irene looking smilingly at her. Irene Ames justified the praise bestowed on her by Etta. Slightly above the medium height, her form was replete with graceful dignity. The fair, lovely face, the sweet crimson mouth, and large dark violet eyes, told a tale of deep sorrow, now subdued into a chastened calm, infinitely more charming than the bright, joyous expressions of yore. Smoothing back a stray golden ringlet from her high, pure brow, she repeated the question.

"I was trying to conjecture how you controlled the children. I find it the hardest thing to control Essie. Please give me your receipt, Cousin Irene." Seating herself on a low stool at her feet, Etta raised her sparkling black eyes lovingly to her cousin's sweet face.

"How I control them? Well, I will tell you. In the first place, a great deal of *firmness* is requisite. Always keep your word, however painful it must be sometimes; then she will know that punishment, which no amount of tears or entreaties will avail, will follow disobedience. And, my dear, avoid scolding, or harsh, violent words; always command your temper in her presence. You cannot expect a child to be amiable if you are not so yourself; example is everything. Lastly, take interest in all her little joys and sorrows. Children have their sorrows, and often are their little sensitive hearts wounded by a want of sympathy in the home circle. Always try to make home a pleasant place to live in. Entice her to confide fearlessly all her little secrets; to look on you as a companion, not as one to be feared. There, you have my receipt."

"A capital one I know, as it is a complete success in your own home. You are such a nice 'housekeeper' as well as 'mamma,' that I am sorry my visit ends so soon. I have enjoyed myself so well."

"Remain all winter, Etta; we will be so pleased to have you, although we cannot offer the pleasures of your city home."

Irene smoothed the glossy ringlets back lovingly from the upturned brow.

"I would like to, but I am wanted home. Irene, it seems strange to me that you, with your wealth of mind and loveliness, have never married. You do not surely intend to remain single?"

Irene's lips quivered, but she replied in her sweet, calm way:—

"The children would fare badly without 'sister Irene.'"

"Nonsense! When you have an excellent governess, and that dear Mrs. Treherne would come to you any time as housekeeper and manager generally."

"You little match-maker."

"My dear cousin, I want you to be happy, as you can be, in the love of one worthy of you. It is so pleasant to be loved."

Etta's bright eyes shone with a tender, loving light, as she thought of the noble heart all her own. An expression of deep pain flitted across Irene's calm face.

"Yes, it is pleasant to be loved, darling, and I am happy to know that you possess one to rely on through life's stormy way. But my love is buried in the past."

"Oh, I would like to know of your love," exclaimed Etta involuntarily.

Leaning back in her chair, Irene seemed lost in painful thought. Rousing herself, she replied, in a low, mournful tone:—

"You shall hear, little cousin, my heart's history; it is a sad one. When I was a joyous, lively girl of seventeen, I met a young man, only a year my senior, at G——. He was young, boyish, and very wild. Yet we loved each other dearly, and had it not been for the intervention of others, we would now be happy. Well, it was the old story of a friendship ripening into love. His parents evinced a warm attachment for me, and I loved them as my own. We were happy ten short, blissful months, his parents giving us every encouragement, when I began to notice a growing coldness in Harold, scarcely perceptible at first, but, as weeks wore on, evident to every one. To my questions regarding his conduct, he would give me no answer, but always change the subject. I told grandma, and expressed my determination of sending him a dismissal. But she had too high a regard for him to believe he was false. She said he was young and thoughtless, and I too suspicious. I submitted to her, and endured weeks of agony. At last, unable to stand it any longer, I broke off our intimacy. During the summer I never spoke, treating him with a contempt I did not feel! Poor fellow! To think he had to bear unmerited scorn, and could not justify himself! When he left, and I realized we were separated forever, I sank into an apathy from which I did not recover until winter fled, and spring ushered in the hopes of literary attainments. That summer we met again, and, through the persuasions of others, I renewed a slight friend-

ship. I heard from his own lips of his unaltered affection; as I was about to quaff the cup of joy and restored confidence (he promised an explanation), it was dashed from my eager lips. He grew suddenly cold and reserved; friendly, but changed. We had no opportunity for mutual explanations of the past. I bore it with proud indifference, until the day of his departure I learned from his parents the cause of the change. He loved me, but they thought him too young and wild to enter into an engagement, and years must elapse before he could be competent to marry. They wanted us to remain friends, but seeing my unhappiness, they thought too much of me, were too fearful of my health, to allow us to see each other, so they left without allowing us to say 'Good-by.' He was not aware of the true reason; theirs was, they had too much for him to attend to admit of his calling. He did not know I knew all. He was under age, and was fearful his strange conduct would cause all advances to be met with scorn; too filial to betray his parents, and I too proud to tell him I knew all. Ah, my love would have made him a better boy. Mistaken kindness of theirs, it was my life's misery. Still I was content; that he would always love me, I was confident. And I knew that a few years would remove the cause of their objections, and we would be happy. Two years after an epidemic raged in his place of residence, and one evening I was sitting on the balcony waiting for mother to walk with me, when Mr. Dufay came up the steps, and, clasping me in his arms, wept silently for some time. Seeing he was too agitated to speak, I placed him a chair, and waited with a sickening throb to learn the cause. At last he told me that Harold, my darling whom they had separated me from, was dying, and had sent for me. The anguish of that death-bed meeting I cannot tell you. Suffice it to say, he told me of all his follies, his love and repentance, and desired me to wear mourning, which I did. It is for him as well as my dear mother that I wear it, still. He died in my arms. The last word he breathed was my name. His last look of recognition was fastened lovingly on my face, and the last thing I remembered, I was holding the inanimate form in a close unyielding embrace, calling frantically on the loved one for one more glance, one more tone of the worshipped voice."

Irene bowed her head upon the cushion, and for some moments Etta's sobs alone broke the silence. Raising the pallid, suffering face, she continued:—

"Two months after, my brother joined him in yon bright world, and I was obliged to take up the burden of life for the sake of my motherless little ones. Now I am content in the alleviation of others' sorrows. My wealth has enabled me to soothe many an aching heart, and I see my home happy, prized above all

else by its inmates, and content to know I am necessary to their comfort. When I go hence, a sparkling crown, and robes pure and free from sorrow, will be given me, and He will be waiting by my dying pillow, ready to bear me to the shores of eternal bliss, to walk hand in hand the resplendent streets of the New Jerusalem."

An indescribable expression of holy peace lit the mournful, violet eyes; her lips moved in prayer to the All Father, and while a tear stole gently down the pale cheek, "that peace that passeth all understanding" lulled the troubled waves of the soul. She laid her hand softly on Etta's bowed head.

"Thank you for those tears, darling. May you never have to shed them for yourself."

"Irene, was 'Ida' your life?"

"Yes, dear; when I wrote that book, I was in great anguish. Thank God, all the bitterness has passed. Come, let us prepare for dinner. Percy must not see his little wife in tears, or he will scold cousin Irene."

Etta learned a lesson that all should strive to learn: that a patient endurance of the ills of life, and the endeavor to do all the good, alleviate all the sorrows in our power in this beautiful but sin-stained earth, is a nobler victory won over self than the laurel crowns of her mightiest conquerors.

UNDER THE SNOW.

BY MAGGIE LUTE SULLIVAN BURKE.

MORN wakes the chill orient, leaden and gray,
While night's brooding wings, flapping slow, pass
away;

When, lo! what a wonder before us appears—
High mass of the midnight, as sung by the spheres,
Hath brought in communion the whole world below,
Now bound in one band—'tis the beautiful snow.

Our prairie, an ocean all white, spreads away,
Till, meeting out yonder the sky wintry gray,
Its breast—swelling, sinking like shore-broken
waves—

Seems great frozen billows above ocean's caves;
And yonder a forest, with broad sails of snow,
Looks like a white fleet in the morn's distant glow.
Ah! "Where are the flowers?" 'Tis a mercy most
mild—

God's mercy—that hides them from tempests so
wild.

They sleep through the night-tide of winter's chill
reign,

Their covert of swansdown protecting from pain;
But yest're'n I wandered where lately they grew—
Their bright smiles had vanished, the grass verdure
too.

'Twas sad to behold it—the scene once so gay—
Its glory departed, its charm passed away;
Then welcome the snowflakes that clothe its dis-
grace

With mantle of charity, smiling in place.
Ah! well for the world would mankind from them
learn

The lesson they teach us, nor ever more spurn
The fallen, the tarnished, by frost-breath of sin;
But let love's white mantle their failings wrap in,

Till God with his sunshine the tender germ fills,
The pure germ of virtue, that icy scorn kills.
What if, for awhile, all their bloom shall depart?
His love hath implanted that germ in each heart.
Then root not out rudely the frail human flower,
So rich, although blighted, in this God-given dower;
Bring charity's mantle from love's golden loom,
And cover with brightness its sad dearth of bloom.
What heavenly beauty would clothe us below
Did man learn thy lesson, oh, merciful snow!

MY SOUL AND I.

BY LOUDON ENGLE.

TELL me, my soul, what bliss awaits
Beyond those far-famed pearly gates?
What transports in my heart shall rise,
Mounting the heights of Paradise?
Will shadowy love, at last, be real?
Shall I, O bliss! clasp my ideal?

Tell me, my soul, nor leave in doubt
These questions, long past finding out.

Only sad silence doth reply;
No answer comes my tears to dry.

The soul, secure in conscious power,
Waiteth for death to strike the hour
That shall release it, set it free,
To roam for aye, eternity.

Then I shall be, what now I seem,
No longer walking, as in dream.

My soul and I shall, face to face,
Grow one in glory and in grace.

Forever stilled distrust and doubt,
Naught shall be past our finding out.

Through endless cycles we shall run,
To find our travels just begun.

And knowledge, once so limited,
Through countless worlds shall then be spread.

COMPLIMENTS of congratulation are always kindly taken, and cost one nothing but pen, ink, and paper. I consider them as draughts upon good breeding, where the exchange is always greatly in favor of the drawer.—*Chesterfield*.

INTELLIGENT WOMEN TAKE NO PLEASURE IN GOSSIP.—The well-informed woman may generally be known not so much by what she tells you as by what she does not tell you; for she is the last to take pleasure in mere gossip, or to make vulgar allusion to the appearance, dress, or personal habits of her friends and neighbors.

THE GARDENER'S PRIVILEGES.—The question was once asked by a beautiful woman—"Why is a gardener the most extraordinary man in the world?" The only reply given was as follows: "Because no man has more business on earth, and he always chooses good grounds for what he does. He commands his thyme, he is master of the mint, and he fingers the pennyroyal. He raises his celery every year, and it is a bad year that does not bring him a plum."

WORK DEPARTMENT.

BACHELIK PELERINE (KNITTING).

Materials.—Two ounces of white Shetland wool, five steel knitting needles No. 14.

OUR model is composed of two parts; the pelerine, short and open at the back, and prolonged in shawl-like ends in front (as seen in Fig. 1), and the hood (which, when thrown

the knitting after it is completed by pinning the entire piece of knitting out over the pattern (cut in stiffer paper) on an ironing-board or a table with a woollen cover, putting a clean cloth under the work, and damping it with a sponge dipped in very weak gum water. Of course it is the wrong side of the knitting that

Fig. 1.



back, forms a kind of cape), the edge of which lies in plaits round the face. The whole bachelik, with the exception of the lace, may be lined with colored sarcenet or llama, and thus converted into a warmer evening wrap if intended for winter use.

The knitting for the pelerine itself is done in two parts, and when completed the slope at the back is sewn together. The pelerine is commenced at the outer edge of the longest side, and the curve for the throat is given to

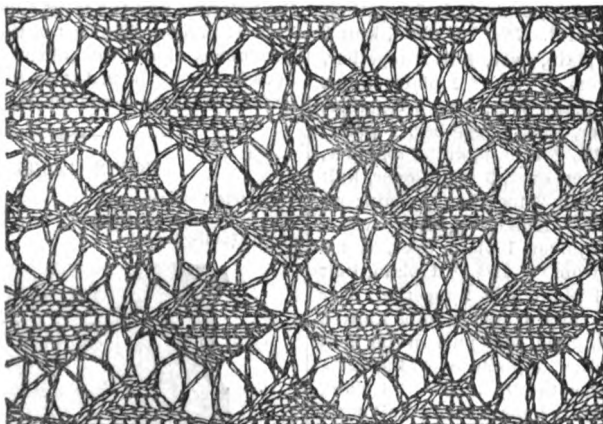
is to be damped, and, in pinning it out, this side must be kept uppermost. 218 stitches loosely cast on (divided on the four needles) are required for the length of one-half of the pelerine, and are to be knitted in the pattern shown in detail, and of its real size at Fig. 2a.

1st row. Slip 1, * 1 plain, over, knit 2 together, 3 plain, knit two together, over; repeat from *. 2d. And all the even-numbered rows. Purl. 3d. Slip 1, 2 plain, * over, knit 2 together, 1 plain, knit 2 together, over, 3 plain,

repeat from *. 5th. Slip 1, 3 plain, * over, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass slipped stitch over, over, 5 plain; repeat from *. 7th. Slip 1, 2 plain, * knit 2 together, over, 1 plain, over, knit 2 together, 3 plain; repeat from *. 9th. Slip 1, * 1 plain, knit 2 together, over, 3 plain over, knit 2 together; repeat from *. 11th.

at that end, and in the next 10 rows, 4 stitches each time. During these same 60 rows, the end towards the back is also to be sloped by taking off the 1st stitch, purling the next, and passing the slipped stitch over at the beginning of each purl row, and in addition at intervals of 6 rows, by knitting 2 together also,

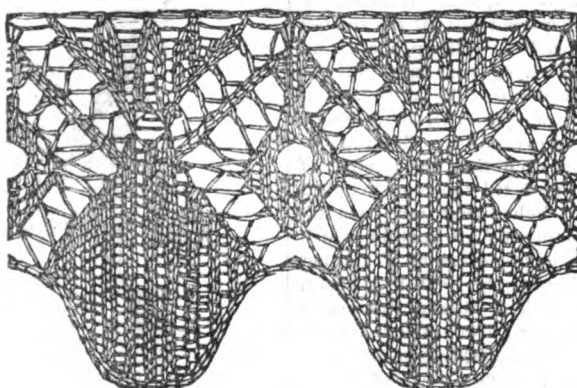
Fig. 2a.—Detail.



Slip 1, knit 2 together, * over, 5 plain, over, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass slipped stitch over; repeat from *. 13th. Like 1st, and repeat the pattern. The end of the knitting intended for the back is kept straight for some time, whilst, to give roundness to the front end, a stitch is to be added at the beginning of every row at that end, by bringing the thread over before commencing, until by two repetitions of the pattern 24 rows have been knitted.

at the conclusion of the rows ending at the back. There will then remain 33 stitches for the neck, which are to be cast off. The second half of the pelerine is to be knitted in exactly the same way, but care must be taken to reverse the ends for the back and front, so that the two halves may correspond when joined together. For the width of the hood cast on 82 stitches, and knit the first 32 rows quite straight in the pattern before given; 112 more

Fig. 3b.—Border.



In the next 24 rows, the 12 stitches that have thus been gained are to be decreased by knitting 2 together at the commencement of each row at the front end. In the next 60 rows the front is to have the complement of stitches reduced by two-thirds; this is done by casting off loosely 5 stitches at the beginning of every row

rows then follow, in which, at intervals of 3 rows, that is every 4th row (being the 33d, 37th, 41st, 45th, etc.), 1 stitch is to be taken in at the beginning and end of the row, so that at the conclusion of the 144 rows 26 stitches only will remain, which are to be cast off.

The lace or edging shown in detail at Fig.

3b is knitted separately, and sewn round the pelerine and hood. It is done in pieces, and joined together afterwards, as many stitches being cast on at once as a needle will conveniently hold, but their number must be divisible by 13. *1st row.* * over, knit 2 together; repeat from *. *2d.* And all even-numbered rows, purl. *3d.* * 5 plain, over, knit 3 together, over, 5 plain; repeat from *. *5th.* * 3 plain, knit 2 together, over, 3 plain, over, knit 2 together, 3 plain; repeat from *. *7th.* * 2 plain, knit 2 together, over, 5 plain, over, knit 2 together, 2 plain; repeat from *. *9th.* * 1 plain, knit 2 together, over, 2 plain, over, knit 3 together, over, 2 plain, over, knit 2 together, 1 plain; repeat from *. *11th.* * 1 plain, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together, over, 3 plain, over, knit 2 together, over, knit 2 together, 1 plain; repeat from *. *13th.* * Knit 3 together, over, 1 plain, over, 5 plain, over, 1 plain, over, knit 3 together; repeat from *. *15th.* * 1 plain, knit 2 together, over, 1 plain, knit 2 together, over three times (these three overs are to be knitted as 3 stitches, purl, plain, and purl in the next row), knit 3 together, 1 plain, over, knit 2 together, 1 plain; repeat from *. *17th.* * 1 plain, knit 2 together, over, 1 plain, over, knit 2 together, 1 plain; repeat from *. *19th.* * 3 plain, over, knit 2 together, 3 plain, knit 2 together, over, 3 plain; repeat from *. *21st.* * 4 plain, over, knit 2 together, 1 plain, knit 2 together, over, 4 plain; repeat from *. *23d.* * 5 plain, over, knit 3 together, over, 5 plain; repeat from *. After the end of this row turn the work, and purl the first 21 stitches; turn and † knit back 13 of these plain; turn again, and purl the first 12 of these last plain stitches, passing the 1st stitch over the 2d, so that the stitches on the wrong or purl side of the work are cast off as you proceed, whilst those on the right or plain side are not cast off till the top of the scallop is reached. * Turn again, and knit the same 11 stitches plain; turn, purl the next 10, passing the 1st over the 2d, so that in each of the purl rows one stitch more is left unknitted at the end every time. Continue repeating from *, but each time the number of stitches is reduced by 1, till you come to only 1 stitch. Then the stitches that have been left on the right or plain side are cast off, which brings you to the commencement of another scallop, for which purl the next 13 stitches, and repeat from †. The stitches remaining from the first 21 stitches knitted of course serve to complete a neighboring scallop on the other side; when another portion of lace is finished, 6 stitches will be found left at the other end, and the first 7, being taken up with them, must be knitted in the same manner as has been described to make a complete scallop, the lace being sewn together on the wrong side as far as the 23d row, where the thick scallops commence. It may sometimes be more convenient for the length required to knit these

stitches as a half scallop, which can be done. It is best to sew the lace to the pelerine and hood before they are pinned out; it must also be damped like the rest, and a pin put in the centre of each scallop.

The work, having been damped with gum water, must be allowed to become thoroughly dry before it is taken off the board or table; then the hood is to be sewn round the neck of the pelerine, and the front edge of it plaited in 12 or 14 plaits. The first of these plaits begins five inches above the join at the neck. The hook is either to be tied at the throat with ribbon, or fastened with a middle-sized hook and eye.

BOY'S GAITER.

Materials.—One ounce of white and one-quarter ounce of colored Berlin wool, four knitting-pins No. 16 (ball-gauge.)



BEGIN at the upper edge with white wool. Cast on sixty-three stitches—twenty on each of two pins, and twenty-three on the third. The twelfth stitch on the third pin is knitted to form the seam at the back.

Knit eighteen rows as for a stocking, alternately two plain, two purled; then, with

colored wool, one row plain, two rows purled; then, with white, three rows plain; then colored one row plain, and two purled. For the broad white stripe alternately as follows: Purl one, knit one (the back part of this stitch is knitted in each instance), so as to form a narrow perpendicular stripe. The whole stripe contains seven rows; then the colored is repeated, then the plain white stripe, and so on until, according to design, there are twelve

Fig. 1.



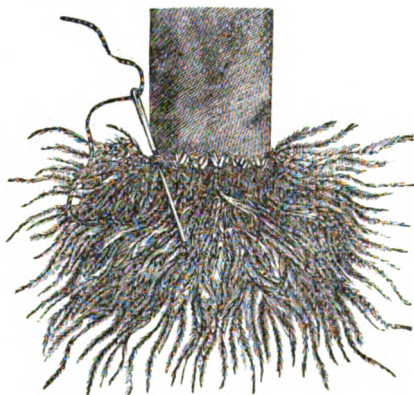
FUR FOR THE NECK.

THIS fur is made of feathers or down. You require a piece of linen, fifteen inches long by one wide; some poultry feathers or down, which should be prepared. As this is a very useful as well as fashionable work, we will describe a good method of preparing feathers for the benefit of those who keep poultry. Feather trimming is much worn, and it is not difficult to make; and, if sold, would prove far

Fig. 2a.--Detail of Fur for the Neck.



Fig. 3a.—Detail of Fur for the Neck.



narrow colored stripes. Between them there must, however, be a decrease in the same manner as for the calf of a stocking, and this begins from the seventh stripe in each colored one, so that when the last of these stripes is finished, the number is reduced twelve stitches. Now knit without decreasing forty rows all white of alternately one purled stitch and one plain stitch, then cast off loosely. For the under conclusion, work a few rows of crochet with white wool as follows: In each of the knitted stitches work five double-treble.

In the following row, work one single and one chain between every fifth treble. This raises the trebles into little flutings. At the top and bottom of these flutings, work little scallops of three chain and one single, and work a line of three chain and one single at the top of the gaiter.

more profitable than disposing of the feathers to upholsterers or drapers.

As soon as your feathers are taken from the bird, put them into brown paper bags, which tie close—coarse calico bags would do as well—and put them into a moderate oven, where they should be kept for some hours; this kills all vermin. When you take them out, put on a cloth, and shake them well; then pick each feather out, and cut off the little hard piece of quill at the top. If you intend to make trimming of the feathers, before your birds are plucked they should be gently washed in lukewarm water and soapsuds, with a little whiskey or gin in it; by this means the plumage is rendered perfectly clean and free from all dirt and dust, and, if the birds are left in a clean warm place to dry, they can receive no harm. Nearly all birds are washed in this manner before ex-

hibition, on account of the gloss and lustre it gives to the feathers.

Fig. 2a shows how each feather should be cut. Prepare a large quantity before you commence working.

Fig. 3b shows the manner of sewing on. You take for the first row three or four feathers, and sew them in a row at the extreme end of the linen. They must be sewn on with sewing silk, at about the distance from each other shown in the figure. The stitch used for sewing on is made by working over each feather twice on each side the quill. The figure shows the stitch and the position of the needle so clearly that further explanation is unnecessary.

In the 2d and all other rows the feathers are put close together, and on each side the linen—that is, for this boa for the neck; in making a trimming, they must not be put so close that they fall over each other, but be carefully arranged. Sew the feathers on the linen till about one inch from the middle, then commence the other half, working to the same distance from the middle; then sew the feathers on in a slanting direction, by which means the turning, or rather meeting of the feathers, will not be so visible. When the piece is finished, sew ribbon strings to the extreme ends of the linen to tie it with. When you mount feathers as a trimming, it is well to mount them on material as nearly the color of the feathers as possible. The feathers of the golden-pencilled or spangled Hamburg fowls form a beautiful rich trimming, and a good gray one well marked can be had from the silver-pencilled birds of the same breeds, also from the Brahma Pootra fowls.

BIB WITH CROCHET LACE, FOR BABIES ONE YEAR OLD.

THIS bib is made of calico taken double, inside which skeins of white knitting cotton have

Fig. 1.—Front.



been stitched. The shape of the bib is seen on illustration. The bib is bound with a double strip of calico, with skeins of cotton stitched in. This strip continues on the shoulders six inches long; a buttonhole is worked

in the end of each shoulder-piece. The bib is fastened by means of these buttonholes, with button on the waistband, made like the bib. Then edge the bib with a crochet border, which is narrower round the slope of the neck. The lace is gathered and worked in the following

Fig. 2.—Back.



manner: Make a foundation chain the length required, and work on this always alternating 1 treble, 1 chain, missing one stitch of the foundation chain under the latter. 2d row * 2 double, divided by 3 chain; on the next chain stitch 7 chain, missing 1 treble, 1 chain, 1 treble, under them repeat from *. The following rows are worked in the same manner, only work the two double, divided by three chain, round the chain stitch scallop of the preceding row.

MATCH-BOX IN SHAPE OF A DRUM.

THIS match-box consists of a strip of cardboard eighteen inches and three-fifths long, two inches and three-fifths wide, rolled up in such



a manner as to leave an opening in the middle measuring two inches and three-fifths across; it is then gummed so as to remain in this shape. The case is then bound on both edges with

light brown *glacé* silk, and covered on the inside with silver paper, and on the outside with a strip of embroidery consisting of alternate red and white cloth Vandykes; these Vandykes are fastened on a strip of calico, and edged with gold braid; the white Vandykes are embroidered with point russe stitches of different colored purse silk, the red ones are ornamented with a colored spot worked in satin stitch and with gold beads. On both sides of the strip of embroidery paste on a strip of card-

Fig. 1.—Lamp Shade.

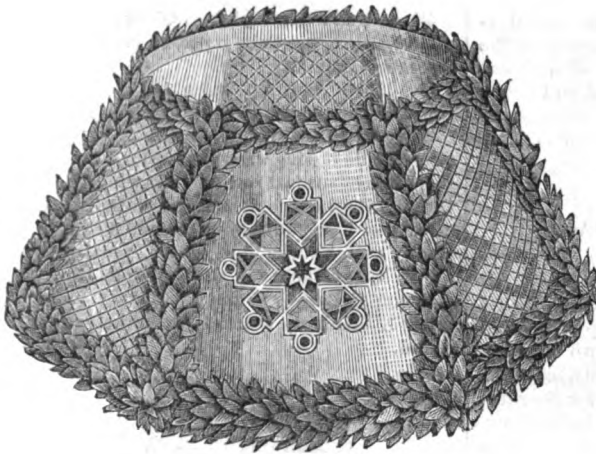
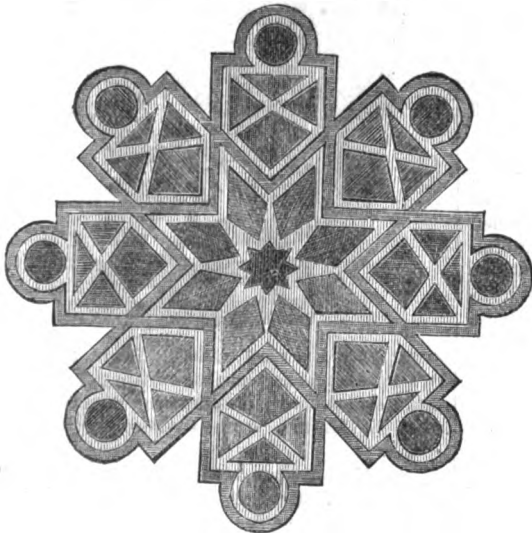


Fig. 2.—Rosette of Lamp Shade.



and on the outside with sand-paper. The cover consists likewise of a round piece of card-board covered on the top with white leather, and underneath with sand-paper; fasten two sticks of wood on the upper surface to imitate the sticks of a drum.

LAMP SHADE.

THIS lamp shade is made of glass paper, and imitates glass mosaic. It consists of six parts,

Fig. 1.—Shoe-Bag Closed.



Fig. 2.—Shoe-Bag Open.



board three-fifths of an inch wide, covered with light brown silk, ornamented with Vandyked lines of gold braid, fastened down with small black stitches. These strips must come slightly beyond the edges of the case. Then fasten a card-board bottom into the case, which must be covered on the inside with silver paper,

the size of which depends on that of the lamp. For each part cut two pieces of the same size, one of white transparent paper, the other of white glass paper. The pattern is traced on the transparent paper; the pieces and strips of the colored glass paper are pasted on it with gum, following the outlines of the pattern. On

our pattern the divisions are ornamented alternately with a mosaic rosette and with mosaic patterns. Fig. 2 shows the rosette and a part of the mosaic pattern full size with the manner of working them. The choice of colors depends on personal taste.

When the mosaic patterns are completed, the ornamented parts must be pasted on the white glass paper thus:—

The different parts are joined together with strips of thick white paper pasted on the outer and inner sides of the divisions wherever they meet. On the outer side these strips are ornamented with leaves; a similar ornament is fastened round the upper and lower edge of the shade. These leaves are made of different colored crape; they must be pasted on in such a manner that the edge of one leaf overlaps the next. Instead of glass paper pieces of *glacé* silk can be used.

EMBROIDERY SHOE-BAG.

(See Engravings, Page 649.)

THIS shoe-bag is made of brown cloth. It is ten inches and one-fifth long, eight inches and two-fifths wide, and fitted up with division and flaps, so as to form two pockets. The outer parts, the lower lappets, and the revers are cut in one piece, taking for the same a piece of double cloth, thirty-two inches long, eight inches and two-fifths wide. Between the double folds of the cloth fasten a piece of card-board for the back and front part of the bag, leaving the revers and the lower flap free. Then cut a piece of card-board for the division of the bag; cover it on both sides with cloth, and fasten it with overcast stitch on to the part of the leather cloth which is to form the lower flaps. Then join the front and back parts of the bag on to strips of cloth four and four-fifths inches wide with overcast stitch. The flaps at the sides and at the back of the bag are slanted off at the corners, and fastened with overcast stitch. Then work the embroidery on the outer part of the bag; it consists partly of brown silk braid, sewn on with hemstitch of light brown silk, and partly of loose buttonhole stitch of light brown silk. Lastly, fasten a thick handle of cord and elastic, for fastening the bag.

BABY'S GLOVE.

Materials.—Four needles No. 15, four No. 13 required. Care must be taken to use the needles as directed. Half an ounce of white German wool, a quarter of an ounce of colored.

WITH white wool cast 40 stitches on one needle, knit them off on three needles, 12 on two, 16 on the third. Use needles No. 13. Knit 3, seam 1 alternately for 2 rounds.

Take colored wool. Knit 1 round plain. Seam 3 rounds. With white wool Knit 1

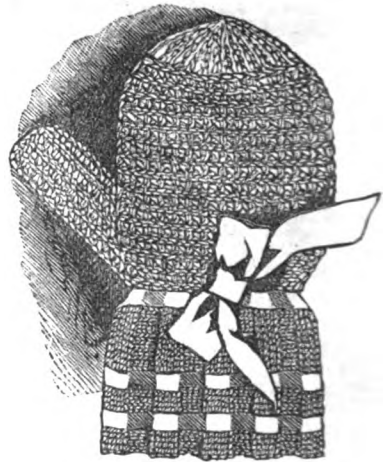
round plain. Knit 3, seam 1 alternately for 3 rounds. Take colored wool. Knit 1 round plain. Seam 3 rounds. With white wool knit 1 round plain. Knit 3, seam 1 alternately for 7 rounds.

You are now to take needles No. 15 and colored wool. Knit 2 rounds plain. Next round * Knit 2, make 1, knit two together; repeat from *. Knit 2 rounds plain. You may break off the colored wool. Take needles No. 13 and white wool. Knit 2 rounds plain.

3d round. Knit 1, seam 1 alternately all round.

4th and 5th. Knit plain. Observe 2 rounds plain knitting are to be repeated between each increasing round.

6th. Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1. This is done this first time in the round by, when you come to the 3d stitch, before working it, putting your needle through the loop below, in reality the stitch of the last row, and drawing the wool through it; the second time you raise it is done after you have knitted or seamed a stitch by, before you let the loop down, putting your needle in at the back of the same loop and drawing the wool through. Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1. Knit 1, seam 1 alternately rest of round.



9th. Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1. Seam 1, knit 1 twice (this means repeat the seam 1, knit 1 alternately so many times between the raisings), raise 1. Knit 1, seam 1 alternately rest of round.

12th. Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1. Knit 1, seam 1 three times. Raise 1. Knit 1, seam 1 alternately rest of round.

15th. Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1. Seam 1, knit 1 four times. Raise 1. Knit 1, seam 1 alternately rest of round.

18th. Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1. Knit 1, seam 1 five times. Raise 1. Knit 1, seam 1 alternately rest of round.

21st. Knit 1, seam 1, raise 1. Seam 1, knit 1

six times. Raise 1. Knit 1, seam 1 alternately rest of round.

22d. Knit 3, slip on a piece of wool the next 12 stitches, and secure it to prevent their slipping off. These stitches are afterwards taken up for the thumb. Rest of round knit plain.

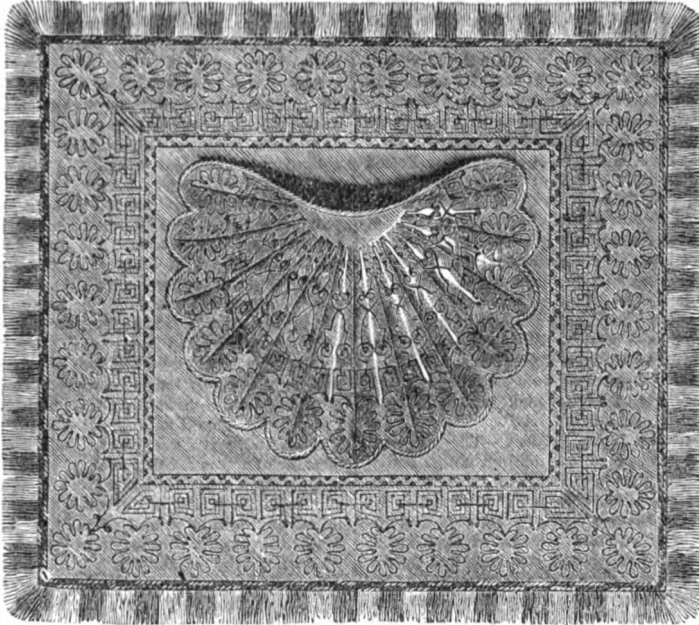
23d. Knit plain.

* 24th. Knit 1, seam 1 alternately. Knit 2 rounds plain. Repeat from * five times more.

You now use the smaller needles to reduce the size at the top of the glove. 1st round.

MAT WITH FOOT MUFF.

THIS pretty mat forms a foot muff in the shape of a shell. It is made of fine brown cloth, ornamented with a rich pattern of brown soutache. The mat is edged all round with a deep worsted fringe of two shades. The mat measures thirty-four inches long and twenty-eight inches wide. It must be lined with brown Holland, and slightly quilted. The foot muff is worked separately, lined and quilted, and bound with brown worsted braid. It should be



Knit 1, seam 1 alternately. Two rounds plain knitting. 4th. Knit 3, knit 2 together alternately. Knit 2 rounds plain. 7th. Knit 2, knit 2 together alternately. Knit 2 rounds plain. Take the larger-sized needles, and knit one round plain with them. Break off a sufficient length of wool, slip all the stitches on it, and draw together.

THUMB.—Use needles No. 13. Take up thumb-stitches thus: 4 on each of three needles, adding two more on the 3d by taking up two where there is the opening. * Knit 2 rounds plain. One round seaming 1 and knitting 1 alternately. Repeat from * three times more. Take needles No. 15, knit 2 rounds plain. 3d round. Knit 2 together, knit 3 alternately, end with knit 2. Knit one round plain. Knit another plain round, but with the larger needles. Draw wool through the loops, and fasten off.

To make a left-hand glove, form the thumb at the end of the third needle, instead of at the beginning of the first. Make the 1st, raising when within four loops of the end of the round.

stitched through in such a manner as to imitate the ribs of the shell. The muff can be lined with fur or with crochet in imitation of the same.

DIRECTIONS FOR RICE WORK.

By far the best thing for sticking rice to card-board is white of egg, as it does not discolor the rice, and is more effectual than any gum. The card-board must first be wetted with the white of egg (a small paint brush is the best thing to use), and then a thick layer of rice besprinkled indiscriminately over the part wetted; this must be allowed to dry on (which will take some little time), and then the loose rice which has not stuck shaken off; then more white of egg, and another layer of rice, and so on until the required thickness is obtained. It requires patience, as it is useless to put more rice until the first layer is dry and has firmly stuck. Any little interstices can easily be filled up afterwards.

Receipts, &c.

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.

Few cooks are agreed about this good old English dish, each one considering her way the best. We have carefully selected a number of receipts relating to these old-time puddings, from which our readers can make a selection. We know that they will have good reason to be satisfied with any of them.

Plum Pudding.—Beat up four eggs well; add to them, first, half a pint of new milk and a teaspoonful of salt. Then mix in half a pound of beef suet, chopped very fine, a pound of raisins stoned and chopped, a quarter of a pound of currants, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, one nutmeg grated, one ounce of candied peel cut into thin small strips; stir all well together, and add another half pint of new milk; then beat in sufficient flour to make it a stiff paste, add a glass of brandy and a glass of white wine. Tie it up close, and boil it, if in a mould or basin, five hours; if in a cloth, four; but the pudding is better, as well as more shapely, when boiled in a shape or mould. For *Sauce*, make some good melted butter, put in some loaf-sugar, a glass of white wine, and a glass of brandy; make it boil up, pour half of it over the pudding, and serve the rest in a hot sauce-boat. This pudding may be made with the grated crum of household bread as well as with flour; it is better so if to be eaten cold. Plum puddings may be made a fortnight or longer before they are wanted, and will be all the mellow for the keeping, if hung up in a dry place where they will not mould. Christmas plum pudding is often served with a sprig of holly stuck in the middle; this makes a pretty garnish.

A Good Christmas Plum Pudding.—The pride of English cookery is the plum pudding, which continental nations despise, because they can never succeed in making it eatable; we may therefore be excused in giving several receipts, all tried and approved, though of various degrees of excellence. With one pound of clean dry currants and half a pound of good raisins stoned mix one pound of bread-crumbs, half a pound of fine flour, and one pound and a half of finely-shred suet; add a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, a grated nutmeg, a draehm of cinnamon, two cloves, and half a dozen almonds pounded, and an ounce each of candied orange and lemon sliced thin; mix all the materials thoroughly together in a bowl with a glass of brandy and one of sherry; then beat very well six eggs, and slowly stir in till all be well blended; cover the bowl, and let the mixture stand for twelve hours; then pour it in a pudding cloth, and tie it, not very tight; put it into boiling water, and keep up the boiling for six hours. Serve with sugar sifted over, and wine or punch sauce. Brandy is usually sent in with a Christmas pudding to be poured over the whole pudding, or over each slice, then lighted, and served in flames.

The Nonpareil Plum Pudding.—Half a pound of beat raisins stoned and chopped, half a pound of currants clean and dried, a quarter of a pound of candied lemon sliced thin, a quarter of a pound of candied orange sliced thin, half a nutmeg grated, half a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, half a saltspoonful of salt, the outer rind of two lemons grated, the juice of one lemon, one pound of fine bread-crumbs, three-quarters of a pound of finely-shred fresh suet, half a pound of powdered sugar, two glasses each of brandy and sherry, seven eggs. First beat the eggs, whites and yolks separately, very well; then add the spices, the salt, and the

peels; then the sugar, the raisins, and the currants; next the crumbs and the suet; last of all the lemon-juice, the wine, and the brandy; beat all till very smooth; pour into a cloth, and boil for six hours. Serve with wine or punch sauce.

Doctor Kitchen's Plum Pudding.—Six ounces of finely-chopped suet, six ounces of Malaga raisins stoned and chopped, eight ounces of currants cleaned and dried, three ounces of fine bread-crumbs, three ounces of flour, three well-beaten eggs, the sixth of a nutmeg grated, the same of mace and cinnamon, four ounces of sugar, and half a teaspoonful of salt, half a pint of milk, one ounce of candied lemon sliced, half an ounce of citron sliced. Beat together the eggs and spices; mix in the milk by degrees; then add the rest of the ingredients, beating all thoroughly; pour into a damp floured pudding cloth, put it into boiling water, and keep up the boiling six hours.

Rich Plum Pudding.—Beat up eight eggs, yolks and whites separately, and strain; mix them with a pint of thick cream; stir in half a pound of flour and half a pound of bread-crumbs rubbed through a colander; when well mixed, beat in one pound of beef suet chopped very fine, one pound of currants, one pound of finely-chopped raisins, one pound of powdered sugar, two ounces of candied lemon and two of citron, and a nutmeg grated; mix up all with half a pint of brandy or of wine; boil in a cloth for six or seven hours. Any of these Christmas puddings may be kept for a month after boiling, if the cloth in which they are made be replaced by a clean one, and the puddings be hung to the ceiling of a kitchen or any warm store-room; they will then be ready for use, and will require only one hour's boiling to heat them thoroughly.

A Family Plum Pudding.—Beat up four eggs, the whites and yolks separately; add to the yolks a quarter of a teaspoonful each of grated ginger, nutmeg, grated lemon-peel, and salt, four ounces of sugar, half a pound of currants, then one pound of flour, and half a pound of suet, and beat up the whole thoroughly with the whites of the eggs. Wine or brandy may be added if approved; but the pudding will be very good without this addition. Tie it in a cloth, and boil for six hours. Serve with any good pudding sauce.

Carrot Pudding, confessedly such, is given, to save our plum puddings from that humiliating intrusion. Mix in a bowl half a pound of flour, half a pound of chopped suet, three-quarters of a pound of grated carrots, a quarter of a pound of raisins stoned, a quarter of a pound of currants, and a quarter of a pound of sugar, brown or sifted white. Place these in a mould or dish; beat up two whole eggs and the yolks of four in a gill of milk, grate a little nutmeg in, and add it to the former. Bake or steam forty-five minutes.

Vesuvian Plum Pudding is sure to please the youngsters and perhaps the oldsters. On the top of the pudding cut out a hollow nearly as big as an ordinary wine glass. Warm in a small saucepan a wineglassful or more of good cognac. Let your assistant carry this, while you carry the pudding, to the dining-room door; arrived there, let her pour the cognac into the hollow, set light to it with a strip of paper (not a lucifer match), open the door, and serve blazing.

Hunter's Pudding.—Mix together one pound of flour, one pound of finely-chopped suet, one pound of currants, one pound of chopped raisins, four ounces of sugar, the outer rind of half a lemon grated, six berries of allspice finely powdered, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt; when well mingled, add four well-beaten eggs, a glass of brandy, and one or two

tablespoonfuls of milk to reduce all to a thick batter; boil in a cloth nine hours, and serve with brandy sauce. This pudding may be kept for six months after boiling, if closely tied up; it will be required to be boiled an hour when it is to be used.

A Small Plum Pudding.—Pour a cup of milk over a pound of fine bread-crumbs, and let them lie half an hour; then beat in four ounces of sugar, half a pound of suet chopped fine, half a pound of raisins chopped, and half a teaspoonful of grated lemon-peel; beat all well up with four eggs, and boil five hours.

The Hedgehog Plum Pudding.—This very rich pudding is made as follows: One pound each of muscatel and sultana raisins chopped, one pound of currants, one pound of finely-chopped beef suet, one pound of fine moist sugar, two ounces each of candied citron, lemon, and orange sliced, half the rind of a lemon finely chopped, two ounces each of bitter and sweet almonds finely chopped, a nutmeg grated, half a teaspoonful of powdered ginger, the same quantity of salt, one pound of fine bread-crumbs, and three-quarters of a pound of flour. Mix these all thoroughly together; then beat up nine eggs and a wineglassful of ale, and stir into the pudding, beating it up till all is well blended; tie in a cloth, and boil for nine hours. Have ready four ounces of blanched almonds, and, as soon as the pudding is dished, stick them over it closely; make an opening in the centre, and pour in two glasses of brandy.

HOLIDAY SWEETS.

Hot Cross Buns.—One quart of milk, twelve ounces of butter, half an ounce of mixed spice, two eggs, two ounces of yeast, four pounds of flour. Make the milk slightly warm, put it into a pan with one-half of the sugar, six ounces of the flour, the yeast, and eggs. Mix the whole together, cover the pan, and put it in a warm place. When this ferment has risen with a high frothy head, and again fallen, and become nearly flat, it is then ready for the remaining portion of the ingredients to be mixed with it. The butter should be previously rubbed in with the flour between the hands in crumbles. Mix the whole together into a nice mellow dough. If the flour is not the best, some more may be required to make the dough of the proper consistence. Cover the pan, and let it remain in a warm place for half an hour. Make it into buns by moulding the dough lightly into small buns, half prove them, and then cross them. Brush the top over with milk, finish proving them, and bake in a hot oven. When they are done, brush the tops over again with milk.

Little Currant Puddings.—A quarter of a pound of finely-shred beef suet, the grated crum of a small loaf, a quarter of a pound of currants, two large teaspoonfuls of finely-pounded sugar, half a nutmeg grated, a teaspoonful of cream, a teaspoonful of brandy, a little salt, and the yolks of two eggs. Make up into six balls, tie in separate cloths, boil fifteen minutes, pour wine sauce over them.

Ground Rice Pudding.—Half a pound of ground rice in two pints of milk; when cold, add five well-beaten eggs, half a nutmeg grated, a gill of cream, a little lemon-peel shred fine, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar; mix; line a dish with thin puff paste, and bake a light brown.

Lemon Cake.—One teacupful of butter warmed, three of powdered sugar, with the yolks of five eggs. Stir to a cream; then add the juice and grated peel—the yellow part only—of a fresh lemon. Dissolve a teaspoonful, level full, of carbonate of potash in a cup of milk, and add the milk with the whites of the five eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, and four tea-

cupfuls of sifted flour, to be baked in two flat buttered tins. An icing is a great improvement, made in this way: The whites of two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of corn-flour, and eighteen of fine white sugar, with two of lemon-juice. Stir all well together, and spread on smoothly with a broad flat knife, soon after the cake is baked. Put away in a cool dry closet to harden.

Pudding.—Half a pound of raisins chopped very fine, half a pound of flour, half a pound of white sugar, with the same quantity of butter (well beaten up together), and five eggs. All this is steamed for two hours and a half. Some prefer a sauce thrown over when finished; if so, I should advise a wineglassful of warmed wine, beaten up with the yolks of two eggs with sugar.

Very Rich Short Crusts for Tarts.—Break lightly, with the least possible handling, six ounces of butter into eight ounces of flour; add a dessertspoonful of pounded sugar and two or three of water; roll the paste for several minutes to blend the ingredients well, folding it together like puff crust, and touch it as little as possible. Flour eight ounces, butter six ounces, pounded sugar one dessertspoonful, water one to two spoonfuls.

French Cake.—Out of two pounds of flour take half a pound, make a hole in the centre of it, and put in half an ounce of yeast mixed up with a little warm but not hot water, make it into a sponge, and place it well wrapped up in a warm place. When this leaven has risen sufficiently, which will be known by its having increased in bulk by half, make a hole in the centre of the remaining flour, and put in one pound of butter and six eggs, work it well together, so as to make a soft sponge, which must be kneaded up twice with the hands; if too stiff, another egg must be added. Cut up and stone a quarter of a pound of Malaga raisins, and the same quantity of dried currants, add some sugar and a glass of water in which some saffron has been infused; mix all the ingredients well together with the sponge, add the leaven, put it into a well-buttered tin mould, and let the whole stand for an hour or two to rise. When well risen, bake in a moderate oven for an hour or an hour and a quarter.

College Puddings.—Grate two pounds of the crumbs of bread, shred half a pound of suet, and mix with half a pound of currants, one ounce of citron, and the same of orange-peel, a quarter of a pound of sugar, half a nutmeg, three eggs beaten, whites and yolks separately. Mix these all together, and make up the puddings to the size and shape of goose eggs. Having melted half a pound of butter in a frying-pan, when quite hot, stew the puddings in it over a stove, turning them two or three times till they are of a fine light brown. Mix a glass of brandy with the butter, and serve with pudding sauce.

Queen Cakes.—Wash a pound of butter in a little orange-flower water, and beat it to a cream with a wooden spoon; add to it a pound of finely-powdered loaf-sugar, and mix in by degrees eight eggs, well beaten. A pound of flour dried and sifted, three-quarters of a pound of currants, a little nutmeg, and two ounces of bitter almonds, pounded, must then be stirred in, adding last of all a wineglassful of brandy. Beat the whole well together for an hour, and bake in small buttered tins in a brisk oven.

Banbury Cakes.—Prepare some dough with two tablespoonfuls of thick yeast, a gill of warm milk, and a pound of flour. After it has worked a little, mix with it half a pound of currants washed and picked, the same quantity of candied orange and lemon-peel cut small, allspice, ginger, and nutmeg, of each a quarter of an ounce; mix the whole together with half a pound of honey. Put the mixture

Into puff paste, cut it into oval shapes, cover with paste, sift sugar over it, and bake in a moderate oven for a quarter of an hour.

Gingerbread Pudding.—Take a quarter of a pound of suet, flower, bread-crumbs, and molasses, a table-spoonful of sugar, and a teaspoonful of ginger. Mix, put into a mould, and boil for four hours. Fruit or lemon chips may be added if wished.

Cocanut Cakes.—Take the meat of the nut, and grate it as fine as you can. Weigh it, and add the same weight of fine sifted sugar, and wet with egg to the proportion of one egg to one pound of the mixture. Bake them in small patty tins in a small oven, and let them remain in the tins till cold.

Mince Pies.—The mince meat for these pies should be prepared in the following way, and used when required, as it will keep for many months: A pound of undercut of sirloin of beef placed in hot water in a saucepan, let it stew half an hour, then shred it very fine; two pounds and a half of beef suet minced fine, two pounds of raisins chopped up small, the same weight of good cooking apples, and the same of currants, well picked, washed, and dried before the fire; a pound and a half of moist sugar, a pound of mixed candied peel cut up very finely, the grated rind of two lemons, one nutmeg, a little cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a pint of brandy, and half a pint of white wine. Mix all very thoroughly, and put in a stone jar, closely covered down. When the pies are wanted, line some small pans with good puff paste, place a little of the mince meat in each, cover it over with the light paste, and bake them in a nice quick oven.

MANAGEMENT OF HENS DURING SITTING.

AFTER a hen has been sitting seven or eight days, it is easy by a careful examination of the eggs to see if they contain chickens. This is best seen at night. Take a lighted candle, or other bright light, to the fowl house, and a basket with a little straw to receive the eggs. Put the hand gently under the hen and take out an egg or two. Shade the eye from the candle with the left hand, making a ring by bringing the thumb and forefinger together. Hold each egg against this ring, so as to allow the light to shine through the centre of the egg. Those eggs that have chickens will appear perfectly dark, except a clear space at the larger end. Those that are clear and look as if they were filled with melted wax, through which the light can shine, are useless, and may be thrown away, or beaten up with milk so as to make a custard for young chickens. When all the eggs are examined, the good ones should be immediately replaced under the hen. The advantage of setting two hens on the same day is, that if many of the eggs are clear, the whole of the good ones can be given to one hen, and a fresh lot to the other. After the hens have been sitting twenty days, some of the chickens begin to chip the shell. On this day the hen should not be disturbed. On the twenty-first day, or three weeks after the eggs were put under the hen, all the eggs will be hatched. Some take away those first hatched and put them in a basket with flannel by the fire. This is a very useless plan, as both hen and chickens had better be left alone. If not disturbed, the hen will not leave the nest until the twenty-second day, and then all the chickens will be found quite strong and able to run.

HOW TO MAKE TEA PROPERLY.

THE essential requisites for the successful production of the most cheering of all beverages are: 1. Good tea. 2. A good teapot, that is, one of a plain shape, free from ornaments, which give a larger surface to throw off the heat, or from flutings and

mouldings, which prevent the inside being wiped clean and dry after use. 3. Boiling soft water. When soft water cannot be obtained, a small portion of carbonate of soda is often used to correct the hardness of the water, but in general it is employed in great excess, when it renders the tea soapy and mawkish.

To this brief statement of the essential requisites for the production of a good cup of tea, we will add two receipts, each from a very famous pen, one being from that of Alexis Soyer, and the other by the celebrated Leigh Hunt.

Leigh Hunt's Receipt.—"In the first place, the teapot must be thoroughly cleaned, and the water thoroughly boiling. There should not be a leaf of stale tea left from the last meal. The tests of boiling are various with different people, but there can be no uncertainty if the steam come out of the lid of the kettle; and it is best, therefore, to be sure upon that evidence. No good tea can be depended upon from an urn, because an urn cannot be kept boiling, and water should never be put upon tea but in a thoroughly and immediately boiling state. If it has done boiling, it should be made to boil again. Boiling, proportion, and attention are the three magic words of tea-making. The water should be soft, hard water being sure to spoil the best tea; and it is advisable to prepare the teapot against a chill by letting a small quantity of hot water stand in it before you begin, emptying it out, of course, when you do so. These premises being taken care of, excellent tea may be made for one person by putting into the pot two or three teaspoonfuls, and as much water as will cover the quantity; let this stand five minutes, and then add as much more as will twice fill the cup you are going to use. Leave this additional water another five minutes, and then, first putting the sugar and milk into the cup, pour out the tea, making sure to put in another cup of boiling water directly. Of tea, made for a party, a spoonful for each, and one large one over, must be used, taking care never to drain the teapot, and always to add the requisite quantity of boiling water, as just mentioned. Now have a cup of tea thus well made, and you will find it a very different thing from the insipid dilution which some call tea, watery at the edges, and transparent half-way down; or the syrup into which some convert their tea, who are no tea drinkers, but should take treacle for their breakfast; or the mere strength of tea, without any one qualification of other materials—a thing no better than stewed tea-leaves. In tea, properly so called, you should slightly taste the sugar, be sensible of a balmy softness in the milk, and enjoy at once a solidity, a delicacy, a relish, and a fragrance in the tea. Thus compounded, it is at once a refreshment and an elegance, and, we believe, the most innocent of cordials; for we think we can say, from experience, that when tea does harm, it is either from the unmitigated strength just mentioned, or from its being taken too hot—a common and most pernicious custom. The inside of a man, dear people, is not a kitchen copper."

M. Soyer's Receipt.—"Put the tea into a perfectly clean and dry teapot, ten minutes or a quarter of an hour before it is required. Warm both the pot and the tea by placing them in the oven, or before the fire; then fill the teapot with boiling water. Allow it to stand for five minutes and the tea is ready. This method improves the fragrance of the tea very considerably—slightly, but pleasantly, altering the flavor; it appears to act by removing any trace of moisture or dampness from the tea, and by developing the aromatic principle. It will be found well worth a trial."

Editors' Table.

WOMAN'S MISSION IN WAR.

While we are distressed in reading of the miseries of war, it is a comfort to catch, now and then, a glimpse of their alleviations. It is an especial pleasure to observe how many of these are due to womanly hearts and hands. We may believe that when the time arrives for war to be no more, its cessation will have been brought about by the power of Christian love, acting mainly through the influence of woman, to whom the blessed office of peace-maker seems to be naturally committed. The following letter, addressed from Karlsruhe, by command of the Grand Duchess of Baden, to the mother of a young French soldier who was wounded and made prisoner in one of the recent battles, has been published in a Parisian journal, and reprinted in our own papers. Those of our readers who have not seen it will be pleased to have an opportunity of perusing it:—

"MADAME—H. R. H., the Grand Duchess of Baden, desires me to write to you to give you news of your son, who is in hospital here, but is not severely wounded, and the surgeons are hopeful of his complete recovery. We will endeavor to take every care of him, and cheer up the monotony of his stay in hospital. The Grand Duchess has already visited him several times, and has sent him various books and papers to amuse him; but being a mother herself, and knowing how anxious you must be at the thought of your son lying sick in a strange country, she wishes you to be assured that every care shall be taken of him. He is in good spirits and always in good humor. It is easy to see that he has been carefully educated, and has plenty of resources in himself. I hope he will be satisfied with what is done for his comfort, and that in a few weeks he may return to you completely restored to health. The Grand Duchess hopes that this letter will be a comfort to you, and will put you at your ease respecting your son. Accept my sympathy, etc.

"AMELIA D'UNGERN-STERNBERG,
"Lady-in-Waiting to H. R. H."

The French editor remarks that as the lady to whom this letter was addressed was not known either to the Grand Duchess or to the writer of it, it was to be regarded not only as a kindly expression of sympathy from one mother to another, but also as an evidence of the humane manner in which the wounded soldiers, even of the rank and file, were treated by their captors; and he expresses his assurance that French ladies would show themselves no less devoted in their efforts to soothe the sufferings of the victims of the war.

We all remember the impartial kindness of Florence Nightingale and her companions in the Crimea, and of the many ladies in our civil war, who, in their attention to the wounded, knew no distinction of friend or foe. When we compare these examples with the doom of death or perpetual servitude which, among the most civilized Pagan nations, from the Greeks and Romans of antiquity to our day, has ever been reserved for captured enemies, we gain a sense of the immense advance which has been made by Christian nations, with all their admitted imperfections. And have we not a right to say that in this advance the influence of woman, in her true mission of peace-maker, healer, and consoler, has been one of the most powerful of the human agencies through which this happy effect has been wrought?

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RURAL HOMES.

CITY life has many attractions, but it must be admitted to be exhausting and unwholesome, both to mind and body. The "human plant," to use the fanciful phrase of a lively writer, does not thrive on the hard pavement and between brick walls. Men and women, but, above all, children, need for their full development the green fields, the fresh soil, and the open air. Nothing will make up to the young for the loss of those healthful influences and that varied knowledge which they derive from the scenes of country life—the waving crops, the fruitful orchards, the gardens, rich in useful products, or glowing with beauty; the barnyards, with their many tenants; the woods and streams, abounding in life, and attractive for youthful eyes and limbs; and all the other surroundings of a rural home.

It is good for our people that these truths are becoming more strongly felt, and that of late years, in lieu of the pressure towards the city, there is arising a tendency to escape from it into the healthful freedom of country life. The railways have contributed to this result, by bringing many of the comforts of the city to the residents of farms and villages. Thus it has happened that many denizens of our large towns have been seeking for homes in the country, and have brought to their rural abodes much of the orderly and well-organized system to which they have been accustomed in their city life. In this way a twofold benefit has been produced by the movement.

We have been led to these thoughts by a glance at some interesting particulars respecting the new settlement of Vineland. Many of our readers are doubtless aware that this settlement was commenced a few years ago on a large tract of waste land in New Jersey, about thirty miles south of Philadelphia. The colony, for such it may be called, owes its existence to the judicious enterprise of a gentleman of cultivated mind and liberal views, who determined to rely for success, not on the speculative or gambling propensities of human nature, but on those higher traits of character—the moral qualities, the home affections, and the love of order and beauty, which exist in every mind. The tract, containing about fifty square miles, was divided into farms of various sizes, from twenty acres and upwards, with a town plot in the centre. The whole tract was intersected with spacious roadways, bordered with shade-trees. Every purchaser was bound to build upon his land within a year, thus making the improvement of one property enhance the value of others, and rendering the whole settlement in some sense a co-operative community. No intoxicating liquor was allowed to be sold on the tract; and last year, when the question was submitted to the people, not one vote was cast in favor of liquor-selling. The result of these and other well-considered regulations has been, that the population of the colony has increased in nine years from four families to more than ten thousand inhabitants, among whom, during the whole period, there have been, we are told, but one pauper, and one criminal prosecution. The assessment of the township has risen from \$45,000 to \$1,700,000. The town-plot in the centre has a population of about three thousand.

There are, of course, churches of different denominations, many public schools and private seminaries, with agricultural and literary societies, and the various manufactures and trades which usually grow up in a thriving community.

Our object in writing this is not to advertise Vineland, that duty having been performed by its founder, Mr. Landis, with his usual intelligent energy. We rather wish to suggest to others a rivalry, with which he will doubtless be well pleased. There must be, within a moderate distance of many of our large towns, other neglected tracts of land, on which settlements similar to that of Vineland could be formed, if the work were undertaken in the same spirit. In such colonies the desire of our city-dwellers for the pleasures and benefits of rural homes might be gratified in the manner most likely to suit their tastes and habits. There are many women with families dependent on them; widows, or wives with husbands disabled for work, who understand or have a taste for the ways and means of country life—the culture of small fruits, the rearing of poultry, the making of dairy products, and various other industries in which women and children can be profitably employed. In the midst of a moral and intelligent community, like that of Vineland, among churches, schools, and libraries, and free from the class of population which haunts taverns and fills jails and poor-houses, such families might find safe, congenial, and happy homes. If capitalists of enlightened views, like Mr. Landis, cannot be found to commence such an undertaking, there is no reason why a number of families in moderate circumstances should not club together their means, procure the land, and form the nucleus of a settlement, which, in a few years of industry and patient effort, would grow to be all that they could rationally desire to make it; and one special advantage of this plan would be that all the benefit of any rise in the value of the property would accrue to the settlers themselves.

Meanwhile, the founder of Vineland will always have the honor which belongs to one who deliberately bases the success of a business enterprise on the improvement and well-being of those who share in it.

HEALTH IN PERFUMES.

A LOVE of flowers and perfumes has always been deemed a lady-like taste. Every one, even the rudest, recognizes something refining in this taste, and likes to see it displayed. Not only gentle Sir Galahad, but the grimmest and toughest knights in the lists, were doubtless pleased to see

"Perfume and flowers fall in showers

That lightly rain from ladies' hands."

It now appears that this taste is as useful as it is charming. An Italian professor has discovered, by a series of careful experiments, that sweet-scented flowers have a powerful effect in producing atmospheric ozone. Our readers are aware that ozone is a peculiar form of the life-sustaining element of our atmosphere. The latest researches seem to show that it is composed of three atoms of oxygen combined in one. However this may be, there is little doubt that the presence of ozone in the air is very important in sustaining vitality and repressing disease. Professor Mantegazza found that the essences of certain flowers and scented plants develop ozone in very large quantities. Among the flowers are especially mentioned those of the narcissus, hyacinth, mignonette, heliotrope, and lily of the valley; among plants, the cherry-laurel, lavender, mint, juniper, fennel, anise, and bergamot. But it may be

inferred that all sweet odors of vegetable origin have the same health-giving quality. In view of these facts, we are not surprised to learn that "the professor recommends the use of flowers in marshy districts and in places infected with animal emanations, as the powerful oxidizing influence of ozone may destroy them." He advises that the inhabitants of such regions should surround their dwellings with beds of the most odorous flowers.

It is a comfort to know that the most delightful of feminine occupations is also one of the most beneficent. Every woman who surrounds her dwelling with sweet-scented flowers and plants, and who makes her rooms and her clothing fragrant with their essences, is an angel of health to her family and friends. It is well to remark, also, that this discovery of Professor Mantegazza affords another evidence of the importance of the study of chemistry to the well-being of our daily life. It has been called the "household science;" and the time must come when no course of study in any seminary for young ladies will be deemed complete unless it includes a familiar acquaintance with this most useful of all the sciences.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

THE success of this institution, which offers opportunities of the highest culture to students of the humblest means, is highly gratifying; and not less so is the determination expressed by the public-spirited founder to extend the benefits of the university still more widely. We see it stated that the institution commenced its first year with four hundred students, its second with six hundred, and that it has now, in its third year, no less than eight hundred scholars. "Mr. Cornell," it is added, "says that he would be pleased to see at least five thousand boys and girls studying within its walls." We may thus gather that the intention is positively entertained of admitting young women into the university. Should this be done, it is likely that other colleges will follow the example. The opinion has long been held by thoughtful and experienced observers that the oriental system of separating the sexes in education is based on a mistaken view of human nature. Indeed, it seems surprising that in a country like ours, where young men and young women mingle freely in the family, in the church, and in society, as well as in manufactories and mercantile establishments of every kind, there should be found any serious objection to their studying together in the same college. It is the opinion of many that the influence of this brotherly and sisterly companionship on the mind and character of students of both sexes would be highly beneficial to them. It is certainly not making a bold assertion to affirm that the moral tone of young men's colleges would be considerably raised by the admission of young lady students.

THE LITERATURE OF CHRISTMAS.

THE influence of its great festivals on the manners and feelings of a people is a subject which might be expanded into a volume. We have no space to discuss it here; but we may say that in general these commemorations, national and religious, soften and humanize the rough aspect of our civilization. They remind men of the great underlying truths that they are apt to forge in the routine of daily life. In England and through a great part of America the great festival of the year is Christmas. It has impressed itself upon the national feeling as a time of peace and good will, when enmities are buried and friendships confirmed, when family love is strengthened, and the

bond of human brotherhood for once is recognized. It has a literature of its own, which aims to carry out this central idea: to be kindly, genial, and charitable, and especially to give pleasure to children. For the most part we cannot think this literature successful. The radiant volumes that brighten the booksellers' shelves in December have little attraction within. We are not concerned, therefore, for the comparative dearth this year of Christmas books, for we hope that our readers will return to some of those few stories that are worthy of the season. The great writer who died so lately was a master in this difficult branch. Every Christmas called forth a new tale from his pen. "The Christmas Carol," "The Chimes," "The Cricket on the Hearth" rank among his best stories. They breathe the very air of peace and kindness. The feelings that cluster around the day are especially those which Dickens delighted to inspire, and he made his Christmas books a labor of love. We ask our readers, if they have not done so already, to refresh their memory of Soroege and the Spirits, of Trotty and Meg, of John Peerybingle and Dot. They will rise from the history in kindness with all men, and in harmony with the festival day.

In closing our eighty-first volume, we look back upon the year to thank our friends for their continued kindness. We have reason to feel that our work is appreciated, and we shall open the New Year with confidence in the future. Next month we will give our usual brief notices of the events of 1870. We close our volume with hearty wishes for our readers' prosperity and happiness.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

"WOMAN'S RECORD;" or, Biographical Sketches of all Distinguished Women, from the Creation to the Present Time. Arranged in Four Eras, with Selections from Authoresses of each Era. By Mrs. S. J. Hale. Illustrated with more than 200 Portraits, engraved by Benson J. Lossing. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. 8vo., Cloth, \$5 00; Sheep, \$6 00.

"Many years have been devoted to the preparation of this comprehensive work, which contains complete and accurate sketches of the most distinguished women in all ages of the world, and in extent and thoroughness far surpasses every previous biographical collection with a similar aim. The picture of woman's life, as it has been developed from the time of the earliest traditions to the present date, is here displayed in vivid and impressive colors, and with a living sympathy which could flow only from a feminine pen. A judicious selection from the writings of women who have obtained distinction in the walks of literature is presented, affording an opportunity for comparing the noblest productions of the feminine mind, and embracing many exquisite gems of fancy and feeling. The biographies are illustrated by a series of highly-finished engravings, which form a gallery of portraits of curious interest to the amateur, as well as of great historical value."

"Extract from Publisher's Notice.

"A living book like 'Woman's Record' should, at intervals, be revised and enlarged. In presenting to the public this New Edition, the publishers beg leave to call attention to the excellence of the plan and the perfectness of its execution. The progress

* We take the above notice from the Agent's Circular, which adds: "Liberal inducements offered to clergymen and others who will act as agents for this work. Address AVERY BILL, Care of Harper & Brothers, New York."

sive History of Women was the plan; and the new Index will show that the history has been brought down to the year 1860. The editor of a work published in London, frankly confesses his obligations to the American work. He says, in his Preface: "Such a complete record of womanly excellence and ability cannot fail of being highly interesting and useful; and it must be evident to all that the task of its compilation must have been one of great labor and research—far more, indeed, than the present editor can claim credit for, his work having been chiefly that of condensation from a large and costly volume published in America, and entitled 'Woman's Record,' by Mrs. Hale, who states in her Preface that it cost her three years of hard study and labor—a volume which, in itself, is a striking example of female ability in authorship."

THE LETTERS OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE TO HER DAUGHTER AND FRIENDS. Edited by Mrs. Hale, author of "Woman's Record," etc. Revised edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers. For sale by E. P. Dutton & Company.

THE LETTERS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE. Edited by Mrs. Hale. Revised edition. Same Publishers.

The mere announcement of the publication of these famous works, in a new edition, is quite enough to awaken the interest of those familiar with their character, a class extending throughout the entire literary world. Madame de Sévigné's Letters have been largely read and universally admired for nearly two hundred years, and Lady Mary's for more than a century.—*From the Boston Courier.*

Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, are justly entitled to the thanks of all lovers of sterling literature for the beautiful volumes, in uniform style of typography and binding, they have lately published of the "Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague," and the "Letters of Madame de Sévigné." Comment upon these standard types of epistolary excellence would be superfluous. They are sufficient in themselves to establish the superiority of women in this branch of composition.—*From the New York Evening Post.*

From a Notice by Professor John S. Hart.

Mrs. Hale has done good service to her sex and to her generation in editing these two companion volumes, and the publishers have well-seconded her labors by the handsome and attractive dress in which the books appear.

(To be published in December.)

THE MOTHER'S LEGACIE TO HER UNBORNE CHILDE. By Elizabeth Joceline. From the Edition of 1825. Edited, with an Introduction, by Mrs. S. J. Hale. Duffield, Ashmead & Co.

The gentleman who procured this book in London for the Editress, said of it: "To my mind 'The Legacie' is simply the most touching thing which has been written. No one can read her letter to her husband without tears."

LOVE; OR, WOMAN'S DESTINY. In Two Parts. Part I. Life with Love. Part II. Life without Love. Also Poems, Old and New. By Mrs. S. J. Hale. Duffield, Ashmead, & Co., Philadelphia, 1870.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "To My Mother"—"To ———"—"Alone and Lonely"—"A Child's Pleadings"—"La Blonde et La Brunette"—"The Morn of Life"—"Tears"—"To One Who will Know"—"Love's Trust"—"The Woods" and "Alpha and Omega."

These are declined: "The Christmas Tree"—"The Heart"—"Lines to Jeannie"—"How It Thrills the Heart"—"The Haunted Chair"—"Belle Thornton" and "Gustavus to His Anna."

"What the Tide Brings In." Is it a voluntary contribution? Send address.

Correspondents requiring an answer by mail must send a stamp for return postage, and any author sending MSS. must send stamps for its return.

Literary Notices.

From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

MARGUERITE KENT. *A Novel.* By Marion W. Wayne. A love story of the old school, which does not depend for its interest on immorality or crime, deserves to be spoken well of, even if it possesses no special merits. This story—an American novel—is neither very intricate nor original in plot, but possesses sufficient interest to attract the reader, and is free from any blemishes of immorality.

THE SCAPEGOAT. By Leo. This is an English novel which was not worthy of being reprinted in this country. It is an inferior specimen of the worst class of modern English novels.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

MICHAEL RUDOLPH. *"The Bravest of the Brave."* By Miss Eliza A. Dupuy. Miss Dupuy has attempted in this book a semi-historical novel. Her hero, Michael Rudolph, a man of Revolutionary fame, she makes identical with Michael Ney, Marshal of France, deriving the connecting links between the two characters from tradition and imagination.

From J. P. SKELLY & Co., Philadelphia:—

PAUL LORING; or, *Mounting the Ladder.* By Mrs. E. E. Boyd, author of "Mary Morne," etc.

THREE TIMES LOST; or, *Patty Norris.* By Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, author of "John Hartman," etc.

Two pleasing little volumes suitable for Sunday-School libraries.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS and LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

AN INDEX TO HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Volumes I. to XL.: from June, 1850, to May, 1870. Few persons can form an adequate idea of the variety and amount of reading contained in *Harper's Magazine* during a period of twenty years. We find, on examination of the volume before us, that it takes over four hundred closely-printed pages to index the different articles, with a list of their illustrations. A complete set of the volumes of this magazine is in many respects better than an encyclopedia, as the subjects treated of are almost as varied, and the information given far fuller. It is, indeed, a library in itself, to which the Index will be found not only a convenient but an imperatively demanded addition.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD. By Charles Dickens. This story was carried only to its twenty-third chapter, when the pen of its gifted author was laid down never to be again resumed. It has been thought best to publish it incomplete as it is, rather than to intrust its finishing to the hands of any living novelist.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD. By the author of "Tom Brown's School Days." Illustrated. This well-known English novel is reprinted in a cheap form for popular reading.

A DANGEROUS GUEST. By the author of "Gilbert Ruggie," etc.

ESTELLE RUSSELL. By the author of "The Private Life of Galileo."

THE HEIR EXPECTANT. By the author of "Raymond's Heroine," etc.

Three English novels of ordinary merit and interest, which will find appreciation at the hands of our reading public.

WILLSON'S INTERMEDIATE FIFTH READER; or, *The Original Plan of the School and Family Series.* By Marcus Willson, author of "American History," etc. This Reader embraces the principles of rhetoric, criticism, eloquence, and oratory, as applied to both prose and poetry. The selections are made with great care and judgment, and the volume seems to be in advance of all books of its class which have yet been used in our schools.

A SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, from the *Discovery of America to the Year 1870.* By David B. Scott. Illustrated with maps and engravings. History has been making for us so fast during the past few years that it has been found necessary to enlarge and revise old volumes, or to make new ones altogether. The volume before us is a new one, and presents all the events of our national existence in a concise yet sufficiently full form for the students or general seekers after facts.

MENTAL ARITHMETIC; *Comprising a Complete System of Rapid Computations.* By John H. French, LL.D. Not one-half the attention is given to mental arithmetic that it really deserves. It should become an important branch of study in our schools, and recognized not only as an aid to mathematics, but to logic also. This volume of mental arithmetic has been arranged with great apparent care; and, while its opening lessons are simple and easy in the extreme, it leads the student, by regular yet slow gradations, to the most difficult problems of mental solving.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE THREE BROTHERS. *A Novel.* By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," etc. Illustrated. Mrs. Oliphant is one of the most reliable of English lady writers. Whatever comes from her pen is always good, always pure, always interesting. Nor does she depend greatly upon the sensational for the success of her novels. They are usually quiet pictures of plain people and everyday life, which charm the reader because of their truthfulness.

THE YOUNG DUKE. *A Novel.* By the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, author of "Lothair," etc. This is the third of the series of Disraeli's early novels, which the success of "Lothair" has again called into print.

ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY. By J. Norman Lockyer, Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, Editor of "Nature," etc. This book has been revised from the English editions, and especially adapted to the schools of the United States. It contains numerous illustrations; a colored representation of the solar, stellar, and nebular spectra; also celestial charts of the northern and southern hemispheres.

From the AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, New York, through the Pennsylvania Branch, 1408 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

THE YOUNG LADY'S GUIDE. An excellent book, containing selections from the writings of the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," Mrs. Sarah Stickney Ellis, Hannah Moore, and others well qualified to treat of subjects of interest and importance to young women.

WOMAN; Her Dignity and Sphere. By a Lady. The author of this excellent little work believes in the fullest physical, mental, and moral development for women. She does not believe that to compel women to stay in their "sphere," their minds should be cramped, and their education superficial. She

says: "Neither will the like amount of study render the girl masculine, any more than it will render the boy effeminate. Let the sister and the brother take the same college course, and through the length and breadth of daily study and research the characteristics of each will be manifest." It is a brave little book, and will do much good.

From CARLETON & Co., New York, through PETERSON & Bros., Philadelphia:—

GINGER-SNAPS. By Fanny Fern. When Fanny Fern has anything to say, she says it boldly, and usually to the point. "Ginger-Snaps" is the suggestive title of a volume of essays on a variety of subjects. Whatever her subject, she generally manages to say a good word for women.

CHRIS AND OTHO; The Panties and Orange-Blossoms they found in Roaring River and Rosenbloom. A sequel to "Widow Goldsmith's Daughter." There are wit and wisdom, spice and liveliness enough in this book to entitle it to take a front rank in American literature, if it were not marred by an almost equal amount of folly and absurdity. Sonnie, the Irish girl, is a splendid character. But, unfortunately, there is Zoe, who is a complete failure. Her character, and those of one or two others, may be very true pictures of extreme young ladyhood; but we think the less there is said or written about girls at their bread-and-butter age, the better. The truest sketch is not at all edifying, and there is where this author makes her mistake. The book is brilliantly but unevenly written, and possesses the further drawback of being a sequel.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

LIGHT HOUSES AND LIGHT SHIPS. By W. H. Davenport Adams, author of "Queen of the Adriatic," etc. With illustrations from photographs and other sources. This volume, which belongs to "Scribner's Illustrated Library of Wonders," contains a descriptive and historical account of the mode of construction and organization of various noted light-houses and light ships, together with much information on the subject of light-houses and beacons generally.

From CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through ALFRED MARTIN, Philadelphia:—

ROSE'S TEMPTATION. By Joanna H. Mathews.

DAISY'S WORK. By Joanna H. Mathews.

PINKER AND THE RABBITS. By Joanna H. Mathews.

These little books belong to the series of stories on the Commandments, which Miss Mathews calls "Flowerets." We have noticed the previous volumes, and need only add that the series, now complete, well deserves a place in our Sunday-School libraries.

From ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston:—

COMPANIONS OF MY SOLITUDE. By Arthur Helps, author of "Friends in Council." We are glad to see Mr. Helps' books republished in America. They are the writings of a quiet, thoughtful, and original man, who has a keen eye for the realities of things, and a clear, simple style that conveys his thought directly to the reader's mind; and who loves his race sincerely, without any philanthropic cant. The topics of this volume are grave for the most part, but they will only be called heavy by those whom the constant excitement of novels and popular literature has demoralized. Our old friends Dunsford, Ellesmen, and Milverton reappear; the last is supposed to be the author. The

little essays of which the work is made up are as fresh and interesting as ever; and Ellesmen's story is full of quiet pathos.

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, through E. H. BUTLER & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE BOYS OF GRAND PRESCHOOL. By the author of "B. O. W. C.," etc. Illustrated. This is the second volume of the "B. O. W. C." series, and will be found both instructive and entertaining for young lads just entering their teens.

THE PINKS AND BLUES; or, The Orphan Asylum. By Rosa Abbott, author of "Jack of All Trades," etc. The sixth and last of the volumes of "Rosa Abbott Stories."

THE LITTLE MAID OF OXBOW. By Mary Mannering, author of "Climbing the Rope," etc. The concluding volume of the "Helping-Hand Series," which have proved a pleasant and instructive set of books for children.

CHARLEY AND EVA ROBERTS' HOME IN THE WEST. By the author of "How Charley Became a Man," etc. The third volume of the "Charley Roberts' Series."

A WRONG CONFESSED IS HALF REDRESSED. By Mrs. Bradley, author of "Birds of a Feather," etc.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER. By Kate J. Neely, author of "Fine Feathers do not make Fine Birds," etc.

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS. By Kate J. Neely. The plan is almost universally adopted of publishing children's books in series or sets, of from three to six volumes. The three volumes whose titles we have just mentioned, are issued and inclosed in a neat box, under the general name of "The Proverb Stories." They are the second series by the same name.

REVIEWS AND PAMPHLETS.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE: August and September, 1870. The *Living Age* has become an old and valued friend in so many households that we feel there is little for us to say in commendation. No other eclectic approaches it in the union of instructive with amusing articles. The great fault of our magazines, the surrender of their pages to serial stories and syllabus literature, is avoided; there are in every number several papers that offer solid food to the mind, while yet the claims of fiction are not disregarded. Three stories are running in its numbers; science, politics, and literary criticism are well represented; and the range of topics in these eight numbers is so wide that few will find their favorite subjects neglected. The *Living Age* is a barometer of our highest national intelligence.

From DOCTOR JOHN P. GRAY, Utica, New York:—

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF INSANITY: July, 1870. This quarterly is entertaining and instructive, not only to those who feel a special interest on the subject of insanity, but to the general reader, who realizes what a light is thrown by the phenomena of disease upon our daily life. In this number will be found a long and most interesting examination of "the value of expert testimony," based upon a late case.

From PROF. JOHN M. LEAVITT, A. M.:—

THE AMERICAN QUARTERLY CHURCH REVIEW: October, 1870. This excellent quarterly opens with an article upon "Modern Novels," regarded from a theological standpoint. The remainder of the number will be found interesting more to churchmen than to the general reader.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

DECEMBER, 1870.

TO THE LADIES.—With the close of this volume we present ourselves before you for your judgment on our work for the past year. No fear or trembling as to your verdict troubles us. Conscious of having more than fulfilled all our promises, we feel a satisfaction in thus addressing the ladies of America! For forty years you have aided us by your subscriptions, cheered us by your praise, imparting to us a strength of purpose for our work that has materially aided us in bringing our Book to its present perfection. We will not recapitulate this year the various beauties of our work. They are as "familiar as household words." "GODEY'S specialities" are known everywhere. They cannot be imitated. Whenever tried by other publishers failure has been the result. Opportunities for excelling in the various departments of the Book are sought continually, and no pains or expense is spared in obtaining every novelty and variety that unlimited resources can procure. With the January number we commence a new career of usefulness in our particular sphere. New type, which, we think, will give a more finished appearance to our page, and new engagements with eminent writers, together with a fixed purpose to retain the laurels we have already won from our subscribers and the press, will be a sufficient guarantee that the LADY'S BOOK will still stand as the ONLY magazine entitled to the patronage of our American women.

In thus closing our remarks for the year 1870, we offer you our congratulations on the approach of the usual Christmas holidays. There is always a feeling of pleasure pervading the household about this time—more fully felt by the younger portion. Christmas to them is but another name for all manner of delights—holidays, new toys, parties, pantomimes, puddings, and a general "too muchness" of everything that constitutes happiness in young people. And we love to see it, and trust that you all do. Let not this happy time pass without giving full vent to the joy and pleasure that well up in the heart on its annual return. And to those who cannot afford that enjoyment, lend a helping hand; thus your pleasure will be enhanced. Christmas kindnesses, Christmas gifts, Christmas pleasures, Christmas recollections, may they all be of the kind which you most desire, and which will best contribute to your enjoyment. May we also have the pleasure of meeting you all around our Arm-Chair for many happy years!

We give below the first notice of the LADY'S BOOK:—

We mentioned some days since that proposals had been issued in this city for a new monthly periodical, under the title of the LADY'S BOOK. The first number has appeared, from which we learn that it is published at the office of the *Daily Chronicle*, and under the direction of Louis A. Godey. Its mechanical arrangements are in good taste. Its subject matter consists principally of extracts from foreign publications, and possesses merit. The work is issued at three dollars per annum.—*Pennsylvania Inquirer*.

At that time we did not publish any original matter. Since that we have published articles from every well-known writer in the United States. The Book then contained only forty-eight pages, now it is nearer to one hundred. Since that notice was published it has constantly increased in subscription and merit.

OUR EMBELLISHMENTS.—The explanation of our steel plate, "First Time of Asking," is given by Miss Frost on page 514, in a story written in her usual finished style. We give also two Christmas cuts—"Remember the Poor" and "Christmas Morning"—very appropriate, as the great festival of Christmas occurs during the month. These engravings are suggestive of two great kindnesses, which the return of the season should bring to mind: useful charities to the poor, and pretty presents to the little folks.

The Berlin wool work pattern, printed in an innumerable variety of colors, is the best design presented this year.

The colored fashion-plate, containing six designs, principally of walking-suits, has been gotten up by our well-informed fashion editress with her usual taste. And in her selection of articles for the work-department we think that she has displayed a knowledge of fancy-work that cannot fail of impressing on our friends the fact that in the LADY'S BOOK alone will be found the best instruction for a life of usefulness.

A page of children's dresses, and designs for aprons, etc., are also given.

GODEY'S RECEIPTS.—Every month we give more receipts than could be purchased in any other way for one dollar. Twelve numbers of GODEY'S receipts for kitchen, parlor, and boudoir will last a family a lifetime.

CLUBS! CLUBS!—Commence now the organization of clubs. Bear always in mind that the LADY'S BOOK is the cheapest magazine in the country—for the simple reason that you get more, and better for your money. Examine for yourselves. It has become a universal saying that it is "an evidence of the good taste of a family when the LADY'S BOOK is seen upon the centre-table." Any person with very little trouble can get up a club. The terms are low—within the reach of all who wish to subscribe. We firmly believe that there are many persons who would like to unite with one or more in procuring the Book, but require some one to ask them. Our old subscribers would oblige us very much if they would endeavor to increase their club lists this year.

GODEY'S MUSIC, prepared expressly for his Book. Not music that has become common before you get it, but music that our subscribers get long before it goes into the music publisher's hands.

We ask your attention to our advertisement for 1871, published on the cover. It is but an outline of our intention. Our resources are ample, and we shall continue our efforts to make the LADY'S BOOK—what for forty years it has been—the leading Book in America.

A DESCRIPTION of a dress made in New York is given, which states that it is made of black Lyons velvet, trimmed with corn-colored satin, white Brussels point lace, artificial flowers, and ostrich plumes. It cost \$1200. It is exceedingly tasteful, and weighs about ninety pounds. The trail is six yards in length.

CLUB RATES WITH OTHER MAGAZINES.—Godey's Lady's Book and Harper's Magazine, one year, \$5.50. Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine, one year, \$4.00. Godey's Lady's Book, Arthur's Home Magazine, and Children's Hour, one year, \$5.00. Godey's Lady's Book and the Children's Hour, one year, \$3.50.

THE following is a good notice of Evans & Stoddart's new publication, "Godey's Lady's Book Receipts." At the same time it shows in what estimation our Book is held in this city. "That magazine has held for some forty years the position of high counsellor, chief vizier, confidential adviser, or consulting doctor in the family of the Philadelphia householder." And such are our receipts. We claim to be the first magazine that gave any attention to this department. Of course, others have attempted it. If we were to publish our Book with the plates in the back, others would copy it, because they think all we do must be right. But, while others may simply copy receipts that they find published elsewhere, which sometimes contain ingredients not to be found in our country, our receipts have mostly been tried before being sent to us from old housekeepers, in whose families they perhaps have been for a century:—

The "Godey's Lady's Book Receipts and Household Hints." By S. Annie Frost. Philadelphia, Evans, Stoddart, & Co." There are especial reasons why a compilation from the domestic department of Godey should be valuable. That magazine has held for some forty years the position of high counsellor, chief vizier, confidential adviser, or consulting doctor in the family of the Philadelphia householder. The traditions of our civic cooking—all the wisdom derived from recollections of Wistar parties, flowing down broad and fragrant through Mrs. Goodfellow and Betsey Leslie, and debouching in Augustine—are matters of familiar knowledge to the editor of Godey. We should hardly think of looking elsewhere for the secrets peculiar to Philadelphia markets and Philadelphia tables—the buttery terrapin, the succotash of the Lenni Lenape, the apple-butter, and coleslaw, with their relish of Swedenborgianism, the negroid pepperpot and gumbo soup. All these, beside whatever has been discovered in less favored market-places, are supplied to Godey, and have their notice in this book. The result is a wealth of dainties. Baron Briesse would be surprised at the variety of vegetables peculiarly American here turned to use, and Brillat-Savarin would have sighed to think of missing such a new world of exquisite favors. The peculiar advantage of the manual in question is that it consists of formulas carefully sifted from the best of those in the Lady's Book, most of them having been contributed to that periodical exclusively, and not to be found elsewhere, and that all have been carefully tested before publication. The volume reaches 454 pages, has fourteen chapters, and its index of receipts fills twenty-four close columns. It is a publishing venture of a new and energetic house, Evans, Stoddart, & Co., to whom we expect it will bring publicity and success.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

GODEY'S LESSONS IN DRAWING are eagerly sought after. How many future great painters and draughtsmen will at some distant day point with pleasure to the source from which they drew their early inspiration—GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK!

HANDSOME WORKS OF ART.—The pictures by Mr. T. Moran, that have been on exhibition in Earle's window, representing accurately the superb views from West Laurel Hill Cemetery, will remain a few days in Mr. Earle's gallery before being withdrawn. They are superb landscapes, and well worth inspecting. If these are correct views, we hope the managers of the company will not attempt to improve the place with an entrance and a chapel similar to North Laurel Hill. Their taste in ornamentation is not good.

THE Philadelphia Ledger, published by George W. Childs, Esq., has been enlarged three columns, and filled with advertisements. We suppose that three more columns could be filled, and, what is better, not an improper advertisement among them.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for December is now ready. It contains nearly 400 worth of new and fashionable sheet music, of the full music size. Price 40 cents, or \$4 per annum, and premiums to every subscriber. Last four numbers as samples sent anywhere on receipt of \$1 12. The January number will begin the ninth year. The Lady's Book and the Monthly for 1871 for \$6. Address as below.

Herve's Dime Sheet Music.—The new numbers in this neat edition of real sheet music include the songs: Now the Days are All Gone Over, song for the close of the year; Another Year, song for the new year; Too Late to Marry; Under the Mistletoe, by Glover; To-Morrow; Shylie Bawn; Only in Jest; A Thousand Leagues Away. Also Party, Polka; Krias Kringie, by Oesten; Robin Adair; Snow Castles, by Ascher; Josepha Waltz; Sword March, from the Grand Duchess. We will send any five by mail for 50 cents. Address orders only to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher Musical Monthly, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

FREIGHT ON LETTERS AND PREMIUM ON DRAFTS.—Subscribers will please understand that when they send their letters by an express company they must pay the freight, and those who send drafts must pay the premium. We advise subscribers to remit a post-office order or a draft payable to the order of L. A. GODEY. The rates for postal money orders as established by law are as follows:—

"The postal money order system established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than \$1 nor more than \$50. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz: For an order for \$1 or for any larger sum, but not exceeding \$20, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of \$20 and up to \$30, the charge shall be 15 cents; more than \$30 and up to \$40, the charge shall be 20 cents; over \$40 and up to \$50, the charge shall be 25 cents."

CRAIG'S MICROSCOPE.—Every child ought to have one, especially when it can be got so cheap. Only \$2 75. A microscope is not only amusing, but instructive. We wish our young readers could see what the sting of a bee looks like, or a first-class old-fashioned spider. A fly's foot is something wonderful; an ant's eye shows how fearfully things are formed; a fly is a most respectable looking object with hair on him, that would suggest the necessity of a barber. Human hair, when magnified, is very suggestive of good-sized twine. Other objects, such as a drop of water, blood, or milk, are beautiful to look at. In excellent time to procure one for a Christmas or New Year's present, by addressing George Mead, 182 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

WHILE other magazines are going on in the old humdrum fashion, never improving, content with mediocrity, the LADY'S BOOK every year studies improvement, enabling it still to stand at the head of the fashionable periodicals of the day. Forty-one years have not dimmed the publisher's glory.

TO THE LADIES:—

It gives me pleasure to add my testimony to that of many others, as to the superiority of my WHEELER & WILSON Machine over all others with which I am acquainted. During the twelve years I have had it, it has travelled many thousands of miles, accomplished a great deal of sewing, from the finest linen cambie to heavy broadcloth, and has never once been out of order.

MRS. ANNIE TYNDALE.

Middleburgh, Neb.

"STEALING FROM OLD NEPTUNE."—The patent method by which Carrageen, or Irish Moss, is converted into SEA MOSS FARINE is a very laborious and complicated one. The raw material is first deprived of its bitterness by repeated washings. It is then carefully picked over by hand and desiccated—in other words, deprived of all moisture—after which it is passed through a series of mills and other apparatus, by which it is cleansed from every impurity, and pulverized and concentrated, without being robbed of its refreshing ocean flavor. Having been thus manipulated, and put up in convenient packages, it is ready for conversion into such Blanc Mange, Puddings, Creams, Gruels, Cream Pies, Soups, Sauces, etc., as are not producible with any other material, however expensive.

ANOTHER notice of our Receipts:—

The Receipts appeal to all the ladies of the house, whether in the kitchen or not.—*Triumph*, Holyoke, Mass.

PRETTY SHARP IN BIRGFELD.—Every one in Philadelphia knows Birgfeld as a most amiable, fat, and excellent musician:—

"Mr. Adolph Bergfeld, of this city, has gained fame from the fracas in New York recently in the Grand Opera House. Mr. Birgfeld was at once telegraphed for, and, on arriving at the Grand Opera House, he desired, as a preliminary to all business conferences, that he should be paid a half a week's salary which was due him from a former season. This being arranged, Mr. Birgfeld declined to have anything more to do with opera bouffe."

By the way, Birgfeld is down upon Banting's system of reducing fleshy persons to a moderate size.

GODEY is resplendent with illustrations, and exceedingly rich in literary matter. It is the Magazine for the household, and the discreet husband and father, in making out a list of publications for the family, will certainly give it the pre-eminence.—*Sentinel*, Edina, Mo.

THE following appeared in the inquiry column of the Sunday Dispatch:

"A. JACCIO.—'Will you please answer the following questions in your "Answers to Correspondents?" If a party pays the income tax for 1870 under protest, will he be compelled to sue for its recovery should it be decided to have expired by limitation, or would the amount of tax so paid be returned without his having recourse to legal proceedings? What is the general rule in such cases?'—He would be a very wise man, and also very bold and foolish, who would undertake to predict what Commissioner Delano would do in any case that would hereafter arise, because the common instincts and emotions of human nature are, in that man, so tortured and warped, that he is not to be judged by the same standard that could be applied to any other human being. We therefore decline attempting to solve the conundrum which you have so ingeniously put."

That is so! Commissioner Rollins said we were not manufacturers; Delano said we were; and we had to pay the tax, although we knew we were not manufacturers. Our printer, engraver, and colorer had also to pay the tax for manufacturing that for which we had already paid a tax. That is what is called the double snap game.

"THE Khédive has sent Verdi 150,000 francs for his new opera, *Aida*."

150,000 francs is \$30,000. These monarchs are very liberal with the money filched from their subjects. It cost \$180,000 to christen the young Prince Imperial of France. Are the above not shameful instances of the waste of money?

THE oldest tops in the world—mountain-tops.

ANOTHER WEDDING IN HIGH LIFE is announced in New York. The gentleman's name is Smith, a very aristocratic name, and the lady's name Carman. If the old authorities speak correctly, names were first given to persons from their occupation. One would be called John, the smith; another Petër, the carman; and thus titles afterwards became their surnames. We are told that the lady's *trousseau* was made in Paris, but they do not give us an inventory, as in the Ames-Butler marriage, of the underclothing.

OUR MODEL COTTAGES are a specialty of GODEY. No other magazine gives them. Every one we publish is designed especially for the Lady's Book.

"A FISHING skipper, who lately visited an Eastern town, with \$60 worth of fish to sell, was persuaded by a merchant to take a barrel of rum at \$40 in trade, saying that the police were so sharp in enforcing the liquor law that there was no chance to retail it there. Late at night the barrel was brought on board, the trader telling the captain he had better put off, as the police were on his track. After some hours' hard work the vessel reached a secure spot, and the skipper tapped his barrel, only to find its contents brackish well-water. Rum being an unlawful commodity, he could not seek legal means to recover its value, and, consequently, his language was not strictly orthodox."

We think it was all the better for the skipper that it was water.

THE Vicar of Doncaster found the accompanying lines written in pencil on the walls of the belfry of Doncaster parish church. They happily define "ringing," "chiming," and "tolling":—

"To call the folks to church in time,
I chime.
When mirth and pleasure's on the wing,
I ring.
When from the body parts the soul,
I toll."

A GENTLEMAN at Saratoga paid \$15 for washing one of his wife's dresses. The original cost of the dress was \$28. We don't know which is the greatest wonder, the price of the washing, or cost of the dress.

VOCALISTS are sufficiently jealous of each other, but as for brass bands, they never have an engagement without they come to blows, and the drummer, strange to say, always beats.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is now in its forty-first year, and this statement alone speaks volumes in its favor. Everywhere the ladies speak in praise of its articles on fashions, dress, and ornamental work, and the accompanying illustrations.—*Union*, Schenectady, N. Y.

JOE MEER, the Oregon trapper, went to Washington as a Territorial Messenger. His good looks, and relationship to President Polk, made him a great favorite with the ladies. While promenading one evening, a lady inquired whether he had ever been married. "Yes," Joe said, "he had a wife and six children." "Oh, la!" continued his friend, "and isn't Mrs. Meer afraid of the Indians?" "Afraid of the Indians!" replied the frontiersman, "I reckon not; why she's an Indian herself!"

KID GLOVES IN NEW YORK.—Six million pairs of kid gloves are "used up" in New York city every year. An important and expensive article of wardrobe is the glove. It is said that beautiful gloves are made from the skin of the real kid at Salt Lake City.

MEX born blind can't be carpenters, because they never saw.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

HOLIDAY GAMES.

SHADOW PANTOMIMES.

Shadow pantomimes can be very effectively arranged in parlors by following these simple directions. Fasten a sheet tightly across the space between the open folding doors. The room in front of the sheet must be quite dark. The back room, where the performers operate, must be lighted by a candle or large kerosene lamp, which stands upon the floor. To determine the size of the required figures, let the actors stand within a foot of the sheet, and carry the lamp forward or backward until the right focus is obtained. To make an actor descend from above, he must stand behind the lamp, and slowly step over it. The audience will see first his foot, and then his whole body gradually appear; and, by stepping backward, he can be made to disappear in the same manner. To throw an actor up out of sight, lift him slowly over the lamp, and bring him down again, by reversing the process. Two gentlemen, or large boys, and one smaller one, with one lady, are enough for most pantomimes; and the properties needed are easily cut from stiff pasteboard, when they cannot be readily obtained in the house.

The subjects are manifold, but at first I will describe some of the simpler ones:—

1. The barber's shop. The barber and his assistant descend from above, and bow to the audience. Boy arranges the chairs. Old gentleman enters; is placed in the chair by the boy, who proceeds to cover him with a sheet, and apply the soap with a feather duster. Barber approaches with huge razor. Boy trips up barber, whose razor cuts off customer's head, which is done by quickly turning up his coat collar, and drawing razor through his neck. Consternation! They consult together, and decide to throw the body up into the air, which they do, and then, making their bows, ascend out of sight.

2. The dentist. Same opening scene. A huge tooth is drawn with the tongs from under the patient's coat.

3. A duel, in which the swords can be run through the actors by passing behind them.

4. Boxing match between a small boy and a tall man. The one who falls is thrown up into the air as before.

5. Witch going up on a broomstick. By stepping over the lamp.

6. The Grecian bend illustrated by an extravagantly panniered young lady.

7. Jack the giant killer. The giant can grow or diminish by moving the lamp backward or forward; and Jack can slowly ascend the bean stalk, which can first be shown, and made to grow rapidly in same manner.

A little practice will enable the performers to keep the scenes well in focus, and cause much amusement to both spectators and actors.

THE GENTLE GENTLEMAN.

This game always creates merriment. The players are seated in a circle, each provided with three or four twisted papers. Some one begins the game by saying to his neighbor: "Good-morning, gentleman (or lady, as the case may be), always genteel. I have to inform you that this gentle gentleman (or lady, indicating his neighbor on the other side) possesses an eagle with a golden beak." This formula must be repeated by each player in turn; but if any mistake occurs in the recital, a horn—viz., a twisted paper—must be stuck in the hair or behind the ear of the speaker, who is afterwards designated as the "horned gentleman." Instead of the "gentle gentleman" (or lady, as the case may be). At every turn a new property is added to the eagle, such as "eyes of rubies," "wings of silver," "heart of steel," etc., and as some of the players get one or more horns, every repetition of the formula becomes more difficult, mistakes more frequent, and consequently horns more abundant. At the end forfeits are demanded for each horn.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND ANTS.

One of the company, who is chosen as grasshopper, writes on a slip of paper some article of food, and this he holds in his hand while he interrogates the rest of the players in turn, thus: "What food will you give me?" Should any of them in reply

mention the article written down, they in their turn become the grasshopper. This is repeated over and over again, save that the question changes each time, and, instead of an article of food being requested, it is the name of a book, the color of a dress, or anything else that may suggest itself.

HISSING AND CLAPPING.

This is an amusing game, and always gives rise to a good deal of mirth. Here either all the ladies or all the gentlemen leave the room. Those that remain seat themselves, leaving a vacant chair beside them. They then each decide which among the absentees they wish to come and sit by them. Then one by one their friends outside return, and take a seat; if they take the right one—that is, the one beside the friend who wished to have them there—everybody claps; if the wrong one, every one hisses. This is repeated until all the vacant seats are filled.

PROVERBS.

A party of children or semi-adults being assembled, one is sent out of the room, while the others think of a proverb or well known saying. The proverb fixed on should not be an uncommon one, as, if it is not known to the guesser, the game is spoiled; nor should it contain any very unusual word, as that betrays the secret at once. A word is then assigned to each person in the room, the most difficult words being given to the sharpest and cleverest of the company. The player sent out then re-enters, and he is entitled to ask one question for every word, beginning with the person to whom the first word was assigned. The answer from each person must contain the word given to him. The answers need not be to the point, but should be so contrived as to introduce the word as naturally as possible, so as to avert suspicion. The answer may be long, but a player may be required to repeat his answer. If the proverb is not guessed, a forfeit is sometimes paid. Example: "Love me, love my dog." Question—"Are you fond of dancing?" Answer—"A very easy question to answer. I am passionately fond of dancing; I may say I love dancing to distraction," and so on. The words "me" and "my" are very easy, as they can be brought into almost any answer without impropriety.

THE CLAIRVOYANTE.

The clairvoyante, who has an understanding with the conductor of the game, is placed behind a screen or door, and the confederate puts the questions in the following or any other fashion, as, for instance, of the furniture of the room or the dress of its occupants:—

Confederate. You know how this room is furnished?

Clairvoyante. Yes.

Confederate. You know the curtains are crimson satin?

Clairvoyante. Yes.

Confederate. You know the number of the chairs?

Clairvoyante. Yes.

Confederate. The tables?

Clairvoyante. Yes.

Confederate. The mirrors, pier-glasses, and the flower vases on the marble table?

Clairvoyante. Yes.

Confederate. In fact, you know all about the room?

Clairvoyante. Yes.

Confederate. The pattern of the carpet, the marqueterie, and buhl?

Clairvoyante. Yes.

Confederate. Well, since you know so much about it, perhaps you can tell me what piece of furniture I have my hand upon?

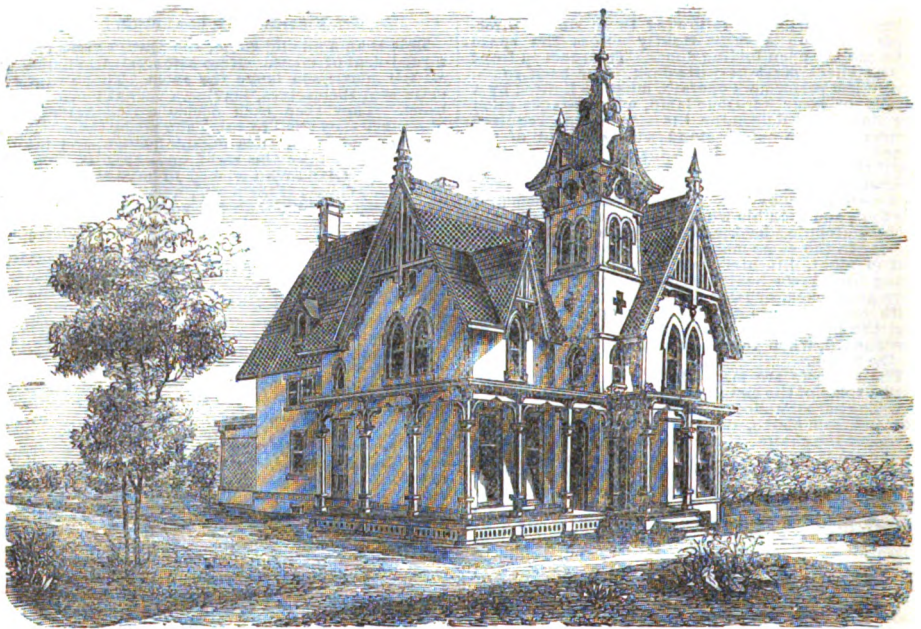
Clairvoyante. You have your hand on the marble table with the three Rose du Barry flower vases.

The conjunction and, prefixed to the interrogation respecting the marble table, is the clue for the clairvoyante, who always has some word agreed on as a key to the questions. Much sport may be occasioned by sending out persons unacquainted with the secret, as, of course, they make an infinity of mistakes, and thereby exalt the reputation of the real clairvoyante.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The July number opens the forty-first year of this famous fashion gazette, but, unlike poor humanity, it gives no sign of age, but is as fresh and vigorous as twenty years ago.—*American, Lawrence, Mass.*

A MODEL RESIDENCE.

Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 809 and 811 Chestnut Street formerly 436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

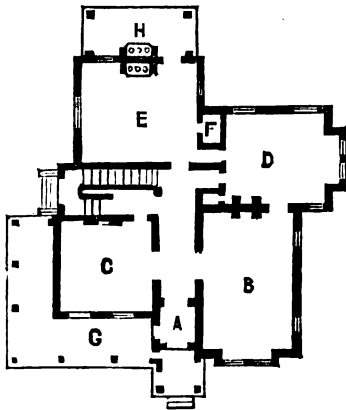


The above design is a beautiful specimen of architecture in the pointed American style, no foreign elements used. The plan is a common-sense arrangement, convenient and commodious, and can be built for about six thousand dollars. The general effect of this building is of a lofty character, having the vertical line predominating throughout. It will be beautiful if placed in a grove of forest trees, trained high up, forming a canopy above by the joining of the leaves at their tops, and leaving a clear view beneath. Placed so, the effect of this architecture would be very beautiful. Buildings having the ap-

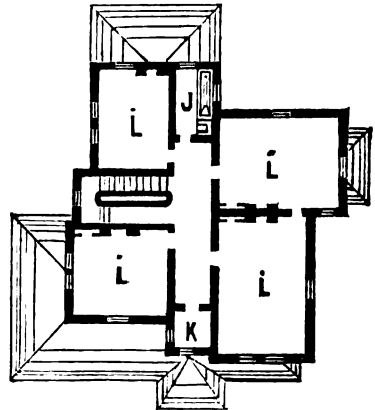
others in conjunction similar in character, or isolated by trees to make the selection in good taste.

First Floor.—A vestibule, 6 by 6 feet; B parlor, 14 by 21 feet; C sitting-room, 14 by 14 feet; D dining-room, 14 by 14 feet; E kitchen, 15 feet 6 inches by 17 feet 6 inches; F china closet; G porch floor; H back porch.

Second Floor.—J bath room, 6 by 10 feet; K dressing-room, 6 by 6 feet; L, L, L, L, chambers, 14 by 21



FIRST STORY.



SECOND STORY.

pearance somewhat like the above are scattered over this vast country, mostly breaking down in their architectural quantities, and proportions, and adjustments to locality. To place this building in conjunction with a more horizontal style of architecture will not be effective; the design must have

feet, 14 feet by 18 feet 6 inches, 14 by 14 feet, 11 feet 6 inches by 15 feet 6 inches.

Our blank bills of quantities and specifications we furnish for \$2 to the address of those wishing them. They are not filled in for any specific house, but valuable only to those desiring to make estimates and specifications of any building; to all of these they are invaluable.

LA BLONDE ET LA BRUNETTE.

BY EMMA NASH.

Two leaders of fashion
In a *salon* one day
Chanced to meet, and both were
La mode and *recherchées*—
One was a beautiful,
Languid, elegant blonde;
The other the prettiest
Of brunettes to be found,

With a rich olive skin,
And a dark flashing eye,
That in lustre would e'en
The bright day-god outvie;
With the sweetest of smiles,
And, oh, such coral lips!
E'en the bee would desire,
As his honey he sips;

With a coquettish air,
And a soft, pretty hand,
Which she used with the grace
Of a queen in command.
They were belles, they were stars,
They were almost *divine*,
And in the same heaven
Of high fashion did shine.

My blonde was so graceful,
Elegante, and so mild;
With an artificial
Artless grace of a child;
With a statuesque head,
And a Venus-like form,
And a Madonna smile,
That ne'er into a storm

Ever broke. Such a foot,
Such an arm, and an eye
That was blue as the blue
Of a summer-day's sky;
And this beautiful blonde
Was dressed in *azur*,
Comme la Parisienne
Was her charming coiffure.

With the softest of lace,
And the purest of pearls,
Which set off with effect
Her light blonde curls.
And this pretty brunette,
So piquante and so gay,
Was the finest example
Of the richest display.

All was dark, mixed with bright,
A little *Espagnole*
Was her toilet, and was
More becoming, I'm told,
Than if robed in *French-blue*
Or a delicate pink.
Apropos, I advise
Every lady to think

Of the hue of her skin,
And the shade of her eyes,
Before a late fashion
Or new color she tries.
It's in very bad taste,
Every one must agree,
For a blonde and brunette—
And in the same party—

To wear the same color,
Or to wear the same style;
And Parisian critics
Often wear a gay smile
At the *très mauvais-gout*
Of American belles,
Who, if with their beauty
Throw their wonderful spells

Right and left—everywhere—
Yet do often astound
By their want of good taste,
And the flaws that are found
In their ball-room toilets;
And their walking-costumes,
Which, I'm sorry to say,
With their odious perfumes,

Is in shocking contrast
To la *jolie Française*,
Who, whatever her faults,
Be it said in her praise

That she never offends
By her manners or dress,
And possesses the tact
To beware of excess.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

ADDRESS "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

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Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Mrs. P. W.—Sent pattern September 23d.

Miss C. C. H.—Sent lead comb 30th.

L. E. B.—Sent lead comb 30th.

E. E.—Sent rubber gloves 30th.

S. S.—Sent pattern 20th.

A. C. H.—Sent articles by express October 10th.

J. D.—Sent pattern 14th.

Mrs. M. C.—Sent pattern 14th.

Mrs. E. T.—Sent lead comb 10th.

Mrs. G. H. S.—A widow's cap.

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M. A. C.—In the September number we gave a receipt about dyeing with aniline.

Moss-Rose.—A girl of seventeen should wear a long dress; a short dress would be ridiculous.

Inquirer.—Neutral tints are best for persons having a great deal of color.

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Hettie.—Look at our fashion-plate for August; you will there find the dress you ask for. You can hardly be an old subscriber.

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Author.—You will have to publish your poetry at your own risk; no publisher here would undertake it.

Mrs. E. A. H.—Consult any good cyclopedia upon the subject. The orange-tree will contain at the same time the blossom, bud, and fruit. Pineapples grow on a small bush.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the Editress of the Fashion Department will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq. No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

The Publisher of the LADY'S BOOK has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the trans-

actions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the Fashion Editor does not know.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Walking-suit of heavy green silk, made with two plaited ruffles on the skirt. Black velvet *casaque*, looped at the sides and back, and bordered with sable fur. Sable fur collar and bag at side, ornamented with an animal's head. Green velvet bonnet, trimmed with green and white feathers.

Fig. 2.—House-dress of crimson silk, made with a train, the front breadth being trimmed with ruffles and fringe. Overdress and waist of black silk, cut in points, looped in the back, and trimmed with fringe. Headdress of black lace and crimson velvet.

Fig. 3.—Walking-suit of blue corded silk, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with white and black guipure lace; the upper one cut long, open in the back, and trimmed to correspond. Basque waist, with open sleeves, trimmed with lace. Blue velvet hat, with brim turned up in back, lined with black, and trimmed with flowers and feathers.

Fig. 4.—Walking-suit of golden-brown serge, made with one skirt, trimmed with three folds of the same, piped with satin. The *casaque* forms the upper skirt, and is trimmed with *Chinchilla* fur. Brown *gros grain* silk bonnet, trimmed with velvet and small plume; *gros grain* strings. *Chinchilla* collar.

Fig. 5.—Purple cashmere suit, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with three ruffles, headed by a quilling; the upper skirt is draped in the back, and trimmed with fringe. Short basque waist, with revers, faced with velvet; open sleeves. Purple silk bonnet, trimmed with velvet and feathers; *gros grain* strings.

Fig. 6.—Highland suit for boy of three years; the skirt is made of plaid poplin, with bias plaits at the side. Black velvet jacket; scarlet sash tied at the side. Black velvet cap, with plaid band around it.

APRONS, ETC.

(See Engravings, Page 503.)

Fig. 1.—Black silk apron, trimmed with four graduated ruffles of satin.

Fig. 2.—Apron of black silk, trimmed with narrow ruffles of lace, finished by bows of satin.

Fig. 3.—Postillion basque, made of black velvet, and trimmed with lace.

Fig. 4.—Postillion basque, a different shape, of black silk, trimmed with fringe.

Fig. 5.—Black silk apron, trimmed with lace and velvet, with pockets of lace on it.

Fig. 6.—Black silk apron, trimmed with two scalloped ruffles, edged with lace and narrow bows; fancy pockets.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

(See Engravings, Page 502.)

Fig. 1.—Suit for boy of seven years of age, made of dark blue cloth. Hat of blue felt.

Fig. 2.—Suit for boy of six years, made of light cloth; the jacket is trimmed with brown velvet.

Fig. 3.—Dress for girl of twelve years, made of blue serge: the lower skirt pleated; the upper skirt cut in vandykes, and bound with velvet. Sleeveless jacket, trimmed to correspond; white underwaist.

Fig. 4.—Dress for girl of six years, of white cashmere, trimmed with blue velvet; blue velvet cape,

cut with long ends knotted in the back. White felt hat, trimmed with blue velvet.

Fig. 5.—Suit of black velvet, for boy of twelve years. Black Astrachan cap.

Fig. 6.—Dress for girl of eight years, of green silk poplin, made with two skirts, trimmed with fringe and silk ruches. Low, square corsage, with white underwaist. White felt hat, trimmed with green velvet and plume. A green plush jacket is worn with this costume in the street.

Fig. 7.—Dress of white *piqué* for boy of three years; the front breadth of skirt is trimmed with braid and buttons.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Walking-dress of dark green serge, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with ruffles; the upper one long, trimmed with fringe, looped in the back and sides. Plain corsage, with open sleeves; satin sash. Hat of green felt, trimmed with velvet and flowers.

Fig. 2.—Dress of gray silk, made with two skirts. The lower one is trimmed with plaited ruffles; the upper one trimmed to correspond, and open at the sides. The jacket is of velvet cloth, trimmed with velvet of a darker shade. Gray felt hat, trimmed with velvet and flowers.

Fig. 3.—House-dress of purple silk and cashmere. The underskirt, of silk, is trimmed with a plaiting of same; the same extends up the front breadth. The upper skirt and waist of cashmere; the skirt trimmed with a quilling, and looped at the sides by bows. The waist cut square-neck, and trimmed with ruches of silk.

Fig. 4.—Suit of black silk, with an underskirt of maroon-colored silk. The upper skirt is cut in scallops, and trimmed with satin and lace; the same extends up the skirt. The basque bodice is cut with puff in back, and trimmed with fringe. Puffed sleeves, trimmed with bows. Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with feathers and lace.

Fig. 5.—House-dress of crimson silk poplin, made with one skirt, the lower part trimmed with a plaited ruffle, headed by a band of velvet of a darker shade, and a narrow quilling above it; four rows of quilling and velvet trim the skirt above this. The waist is made as a basque, deep in the back, and open at all the seams, with revers of satin, and edged with fringe. Neck cut heart-shape, with satin revers.

Fig. 6.—Hat of blue velvet; the frame is covered in plaits; the trimming consists of white feather and veil.

Fig. 7.—Ladies' morning-cap, made of fine French muslin, edged with narrow embroidery and lace. The front is trimmed with a bow of pink ribbon; the bows at the back are of muslin.

Fig. 8.—Brown felt hat, trimmed with velvet, feather, and black lace.

Fig. 9.—Hat of purple felt, trimmed with velvet, a long purple plume, and streamers of ribbon. A peacock's feather is at one side.

Fig. 10.—Black velvet hat, trimmed with white and black feathers.

Fig. 11.—Ladies' slipper of purple satin, with large bow of satin and lace on front.

Fig. 12.—Ladies' slipper of bronze kid, with satin bow on front.

We give our readers three different styles of making cravat bows for gentlemen or young lads. Fig. 15 gives the foundation on which they are made, Fig. 14 of brown satin, Fig. 16 is of blue *gros grain* silk, Fig. 17 of dotted silk. The illustrations are so plain that description is unnecessary. They can be

made of pieces of silk or satin, in the house, at very trifling expense.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Skating-costume of dark green cloth; the skirt is trimmed with ruches, headed by bands of squirrel fur; the Polonaise is made with a cape, and trimmed to correspond. Green felt hat, trimmed with fur and long veil. Squirrel muff.

Fig. 2.—Costume of maroon-colored reps, made with a ruffle on skirt, headed by bands of sable fur. Sacque with open sleeves, lined with fur, and trimmed to correspond. Velvet hat, trimmed with band of fur.

Fig. 3.—Gray cashmere house-dress. The round skirt is plaited with flat Russian plaits to within six inches of the waist; the space is plain, and cut like an ordinary gored skirt. Plain high bodice, fastened with gray silk buttons, and ornamented with black velvet revers. The basque is plaited at the back from one shoulder to the other, but is plain in front; small pockets, fastened down with a velvet button. Velvet waistband; sleeves to correspond with skirt.

Fig. 4.—Square-cut chemise, to wear with low-necked dresses. The material is cambric, and the top is cut square and very low. Three rounded straps decorate the front, which straps are composed of narrow plaits of cambric, edged with embroidered insertion; the spaces between are decorated with tucks and with two pieces of insertion, arranged in oblique lines; the back is precisely similar to the front.

Fig. 5.—Boy's vest, made of cloth or white corduroy, and bound with a narrow binding.

Fig. 6.—Ladies' stocking, embroidered with white silk.

Fig. 7.—Apron for little girl, made of gray linen, cut in scallops, and bound with scarlet braid.

Fig. 8.—Ladies' cloak of black velvet, cut tight, and the skirt part cut in deep points, trimmed with lace and satin; wide open sleeves, trimmed to correspond, and lined with fur.

Fig. 9.—Sacque for young lady of black cashmere, trimmed with a band of satin, headed by a narrow line of gray-colored embroidery; the edge is finished with a fringe.

Fig. 10.—Ladies' cloak, made of heavy corded silk, lined with fur; the trimming consists of heavy fringe and lace.

Fig. 11.—Gentleman's smoking-jacket, made of gray flannel, or it can be made of a bright color if fancy dictates.

Fig. 12.—Waterproof cloak for a little girl. Waterproofs are now made in almost any color; this one is dark blue. It is made like a *paletôt* with a hood, and fitted to the waist with a band. It can be looped up at pleasure with cords, which are run through rings sewn on the wrong side of the *paletôt* upon each of the side seams.

Figs. 13, 14, and 15.—Square shawl, arranged as a mantelet. As shawls worn either cornerwise or scarfwise accord but badly with the prevailing mode of dress, ingenious *modistes* (as we informed our readers some months ago) have devised a plan whereby the many shawls packed away can be utilized. The accompanying engravings illustrate how this can be managed. The first detail (Fig. 14) shows the manner of folding a square shawl in the centre of the back; detail Fig. 15 shows how the sides form a pannier, a sash being added to conceal the arrangement. At the neck and shoulders there are seams taken on the wrong side of the shawl, so as to make it fit the figure; likewise at the back. This contrivance requires to be fitted on separate figures, as, unless it fits well, it is ungraceful looking.

Fig. 16.—Pelisse for girl from four to six. This pelisse for out-door wear is made of poplin, and trimmed with satin to match; but it can also be made of fine cloth, and trimmed with *gros grain*. The bodice is trimmed to simulate a hood; the sleeves have deep gauntlet cuffs; and there are folds of satin to form the waistband. The buttons are satin.

Figs. 17, 18, and 19.—Coiffure for a young lady. It will be easy to copy this coiffure from the three illustrations we give of it, showing a front and back view, and also the hair in the course of being plaited. The hair is parted in the middle, right across the head; a small quantity is set apart in front for the waved bandeaux; all the rest is arranged into two thick plaits, which are crossed at the back, and put round the head so as to form an oval coronet, as seen in illustration; the ends of the plaits are tucked in just behind the ears; those of the bandeaux are also concealed beneath the thick plaits. A tortoise-shell comb, with a pretty carved heading, is put in front, just below the plaited coronet.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

We promised in our last to devote some space this month to children's fashions. What shall we say? Anything we can say is but a repetition, for children's fashions are merely a duplicate of their elders in miniature. We like to see children neatly and prettily dressed, but such a superabundance of trimming as we so often now see, seems out of taste for very young children.

In dress goods plaids retain their popularity, the preference being given to fancy plaids, rather than to historic clan tartans. Black and white, in irregular broken plaids, mode, scarlet, blue, and green grounds barred with black, and the ever favorite, the blue and green Sutherland plaid, are the styles most worn. These are brought out in flannel lined serges, twilled on the upper side with thick fleece beneath, heavy enough for cloaks as well as suits. French poplins are brought out in clan colors. A novelty is waterproof cloth in the gayest tartan colors: this cloth is perfectly waterproof, and exceedingly serviceable for school suits for young girls. A novelty that will be prized by mothers who dress their children in white all winter, is flannel back, or fleece lined *piqué*. The designs are the same as those seen in ordinary *piqué*, or *Marseilles*, but the fabric is stouter, and has a heavy warm fleece at the back, like that in Canton flannel. Cashmeres are as popular for young misses as for their elders. A dress for a miss of fourteen is made entirely of cashmere; the skirt of gray, trimmed with four bias bands of blue velvet; and the Polonaise, which is strikingly graceful, of blue cashmere, matches the velvet, trimmed with a heavy blue fringe and blue velvet. The Polonaise is looped high on the sides, with Louis XIII. bows of blue velvet. A gray felt hat, trimmed with blue velvet and feathers, with gray gloves and boots, complete this costume. For children's cloaks there is white plush, with thick velvet, like fleece dotted with mauve or scarlet, or striped with bright blue or rose. Tartan plushes and the gay Victoria plaids are pretty for the little folks. White cloth, light yet warm, is in honeycomb pattern, flecked with blue or scarlet stripes. The *piqué* cloths, so popular last winter for children's cloaks, have larger figures in *Marseilles* patterns of diamonds, lozenges, and honeycomb. The most serviceable goods for children's street wraps is white corduroy, as it is all cotton, and will wash well. It is warm enough to wear mild days through-

out the winter, and looks most stylish in sacque shape, and simply hemmed, without any trimming, except large pearl buttons in front and on the pocket flaps. Navy blue flannel, coarse looking, is now in favor for boys' sailor suits. The sailor suit, and the blouse, are the favorite styles for making boys' clothes. Hats for young girls and misses are very much the same shape as ladies'; the gypsy hat (not bonnet) and the turban, different from the turban of previous seasons in having a square, not a rounded crown, and a brim slightly standing from the hat. Felt is most worn, trimmed with velvet and feathers. Girls' dresses are mostly made in suits from the ages of twelve to fifteen; younger than that, wear a sacque of some fancy cloth, unless the taste of the maker decides otherwise.

The Princess Alice is the name given to a high stylish bonnet for young faces. It is modelled somewhat like the Greek cap, with high soft crown, a fall of lace over the forehead, and narrow strings to tie under the chin. This is made in blue velvet, green, and other stylish colors, with ostrich tips at the sides, and a band and strings of *gros grain* of a darker shade. Another novelty, very simple and becoming, resembles in shape the helmet worn by French cuirassiers. It is made of black velvet, edged with a lace border, on which jets are sewed in a floral design. The transparent border over light hair is exceedingly pretty. Still another hat for a blonde is simply a scooped out cover for the front of the head, tied down at the side in the way seaside hats were worn in the summer; made of black velvet, with pale blue *gros grain* twisted across the top from ear to ear, and two long, slender ostrich plumes streaming behind; it is exceedingly becoming. The gypsy bonnet still remains the favorite. It is seen in many variations; the bonnet may have a rolled coronet, or merely a sloping front, a broad, clearly defined crown, or a soft cap crown, a drooping curtain, or one rolled *en revers*, but still the gypsy shape is preserved. We shall see fewer round hats worn, as many ladies, who have abandoned bonnets for the more jaunty hat, will return to the stylish and graceful gypsy. The bonnet is placed far forwards, the strings pass back of the ear to tie in front, and the curtain, or a long plume, droops over the heavy braids behind. A good model for any of our readers who may desire to make their own bonnet, is of *gros grain*, to match the dress of the wearer, green, brown, or gray, with velvet trimming like those on the dress. The *gros grain*, put smoothly over the gypsy frame, consists of but two pieces, the crown, and the bias headpiece shaped to the frame. The standing revers in front is faced with velvet, and the cap, gathered across the back, is also of velvet, but should be lined with the *gros grain*, and the lining be permitted to show at the edge. Three short ostrich tips of different shades, fastened on the left side by a knot of velvet and *gros grain*, lean forward over the crown and shade its stiff outlines; strings a yard long, each one a different shade. If it is necessary to add a gay color and face trimming, place a crushed rose and autumn leaves at the base of the feathers, and plait fine tulle around the face. For old ladies who are weary of black velvet bonnets, the thick repped silk offers a welcome change. Their bonnets are of the close-eared cottage shape, plainly covered with repped silk, while cords on folds of velvet follow the outlines of the bonnet for a border. The face trimming is mingled black and white lace, or else lace of but one color, with knots of purple velvet.

Linen collars are worn for all occasions, except those of full dress. The handsomest silk or cashmere suits require merely linen collars with Valen-

ciennes on the edge. Lace is only seen with elaborate visiting or reception *toilettes*. The newest linen collar turns down all around, is shallow at the back, and gradually widens toward the front, where it is two inches broad. It is made of single linen, and a hem a quarter of an inch wide is stitched on the upper side as a border. When made of fine sheer linen, this is far more becoming than the thick double linen collar of which ladies complain. Collars, with standing band behind and turned-over points in front, still retain their popularity; some are edged with embroidery or narrow Valenciennes. The neck of the dress is not out low when a collar is to be worn with it; but, when standing lace frills are worn, the neck is cut in the shape of a V, and trimmed with a standing plaiting of the dress material.

The most stylish neck-tie is a bias piece of China crape or silk an eighth of a yard wide, and a yard long, with the ends pointed or fringed. It is folded very narrow in the centre, passed around the neck on the collar or beneath it, and fastened in front with a brooch, leaving the ends hanging. This simple fashion is prettier than any knot or bow. The whole neck-tie may be unravelled to form a narrow fringe. Scotch plaid bows at the throat are worn with the fashionable plaid sashes.

Velvet sashes are worn with the suits which are elaborately trimmed with velvet; these are made of bias velvet seven or eight inches wide. Wide ribbon velvet is also used, but it is more apt to curl and crease than bias velvet.

Many of the cloaks imported to wear with black silk suits are of heavy ribbed silk, lined and quilted, with a narrow edge of fur around them. A novelty is to have the entire garment lined with fur, the open sleeves showing the lining off to advantage. Velvet, and velvet cloth, and plushes are worn for cloaks when the costume is not *en suite*, which is the usual mode of making.

Gloves have advanced in price, which will give the American gloves an advantage; some of them being very good, and answering very well for ordinary wear. The gloves are seen in all the dark colors, now the favorites for costumes.

Small waspish waists are not considered fashionable; so those unfortunate persons who have attained their small waists by injury and inconvenience to themselves will, alas! have to resort to padding to *belts mode*. Easy-fitting corsets, without a superabundance of whalebones, are worn to support the figure, rather than contract it. The French model corsets have very full busts, are long in the front and back, and curve comfortably over the hips. The best American and English corsets are moulded by steam, thus adapting the bones and fabric to every curve of the fine figure to which they are moulded. White and gray coutil and scarlet French lasting are the materials most used for winter corsets. Many ladies who objected to gay red corsets, a few years ago, wear them now in preference to all others, as they retain their fresh, warm look all winter, and do not show soil.

Crinoline is worn slightly larger; the bustle still, however, continues in favor. Those made of steel hoops are the most desirable; they are light, and really form a support for the skirts worn.

Link necklaces of heavy bright gold; cable chains, alternately dead and bright gold; collars, with fringe-like pendants, points, and drops, like fine seed work on gold, are worn with evening dresses. Etruscan wire-work is very fashionable. The union of diamonds and pearls is most seen in costly parures, rather than separate collections of the jewels.

FASHION.

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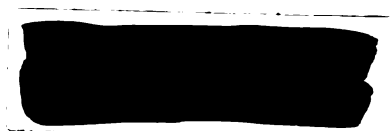
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